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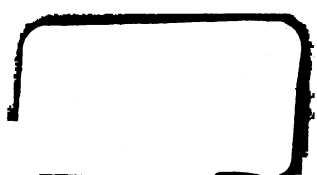
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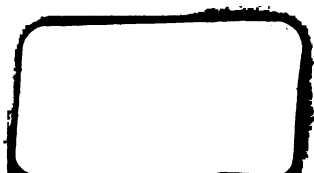
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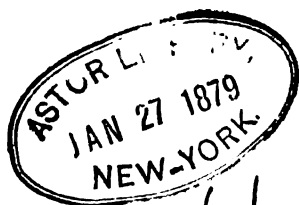
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261

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CONTENTS.

AUTHOR.		PAGE
BAGEHOT, Walter	Bad Lawyers or Good?	685
BRODRIBB, W. J.	Pliny the Younger	704
CAIRNES, Professor	Political Economy and Land.	41
	M. Comte and Political Economy	579
COLVIN, Sidney	Notes on Albert Durer	333
COX, G. W.	Freeman's History of the Norman Con- quest	318
DOWDEN, Edward	Christopher Marlowe	69
EDITOR	Condorcet. Part I.	16
	„ Part II.	129
	Vauvenargues	414
	Short Letter to Some Ladies	372
	Condorcet's Plea for the Citizenship of Women	719
ELLIS, Robinson	The Attis of Catullus	430
FAWCETT, Millicent Garrett	Electoral Disabilities of Women	622
GREY, Sir George	Death Laments of Savages	82
HARE, Thomas	Estates of Endowments	309
HARRISON, Frederic	The Romance of the Peerage	655
HERBERT, Edward	Thanasi Vaya: a Translation	618
HOBHOUSE, Arthur	Forfeiture of Property by Married Women	180
HUTTON, Henry Dix	The Irish Land Bill of 1870	377
KEBBEL, T. E.	Jane Austen	187
	The Reign of Queen Anne	603
LYTTON, Hon. Robert	Heine's Last Poems and Thoughts	257
MAZZINI, Joseph	Letter to the Members of the Ecumenical Council	725
M'LENNAN, J. F.	The Worship of Plants and Animals (Conclusion)	194
MEREDITH, George	Sonnet	432
MERIVALE, Herman	The Colonial Question in 1870	152
MILL, J. S.	Professor Leslie on the Land Question	641
MITFORD, A. B.	A Ride through Yedo	505
	Tales of Old Japan. Part I.—The Forty- seven Ronins,	668
MORRIS, W. O'Connor	The Irish Land Bill	487
PALGRAVE, F. T.	The Practical Laws of Decorative Art	38
SALGRIFF, Humphry	Michael Obrenovitch, Prince of Servia	18
SAVAGE, Marmion	The Woman of Business. Chapter	18
	to the Conclusion	108, 21 Orion

AUTHOR	PAGE
SEEBOHM, F.	Feudal Tenures in England 89
	The Severance of the English People from the Land 217
SPENCER, Herbert	The Origin of Animal Worship 535
SWINBURNE, Algernon C.	The Complaint of Monna Lisa 176
	The Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti 551
TAYLOR, Helen	A Few Words on Mr. Trollope's Defence of Fox Hunting 63
- TYNDALL, Professor	Climbing in Search of the Sky 1
VENTURI, E.	A Short Reply to Mr. Morley's Short Letter 633
WYLLIE, J. S.	Mischievous Activity 278
CRITICAL NOTICES	126, 255, 639, 752

512

THE
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XXXVII. NEW SERIES.—JANUARY 1, 1870.

CLIMBING IN SEARCH OF THE SKY.

AT half-past one o'clock the guide entered my bedroom, pronounced the weather fair, lighted my candle, and then vanished to complete his own preparations.

I had been careful to learn whether he really wished to go with me—whether he was embarrassed by either doubt or fear; for it was the first time that a single guide had undertaken to lead a traveller up the mountain. There was no doubt about the matter: he really wished to go. His master (the proprietor of the hotel) had asked him whether he was not undertaking too much. "I am undertaking no more than my companion," was his reply.

At twenty minutes past two we quitted the Bel Alp. The moon, which seven hours previously had cleared the eastern mountain-tops with a visible motion, was now sloping to the west. The light was white and brilliant, and shadows of corresponding darkness were cast upon the earth. The larger stars were out, those near the horizon especially sparkling with many-coloured fires. The Pleiades were near the zenith, while Orion hung his sword a few degrees above the eastern horizon. Our path lay along the slope of the mountain, parallel to the Oberaletsch glacier, the lateral moraine of which was close to us on our right. After climbing sundry grass acclivities, we mounted this moraine, and made it our pathway for a time. At a certain point the shingly ridge became depressed, opening a natural passage to the glacier. We found the ice "hummocky," and therefore crossed it to a medial moraine composed of granite debris, and loaded here and there with clean granite blocks of enormous size. Beyond this moraine we found smoother ice and better light, for we had previously journeyed in the shadow of the mountains.

We marched upwards along the glacier chatting sociably at times, but at times stilled into silence by the stillness of the night. "Es tagt!" at length exclaimed my companion. It dawns! Orion

had moved upwards, leaving space between him and the horizon for the morning star. All the east was belted by that "daffodil sky" which in some states of the atmosphere announces the approach of day in the Alps. We spun towards the east. It brightened and deepened, but deeper than the orange of the spectrum it did not fall. Against this rose the mountains. Silently and solemnly their dark and dented outlines rested against the dawn.

The mass of light thus thrown over the shaded earth long before the sun appeared above the horizon, came not from illuminated *clouds*, but from matter far more attenuated than clouds—matter which maintains comparative permanence in the atmosphere, while clouds are formed and dissipated. It is not light reflected from concentric shells of air of varying density, of which our atmosphere may be rightly assumed to be made up; for the light reflected from these convex layers is thrown, not upon the earth at all, but into space. The "rose of dawn" is usually ascribed, and with sufficient correctness, to *transmitted* light, the blue light of the sky being *reflected*; but in each case there is both transmission and reflection. No doubt the daffodil and orange of the east this morning must have been transmitted through long reaches of atmospheric air, and no doubt it was during this passage of the rays that the selective winnowing of the light occurred which gave the sky its tint and splendour. But if the distance of the sun below the horizon when the dawn first appeared be taken into account, it will become evident that the solar rays must have been caused to swerve from their rectilineal course by *reflection*. The *refraction* of the atmosphere would be wholly incompetent to bend the rays round the convex earth to the extent now under contemplation.

Thus, the reflected light must be transmitted to reach the reflecting particles, while the transmitted light must be reflected to reach the eyes. I imagine that what mainly holds the light of the sun in our atmosphere after the sun himself has retired behind the earth, is the suspended matter to whose presence we owe both the blue of the sky and the morning and the evening red. Through the reverberation of the rays from particle to particle of this matter, there must be at the very noon of night a certain amount of illumination. Twilight must continue with varying degrees of intensity all night long, and the visibility of the nocturnal firmament itself is I believe due, not as my excellent friend Dove seems to assume, to the light of the stars, but in great part to the light of the sun, scattered in all directions through the atmosphere by the almost infinitely attenuated matter held there in suspension.

We had every prospect of a glorious day. To our left was the almost full moon, now close to the ridge behind which it was to set. The firmament was as blue as ever I have seen it—deep and dark, and to all appearance *pure*—that is to say, unmixed with any colour

of a lower grade of refrangibility than the blue. The lunar shadows had already become weak, and were finally washed away by the light of the east. But while the shadows were at their greatest depth, and therefore least invaded by the dawn, I examined the firmament with a Nicol's prism.¹ The moonlight, as I have said, came from the left, and right in front of me was a mountain of dark brown rock, behind which spread a heaven of the most impressive depth and purity. I looked over the mountain crest through the prism. In one position of the instrument the blue was not sensibly affected; in the rectangular position it was so far quenched as to reduce the sky and the dark mountain beneath it to the same uniform hue. The outline of the mountain was scarcely traceable; it could hardly be detached from the sky above it. This was the direction in which the prism showed its maximum power; in no other direction was the quenching of the light of the sky so perfect. And it was at right angles to the lunar rays; so that, as regards the polarisation of the sky, the beams of the moon behave exactly like those of the sun.

The glacier along which we first marched was a trunk of many tributaries, and consequently of many "medial moraines," such moraines being always *one* less in number than the tributaries.² But two principal branches absorbed all the others as constituents. One of these descended from the Great and Little Nesthorn and their spurs; the other from the Aletschhorn. Up this latter branch we steered from the junction. Hitherto the surface of the glacier, disintegrated by the previous day's sun, and again hardened by the night's frost, crackled under our feet; but on the Aletschhorn branch the ice was coated by a kind of fur, resembling the nap of velvet: it was as soft as a carpet, but at the same time perfectly firm to the grip of the boot. The sun was hidden behind the mountain; and thus steeped in shade, we could enjoy, with spirits unblunted by the heat, the loveliness and grandeur of the scene. Before us was the pyramid of the Aletschhorn, bearing its load of glaciers, and thrusting above them its pinnacle of rock; while right and left towered and fell to snowy cols such other peaks as usually hang about a mountain of nearly 14,000 feet elevation. And amid them all, with a calmness corresponding to the deep seclusion of the place, wound the beautiful system of glaciers along which we had been marching for nearly three hours. I know nothing which can compare in point of glory with these winter palaces of the mountaineer, under the opening illumination of the morning. And the best of it is, that no right of property in the scene could enhance its value. To Switzerland belongs the rock—to us the sublimity and beauty of mass, form, colour, and grouping. They had been letting off fireworks in France; I thought of them, but envied not the emperor. "In

(1) See *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, February, 1869, p. 239.

(2) "Glaciers of the Alps," p. 264.

the midst of a puddly moor I am afraid to say how glad I am :” which is a strong way of affirming the influence of the *inner* man as regards the enjoyment of external nature. And surely the inner man is a high factor in the effect. Thus, to-day, not only is the world outside magnificent, but I am well and without a care ; and, like light falling upon the polished plate of the photographer, the glory of the Alps descends upon a soul prepared to receive its image and superscription.

Thus, the oxygen of the hills¹ wisely breathed ; the food of the hills wisely eaten ; the waters of the hills wisely, that is sparingly, drunk, but freely used as plunge and douche in lake and cataract ; the light and warmth of the sun ; the muscle’s action and the brain’s repose can lift a man from the very sediment of life to this moral and esthetic height, and even tap the closed springs of religious emotion. Blessed are the uses of Materialism ! Wise men know this, and act upon their knowledge. During the last session of Parliament, for example, a statesman, whose bared head, Phidias, in passing, would have turned twice to look upon, practised daily upon the bicycle. There was a mystic value in this morning rite—it was a fresh illustration of the connection of Physics with Intellect, Will, and Emotion. We begin here with mere mechanics, and from the rhythmic motion of a pair of legs and treadles pass on to the expanded chest, the quickened circulation, the freshened brain ; and thence in unbroken sequence to those finer essences which descend as sweetness and light on the House of Commons, or fall like the honey from Chrysostom’s lips in the presence of a deputation. Thrice blessed, surely, in this case, for us and him, are the uses of Materialism !

Mind, like force, is known to us only through matter. Take, then, what hypothesis you will—consider matter as an instrument through which the insulated mind exercises its powers, or consider both as so inextricably mixed that they stand or fall together ; from both points of view the care of the body² is equally important. The morality of clean blood ought to be one of the first lessons taught us by our pastors and masters. The physical is the substratum of the spiritual, and this fact gives to the food we eat and to the air we breathe a transcendental significance. Boldly and truly writes Mr. Ruskin, “ Whenever you throw your window wide open in the morning, you let in Athena, as wisdom and fresh air at the same instant ; and whenever you draw a pure, long, full breath of right heaven, you take Athena into your heart, through your blood ; and with the blood into thoughts of the brain.” No higher value than this could be assigned to atmospheric oxygen.

(1) Strictly speaking, the oxygen of the Bel Alp, the air of which is pure and the fare wholesome and plentiful.

(2) It will not be supposed that I here mean the pampering of the body, or the stuffing of the body. The shortening of the supplies, or a good monkish fast at intervals, is often the best care that could be bestowed upon the body.

Precisely three hours after we had quitted our hotel the uniform gradient of the Aletschhorn glacier came to an end. It now suddenly steepened to run up the mountain. At the base we halted to have some food, a huge slab of granite serving us for a table. It is not good to go altogether without food in these climbing expeditions; nor is it good to eat copiously. Here a little and there a little, as the need makes itself apparent, is the prudent course. For, left to itself, the stomach infallibly sickens, and the forces of the system ooze away. Should the sickness have set in so as to produce a recoil from nutriment, the stomach must be forced to yield. A small modicum of food usually suffices to set it right. The strongest guides and the sturdiest porters have sometimes to use this compulsion. "Sie müssen sich zwingen." The guides refer the capriciousness of the stomach at great elevations to the air. This may be a cause, but I am inclined to think that something is also due to the motion—the long-continued action of the same muscles upon the diaphragm. The condition of things antecedent to the journey must also be taken into account. There is little, if any, sleep; the starting meal is taken at an unusual hour; and if the start be made from a mountain cave, or cabin, instead of from the bed of an hotel, the deviation from normal conditions is aggravated. It could not be the mere difference of height between Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, which formerly rendered their effects upon the human system so different. It is that, in the one case, you had the melted snow of the Grands Mulets for your coffee, and a bare plank for your bed; while in the other you were fortified by the comparative comforts of the Riffel. On the present occasion I had a bottle of milk, which suits me better than either wine or brandy. That and a crust are all I need to keep my vigour up and to ward off *le mal des montagnes*.

After half an hour's halt we made ready for the slopes, meeting first a quantity of moraine matter mingled with patches of snow, and afterwards the rifted glacier. We threaded our way among the crevasses, and here I paid particular attention to the deportment of my guide. The want of confidence, or rather the absence of that experience of a guide's powers, on which alone perfect reliance can be based, is a serious drawback to the climber. This source of weakness has often come home to me since the death of my brave friend, Bennen. His loss to me was like that of an arm to a fighter. But I was glad to notice that my present guide was not likely to err on the score of rashness. He left a wider margin between us and accident than I should have deemed necessary; he sounded with his staff where I should have trod without hesitation; and, knowing my own caution, I had good reason to be satisfied with his. Still, notwithstanding all his vigilance, he once went into a concealed fissure—only waist deep, however, and he could certainly have rescued himself without the

tug of the rope which united us. The beauty of those higher crevasses is mightily enhanced by the long transparent icicles which hang from their eaves, and which, loosened by the sun, fall into them with ringing sound. After some time we quitted the ice, striking a rocky shoulder of the mountain. The frosts of ages had pulled the rock to pieces, and heaped its fragments together to an incoherent ridge. Over the lichened stones we worked our upward way, our course, though rough, being entirely free from danger. On this ridge the sun first found us, striking us at intervals, and at intervals disappearing behind the sloping ridge of the Aletschhorn. We attained the summit of the rocks, and had now the upper reaches of the *névé* before us. To our left the glacier was greatly torn, exposing fine vertical sections, deep blue pits and chasms, which were bottomless to vision; and ledges, from whose copings hung vaster stalactites than those observed below. Above us was the customary *Bergschrund*, but the spring avalanches had swept over it, and closed it; and since the spring it had not been able to open its jaws. At this we aimed; reached it, and crossed it, and immediately found ourselves at the base of the final cap of the mountain.

Looking at the Aletschhorn from the *Sparrenhorn*, or from any other point which commands a similar view of the pyramid, on the ridge which falls from the summit to the right, and a considerable distance down, is seen a tooth or pinnacle of rock, which encloses with the ridge itself a deep indentation. At this gap we now aimed. We varied our ascent from steep snow to rock, and from steep rock to snow, avoiding the difficulties when possible, and facing them when necessary. We met some awkward places, but none whose subjugation was otherwise than pleasant, and at length came to the edge of the *arête*. Looking over this, the wild facette of the pyramid fell almost sheer to the Middle Aletsch glacier, which was a familiar sight to me, for years ago I had strolled over it alone. Below it was the Great Aletsch, into which the Middle Aletsch flowed, and beyond both was the well-known ridge of the *Æggischhorn*. We halted, but only for a moment. Turning suddenly to the left, we ascended the rocky ridge to a sheltered nook which suggested a brief rest and a slight renewal of that nutriment which, as stated, is so necessary to the well-being of the climber.

From time to time during the ascent I examined the polarisation of the sky. I should not have halted had not the fear of haze or clouds upon the summit admonished me. Indeed, as we ascended, one thin, arrowy cloud shot like a comet's tail through the air above us, spanning sixty or seventy degrees of the heavens. Never, however, have I observed the sky to be of a deeper, darker, and purer blue. It was to examine this colour that I ascended the Aletschhorn, and I wished to observe it where the hue was deepest and the

polarisation most complete. You can look through very different atmospheric thicknesses at right angles to the solar beams. When, for example, the sun is in the eastern or western horizon, you can look across the sun's rays towards the northern or southern horizon, or you can look across them to the zenith. In the latter direction the blue is deeper and purer than in either of the former, the proportion of the polarised light of the sky to its total light being also a maximum. The sun, however, when I was on the Aletschhorn was not in the horizon, but high above it. I placed my staff upright on a platform of snow. It cast a shadow. Inclining the staff *from* the sun, the shadow lengthened for a time, reached its major limit, and then shortened. The simplest geometrical consideration will show that the staff when its shadow was longest was perpendicular to the solar rays; the atmosphere in this direction was shallower and the sky bluer than in any other direction perpendicular to the same rays. Along this line I therefore looked through the Nicol. The light could be quenched so as to leave a residue as dark as the firmament upon a moonless night; but still there *was* a residue—the polarisation was not complete. Nor was the colour, however pure its appearance, by any means a monochromatic blue. A disk of selenite, gradually thickening from the centre to the circumference, when placed between the Nicol and the sky, yielded vivid *iris* colours. The blue was very marked; but there was vivid purple, which requires an admixture of red to produce it. There was also a bright green, and some yellow. In fact, however purely blue the sky might seem, it sent to the eye all the colours of the spectrum: it owed its colour to the *predominance* of blue, that is to say, to the enfeeblement, and not to the extinction, of the other colours of the spectrum. The green was particularly vivid in the portion of the sky nearest to the mountains, where the light was “daffodil.”

A pocket spectroscope confirmed these results. Permitting the light of an illuminated cloud to enter the slit, a vivid spectrum was observed; but on passing beyond the rim of the cloud to the adjacent firmament, a sudden fall in the intensity of all the less refrangible rays of the spectrum was observed. There was an absolute shortening of the spectrum in the direction of the red, through the total extinction of the extreme red. The fall in luminousness was also very striking as far as the green; the blue also suffered, but not so much as the other colours.

The scene as we ascended grew more and more superb, both as regards grouping and expansion. Viewed from the Bel Alp the many-peaked Dom is a most imposing mountain; it has there no competitor. The mass of the Weisshorn is hidden, its summit alone appearing. The Matterhorn, also, besides being more distant, has a portion of its pyramid cut obliquely away by the slope of the same ridge that

intercepts the Weisshorn; and which, when we face the valley of the Rhone from the Bel Alp, falls steeply at our right to the promontory called the Nessel. Viewed from this promontory, the Dom finds its match, and more than its match, in its mighty neighbour, whose hugeness is here displayed from top to bottom. On the lower reaches of the Aletschhorn also the Dom maintains its superiority; the Weisshorn being for a time wholly unseen, and the Matterhorn but imperfectly. As we rise, however, the Dom steadily loses its individuality, until from the ridge of the Aletschhorn it is jumbled to a single leviathan heap with the mass of Monte Rosa. The Weisshorn meanwhile as steadily gains in grandeur, rising like a mountain Saul amid the congregated hills, until from the arête it distances all competitors. In comparison with this kingly peak, the Matterhorn looks small and mean. It has neither the mass nor the form which would enable it to compete, from a distant point of view, with the Weisshorn.

The ridge of the Aletschhorn is of schistose gneiss, in many places smooth, in all places steep, and sometimes demanding skill and strength on the part of the climber. I thought we could scale it with greater ease if untied, so I flung the rope away from me. My guide was in front, and I carefully watched his action among the rocks. For some time there was nothing to cause anxiety for his safety. There was no likelihood of a slip, and if a slip occurred there was opportunity for recovery. But after a time this ceased to be the case. The rock had been scaled away by weathering parallel to the planes of foliation, the surfaces left behind being excessively smooth, and in many cases flanked by slopes and couloirs of perilous steepness. I saw that a slip might occur here, and that its consequences would be serious. The rope was therefore resumed. A fair amount of skill and an absence of all precipitancy rendered our progress perfectly secure. In every place of danger one of us planted himself as securely as the rock on which he stood, and remained thus fixed until the danger was passed by the other. Both of us were never exposed to peril at the same moment. The bestowal of a little extra time renders this arrangement possible along the entire ridge of the Aletschhorn; in fact, the dangers of the Alps can be almost reduced to the level of the dangers of the street by the exercise of skill and caution. For rashness, ignorance, or carelessness the mountains leave no margin; and to rashness, ignorance, or carelessness three-fourths of the catastrophes which shock us are to be traced. Even those whose faculties are ever awake in danger are sometimes caught napping when danger seems remote; they receive accordingly the punishment of a tyro for a tyro's neglect.

While ascending the lower glacier we found the air in general crisp and cool; but we were visited at intervals by gusts of Föhn—

warm breathings of the unexplained Alpine sirocco, which passed over our cheeks like puffs from a gently-heated stove. On the arête we encountered no Föhn; but the rocks were so hot as to render contact with them painful. I left my coat among them, and went upward in my shirt sleeves. At our last bivouac my guide had allowed two hours for the remaining ascent. We accomplished it in one, and I was surprised by the shout which announced the passage of the last difficulty, and the proximity of the crest of the mountain. This we reached precisely eight hours after starting—an ascent of fair rapidity, and unalloyed by a single mishap from beginning to end.

Rock, weathered to fragments, constitutes the crown of the Aletschhorn; but against this and above it is heaped a buttress of snow, which tapers to a pinnacle of surpassing beauty, as seen from the Eggischhorn. This snow was firm, and we readily attained its highest point. Over this I leaned for ten minutes, looking along the face of the pyramid, which fell for thousands of feet to the névés at its base. We looked down upon the Jungfrau, and upon every other peak for miles around us, one only excepted. The exception was the Finsteraarhorn, the highest of the Oberland Mountains. I could clearly track the course pursued by Bennen and myself eleven years previously; the spurs of rock and slopes of snow; the steep and weathered crest of the mountain, and the line of our swift glissade, as we returned. Bennen lived heroically by the sword, and he perished by it. Round about the dominant peak of the Oberland was grouped a crowd of other peaks, retreating eastward to Graubünden and the distant Engadin; retreating southward over Italy, and blending ultimately with the atmosphere. At hand were the Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger. A little further off the Blumli Alp, the Weisse Frau, and the Great and Little Nesthorn. In the distance the grim precipices of Mont Blanc, rising darkly from the Allée Blanche, and lifting to the firmament the snow-crown of the mountain. The Combin and its neighbours were distinct; and then came that trinity of grandeur, with which the reader is so well acquainted—the Weisshorn, the Matterhorn, and the Dom—supported by the Alphubel, the Allaleinhorn, the Rymfischhorn, the Strahlhorn, and the mighty Monte Rosa. From no other point in the Alps have I had a greater command of their magnificence—perhaps from none so great; while the blessedness of perfect health rounded off within me the external splendour. The sun, moreover, seemed to take a pleasure in bringing out the glory of the hills. The intermixture of light and shade was astonishing; while to the whole scene a mystic air was imparted by a belt of haze, in which the furthest outlines disappeared, as if infinite distance had rendered them impalpable.

Two concentric shells of atmosphere, perfectly distinct in character, clasped the earth this morning. That which hugged the surface was of a deep neutral tint, too shallow to reach more than midway up the loftier mountains. Upon this, as upon an ocean, rested the luminous higher atmospheric layer, both being separated along the horizon by a perfectly definite line. This higher region was without a cloud; the arrowy streamer that had shot across the firmament during our ascent, first reduced to feathery streaks, had long since melted utterly away. Blue was supreme above; while all round the horizon the intrinsic brilliance of the upper air was enhanced by contrast with the dusky ground on which it rested. But this gloomier portion of the atmosphere was also transparent. It was not a cloud-stratum cutting off the view of things below it, but an attenuated mist, through which were seen as through a glass darkly the lower mountains, and out of which the higher peaks and ridges sprung into sudden glory.

But the pomp of peak and crag has already palled upon the public mind; why, then, dwell upon it? I do so because my own enjoyment of it was fresh, notwithstanding the number of times that I had seen it. We will now, however, quit this region of the sublime and beautiful. The emotions excited by natural grandeur are all very well in their way, but they are evanescent, and something is needed to fill the vacuity created by their departure. Here the action of the intellect comes to our aid, and fills the shores of life after the feelings have retreated.

The vision of an object always implies a differential action on the retina of the observer. The object is distinguished from surrounding space by its excess or defect of light in relation to that space. By altering the illumination, either of the object itself or of its environment, we alter the appearance of the object. Take the case of clouds floating in the atmosphere with patches of blue between them. Anything that changes the illumination of either alters the appearance of both, that appearance depending, as stated, upon differential action. Now the light of the sky, being polarised, may, as the reader of this Review already knows, be in great part quenched by a Nicol's prism, while the light of a cloud, being unpolarised, cannot be thus extinguished. Hence the possibility of very remarkable variations, not only in the aspect of the firmament, which is really changed, but also in the aspect of the clouds which have that firmament as a background. It is possible, for example, to choose clouds of such a depth of shade that when the Nicol quenches the light behind them, they shall vanish, being undistinguishable from the residual dull tint which outlives the extinction of the brilliance of the sky. A cloud less deeply shaded, but still deep enough, when viewed with the naked eye, to appear dark on a

bright ground, is suddenly changed to a white cloud on a dark ground by the quenching of the sky behind it. This was the case to-day with the lower atmospheric stratum above referred to. When the light of the upper firmament was removed it no longer appeared dark, but whitish; being changed into a milky haze by contrast with the superjacent darkness. When a reddish cloud at sunset chances to float in the region of maximum polarisation, the quenching of the sky behind it causes it to flash with a brighter crimson. Last Easter eve the Dartmoor sky, which had just been cleansed by a snow storm, wore a very wild appearance. Round the horizon it was of steely brilliancy, while reddish cumuli and cirri floated southwards. When the sky was quenched behind them these floating masses seemed like dull embers suddenly blown upon, brightening into fire. In the Alps we have the most magnificent examples of crimson clouds and snows, so that the effects just referred to may be here studied under the best possible conditions. On the 23rd of August the evening Alpen-glow was very fine, though it did not reach its maximum depth and splendour. Towards sunset I walked up the slopes to obtain a better view of the Weisshorn. The side of the peak seen from the Bel Alp, being turned from the sun, was tinted *mauve*; but I wished to see one of the rose-coloured buttresses of the mountain. Such was visible from a point a few hundred feet above the hotel. The Matterhorn also, though for the most part in shade, had a crimson projection, while a deep ruddy red lingered along its western shoulder. Four distinct peaks and buttresses of the Dom, in addition to its dominant head—all covered with pure snow—were reddened by the light of sunset. The shoulder of the Alphubel was similarly coloured, while the great mass of the Fletschorn was all aglow, and so was the snowy spine of the Monte Leone.

Looking at the Weisshorn through the Nicol, the glow of its protuberance was strong or weak according to the position of the prism. The summit also underwent a change. In one position of the prism it exhibited a pale white against a dark background; in the rectangular position, it was a dark *mauve* against a light background. The red of the Matterhorn changed in a similar manner; but the whole mountain also passed through striking changes of definition. The air at the time was highly opalescent—filled in fact with a silvery haze, in which the Matterhorn almost disappeared. This could be wholly quenched by the Nicol, and then the mountain sprang forth with astonishing solidity and detachment from the surrounding air. The changes of the Dom were still more wonderful. A vast amount of light could be removed from the sky behind it, for it occupied the position of maximum polarisation. By a little practice with the Nicol it was easy to render the extinction of the light or its restoration almost instantaneous. When the sky was quenched, the

four minor peaks and buttresses and the summit of the Dom, together with the shoulder of the Alphubel, glowed as if set suddenly on fire. This was immediately dimmed by turning the Nicol through an angle of 90° . It was not the stoppage of the light of the sky alone which produced this startling effect; the air between the Bel Alp and the Dom was, as I have said, highly opalescent, and the quenching of this intermediate glare augmented remarkably the distinctness of the mountain.

On the morning of the 24th of August similar effects were finely shown. At 10 A.M. all three mountains, the Dom, the Matterhorn, and the Weisshorn, were powerfully affected by the Nicol. But in this instance also the line drawn to the Dom being accurately perpendicular to the direction of the solar shadows, and consequently very nearly perpendicular to the solar beams, the effects on this mountain were most striking. The grey summit of the Matterhorn at the same time could scarcely be distinguished from the opalescent haze around it; but when the Nicol quenched the haze, the summit became instantly isolated, and stood out in bold definition. It is to be remembered that in the production of these effects the only things changed are the sky behind and the luminous haze in front of the mountains; that these are changed because the light emitted from the sky and from the haze is *plane polarised light*,¹ and that the light from the snows and from the mountains being sensibly unpolarised, is not directly affected by the Nicol. It will also be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an *opaque body* that renders the mountains indistinct, but that it is the *light* of the haze which dims and bewilders the eye, and thus weakens the definition of objects seen through it.

These results have a direct bearing upon what artists call "aërial perspective." As we look from the summit of the Aletschhorn, or from a lower elevation, at the serried crowd of peaks, especially if the mountains be darkly coloured—covered with pines, for example—every peak and ridge is separated from the mountains behind it by a thin blue haze which renders the relations of the mountains as to distance unmistakable. When this haze is regarded through the Nicol perpendicular to the sun's rays, it is in many cases wholly quenched, because the light which it emits in this direction is wholly polarised. When this happens, aërial perspective is abolished, and mountains very differently distant appear to rise in the same vertical plane. Close to the Bel Alp, for instance, is the gorge of the Massa, a river produced by the ablation of the Aletsch glacier, and beyond the gorge is a high ridge darkened by pines. This ridge may be projected upon the dark slopes at the opposite side of the Rhone valley, and between both we have the blue haze referred to, throwing

(1) See *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW*, February, 1869, p. 239.

the distant mountains far away. But at certain hours of the day this haze may be quenched, and then the Massa ridge and the mountains beyond the Rhone seem almost equally distant from the eye. The one appears, as it were, a vertical continuation of the other. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself; but to see its colour, the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky; it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws, as the firmament itself. We live *in* the sky, not *under* it.

These points were further elucidated by the deportment of the selenite plate, with which the readers of this Review are already acquainted.¹ On some of the sunny days of August the haze in the valley of the Rhone, as looked at from the Bel Alp, was very remarkable. Towards evening the sky above the mountains opposite to my place of observation yielded a series of the most splendidly-coloured iris-rings; but on lowering the selenite until it had the darkness of the pines at the opposite side of the Rhone valley, instead of the darkness of space as a background, the colours were not much diminished in brilliancy. I should estimate the distance across the valley, as the crow flies, to the opposite mountains, at nine miles; so that a body of air nine miles thick can, under favourable circumstances, produce chromatic effects of polarisation almost as vivid as those produced by the sky itself.

Again: the light of a landscape, as of most other things, consists of two parts; the one part comes purely from superficial reflection, and this light is always of the same colour as that which falls upon the landscape; the other part comes to us from a certain depth within the objects which compose the landscape, and it is this portion of the total light which gives these objects their distinctive colours. The white light of the sun enters all substances to a certain depth, and is partially ejected by internal reflection; each distinct substance absorbing and reflecting the light in accordance with the laws of its own molecular constitution. Thus the solar light is *sifted* by the landscape, which appears in such colours and variations of colours as, after the sifting process, reach the observer's eye. Thus the bright green of grass, or the darker colour proper to the pine, never comes to us alone, but is always mingled with an amount of really foreign light derived from superficial reflection. A certain hard brilliancy is conferred upon the woods and meadows by this superficially-reflected light. Under certain circumstances, it may be quenched by a Nicol's prism, and we then obtain the true colour of the grass and foliage. Trees and meadows thus regarded exhibit a

(1) See FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, February, 1869, p. 244.

richness and softness of tint which they never show as long as the superficial light is permitted to mingle with the true interior emission. The needles of the pines show this effect very well, large-leaved trees still better ; while a glimmering field of maize exhibits the most extraordinary variations when looked at through the rotating Nicol.

Thoughts and questions like those here referred to took me to the top of the Aletschhorn. The effects described in the foregoing paragraphs were for the most part reproduced in the summit of the mountain. I scanned the whole of the sky with my Nicol. Both alone and in conjunction with the selenite it pronounced the perpendicular to the solar beams to be the direction of maximum polarisation. But at no portion of the firmament was the polarisation complete. The artificial sky produced in the experiments already recorded in the *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* could, in this respect, be rendered more perfect than the natural one ; while the gorgeous "residual blue" which makes its appearance when the polarisation of the artificial sky ceases to be perfect, was strongly contrasted with the lack-lustre hue which, in the case of the firmament, outlived the extinction of the brilliance. With certain substances, however, artificially treated, this dull residue may also be obtained.

All along the arc from the Matterhorn to Mont Blanc the light of the sky immediately above the mountains was powerfully acted upon by the Nicol. In some cases the variations of intensity were astonishing. I have already said that a little practice enables the observer to shift the Nicol from one position to another so rapidly as to render the alternate extinction and restoration of the light immediate. When this was done along the arc to which I have referred, the alternations of light and darkness resembled the play of sheet lightning behind the mountains. My notes state that there was an element of awe connected with the suddenness with which the mighty masses, ranged along the line referred to, changed their aspect and definition under the operation of the prism.

In a former essay printed in this Review I endeavoured to show that the colour and polarisation of the sky could be reproduced artificially, and that the only condition necessary to their production was the smallness of the particles by which the light was scattered. The effects were proved to be totally independent of the optical character of the substances from which the particles were derived. The parallelism of the artificial and the natural phenomena is so perfect as to leave no doubt upon the mind that they are due to a common cause. And here a practical issue of immense import reveals itself. Supposing those particles which now throw down upon us the blue light of the firmament to be abolished, what would be the result ? The sun's rays would pass through the atmosphere

without lateral scattering—the earth would lose the light of the sky. To form an idea of the magnitude of this loss we must have a clear idea of the *quality* of the light under consideration. It is now known to everybody that the vegetable world is nourished by the rays of the sun; and as animal life is sustained by vegetables, that life also is supported in the long run by the solar rays. Now, these rays are as composite as the coins of the realm. As regards their power to produce the chemical actions necessary to vegetable life, they differ from each other in value as widely as gold does from copper. It is the gold of the solar beams that is showered down upon us from the sky. In the article above referred to, the chemical potency of the shorter waves of light was dwelt upon; and Professor Roscoe has shown that the light of the sky, which is mainly produced by these shorter waves, has a chemical value at Kew Observatory greater than that of the unclouded sun at a height of 42° above the horizon.¹ This would be the measure of the loss to the vegetable world at Kew if the sky were abolished. Roscoe's experiments were made with chemical substances sensitive to solar light, and they appear open to the objection that the rays effective in the plant-world may not be those which were effective upon his salts. But taking everything into account, and assuming the correctness of the observations, I think the probability great that the value of sky-light as a feeder of the vegetable world, and through it of the animal, cannot be much less than Roscoe makes it to be.

Our descent from the Aletschhorn was conducted with the same care and success that attended our ascent. I have already stated it to be a new thing for one man to lead a traveller up the mountain, and my guide in ascending had informed me that his wife was in a state of great anxiety about him. But until he had cleared all dangers he did not let me know the extent of her devotion, nor the means she had resorted to to insure his safety. When we were once more upon the lower glacier, having left all difficulties behind us, he remarked with a chuckle that she had been in a terrible state of fear, and had informed him of her intention to have a mass celebrated for his safety by the village priest. But if he profited by this mediation, I must have done so equally; for in all dangerous places we were tied together by a rope which was far too strong to break, had I slipped. My safety was, in fact, bound up in his, and I therefore thought it right to pay my share of the expense. "How much did the mass cost?" I asked. "Oh, not much, sir," he replied; "only ninety centimes." Not deeming it worth dividing, I let him pay for my fourpenny-worth of celestial intervention.

JOHN TYNDALL.

(1) Proceedings of the Royal Institution, vol. iv. p. 657. The whole article here referred to is exceedingly interesting.

CONDORCET.

Of the illustrious thinkers and writers who for two generations had been actively scattering the seed of revolution in France, only Condorcet survived to behold the first bitter ingathering of the harvest. Those who had sown the wind were no more ; he only was left to see the reaping of the whirlwind, and to be swiftly and cruelly swept away by it. Voltaire and Diderot, Rousseau and Helvétius, had vanished, but Condorcet both wrote in the *Encyclopædia* and sat in the Convention ; the one eminent man of those who had tended the tree, who also came in due season to partake of its fruit ; at once a precursor and a sharer in the fulfilment. In neither character has he attracted the good-will of any of those considerable sections and schools into which criticism of the Revolution has been mainly divided. As a thinker he is roughly classed as an Economist, and as a practical politician he figured first in the Legislative Assembly, and next in the Convention. Now, as a rule, the political parties that have most admired the Convention have had least sympathy with the Economists, and the historians who are most favourable to Turgot and his followers, usually are most hostile to the action and associations of the great revolutionary chamber alternately swayed by a Vergniaud, a Danton, a Robespierre. Between the two, Condorcet's name has been allowed to lie hidden for the most part in a certain obscurity, or else has been covered with those taunts and inuendoes which partisans are wont to lavish on men of whom they do not know exactly whether they are with or against them.

Generally, the men of the Revolution are criticised in blocks and sections, and Condorcet cannot be accurately placed under any of these received schools. He was an Economist, but he was something more ; for the most characteristic article in his creed was a passionate belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature. He was more of a Girondin than a Jacobin, yet he did not always act, any more than he always thought, with the Girondins, and he did not fall when they fell, but was proscribed by a decree specially levelled at himself. Isolation of this kind is assuredly no merit in political action, but it explains the coldness with which Condorcet's memory has been treated ; and it flowed from some marked singularities both of character and opinion which are of the highest interest, if we consider the position of the man, and the lustre of that ever-memorable time. Condorcet, said D'Alembert, is a volcano covered with snow. Said another less picturesquely, He is a sheep in a passion. "You may say of the intelligence of Condorcet, in

relation to his person," wrote Madame Roland, "that it is a subtle essence soaked in cotton." The curious mixture disclosed by sayings like these, of warm impulse and fine purpose with immovable reserve, only shows that he of whom they were spoken belonged to the class of natures which may be called non-conducting. They are not effective, because without this effluence of power and feeling from within, the hearer or onlooker is stirred by no sympathetic thrill. They cannot be the happiest, because consciousness of the inequality between expression and meaning, between the influence intended and the impression conveyed, must be as tormenting as to one who dreams is the vain effort to strike a blow. If to be of this non-conducting temperament is impossible in the really greatest sorts of men—like St. Paul, St. Bernard, or Luther—at least it is no proper object of blame, for it is constantly the companion of lofty and generous aspiration. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that Condorcet should have permitted himself to be drawn into a position where his want of that magical quality by which even the loathed and loathsome Marat could gain the sympathies of men, should be so conspicuously made visible. Frankly, the character of Condorcet, unlike so many of his contemporaries, offers nothing to the theatrical instinct. None the less on this account should we weigh the contributions which he made to the stock of science and social speculation, and recognise the fine elevation of his sentiments, his noble solicitude for human well-being, his eager and resolute belief in its indefinite expansion, and the devotion which sealed his faith by a destiny that was as tragical as any in those bloody and most tragical days.

I.

Until the outbreak of the Revolution, the circumstances of Condorcet's life were as little externally disturbed or specially remarkable as those of any other geometer and thinker of the time. He was born at a small town in Picardy, in the year 1743. His father was a cavalry officer, but as he died when his son was only three years old, he could have exerted no influence upon the future philosopher, save such as comes of transmission through blood and tissue. Condillac was his uncle, but there is no record of any intercourse between them. His mother was a devout and trembling soul, who dedicated her child to the Holy Virgin, and for eight years or more made him wear the dress of a little girl, by way of sheltering him against the temptations and unbelief of a vile world. So long as women are held by opinion and usage in a state of educational and political subjection, which prevents the growth of a large intelligence, made healthy and energetic by knowledge and by activity, we may expect to read of pious extravagances of this kind. Condorcet was

weakened physically by much confinement and the constraint of cumbersome clothing; and not even his dedication to the Holy Virgin prevented him from growing up the most ardent of the admirers of Voltaire. His earliest instructors, as happened to most of the sceptical philosophers, were the Jesuits, then within a few years of their fall. That these adroit men, armed with all the arts and traditions which their order had acquired in three centuries, and with the training of the nation almost exclusively in their hands, should still have been unable to shield their persons from proscription and their creed from hatred, is a remarkable and satisfactory instance how little it avails ecclesiastical bodies to have a monopoly of official education, if the spirit of their teaching be out of harmony with those most potent agencies which we sum up as the spirit of the time. The Jesuits were the great official teachers of France for the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1764 the order was thrust forth from the country, and they left behind them an army of the bitterest enemies that Christianity has ever had. To do them justice, they were destroyed by weapons which they had themselves supplied. The intelligence which they had so honourably developed and sharpened turned inevitably against the incurable faults in their own system. They were admirable teachers of mathematics. Condorcet, instructed by the Jesuits at Rheims, was able, when he was only fifteen years old, to go through such performances in analysis as to win especial applause from illustrious judges like D'Alembert and Clairaut. It was impossible, however, for Jesuits, as it has ever been for all enemies of movement, to constrain within prescribed limits the activity which has once been effectively stirred. Mathematics has, always been in the eyes of the Church a harmless branch of knowledge, but the mental energy that mathematics first touched is sure to turn itself by-and-by to more complex and dangerous subjects in the scientific hierarchy. Condorcet's curiosity was very speedily drawn to problems beyond those which geometry and algebra pretend to solve. "For thirty years," he wrote in 1790, "I have hardly ever passed a single day without meditating on the political sciences."¹ Thus, when only seventeen, when the ardour of even the choicest spirits is usually most purely intellectual, moral and social feeling was rising in Condorcet to that supremacy which it afterwards attained in him to so admirable a degree. He wrote essays on integral calculus, but he was already beginning to reflect upon the laws of human societies and the conditions of moral obligation. At the root of Condorcet's nature was a profound sensibility of constitution. One of his biographers explains his early enthusiasm for virtue and human welfare as the conclusion of a kind of syllogism. It is possible that the syllogism was only the later shape into which

(1) *Œuvres de Condorcet*. (12 vols. 1847—9.) ix. 489.

an instinctive impulse threw itself by way of rational entrenchment. This sensibility caused Condorcet to abandon the barbarous pleasures of the chase, which had at first powerfully attracted him.¹ To derive delight from what inflicts pain on any sentient creature revolted his conscience and offended his reason, because he perceived that the character which does not shrink from associating its own joy with the anguish of another, is either found or left mortally blunted to the finest impressions of humanity. It was this same sensibility, fortified by reason, which drove him while almost still at school to reflect, as he confided to Turgot he had done, on the moral ideas of virtue and justice.²

It is thus assured that from the beginning Condorcet was unable to satisfy himself with the mere knowledge of the specialist, but felt the necessity of placing social aims at the head and front of his life, and of subordinating to them all other pursuits. That he values knowledge only as a means to social action is one of the highest titles to our esteem that any philosopher can have. Such a temper of mind has penetrated no man more fully than Condorcet, though there are other thinkers to whom time and chance have been more favourable in making that temper permanently productive. There is a fine significance in his words, after the dismissal of the great and virtuous Turgot from office:—"We have had a delightful dream, but it was too brief. Now I mean to apply myself to geometry. It is terribly cold to be for the future labouring only for the *gloriole*, after flattering oneself for a while that one was working for the public weal." It is true that a geometer, too, works for the public weal; but the process is tardier, and we may well pardon an impatience that sprung of reasoned zeal for the happiness of mankind. There is something much more attractive about Condorcet's undisguised disappointment at having to exchange active public labour for geometrical problems, than in the affected satisfaction conventionally professed by statesmen when driven from place to their books. His correspondence shows that, even when his mind seemed to be most concentrated upon his special studies, he was incessantly on the alert for every new idea, book, transaction, that was likely to stimulate the love of virtue in individuals, or to increase the strength of justice in society. It would have been, in one sense, more fortunate for him to have cared less for high social interests, if we remember the contention of his latter days and the catastrophe which brought them to so frightful a close. But Condorcet was not one of those natures who can think it happiness to look passively out from the tranquil literary watch-tower upon the mortal struggles of a society in a state of revolution. In measuring other men of science—as his two volumes of *Eloges* abundantly show—one cannot

(1) *Œuvres*, i. 220.

(2) i. 220.

help being struck by the eagerness with which he seizes on any trait of zeal for social improvement, of anxiety that the lives and characters of our fellows should be better worth having. He was himself too absolutely possessed by this social spirit to have flinched from his career, even if he had foreseen the martyrdom which was to consummate it. "You are very happy," he once wrote to Turgot, "in your passion for the public good and your power to satisfy it; it is a great consolation, and of an order very superior to that of study."¹

In 1769, at the age of six-and-twenty, Condorcet became connected with the Academy, to the mortification of his relations, who hardly pardoned him for not being a captain of cavalry, as his father had been before him. About the same time or a little later, he performed a pilgrimage of a kind that could hardly help making a mark upon a character so deeply impressible. In company with D'Alembert, he went to Ferney and saw Voltaire. To the position of Voltaire in Europe in 1770 there has never been any other man's position in any age wholly comparable. It is true that there had been one or two of the great popes, and a great ecclesiastic like St. Bernard, who had exercised a spiritual authority, pretty universally submitted to, or even spontaneously invoked, throughout western Europe. But these were the representatives of a powerful organisation and an accepted system. Voltaire filled a place before men's eyes in the eighteenth century as conspicuous and as authoritative as that of St. Bernard in the twelfth. The difference was that Voltaire's place was absolutely unofficial in its origin, and indebted to no system nor organisation for its maintenance. Again, there have been others, like Bacon or Descartes, destined to make a far more permanent contribution to the ideas which have extended the powers and elevated the happiness of men; but these great spirits for the most part laboured for the generation that followed them, and won comparatively slight recognition from their own age. Voltaire, during his life, enjoyed to the full not only the admiration that belongs to the poet, but something of the veneration that is paid to the thinker, and even something of the glory usually reserved for captains and conquerors of renown. No other man before or since ever hit so exactly the mark of his time on every side, so precisely met the conditions of fame for the moment, nor so thoroughly dazzled and reigned over the foremost men and women who were his contemporaries. Wherever else intellectual fame has approached the fame of Voltaire, it has been posthumous. With him it was immediate and splendid. Into the secret of this extraordinary circumstance we need not here particularly inquire. He was an unsurpassed master of the art of literary expression in a country where that art is more

(1) *Œuvres*, i. 201. See Turgot's wise reply, p. 202.

highly prized than anywhere else ; he was the most brilliant of wits among a people whose relish for wit is a supreme passion ; he won the admiration of the lighter souls by his plays, of the learned by his interest in science, of the men of letters by his never-ceasing flow of essays, criticisms, and articles, not one of which lacks vigour and freshness and sparkle ; he was the most active, bitter, and telling foe of what was then the most justly abhorred of all institutions—the Church. Add to these remarkable titles to honour and popularity that he was no mere declaimer against oppression and injustice in the abstract, but the strenuous, persevering, and absolutely indefatigable champion of every victim of oppression or injustice whose case was once brought under his eye.¹

It is not difficult to perceive the fascination which Voltaire, with this character and this unrivalled splendour of public position, would have for a man like Condorcet. He conceived the warmest attachment to Voltaire, and Voltaire in turn the highest respect for him. Their correspondence (1770—1778) is perhaps as interesting as any letters of that period that we possess : Voltaire always bright, playful, and affectionate ; Condorcet more declamatory and less graceful, but full of reverence and loyalty for his “ dear and illustrious ” master, and of his own peculiar eagerness for good causes and animosity against the defenders of evil ones. Condorcet was younger than the Patriarch of Ferney by nearly half a century, but this did not prevent him from loyal remonstrances on more than one occasion against conduct on Voltaire’s part in this matter or that, which he held to be unworthy of his character and reputation. He went so far as actually to decline to print in the *Mercur*e a letter in which the writer in some fit of spleen placed Montesquieu below D’Aguesseau. There was perhaps as much moral courage in doing this as in defying the Men of the Mountain in the days of the Terror. It dispels some false impressions of Voltaire’s supposed intolerance of criticism, to find him thanking Condorcet for one of these friendly protests. “ One sees things ill,” he writes, “ when one sees them from too far off. After all, we ought never to blush to go to school if we are as old as Methuselah. I repeat my acknowledgments to you.”² Condorcet did not conceive that, either to be blind to a man’s errors or to compromise them, was to prove yourself his friend. There is an integrity of friendship as in public concerns, and Condorcet adhered to it as manfully in one as in the other. Throughout his intercourse with intimate friends there is that happy and frank play of direct personal allusion which is as distinct from flattery when it is about another, as it is from egotism when it refers to the writer himself.

(1) On the state of opinion in France about the Newtonian principles before Voltaire, see Condorcet’s Letter to La Harpe, i. 289. Also his “ Life of Voltaire,” *Œuvres*, iv. 40.

(2) *Œuvres*, i. xli.

Perhaps we see him most characteristically in his correspondence with Turgot. Turgot was as much less vivacious than Condorcet, as Condorcet was less vivacious than Voltaire. They belonged to quite distinct types of character, but this may be a condition of the most perfect forms of sympathy. Each gives support where the other is most conscious of needing it. Turgot was one of those serene, capacious, and sure intelligences whose aspirations do not become low nor narrow by being watchfully held under the control of reason; whose ideas are no less vigorous or exuberant because they move in a steady and ordered train; and who, in their most fervent reactions against abuses or crimes, resist that vehement temptation to excess which is the besetting infirmity of generous natures. Condorcet was very different from this. Whatever he wished, he wished unrestrainedly. As with most men of the epoch, the habit of making allowances was not his. We observe, let it be confessed, something theological in his hatred of theologians. Even in his letters the distant groundswell of repressed passion sounds in the ear, and at every mention of false opinion or evil doing a sombre and angry shadow seems to fall upon the page. Both he and Turgot clung to the doctrine of the infinite perfectibility of human nature and the correspondingly infinite augmentation of human happiness; but Condorcet's ever-smouldering impetuosity would be content with nothing less than the arrival of at least a considerable instalment of this infinite quantity now and instantly. He went so far as to insist that by-and-by men would acquire the art of prolonging their lives for several generations, instead of being confined within the fatal span of threescore years and ten. He was impatient of any frittering away of life in scruples, tremors, and hesitations. "For the most part," he once wrote to Turgot, "people abounding in scruple are not fit for great things: a Christian will throw away in subduing the darts of the flesh the time which he might have employed on things of use to mankind; or he will lack courage to rise against a tyrant for fear of his judgment being too hastily formed, &c."¹ Turgot's reply may illustrate the difference between the two men:—"No virtue, in whatever sense you take the word, dispenses with justice; and I think no more of the people who do great things—as you say—at the expense of justice, than of poets who fancy they produce great beauties of imagination without regularity (*justesse*). I know that excessive exactitude tends slightly to deaden the fire alike of composition and of action; but there is a mean in everything. It has never been a question in our controversy of a Capucin who throws away his time in quenching the darts of the flesh (though, by the way, in the total of time thrown away the term that

(1) *Œuvres*, i. 228.

expresses the time lost in satisfying these lusts is most likely far greater); no more is it a question of a fool who is afraid of rising against tyrants for fear of forming a rash judgment."¹

This ability to conceive a mean case between two extremes was not among Condorcet's gifts. His mind dwelt too much in the region of immoderation, alike when he measured the possibilities of the good, and coloured the motives and the situation of those whom he counted the bad. A Christian was one who wasted his days in merely resisting the flesh; and anybody who declined to rise against a tyrant was the victim of a slavish scrupulosity. He rather sympathises with a scientific traveller to whom the especial charm of natural history resides in the buffets which, at every step it takes, it inflicts on Moses.² Well, this temper is not the richest nor the highest, but it often exists in alliance with rich and high qualities. It was so with Condorcet. And we are particularly bound to remember that with him a harsh and impatient humour was not, as is so often the case, the veil for an indolent reluctance to form painstaking judgments. Few workers have been so conscientious as he was in the labour he bestowed upon subjects which he held to be worthy of deliberate scrutiny and consideration. His defect was in finding too few of such subjects, in having too many foregone conclusions. Turgot and Montesquieu are perhaps the only two eminent men in France during this part of the century of whom the same defect might not be alleged. Again, Condorcet's impatience of underlying temperament did not prevent him from filling his compositions with solid, sober, and profound reflections, the products of grave and sustained meditation upon an experience, much of which must have been severely trying and repugnant to one of his constitution. While recognising this trait, then, let us not over-state either it or its consequences.

It is now becoming easier through the distance to discern what were the main currents of opinion and circumstance in France when Condorcet came to take his place among her workers. The third quarter of the century was just closing. Louis XV. died in 1774; and though his death was of little intrinsic consequence, except as the removal of every foul and corrupt heart is of consequence, it is justly taken to mark the date of the beginning of the French Revolution. It was the accidental shifting of position which served to disclose that the existing system was smitten with a mortal paralysis. It is often said that what destroyed the French kingdom was despotism. A sounder explanation discovers the causes less in despotism than in anarchy—anarchy in every department where it could be most ruinous. We look in vain for a single firm or sound

(1) *Œuvres*, i. 232.

(2) i. 299.

spot in the whole field of government which a wise ruler could have made the centre of renovating processes. Whatever was done in the direction of reform seemed, like the new patch in the old garment, only to make wider the rents and divisions that distracted the country. No substantial reconstruction was possible, because all the evils came from the sinister interests of the nobles, the clergy, or the financiers; and these classes, informally bound together against the common weal, were too strong for either the sovereign or the ablest minister to thrust them aside. The material condition of France was one of supreme embarrassment and disorder, only curable by remedies which the political and social condition of the country made it impossible to employ.

This would explain why a change of some sort was inevitable. But why was the change which actually took place in that direction rather than another? Why did France not sink under her economical disorders, as greater empires than France had done? Why, instead of sinking and falling asunder, did the French people advance with a singleness of impulse unknown in their history before to their own deliverance; overthrow the system that was crushing them, and purge themselves with fire and sword of those who administered and maintained it, defying the hopes of the nation; and then successfully encounter the giant's task of beating back reactionary Europe with one arm, and reconstructing the fabric of their own society with the other? The answer to this question is found in the moral and spiritual condition of France. A generation aroused by the great social ideas of the eighteenth century, looking round to survey its own social state, found itself in the midst of the ruin and disorder of the disintegrated system of the twelfth century. The life was gone out of the ancient organisation of Catholicism and Feudalism, and apparently nothing but corruption remained. What enabled the leaders of the nation to discern the horror and despair of this anarchic dissolution of the worn-out old, and what inspired them with hope and energy when they thought of the possible new, was the spiritual preparation that had been in swift progress since the third decade of the century. The forms and methods of this preparation were various, as the temperaments that came beneath its influence. But the school of Voltaire, the school of Rousseau, and the schools of Quesnay and Montesquieu, different as they were at the roots, all alike energetically familiarised the public mind with a firm belief in human reason, with the idea of the natural rights of man, and impregnated it with a growing enthusiasm for social justice. It is true that we find Voltaire complaining, towards the close of his days, of the century being satiated and weary—*un siècle dégoûté*—not knowing well what it wanted. "The public," he said, "has been eighty years at table, and now it drinks bad brandy at the end of the

meal.”¹ In literature and art this was true ; going deeper down than these, the public was eager and sensitive with a freshness far more vital and more fruitful than it had known eighty years back. Sitting down with a keen appetite for taste, erudition, and literary knowledge, they had now risen up from a dazzling and palling board, with a new hunger and thirst after social righteousness. This was the noble faith which saved France ; by this sign she was victorious. A people once saturated with a passionately-held conception of justice is not likely to fall into a Byzantine stage. Such a destiny only awaits nations where the spiritual power is rigorously confined in the hands of castes and State churches, which systematically and of their very constitution bury justice under the sterile accumulations of a fixed superstition.

Condorcet's principles were deeply coloured by ideas drawn from two sources. He was a Voltairean in the intensity of his antipathies to the Church, and in the depth and energy of his humanity. But while Voltaire flourished and taught, the destructive movement only reached theology, and Voltaire, though he had more to do than anybody else with the original impulse, joined in no attack upon the State. It was from the economical writers and from Montesquieu that Condorcet learned to look upon societies with a scientific eye, to perceive the influence of institutions upon men, and that there are laws, susceptible of modification in practice, which regulate their growth. It was natural, therefore, that he should join with eagerness in the reforming movement which set in with such irrestrainable velocity after the death of Louis XV. He was bitter and destructive with the bitterness of Voltaire ; he was hopeful for the future with the faith of Turgot ; and he was urgent, heated, impetuous, with a ponderous vehemence all his own. In a word, he was the incarnation of the revolutionary spirit, as the revolutionary spirit existed in geometers and Encyclopædists ; at once too reasonable and too little reasonable, too precise and scientific and too vague, too rigorously logical on the one hand, and too abundantly passionate on the other. Perhaps there is no more fatal combination in politics than the deductive method worked by passion. Such machinery with such motive force is of ruinous potency when applied to the delicate and complex affairs of society.

Condorcet's peculiarities of political antipathy and preference can hardly be better illustrated than by his view of the two great revolutions in English history. The first was religious, and therefore he hated it ; the second was accompanied by much argument, and had no religion about it, and therefore he extolled it. It is scientific knowledge, he said, which explains why the efforts after liberty in the unenlightened centuries are so fleeting, and so deeply stained by

(1) Letter to Condorcet (1774). *Œuvres*, i. 35.

bloodshed and massacre :—" Compare these with the happy efforts of America and France ; observe even in the same century, but at different epochs, the two revolutions of England fanatical and England enlightened ; we see on the one side contemporaries of Prynne and Knox, while crying out that they are fighting for heaven and liberty, cover their unhappy country with blood in order to cement the tyranny of the hypocrite Cromwell ; on the other, the contemporaries of Boyle and Newton establish with pacific wisdom the freest constitution in the world."¹ It is not wonderful that his own revolution was misunderstood by one who thus loved English Whigs, but hated English Republicans ; who could forgive an aristocratic faction grasping power for their order, but not a nation rising and smiting its oppressor, where they smite in the name of the Lord and of Gideon, nor with a ruler who used his power with a noble simplicity in the interests of his people, and established in the heart of the nation a respect for itself such as she has never known since, because this ruler knew nothing about *principes* or the Rights of Man. However, Nemesis comes ; for, by-and-by, Condorcet found himself writing a piece to show that our Revolution of 1688 was very inferior in lawfulness to the French Revolution of the Tenth of August.²

II.

The course of events after 1774 is, in its larger features, well known to every reader. Turgot, after a month of office at the Admiralty, was in August made Contrôller-General of Finance. With his accession to power, the reforming ideas of the century became practical. He nominated Condorcet to be Inspector of Coinage, an offer which Condorcet deprecated in these words, " It is said of you in certain quarters that money costs you nothing when there is any question of obliging your friends. I should be bitterly ashamed of giving any semblance of foundation to these absurd speeches. I pray you, do nothing for me just now. Though not rich, I am not pressed for money. Entrust to me some important task—the reduction of measures for instance ; then wait till my labours have really earned some reward."³ In this high-minded spirit he undertook, along with two other eminent men of science, the task of examining certain projects for canals which engaged the attention of the Minister. " People will tell you," he wrote, " that I have got an office worth two hundred and forty pounds. All lies ! We undertook it out of friendship for M. Turgot ; but we refused the salaries which were offered."⁴ We may profitably contrast this

(1) *Eloge de Franklin*, iii. 422.

(2) *Réflexions sur la Rév. de 1688, et sur celle du 10 Août*, xii. 197.

(3) i. lxxiii.

(4) i. lxxiii.—iv.

devotion to the public interest with the rapacity of the clergy and nobles, who drove Turgot from office because he talked of taxing them like their neighbours, and declined to glut their insatiable craving for place and plunder.

Turgot was dismissed (May, 1776), and presently Necker was installed in his place. Condorcet had defended with much vigour and a little asperity the policy of free internal trade in corn against Necker, who was for the maintenance of the restrictions of commercial intercourse between the different provinces of the kingdom. Consequently, when the new Minister came into office, Condorcet wrote to Maurepas, resigning his post. "I have," he said, "pronounced too decidedly what I think about both M. Necker and his works to be able to keep any place that depends upon him."¹ This was not the first taste that Maurepas had had of Condorcet's resolute self-respect. The Duke de la Vrillière, one of the most scandalous persons of the century, was an honorary member of the Academy, and he was the brother-in-law of Maurepas. It was expected from the perpetual secretary that he should compose a eulogy upon the occasion of his death, and Condorcet was warned by friends, who seldom reflect that a man above the common quality owes something more to himself than mere prudence, not to irritate the powerful Minister by a slight upon his relation. He was inflexible. "Would you rather have me persecuted," he asked, "for a wrong than for something just and moral? Think, too, that they will pardon my silence much more readily than they would my words, for my mind is fixed not to betray the truth."²

In 1782 Condorcet was elected into the Academy. His competitor was Bailly, over whom he had a majority of one; the true contest, however, lying less between the two candidates than between D'Alembert and Buffon, who on this occasion were said to have fought one of the greatest battles in the not peaceful history of the Academy. Such mighty anger burns even in celestial minds. D'Alembert is said to have exclaimed, we may hope with some exaggeration, that he was better pleased at winning that victory than he would have been to find out the squaring of the circle.³ Destiny, which had so pitiful a doom in store for the two candidates of that day, soon closed D'Alembert's share in these struggles of the learned and in all others. He died in the following year, and by his last act testified to his trust in the generous character of Condorcet; for having by the benevolence of a life-time left himself on his death-bed without resources, he confided two old and faithful

(1) *Œuvres*, i. 296.

(2) i. lviii.

(3) i. lxxxix. Condorcet had 16 votes, and Bailly 15. "Jamais aucune élection," says La Harpe, who was all for Buffon, and detested *philosophes*, "n'avait offert ni ce nombre ni ce parti."—*Philos. du 18ième Siècle*, i. 77.

servants, for whom he was unable to make provision, to Condorcet. This charge the philosopher accepted cheerfully, and fulfilled to the end with pious scrupulosity. The affection between them had been warm and close as that of some famous pairs of antiquity ; a natural attraction of character had clothed community of pursuit and interest with the grace of the highest kind of friendship. Even Condorcet's too declamatory manner only adds a certain dignity to the pathetic passage with which he closes his noble *éloge* on his lost friend.¹ Voltaire was dead these five years, and Turgot, too, was gone. Society offered the survivor no recompense. He found the great world tiresome and frivolous, and he described its pursuits in phrases that are still faithful to the fact, as "dissipation without pleasure, vanity without meaning, and idleness without repose." It was perhaps to soften the oppression of these cruel and tender regrets that in 1786 Condorcet married.²

Events were now very close at hand, in comparison with which even the most critical private transactions of Condorcet's life were pale and insignificant. In the tranquil seasons of history, when the steady currents of circumstance bear men along noiseless, the importance of the relations which we contract seems superlative ; in times of storm and social wreck these petty fortunes and private chances are engulfed and lost to sight. The ferment was now rapidly rising to its intensest height, and Condorcet was the last man in France to remain cold to the burning agitations of the time. We have already seen how decidedly ten years ago he expressed his preference for political activity over the meditative labours of the student. He now threw himself into the revolution with all the force of an ardent character imbued with fixed and unalterable convictions. We may well imagine him deploring that the great ones whom he had known, the immortal Voltaire, the lofty-souled Turgot, had been rapt away by the unkind gods, before their eyes had seen the restoration of their natural rights to men, and the reign of justice on the earth. The gods, after all, were kinder than he wot of, for they veiled from the sight of the enthusiast of '89 the spectres of '93. History would possibly miss most of its striking episodes if every actor could know the work to which he was putting his hand ; and even Condorcet's faith might have wavered if he had known that between him and the fulfilment of his desires there was to be a long and, as yet, unfinished period of despotism and corruption. Still, the vision which then presented itself to the eyes of good men was sublime ; and just as, when

(1) *Œuvres*, iii. 109, 110.

(2) His wife, said to be one of the most beautiful women of her time, was twenty-three years younger than himself, and survived until 1822. Cabanis married another sister, and Marshal Grouchy was her brother. Madame Condorcet wrote nothing of her own, except some notes to a translation which she made of Adam Smith's *Theory of Moral Sentiments*.

some noble and devoted character has been taken away from us, it is a consolation to remember that we had the happiness of his friendship, so too when a generation awakes from one of these inspiring social dreams, the wreck of the aspiration is not total nor unrecompensed. The next best thing to the achievement of high and generous aims is to have sought them.

During the winter of '88 and '89, while all France was astir with elections and preparation for elections to that meeting of the States-General, which was looked to as the nearing dawn after a long night of blackness and misery, Condorcet thought he could most serve the movement by calling the minds of the electors to certain sides of their duty which they might be in some danger of overlooking. One of the subjects, for example, on which he felt most strongly, but on which his countrymen have not shown any particular sensibility, was slavery and the slave trade.¹ He appealed, with a terseness and force not always characteristic of his writing, to the electors, while they were reclaiming their own rights in the name of justice, not to forget the half million blacks, whose rights had been still more shamefully torn away from them, and whose need of justice was yet more urgent than their own. In the same spirit he published a vehement and ingenious protest against the admission of representatives from the St. Domingo plantations to the National Assembly, showing how grossly inconsistent it was with every idea of a free and popular Chamber that men should sit as representatives of others who had never chosen them, that they should invoke natural rights in their own favour, when at the same instant they were violating the most elementary and undisputed natural rights of mankind at home.²

Of general precepts he never tired; one series of them followed another. To us some of the number may seem commonplace; but reflect that the election of representatives was an amazing novelty in France, and Condorcet knew men well enough to be aware of the hazards of political inexperience. Beware of choosing a clever knave, he said, because he will follow his own interest and not yours; but at the same time beware of choosing a man for no better reason than that he is honest, because you want ability quite as much as probity. Do not choose a man who has ever taken side against the liberty of any portion of mankind; nor one whose principles were never known until he found out that he needed your votes. Be careful not to mistake heat of head for heat of soul; because what

(1) Montesquieu, and one or two other writers, had attacked slavery long before, and Condorcet published a very effective piece against it in 1781 (*Réflexions sur l'Esclavage des Nègres*; *Buress*, vii. 63), with an epistle dedicatory to the enslaved blacks. About the same time an Abolition Society was formed in France, following the example set in England.

(2) *Au Corps Electoral, contre l'Esclavage des Noirs*. 3 Fév. 1789. *Sur l'Admission des Députés des Planteurs de Saint Domingue*. 1789, ix. 469—485.

you want is not heat but force, not violence but steadfastness. Be careful, too, to separate a man's actions from the accidents of his life; for one may be the enemy or the victim of a tyrant without being the friend of liberty. Do not be carried away by a candidate's sollicitations; but, at the same time, make allowance for the existing effervescence of spirits. Prefer those who have decided opinions to those who are always inventing plans of conciliation; those who are zealous for the rights of man to those who only profess pity for the misfortunes of the people; those who speak of justice and reason, to those who speak of political interests and of the prosperity of commerce. Distrust those who appeal to sentiment in matters that can be decided by reason; prefer light to eloquence; and pass over those who declare themselves ready to die for liberty, in favour of those who know in what liberty consists.¹

In another piece he drew up a list of the rights which the nation had a claim to have recognised, such as the right to make laws, to the protection of personal liberty, to the legal administration of justice by regular judges, and to exact responsibility from the Ministers of the crown. These rights he declared it to be the first duty of the Assembly to draw up in a chart which should be the chief corner-stone of the new constitution. Then he proceeded to define the various tasks to which he conceived that the legislative body should forthwith apply itself; and among them, be it said, is no mention of any of those projects of confiscation which circumstances so speedily forced upon the Assembly when it met.²

Though many of these precepts, designed to guide the electors in their choice of men, are sagacious and admirable, they smack strongly of that absolute and abstract spirit which can never become powerful in politics without danger. It is certain that in the spring of '89, Condorcet held hereditary monarchy to be most suitable to "the wealth, the population, the extent of France, and to the political system of Europe."³ Yet the reasons which he gives for thinking this are not very cogent, and he can hardly have felt them to be so; moreover, he would hardly have made any remark on the subject if he had not been conscious of the hazard there was. It is significant, however, of the little distance which all the most uncompromising and most thoughtful revolutionists saw in front of them, that even Condorcet should, so late as the eve of the assembly of the States-General, have talked about attachment to the forms of monarchy and respect for the royal person and prerogative; and should have represented the notion of

(1) *Lettres d'un Gentilhomme aux Messieurs du Tiers Etat*, ix. 255—259.

(2) *Réflexions sur les Pouvoirs et Instructions à donner par les Provinces à leurs Députés aux Etats-Généraux*, ix. 263—283.

(3) ix. 266.

the property of the Church undergoing any confiscation as an invention of the enemies of freedom.¹ Before the year was out, the property of the Church had undergone confiscation; before two years had gone he was an ardent Republican; and in rather over a year more he had voted the king guilty.

It is worth while to cite here a still more pointed example of the want of prevision so common and so intelligible at that time. Writing in July, 1791, he confutes those who asserted that an established and limited monarchy was a safeguard against a usurper, whose power is only limited by his own audacity and address, by pointing out that the extent of France, its divisions into departments, the separation between the various branches of the administration, the freedom of the press, the multitude of the public points, were all so many insurmountable barriers against a French Cromwell. "To anybody who has read with attention the history of the usurpation of Cromwell, it is clear that a single newspaper would have been enough to stop his success; it is clear that if the people of England had known how to read other books beside their Bible, the hypocritical Pretender, unmasked from his first step, would soon have ceased to be dangerous." Again, is the nation to be cajoled by some ambitious general, gratifying its desire to be an empire-race? "Is this what is asked by true friends of liberty, those who only seek that reason and right should have empire over men? *What provinces, conquered by a French general, will he despoil to buy our suffrages? Will he promise our soldiers, as the consuls promised the citizens of Rome, the pillage of Spain or of Syria?* No, assuredly; it is because we cannot be an empire-nation (*peuple-roi*), that we shall remain a free nation."² How many years were there between this conclusive reasoning, and the pillage of Italy to please the Parisians, the expedition to Egypt, the seizure of Spain?

Condorcet was not a member of the Assembly in whose formation and composition he had taken so vivid and practical an interest. The first political functions which he was invited to undertake were those of a member of the municipality of Paris. In the tremendous drama of which the scenes were now opening, the Town-hall of Paris was to prove itself far more truly the centre of movement and action than the Constituent Assembly. The efforts of the Constituent Assembly to build up were tardy and ineffectual. The activity of the municipality of Paris in pulling down was, after a time, ceaseless, and it was eminently successful. The first mayor was the astronomer Bailly, Condorcet's defeated competitor at the Academy. With fall of Bastille, summary hangings at the nearest lantern-post, October insurrection of women, and triumphant compulsion of king, queen, and Assembly to Paris from Versailles, with heads accompany-

(1) ix. 264.

(2) xii. 229—3, and 234.

ing on pikes, the two rivals, now colleagues, must have felt that the contests for them were, indeed, no longer academic. The astronomy of the one and the geometry of the other were for ever done with; and Condorcet's longing for active political life in preference to mere study was to be liberally gratified.

Unhappily or not, the movement was beyond the control of anybody who, like Condorcet, had no force beyond that of disciplined reason and principle. The Bastille no sooner fell, than the Revolution set in with oceanic violence, in the face of which patriotic intention and irrefragable arguments, even when both intention and arguments were loyally revolutionary, were powerless to save the State. In crises of this overwhelming kind, power of reasoning does not tell, and mere good-will does not tell. Exaltation reaches a pitch at which the physical sensibilities are so quickened as to be supreme over the rest of the nature; and in these moods it is the man gifted with the physical quality, as mysterious and indescribable as it is resistless, of a Marat, to take a bad example, or a Danton, to take a good one, who can 'ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.' Of this quality Condorcet had nothing. His personal presence inspired a decent respect, but no strong emotion either of fear or admiration or physical sympathy. His voice was feeble, his utterance indistinct; and he never got over that nervous apprehension which the spectacle of large and turbulent crowds naturally rouses in the student. In a revolution after the manner of Lord Somers, he would have been invaluable. He thoroughly understood his own principles, and he was a master of the art, so useful in its place and time and so respectable in all places and times, of considering political projects point by point with reference to a definite framework of rational ideas. But this was no time for such an art; this was not a revolution to be guided by reason, even reason, like Condorcet's, streaked with Jacobinical fibre. The national ideas in which it had arisen had transformed themselves into tumultuous passion, and from this into frenzied action.

Every politician of real eminence as a reformer possesses one of three elements. One class of men is inspired by an intellectual attachment to certain ideas of justice and right reason: another is moved by a deep pity for the hard lot of the mass of every society: while the third, such men as Richelieu, for example, have an instinctive appreciation and passion for good, wise, and orderly government. The great and typical ruler is moved in varying degrees by all three in modern times, when the claims of the poor, the rank and file of the social army, have been raised to the permanent place that belongs to them. Each of the three types has its own peculiar conditions of success, and there are circumstances in which some one of the three is more able to grapple with the obstacles to order than either of the other two. It soon became very

clear that the intellectual quality was not the element likely to quell the tempest that had now arisen.

Let it be said, however, that Condorcet showed himself no pedantic nor fastidious trifler with the tremendous movement which he had contributed to set afoot. The same practical spirit which drove him into the strife, guided him in the midst of it. He never wrung his hands nor wept nor bewailed the unreason of the multitudes to whom he in vain preached reason. Unlike the typical man of letters, for he was without vanity, he did not abandon the cause of the Revolution because his suggestions were often repulsed. "It would be better," he said to the Girondins, "if you cared less for personal matters and attended only to public interests." Years ago, in his *Eloge* on l'Hôpital, he had praised the famous Chancellor for incurring the hostility of both of the two envenomed factions, the League and the Huguenots, and for disregarding the approbation or disapprobation of the people. "What operation," he asked, "capable of producing any durable good, can be understood by the people? How should they know to what extent good is possible? How judge of the means of producing it? It must ever be easier for a charlatan to mislead the people, than for a man of genius to save it."¹ Remembering this law, he never lost patience. He was cool and intrepid, if his intrepidity was of the logical sort rather than physical; and he was steadfast to one or two simple aims, if he was on some occasions too rapid in changing his attitude as to special measures. He was never afraid of the spectre, as the incompetent revolutionist is. On the contrary, he understood its whole internal history; he knew what had raised it, what passion and what weakness gave it substance, and he knew that by-and-by reason would banish it and restore men to a right mind. The scientific spirit implanted in such a character as Condorcet's, and made robust by social meditation, builds up an impregnable fortitude in the face of incessant rebuffs and discouragements. Let us then picture Condorcet as surveying the terrific welter from the summer of '89 to the summer of '93, from the taking of the Bastille to the fall of the Girondins, with something of the firmness and self-possession of a Roman Cato.

After the flight of the king in June, and his return in what was virtually captivity to Paris, Condorcet was one of the party, very small in numbers and entirely discountenanced by public opinion, then passing through the monarchical and constitutional stage, who boldly gave up the idea of a monarchy and proclaimed the idea of a republic. In July (1791) he published a piece strongly

(1) *Œuvres*, iii. 533. As this was written in 1777, Condorcet was perhaps thinking of Turgot and Necker. Of the latter, his daughter tells us repeatedly, without any consciousness that she is recording a most ignominious trait, that public approbation was the very breath of his nostrils, the thing for which he lived, the thing without which he was wretched.—See vol. i. of *De Staël's Considerations*.

arguing for a negative answer to the question whether a king is necessary for the preservation of liberty.¹ In one sense, this composition is favourable to Condorcet's foresight; it was only a very few who with him saw that the destruction of the monarchy was inevitable after the royal flight. This want of preparation in the public mind for every great change as it came, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances of the Revolution, and it explains the violent, confused, and inadequate manner in which nearly every one of these changes was made. It was proposed at that time to appoint Condorcet to be governor to the young Dauphin. But Condorcet, in this piece, took such pains to make his sentiments upon royalty known, that in the constitutional frame of mind in which the Assembly then was, the idea had to be abandoned. It was hardly likely that a man should be chosen for such an office who had just declared the public will to be "that the uselessness of a king, the needfulness of seeking means of replacing a power founded on illusions, should be one of the first truths offered to his reason; the obligation of concurring in this himself, one of the first of his moral duties; and the desire not to be freed from the yoke of law by an insulting inviolability, the first sentiment of his heart. People are well aware that at this moment the object is much less to mould a king, than to teach him not to wish to be one."² As all France was then bent on the new Constitution, king and all, Condorcet's republican assurance was hardly warranted, and was by no means well received.

III.

When the Constitution was accepted and the Legislative Assembly came to be chosen, Condorcet proved to have made so good an impression as a municipal officer, that the Parisians returned him for one of their deputies. The Declaration of Pilnitz in August (1791), had mitigated the loyalty which had even withstood the trial of the king's flight, and when the Legislative Assembly met it was found to contain an unmistakable element of republicanism of marked strength. Condorcet was chosen one of the secretaries, and he composed most of those multitudinous addresses in which this most unfortunate and least honoured of all parliamentary chambers tried to prove to the French people that it was actually in existence and at work. Condorcet was officially to the Legislative, what Barrère afterwards was to the Convention. But his addresses are turgid, labouring, not effective for their purpose. They have neither the hard force of Napoleon's bulletins nor the flowery eloquence of the

(1) xii. 227. It was followed by a letter, nominally by a young mechanic, offering to construct an automaton sovereign, like Kempel's chess-player, who would answer all constitutional purposes perfectly.—Pp. 239—41.

(2) xii. 236.

Anacreon of the guillotine. To compose such pieces well under such circumstances as those of the Assembly, a man must have much imagination and a slightly elastic conscience. Condorcet had neither one nor the other, but only reason—a hard anvil, out of which he laboriously struck isolated flashes and sounds.

Perhaps, after all, nobody else could have done better. The situation of the Assembly, between a hostile Court and a suspicious and distrustful nation, and unable by its very nature to break the bonds, was from the beginning desperate. In December, 1791, the Legislative, through its secretary, informs France of the frankness and loyalty of the king's measures in the face of the menaces of foreign war.¹ Within eight months, when the king's person was in captivity and his power suspended, the same secretary has to avow that from the very beginning the king had treated the Assembly with dissimulation, and had been in virtual league with the national enemies. The documents issued by the Assembly after the violent events of the Tenth of August are not edifying, and imply in Condorcet, who composed them, a certain want of eye for revolutionary methods. They mark the beginning of that short but most momentous period in the history of the Revolution, when formulas, as Mr. Carlyle says, had to be stretched out until they cracked—a process truly called, "especially in times of swift change, one of the sorrowfullest tasks poor humanity has." You might read the *Exposition of the Motives from which the National Assembly have proclaimed the Convention, and suspended the Executive Power of the King*,² without dreaming that it is an account of a revolution which arose out of distrust or contempt for the Assembly, which had driven the king away from his palace and from power, and which had finally annihilated the Chamber itself, that was thus exposing its motives for doing what the violence of Paris had really done in defiance of it. The power, in fact, was all outside the Chamber, in Danton and the Commune. Under such circumstances, it is of no interest to men to learn that "in the midst of these disasters the National Assembly, afflicted but calm, took its oath to maintain equality and liberty, or to die at its post; took the oath to save France, and looked about for means."³ Still more impotent and hollow, because still more pompous, is the address of six days later.⁴ A few days after this occurred the massacres of prisoners in September—scenes very nearly, if not quite, as bloody and monstrous as those which attended the suppression of the rebellion in Ireland six years afterwards by English troops. The Assembly, the day but one before its final session, issued an address⁵ denouncing these

(1) *Déclaration de l'Assemblée Nationale*, 29 Dec., 1791. *Œuvres*, xii. 255.

(2) August 13, 1792. *Œuvres*, x. 547.

(3) *Œuvres*, x. 560.

(4) 19 Aug., x. 585.

(5) 19 Sept., x. 581.

infamous crimes; and on the whole, the fact that this and the other addresses appealing to law should have been issued, and that the Chamber should have continued to sit and transact business, shows to a certain extent that in France at any rate, if not in Paris, the characteristic national respect for authority had not been so entirely blotted out as we are commonly led to suppose.

The Parisians assuredly, or the unbreeched portion of them then dominant, were no lovers of such order as the Assembly could provide; and when the Convention was chosen, the electors of Paris rejected Condorcet. He was elected, however (Sept. 6), for the department of the Aisne, having among his colleagues in the deputation Tom Paine, and—a much more important personage—the youthful Saint-Just, who was so soon to stupefy the Convention by exclaiming, with mellow voice and face set immovable as bronze, “An individual has no right to be either virtuous or celebrated in your eyes. A free people and a national assembly are not made to admire anybody.” The electors of the department of the Aisne had unconsciously sent two typical revolutionists—the man of intellectual ideas, and the man of passion heated as in the pit. In their persons the Encyclopædia and the guillotine met. Condorcet, who had been extreme in the Legislative, but found himself a moderate in the Convention, gave wise counsel as to the true policy towards the new members: “Better try to moderate them than quarrel.” But the quarrel between water and fire is irreconcilable.

On the first great question that the Convention had to decide—the fate of the king—Condorcet voted on the two main issues very much as a wise man would have voted, knowing the event as we know it. He voted that the king was guilty of conspiring against liberty, and he voted for the punishment of exile in preference to that of death. On the intermediate question whether the decision of the Convention should be final, or should be submitted to the people for ratification, he voted, as a wise man should not have done, in favour of an appeal to the people, which must inevitably have led to violent and bloody local struggles, and laid France open to the enemy. It is a striking circumstance that, though Condorcet thus voted that the king was guilty, he had previously laid before the Convention a most careful argument to show that they were neither morally nor legally competent to try the king at all. How, he asked, can you act at the same time as legislators constituting the crime, as accusers, and as judges, without violating every principle of jurisprudence? His proposal was that Louis XVI. should be tried by a tribunal whose jury and judges should be named by the electoral body of the departments.¹ With true respect for Condorcet's honourable anxiety that the conditions of justice should be rigorously observed—for, as he well said, “there is no liberty in a country where positive law is

(1) *Opinion sur le jugement de Louis XVI.* Nov. 1792. xii. 267—303.

not the single rule of judicial proceedings"—it is difficult to see why the Convention, coming as it did fresh from the electoral bodies, who must have had the question what was to be done with the imprisoned king foremost in their minds; why the members of the Convention should not form as legitimate a tribunal as any body whose composition and authority they had themselves defined and created, and which would be chosen by the same persons who less than a month before had invested them with their own offices. Reading this most scrupulous and juristic composition, we might believe the writer to have forgotten that France lay, mad and frenzied, outside the hall where he stood, and that in political action the question what is possible is at least as important as what is compatible with the maxims of scientific jurisprudence. It was to Condorcet's honour as a jurisconsult that he should have had so many scruples; it is to his credit as a politician that he laid them aside and tried the king after all.

It is highly characteristic of Condorcet's tenacity of his own view of the Revolution and of its methods, that on the Saturday (January 19, 1793) when the king's fate was decided against Condorcet's conviction and against his vote—the execution took place on the Monday morning—he should have appealed to the Convention, at all events to do their best to neutralise the effect of their verdict upon Europe by instantly initiating a series of humane reforms in the law which he named, including the abolition of the punishment of death. "The English ministers," he cried, "are now seeking to excite that nation against us: Do you suppose that they will venture to continue their calumnious declamations, when you can say to them: We have abolished the penalty of death, while you still preserve it for the theft of a few shillings. You hand over debtors to the greed or spite of their creditors; our laws, wiser and more humane, know how to respect poverty and misfortune. Judge between us and you, and see to which of the two peoples the reproach of inhumanity may be addressed with most justice."¹ This was the eve of the Terror. But let us banish the notion that the history of the Convention is only the history of the guillotine. No chamber, in the whole annals of governing assemblies, ever displayed so much alertness, energy, and capacity, in the face of difficulties that might well have crushed them. Besides their efforts, justly held incomparable, to hurl back the enemy from their frontiers, they at once, in the spirit of Condorcet's speech, made at so strange a season, set vigorously about the not less noble task of legal reforms and political reorganisation. The unrivalled ingenuity and fertility of the French character in all the arts of compact and geometric construction never showed itself so supreme. The Civil Code was drawn up in a month.² Con-

(1) 19 Jan., 1793. *Œuvres*, xii. 311.

(2) See M. Edgar Quinet's remarks on this achievement.—*La Révolution*, ii. 110.

stitutions abounded. Cynical historians laugh at the eagerness of the nation, during the months that followed the deposition of the king, to have a constitution; and, so far as they believed or hoped that a constitution would remedy all ills, their faith was assuredly not according to knowledge. It shows, however, the fundamental and seemingly ineradicable respect for authority which their history has engendered in the French, that even in this, their most chaotic hour, they craved for order and its symbols.

Condorcet, along with Tom Paine, Sieyès, and others, was a member of the first committee for framing a constitution. They laboured assiduously from September to February, 1793, when the project was laid upon the table, prefaced by an elaborate dissertation of Condorcet's composition.¹ The time was inauspicious. The animosities between the Girondins and the Mountain were becoming every day more furious and deadly. In the midst of this appalling storm of rage and hate and terror, Condorcet—at one moment wounding the Girondins by reproaches against their egotism and personalities, at another exasperating the Mountain by declaring of Robespierre that he had neither an idea in his head nor a feeling in his heart—still pertinaciously kept crying out for the acceptance of his Constitution. It was of no avail. The Revolution of the Second of June came, and swept the Girondins out of the Chamber. Condorcet was not among them, but his political days were numbered. "What did you do all that time?" somebody once asked of a member of the Convention, during the period which was now beginning and which lasted until Thermidor of 1794. "I lived," was the reply. Condorcet was of another temper. He cared as little for his life as Danton or Saint-Just cared for theirs. Instead of cowering down among the men of the Plain or the frogs of the Marsh, he withstood the Mountain to the face.

Hérault de Sechelles, at the head of another committee, brought in a new Constitution which was finally adopted and decreed (June 24, 1793). Of this, Sieyès said privately, that it was "a bad table of contents." Condorcet denounced it publicly, and with a courage hardly excelled he declared in so many words that the arrest of the Girondins had destroyed the integrity of the national representation. The project itself he handled with a severity that inflicted the keenest smarts on the self-love of its designers. A few days later, the Capucin Chabot—one of those weak and excitable natures that in ordinary times divert men by the intensity, multiplicity, and brevity of their enthusiasms, but to whom the fiercer air of such an event as the Revolution is a veritable poison—rose, and in the name of the Committee of General Security called the attention of the Chamber to what he styled a sequel of the conspiracy of the Girondist Brissot. This was no more nor less than Condorcet's document criticising the

(1) *Œuvres* xii. 333.

new Constitution. "This man," said Chabot, "has sought to raise the department of the Aisne against you, imagining that, because he has happened to sit by the side of some savans of the Academy, it is his duty to give laws to the French Republic."¹ So a decree was passed putting Condorcet under arrest. His name was included in the list of those who were tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the Third of October for conspiring against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic; he was condemned in his absence, and declared to be *hors la loi*.

IV.

This, then, was the calamitous close of his aspirations from boyhood upwards to be permitted to partake in doing something for the commonweal. He had still the work to perform by which posterity will best remember his name, though only a few months intervened between his flight and his most cruel end. When the decree against him was enacted, he fled. Friends found a refuge for him in the house of a Madame Vernet, a widow in moderate circumstances, who let lodgings to students, and one of those noble and beneficent characters that show us how high humanity can reach. "Is he an honest and virtuous man?" she asked; "in that case let him come, and lose not a moment. Even while we talk he may be seized." The same night Condorcet entrusted his life to her keeping, and for nine months remained in hiding under her roof. When he heard of the execution of the Girondists condemned on the same day with himself, he perceived the risk to which he was subjecting his protector, and made up his mind to flee. "I am out of the law," he said, "and if I am discovered you will be dragged to the same death." "The Convention," Madame Vernet answered, with something of the heroism of more notable women of that time, "may put you out of the law; it has not the power to put you out of humanity. You stay." This was no speech of the theatre. The whole household kept the most vigorous watch over the prisoner thus generously detained, and for many months Madame Vernet's humane firmness was successful in preventing his escape. This time, his soul grievously burdened by anxiety as to the fate of his wife and child, by a restless eagerness not to compromise his benefactress, a bloody death staring him every moment in the face, Condorcet spent in the composition, without the aid of a single book, of his memorable work on the progress of the human mind. Among the many wonders of an epoch of portents, this feat of intellectual abstraction is not the least amazing.

When his task was accomplished, Condorcet felt with more keenness than ever the deadly peril in which his presence placed Madame Vernet. He was aware that to leave her house was to seek death, but he did not fear. He drew up a paper of directions to be one

(1) *Extrait du Moniteur. Buores, xii. 877.*

day given to his little daughter, when she should be of years to understand and follow them. They are written with minute care, and though tender and solicitous, with perfect composure. His daughter is above all things to banish from her mind every revengeful sentiment against her father's enemies; to distrust her filial sensibility, and to make this sacrifice for her father's own sake. This done, he marched down-stairs, and having by an artful stratagem thrown Madame Vernet off her guard, went out at ten o'clock in the morning imperfectly disguised into the street. This was the Fifth of April, 1794. By three in the afternoon, exhausted by fatigue which his strict confinement for nine months made excessive, he reached the house of a friend in the country, and prayed for a night's shelter. His presence excited less pity than alarm. They gave him refreshment, and he borrowed a little pocket copy of Horace, with which he went forth into the loneliness of the night. He promised himself shelter amid the stone-quarries of Clamart. What he suffered during this night, the whole day of the Sixth of April, the night, and again the next day, there is no one to tell.

The door of the house in the Rue Servandoni was left on the latch night and day for a whole week. But Madame Vernet's generous hope was in vain; while she still hoped and watched, the end had come. On the evening of the Seventh, Condorcet, with one of his legs torn or broken, his garments in rags, with visage gaunt and hunger-stricken, entered an inn in the hamlet of Clamart, and called for an omelette. Asked how many eggs he would have in it, the famishing man answered a dozen. Carpenters, for such he had given himself to be, do not have a dozen eggs in their omelettes. Suspicion was aroused, his hands were not the hands of a workman, and he had no papers to show, but only the pocket Horace. The villagers seized him and hastened to drag him, bound hand and foot, to Bourgl-la-Reine, then called for a season Bourg-l'Egalité. On the road he fainted, and they set him on a horse offered by a pitying wayfarer. The prison reached, Condorcet, starving, bleeding, way-worn, was flung into his cell. On the morrow, when the gaolers came to seek him, they found him stretched upon the ground, dead and stark. So he perished—of hunger and weariness, say some; of poison ever carried by him in a ring, say others. So, to the last revolving supreme cares, this high spirit was overtaken by annihilation. His memory is left to us, the fruit of his ideas, and the impression of his character. If, as some think, the world will gradually transform its fear or love of unknowable gods into a devout reverence for those who have stirred in men a sense of the dignity of their own nature and of its large and multitudinous possibilities, then will his name not fail of deep and perpetual recollection.

EDITOR.

(To be concluded in February.)

POLITICAL ECONOMY AND LAND.

VARIOUS as have been the schemes recently offered to public notice for the settlement of the Irish land question, one feature is noticeable as more or less prominently characterising them all—a profound distrust of Political Economy. Just in proportion as a plan gives promise of being effective, does the author feel it necessary to assume an attitude, if not of hostility, then of apology, towards this science. It is either sneered at as unpractical and perverse, or its authority is respectfully put aside as of no account in a country so exceptionally situated as Ireland. This state of opinion is perfectly intelligible. In its earlier applications to practical affairs Political Economy found itself inevitably in collision with numerous regulative codes, partly the remnants of feudalism, partly the products of the commercial doctrines of a later age, but all founded on the principle of substituting for individual discretion the control of those in power. It thus came naturally to be identified with the opposite principle; and was known to the general public mainly as a scientific development of the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. The Free-trade controversy of course gave great prominence to this side of the system, and of late the idea that all Political Economy is summed up in *laissez-faire* has been much fostered by the utterances of some public men and writers, who have acquired a certain reputation as political economists, chiefly, it would seem, through the pertinacity with which they have enforced this formula, insisting on its sufficiency, not merely in the domain of material interest, but over the whole range of human life. If *laissez-faire* is to be taken as the sum and substance of economic teaching, it follows evidently enough that intervention by the State to determine the relative status of those holding interests in the soil, involves an economic heresy of the deepest dye; and it is not strange, therefore, that those who accept or defer to this idea of the science should, in attempting to deal with the Irish problem, evince some susceptibility in reference to Political Economy. In effect, it is very evident that two courses only are open to economists of this hue. Either they must hold by their maxims, and, doing so, remit the solution of the Irish difficulty to civil war and the arbitrament of armed force; or, accepting the plea of Ireland's exceptional condition, they must be content to put aside their science for the nonce, and legislate as if it were not. The latter is the course that fortunately has for the most part been taken. Economic laws, so it seems now to be agreed upon by thinkers of this school, do not act except where circumstances are favourable, and have no business in a country so unfortunately

situated as Ireland. This is one view of the relation of Political Economy to such questions as that presented by the present state of Ireland. In my opinion, it is a radically false, and practically a most mischievous view; one, therefore, against which, alike in the interest of the peace of Ireland and for the credit of economic science, I am anxious with all my energy to protest. I deny that economic doctrine is summed up in *laissez-faire*; I contend that it has positive resources, and is efficacious to build up as well as to pull down. Sustained by some of the greatest names—I will say by every name of the first rank in Political Economy, from Turgot and Adam Smith to Mill—I hold that the land of a country presents conditions which separate it economically from the great mass of the other objects of wealth—conditions which, if they do not absolutely and under all circumstances impose upon the State the obligation of controlling private enterprise in dealing with land, at least explain why this control is in certain stages of social progress indispensable, and why in fact it has been constantly put in force wherever public opinion or custom has not been strong enough to do without it. And not merely does economic science, as expounded by its ablest teachers, dispose of *a priori* objections to a policy of intervention with regard to land, it even furnishes principles fitted to inform and guide such a policy in a positive sense. Far from being the irreconcilable foe, it is the natural ally of those who engage in this course, at once justifying the principle of their undertaking, and lending itself as a minister to the elaboration of the constructive design.

As regards the main ground on which the distinction between land and other forms of wealth depends, little more needs be done than unfold the argument contained in a few weighty sentences in which Mr. Mill has summed up the case:—"Movable property can be produced in indefinite quantity, and he who disposes as he likes of anything which, it can fairly be argued, would not have existed but for him, does no wrong to any one. It is otherwise with regard to land, a thing which no man made, which exists in limited quantity, which was the original inheritance of all mankind, and which, whoever appropriates, keeps others out of its possession. Such appropriation, when there is not enough left for all, is, at the first aspect, an usurpation on the rights of other people." Where wealth is provided by human industry, its having value is the indispensable condition to its existence—to its existence at least in greater quantity than suffices for the producer's own requirements; and the most obvious means of rendering this condition efficacious as a stimulus to industry is to recognise in the producer a right of property in the thing he has produced. This, I take it, is, economically speaking, the foundation on which private property rests, and, is, if I mistake not, the most solid and important of all the reasons

for the institution. It is one which applies to all the products of human industry—a category comprising (with some unimportant exceptions) movable wealth in every form, as well as some forms of immovable wealth, but which obviously can have no application to a commodity which “no man has made.” It has been urged, indeed, that this reasoning is not rigorous, and that strict logic would require us to extend the description given of land to every form of wealth, movable as well as immovable, elaborated by the hand of industry or still lying crude in the earth, since, in the last resort, all is traceable alike to materials furnished by nature—which “no man has made.” But this is to fall into the error of the Physiocrats, and to confound wealth with matter. The street and palace, the corn and cotton, the goods that fill our warehouses, whatever be the form imparted to them by industry, all, no doubt, derive their material existence in the last resort from things which no man has made; no man has made the matter of which they are composed; but, as *wealth*, as things possessing exchange value, they exist, not through the liberality of nature, but through the labour and enterprise of man. According to the economic formula their value (omitting the, in most instances, infinitesimal portion of it which covers rent) corresponds to their cost of production. It is not so with land, which possesses value, and often high value, even in its crudest form; with respect to which, therefore, whatever other reasons may be urged in favour of giving it up to private ownership, that reason cannot be urged which applies to the mass of the other objects of wealth—namely, that this mode of proceeding forms the natural and most effective means of encouraging industry useful to man.

It will be said, however, that the fact in question is after all pertinent to the controversy only while land remains in a state of nature, and that my argument ceases to have practical force as soon as the soil of a country has been brought under cultivation and is improved by industry. This exception, I admit, is to a certain extent well founded—only let us carefully note to what extent. Of the labour employed on land, all that is directed to the raising of the immediate produce, and of which the results are realised in this produce—that is to say, the great bulk of all the labour applied to the land of a country—finds its natural remuneration in these results, in this immediate produce. Such labour, recompensed as it is by the immediate returns, and leaving the soil substantially as it found it, cannot form a ground for rights of property in the soil itself. No more can labour employed, not upon the cultivated soil at all, but in extrinsic operations—in making roads, bridges, harbours, in building towns, and in general in doing things which, directly or indirectly, facilitate the disposal of agricultural produce. It is very true indeed that labour thus employed affects the value of land; and

there are writers who have relied upon this fact, as identifying in principle landed with other property, showing as it does a connexion between the value of land and labour expended. Unfortunately for the analogy they seek to establish, the labour that is expended is expended, not upon the land whose value it affects, but upon other things; and the property which results, accrues, not to those who exert or employ the labour, but to other persons. The fact, instead of making good the analogy, brings into sharp contrast the things compared. A bale of cloth, a machine, a house, owes its value to the labour expended upon it, and belongs to the person who expends or employs the labour: a piece of land owes its value—so far as its value is affected by the causes I am now considering—not to the labour expended upon it, but to that expended upon something else—to the labour expended in making a railroad, or in building houses in an adjoining town; and the value thus added to the land belongs, not to the persons who have made the railway or built the houses, but to some one who may not even be aware that these operations are being carried on—nay, who perhaps has exerted all his efforts to prevent their being carried on. How many landlords have had their rent-rolls doubled by railways made in their despite? In considering the above exception, therefore, we must put aside as irrelevant to the question all the industry expended upon land, of which the effects are limited to the immediate crop, as well as all that employed in the general material development of the country, apart from the cultivation of the soil; and we thus narrow the argument to the effects of the labour directed to the permanent improvement of the cultivated soil itself, to rendering this a more efficient instrument for productive purposes than nature gave it to us. So far as this has been done; so far as the productive qualities of the soil have been permanently improved; so far, undoubtedly, the value added to the soil by such operations, and property in this value, when it vests in the producer, rests economically upon the same foundation as property in corn, or wine, or houses. The transformation of the Lincolnshire fens and the lagoons of Holland into tracts of golden wheat land has been referred to by Lord Dufferin: the reclamation of bog and hill-side by Irish peasant occupiers, equally illustrates the principle; and the mention of this last instance will at once indicate what a very short way the analogy in question will carry those who have urged it towards the goal they seek. On the assumption that property in land were measured by the value added to land by human labour—to land as distinct from its products—and that this property vested in the person who created the value, landed property would, thus conditioned, be assimilated in principle to property in other things. As matters actually stand, I need scarcely say none of these conditions is fulfilled. Property in land is not measured by the

value which industry has added to the land, but is co-extensive with the whole value of the commodity, from whatever causes arising; while the property in such results as human labour has fixed in the soil, does not pass to him whose exertions have produced them, but to him who happens at the moment to be legal owner of the improved ground. The fact, in short, does not advance us a step towards the required assimilation: it merely shows us this, that there is a portion of landed property which man has made, which is strictly the produce of human industry; which, therefore, would rest on the same footing as property in other industrial products, were only the laws of landed property something wholly different from what they are.

It follows then that the distinction drawn between property in land and property in other things, founded on the fact that "no man made the land," by no means terminates (as might at first be supposed) with land in a state of nature: unless so far as the existing value of land is due altogether to the industry expended upon it—unless in such rare instances as the lagoons of Holland or the fens of Lincolnshire, or reclamations of waste land previously valueless—the distinction applies equally to all lands, cultivated or wild. Property in cultivated, no less than in wild land, consists largely in value which no human industry employed upon the land has created. The ordinary economic considerations, therefore, which apply to, and justify property in other forms of wealth, do not apply here. There may be good reasons for the institution of landed property—on that I am not for the moment concerned to express an opinion—but they are not the reasons which support the institution in its other forms; in particular, landed property is wanting in that foundation—in the judgment of most people, I apprehend, the strongest of all those on which property rests—the expediency of securing the labourer in the fruit of his toil.

The argument, as thus far conducted, carries me, I admit, no further than to this negative conclusion. It rebuts an *a priori* objection to legislative action in such cases as Ireland presents, founded upon an assumed analogy between land and other forms of wealth. To exhibit the positive reasons which explain and vindicate a policy in the direction contemplated we must go a step further, and bring into view the causes which determine the existence and growth of agricultural rent, and, in relation to these causes, the position occupied by the owners of land on the one hand, and by the general community on the other.

The phenomenon of agricultural rent, let me briefly explain, is, economically considered, of this nature:—it consists of the existence in agricultural returns of a value over and above what is sufficient to replace the capital employed in agriculture with the profit customary in the country. This surplus value arises in this way. The qualities

of different soils being different, and the capital applied even to an area of uniform fertility not being all equally productive—farms differing besides in respect of their situation, proximity to market, and other circumstances—it happens that agricultural produce is raised at varying costs; but it is evident that when brought to common markets it will, quality for quality, command the same price. Hence arises, or rather hence would arise in the absence of rent, a vast difference in the profits upon agricultural industry. The produce raised on the best soils, or under other circumstances of exceptional advantage, would bear a much larger proportion to the outlay than that raised under less favourable circumstances; but, as it is clear that, in a community where people engage in agriculture with a view to profit, even this latter portion would need to carry such a price as would give the producer the same profits which he might obtain in other occupations (for otherwise he would not engage in its production), it follows that all the produce except this, sold as it is, quality for quality, at the same price, must yield a profit over and above the customary profit of the country. This surplus profit is known to political economists as “rent,” and we may henceforth conveniently distinguish it from the rent actually paid by cultivators as “economic rent.” Arising in the manner described, “economic rent” cannot properly be said to owe its existence to either labourer, capitalist, or landlord. It is rather a factitious value incident to the progress of society under external physical conditions which necessitate the raising of raw produce at different costs. This being its essential nature, it is plain that, so long as the rent paid by the cultivator of a farm does not exceed what the amount of “economic rent” would be, so long those engaged in agricultural industry will be on neither a better nor a worse footing than those engaged in other occupations. The labourer will have the ordinary wages, the capitalist the ordinary profit of the country.¹ On the other hand, it is evident that if the cultivator be required to pay more than this—if the rent exacted from him encroach upon the domain of wages and profits—he is so far placed at a disadvantage as compared with other producers, and is deprived of the ordinary inducements to industry. It thus becomes a question of capital importance, what provision exists in the conditions of an industrial community to prevent this result;—what security we have that—the land of a country once given up to private speculation—the limits set by “economic rent” shall, in the main, be observed by the actual rent which landlords obtain. Does the principle of *laissez-faire*—that play of interests developed by competition which in manufacturing and trading operations maintains the harmony of individual with general interests—does this suffice to secure, under

(1) This position, to be accurate, needs a qualification which it will receive further on. As it stands it is correct for the purposes of the argument.

ordinary circumstances, the same harmony in the transactions of which land is the subject? If it shall appear that it does not, then, I think, a case will have been made out for the interposition of some other agency—public opinion, custom, or, failing these, direct State action—to supply that which the principle of unrestricted competition has failed to supply—to secure an end which cannot but be regarded as among the legitimate ends of government—the coincidence in an important field of human activity of the individual with the general well-being.

The influence which is ordinarily supposed to suffice for this purpose is the competition with agriculture of other modes of investing capital. The farmer, we are told, before taking a farm, will consider what rent he can pay consistently with obtaining the usual returns upon his industry; if the landlord demands more than is consistent with this, he will decline the bargain, and embark his means in some other occupation. Rent, it is said, can thus never rise, for any length of time, or, as a general rule, above the level prescribed by the economic conditions of the case. But, as has often been pointed out, and, as is obvious at first blush, this argument supposes a state of things which exists in but few countries in the world, if indeed it exists, or ever can exist, in any. It supposes all farmers to be capitalists—capitalists on a scale implying the possession of disposable wealth in substantial amount; and it supposes a variety of occupations other than agriculture, soliciting investment, into any of which—a landlord proving unreasonable—farmers can turn their capital. The countries in which these conditions are realised in the highest degree—rather, I should say, in which the nearest approximation to their realisation has been attained—are England and Scotland; and yet it is very evident that in England and Scotland the uncontrolled play of the principle of competition in dealing with land is not found sufficient for keeping the relations of landlord and tenant in a satisfactory state. If it be, then what is the meaning of the current language upon this subject? of “good” and “bad” applied to landlords in a sense in which the same epithets are never applied to traders in other commodities than land—of such phrases as “what a good landlord would do”—this being assumed to be something quite different from what his pecuniary interest would lead him to do—of the constant appeal to the moralities of the landlord and tenant relation?¹ What is the meaning of landlords, of English landlords, boasting that they do not let their lands at a competition rent? What, again, is the meaning of courts of law

(1) It will be said, perhaps, that the phrase “good and bad employers” is used with a similar connotation. In general, I think the words mean no more than persons employing largely at the market rates. If they mean more than this, it is when used by those who regard labour as an exceptional commodity, the remuneration of which should not be left to the play of competition. The exception thus proves the rule.

deferring to local customs, and overriding and modifying the strict terms of a contract? The whole state of feeling and all the current language in reference to this subject implies a deeply-felt conviction that the exigencies of this relation are not, even in England and Scotland, satisfactorily met by mere commercial motives, but that public opinion and custom, custom in some instances enforced by law, are needed to supplement and qualify the mere commercial rule.

In England and Scotland the interposition of these agencies to qualify the action of competition in transactions of which land is the subject is more or less masked; in almost all other fully-peopled countries it is open and undisguised. In Asia the land has never, as a general rule, been given up to private speculation: it has remained in the hands of the State; and the condition of the agricultural population has accordingly varied with the greater or less degree of enlightenment or of sound moral feeling on the part of the rulers. Over Europe, wherever the land is not owned by the cultivators, custom or law very generally regulates or largely modifies the relations of landlord and tenant. The position of the cultivators is one not determined by contract, but, to a large extent, resting on status. In fact it would be intolerable were it otherwise; for nowhere in Europe, England and Scotland excepted, has an approximation ever been made towards a state of society in which are fulfilled the conditions that alone render tolerable the commercial treatment of land—in which the cultivators are capitalists, and a practical alternative to rural occupation exists for large masses of the people. The soil is over the greater portion of the inhabited globe cultivated by very humble men, with very little disposable wealth, and whose career is practically marked out for them by irresistible circumstances as tillers of the ground. In a contest between vast bodies of people so circumstanced and the owners of the soil—between the purchasers without reserve, constantly increasing in numbers, of an indispensable commodity, and the monopolist dealers in that commodity, the negotiation could have but one issue—that of transferring to the owners of the soil the whole produce, *minus* what was sufficient to maintain in the lowest state of existence the race of cultivators. This is what has happened wherever the owners of the soil, discarding all considerations but those dictated by self-interest, have really availed themselves of the full strength of their position. It is what has happened under rapacious governments in Asia; it is what has happened under rapacious landlords in Ireland; it is the inevitable result which cannot but happen in the great majority of all societies now existing on earth where land is given up to be dealt with on commercial principles unqualified by public opinion, custom, or law.

It seems to me that I have made out my case, and shown that the incidents attaching to land, not only separate it economically from

wealth in other forms, not only therefore rebut *a priori* objections to special land legislation founded on assumed economic analogies, but—regard being had to the conditions of industrial society actually prevailing in the world—furnish positive reasons for this course: for setting limits, where public opinion and custom are not efficacious for the purpose—for setting limits by law to the free action of competition in dealing with this commodity. So far as to the general principle. I turn now to consider its application to Ireland.

The discussions on the Irish question, whatever differences of opinion they may have disclosed, have at least made one point clear: no settlement of Irish land can be effectual which still leaves with landlords the power of indefinitely raising rent. I think it may be said that amongst those who know the country, and have seriously grappled with the problem, there is a very general agreement upon this point. The end may be approached by different paths and realised in different forms. Compulsory leases, recognition and extension of tenant-right, simple fixity of tenure, are amongst the modes; arbitration courts, the opinion of official experts, the prices of produce, have been suggested as the methods of procedure; but in whatever manner, through whatever machinery, the plans that really promise to be effectual involve at bottom the principle of depriving landlords of the power of raising rent—the principle, therefore, of imposing on the State the obligation of saying what a “fair rent” is. It is very evident that this must be so—that the landlord, with the power still left him of raising his rent at will, could easily defeat the most stringent provisions of the most apparently drastic land code. Of what avail to the cultivator would be a right of occupancy if the landlord can attach to that right impossible conditions? Of what advantage the right of selling the goodwill of his farm, if the rent can be raised at the landlord’s discretion against the incoming tenant? Where would be the gain from leases if the limits of the rent are not known? The regulation of rent is thus of the very essence of the case; it is felt to be so by all who have really grasped the problem; and yet it will be found that this topic has in general been kept rather carefully in the background. The reason for this hesitancy it is not difficult to guess. Few Englishmen can hear without something of a cold tremor a proposal to fix rent by law. And yet the consequences are perhaps unfortunate. For all the reserve, it is felt that the efficacy of the several competing schemes really depends in the last resort upon this condition. *Omne ignotum pro mirifico*. Imagination magnifies the difficulty which is kept so carefully out of sight. Conscious that it lies behind, people hesitate to venture into what they expect will prove an economic *cul-de-sac*; or, if they must choose, the danger is they

will choose the scheme, not which is most efficacious, nor even which is least revolutionary, but which best contrives to veil this terrible bugbear. Now, if the fixing of rent by State authority be really indispensable to an effective settlement of this question, it is surely well that the fact be frankly accepted. I have already shown that Political Economy furnishes no presumption against the propriety of this course. Let us now see if it cannot practically help the solution.

According to some who pass for authorities, Political Economy has very little to say upon this subject. The worth of land is so much money as 'twill bring; and to seek a criterion for rent—nay, to attempt to conceive rent at all—other than as it is determined by the market, is in the opinion of these wise persons a hopeless, if not an absurd undertaking. Had they reflected that what they pronounce to be an impossibility is, in point of fact, performed by not a few landlords in Ireland—by every landlord there who does not let his lands on the admittedly ruinous principle of competition—they might have seen reason to distrust the accuracy of scientific knowledge which led to conclusions so flagrantly at variance with fact. Unless, however, in what I have said above on the doctrine of rent I have very grossly misrepresented economic teaching, Political Economy is involved in no such conflict with fact as the view in question would imply. On the contrary, it recognises in the returns from land the existence of an element—that which I have designated “economic rent”—which is no other than the “fair valuation rent” of good landlords.”¹ It not only recognises this element, but can state the conditions determining its amount and the laws of its growth. The “fair valuation rent” of the popular platform admits, in short, of being reduced to strictly scientific expression. The only point really debatable is as to the means of practically determining the entity in question in given cases. But, as I have just said, the thing is in fact done every day, with sufficient accuracy for practical purposes, by those who manage Irish estates; and that can scarcely be an insoluble problem which scores of landlords and land-agents solve every year.

In approaching the practical problem, there are two parts that will need to be kept distinct—the first starting of the new system, and the keeping it going after it has been started. Over and above the determination of a fair rent, the former will involve much the more serious practical difficulty of appraising tenants' past improvements. Some able writers have expressed themselves as if this latter difficulty might be evaded by permitting to occupiers the sale of their good-will. This would, no doubt, be so, were the question of rent once settled; but with this still open, the value of the occu-

(1) The “fair valuation rent” *plus* the returns on permanent improvements of the soil, as will presently be more particularly explained *post*, p. 54.

pation right would be uncertain, while the settlement of the rent plainly cannot take place till the abatement in consideration of tenants' improvements are known. Thus the necessity of an independent valuation of tenants' improvements, wherever landlord and tenant cannot themselves come to an agreement, is inherent in the case. Questions of this kind, involving, as they often will, disputes about minute details, can obviously only be satisfactorily dealt with by authorities adjudicating in the localities, and taking evidence in disputed cases from competent persons who have inspected the farms. Complicated and delicate questions no doubt they will be, demanding from those to whom the settlement is entrusted no small amount of patience, sagacity, and firmness; but questions not less complicated and delicate have already been unravelled by Englishmen in India; and it is hard to see why the same qualities of mind which have threaded their way through the mazes of Hindu customary law to results of order and substantial justice should not be equal to dealing with the problem, analogous, but less complicated, and less remote from English modes of thought, presented by Irish land.

These will be the initiatory difficulties; but these once surmounted, past improvements once ascertained, existing rents once adjusted to existing circumstances, there is no reason that the future working of the status principle should not be brought under general rules, and reduced to a system. Confining our attention to rent, with which alone I am at present concerned, the problem, as I conceive it, will then lie in such an adjustment of this element from time to time as shall satisfy and reconcile the two following conditions:—1, to secure to the cultivators, so long as they fulfil the conditions of their tenure, the due reward of their industry; and, 2, to do substantial justice to the reasonable expectations of those who, on the faith of Acts of Parliament and the past policy of the country, have embarked their fortunes in Irish land.

And here we must endeavour to attain to some definite conception of what constitutes the due reward of the industry of the cultivator. I have already stated what I conceive to be the economic basis of property—the right of the producer to the thing he has produced. Accepting this as our principle, the point to be determined will be the amount of the produce which is properly referrible to the industry of the cultivator. To bring the question to a clear issue, I will take an extreme, but not absolutely impossible, case: I will suppose a farm which owes nothing of any kind to the landlord's outlay, on which the whole capital, fixed and circulating, in buildings, fences, manure, and wages, has been advanced by the cultivator; and I will suppose, further, that the soil of this farm is of the worst quality compatible with profitable cultivation. These

conditions being supposed, how much of the wealth produced from the farm represents the due reward of the cultivator's exertions? I answer, the whole; and for this reason, that less than the whole would, according to the terms of the hypothesis, leave the cultivator without that ordinary remuneration which the conditions of industrial production in the country permit: without therefore such an adequate motive for his industry, as cultivator of the soil, as in a healthy condition of society would exist. In short, my imaginary farm represents the possible case in which, in conformity with Ricardo's theory, land under a *régime* of capitalist farmers would yield no rent. Passing from this peculiar case, I will vary the hypothesis by supposing the farm to be no longer entirely composed of the worst cultivable land, but to be, we will say, of average natural fertility, while the other conditions remain as before; the entire capital and labour being supplied by the farmer. Under such circumstances—and still recognising the principle that the producer is entitled to what he produces,—how far will the tenant's claim to the produce extend? Many people would say, on my principle, to the whole, and would regard the result as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the principle. But I hold this conclusion to be unwarrantable.

In a society constituted according to the principles of modern industrial civilisation, in which each member enjoys the general advantages arising from separation of employment and exchange, we are bound, I think, in estimating the effect of a man's labour, to distinguish the value from the commodity. In a state of patriarchal isolation the goods which the labour of a family produces are wholly unaffected by anything which other people do, and therefore rightly belong in absolute property to the family. But when the producer is a member of an industrial society, the commodity he makes may acquire a value—a power of commanding the labour and goods of other people—not by reason of what he has done, but through an importance given to his industrial function by the circumstances of society. Social circumstances may cause what he produces to bear a higher value than his labour would naturally give it, were others free to take advantage of the situation which society has permitted him to occupy. He may, in short, be the monopolist of a favoured situation, in the advantages arising from which, as they are no part of the fruit of his toil, he can, on the principle on which we proceed, have no right to property. Such advantages, so far as they are peculiar to the situation, are not properly the result of his labours, but of the social circumstances which have made the situation specially advantageous, and, on the principle we have recognised, would belong not to him, but to society at large. Now the case I have put will be found to fall within this reasoning. The corn and roots and grass which constitute the agricultural

return, no doubt result, nature assisting, from the labours of the cultivator; but the value of these things—the power they confer of commanding the resources of society—is not measured by those labours, but depends on causes extrinsic to the cultivator's operations. The produce bears the price it does, not in virtue of what the farmer has done, but because society needs food—needs food in quantities which can only be obtained by bringing lands under cultivation inferior to the best on his farm. That portion of the value of his produce which is due to this circumstance is, so far as he is concerned, an accident; something to which he has no more right than any one else. As it does not result from his exertions, so it offers no encouragement to his industry; his claim to it is therefore wanting in that basis which constitutes the justification of property from the economic point of view. My conclusion then is that the due reward of the cultivator's industry, even where he supplies the entire labour and capital employed in production, is not necessarily co-extensive with the whole produce of his farm. It is only so on the supposition that he enjoys in raising it no exceptional advantages arising out of his relations with other people. But where he enjoys such exceptional advantages, that is to say, where he farms land better than the worst that yields the current profit of the country, the principle of property, economically considered, is satisfied by his retaining so much of the produce as shall give him the average remuneration, leaving to society the remainder to be disposed of as it shall think fit.

The other element of the problem is to do substantial justice to the reasonable expectations of the landlord. I say "reasonable" expectations, because if the State is to be bound, not by what landlords might reasonably expect when investing their money in land, but by what they actually expected, or do now expect there is an end to the question; nothing remains but to recognise their right of property in its most absolute sense, and lend the power of the empire to its maintenance. *Risus solvuntur tabulæ*. But if this extreme ground is not to be maintained, then the claims of the landlord and tenant are reconciled, become in fact the correlatives of each other; for "reasonable" expectations must be bounded by the considerations set by public policy; and public policy manifestly requires that agriculture should enjoy the advantages common to other industries in the country—a result which is only attained when the ordinary rewards of industry are left with the cultivators of the soil. So much as to the nature of the problem.

Let me here recall to the reader the nature of "economic rent," and the causes to which it owes its existence. It is that portion of the value of the returns from land which remains after the outlay of production has been replaced with customary profit; and its existence

results from a permanent discrepancy between the price of agricultural produce and the cost of production of a large portion, the price being regulated by the highest standard of cost, and being consequently more than sufficient to remunerate the outlay on all produce raised at a cost less than this. These being the causes which determine economic rent, the amount will evidently be measured by the extent of the discrepancy; and consequently will vary, the price of produce being given, with the productiveness of the soil, or the productiveness of the soil being given, with the price of produce. Now these phenomena—the prices of agricultural produce and the productiveness of the soil, as indicated by its average yield—are already made the subject of record in our official statistical returns. Here then we have two available criteria which measure the growth of economic rent. Let us see how far they will help us in the solution we are in search of.

The definition of “economic rent” as being so much of the value of the produce as exceeds the due remuneration of the cultivator’s industry, might seem to identify this element with that which is properly, on the principle of distribution just laid down, the landlord’s share; and the inference would be just, if we were to include in the cultivator’s industry, not merely the capital and labour employed in raising the annual crops, but also that employed in adding to the productive qualities of the soil. But, as economists are aware, when the results of labour and capital are once made a part of the land itself, the returns upon them are governed, not by the laws of profit, but by those of rent, and become in practice inextricably blended with the rent due to natural fertility; while for the same reason they are distinguished from the returns which accrue on the ordinary annual outlay. In describing, therefore, “economic rent” as the value which remains in excess of what is needful for the due remuneration of the cultivator’s industry, it must be understood that that industry only is spoken of which is employed in the direct production of the annual returns. Bearing this in mind, and having regard to what the tenant may do in the way of permanent improvement of the soil, it will be seen that the future growth of the landlord’s share will not be commensurate with the future growth of “economic rent,” and will not consequently follow the same indications. “Economic rent” gives us the maximum which the landlord’s share can possibly attain; but in determining the amount which in the actual circumstances is properly his, we must discriminate the causes on which the productiveness of agriculture depends. What we want, in short, is some test which shall enable us to detach from the general value of the raw produce of the country that portion of it which is the result of causes external to the cultivator’s operations. It is this portion only which society,

in sanctioning private property in land, has consented to give up to the landlord.

Of the two criteria just mentioned—prices of produce, and the productiveness of the soil—the former, agricultural prices, plainly cannot be affected (at least in a way to raise rent) by any conduct on the tenant's part. An advance of price of a durable kind can only arise from one or both of two conditions—either from a fall in the value of money, or from such an augmented demand for food as should necessitate for its satisfaction the bringing under cultivation, without contemporaneous improvement in the art of agriculture, less fertile soils than any now cultivated. The latter contingency is one exceedingly unlikely to occur; but the former is at the present moment in process of realisation, and amongst the causes immediately affecting the pecuniary interests of landlords is perhaps the most important. Changes in the price of produce can thus only occur as the result of causes operating through society at large; it follows that all such changes would indicate grounds for a corresponding change in the pecuniary amount of the landlord's share. This has been generally recognised by the advocates of fixity of tenure in Ireland, and may be taken as a settled point in the controversy. It remains to consider whether this criterion alone adequately satisfies the justice of the case.

The only other cause which can affect economic rent being the productiveness of the soil, it might seem as if—unless where the landlord undertakes or concurs with the tenant in undertaking improvements of a permanent kind (cases which might easily be provided for by special arrangements between the parties)—I say it might seem, excluding such cases, as if all future increase of productiveness in the soil must necessarily be the result of the action of the tenant, and that consequently all future augmentation of economic rent, not referrible to an advance in prices, should properly be assigned to him. But plausible as this inference is, I think it may be shown to be unwarrantable.

Let us consider the following case. Suppose some country village, at present of small account, to grow into a town of some importance. It would naturally soon be connected by railways with the chief industrial centres of the country, and, as an inevitable consequence, agricultural rent in the neighbourhood would greatly rise: it would rise for two reasons. First, because the local demand would raise the local prices, and, thus far, the criterion of prices would assign the increase to the landlord; but it would rise, secondly, because the proximity of a town and the facilities offered by railway communication would greatly cheapen production. The farmer would now be able to procure his ploughs and harrows, his threshing and reaping machines, his artificial manures, his tiles for draining, on greatly cheaper

terms than before. Farming at greater advantage, he would be able (and that irrespective of any advance of price) to cultivate soils which formerly it would not have paid to cultivate, and in general to employ with profit a larger capital on his farm.¹ The soil, without supposing any change in its physical properties, would now yield a larger return, and in effect become more-productive. The larger capital employed upon it would yield a larger return, while of this increase a portion would be obtained at a lower cost than the current prices, without supposing any advance beyond what has previously prevailed, would suffice to remunerate. These are conditions which imply an advance in "economic rent"—an advance not due to prices, and not indicated by prices; and the question is to what cause is this result to be attributed—to the industry of the tenant, or to the progress of society in the locality? The tenant is very evidently a co-operator in the result. Without his capital and industry the increased produce could not be obtained; but that capital and industry would find their due reward in a corresponding augmentation of wages and profits; and the fact we have to deal with is the existence of a new increment over and above this due remuneration. It is with this part of the phenomenon only that we are concerned; and the point to be determined is its proper cause. Now it seems to me, for the same reasons which apply to the phenomenon of rent in other cases, that it is properly referrible, not to the action of the cultivator, but to the progress of society.

The principle involved in this illustration is of very great importance, since it represents an influence that is constantly operating in all progressive countries, and which cannot but operate in Ireland if it is not to remain for ever in the slough of despond. Every fresh invention in the arts of productive industry applicable to agriculture, every extension of railway communication, every new development of internal trade, of external commerce, would be attended with consequences analogous in character to those which happened in the rural environs of our imaginary town. If Englishmen desire an illustration on a grand scale they have only to look around them. The immense growth of rent in England and Scotland within a century is wholly unexplained by any corresponding rise in the price of produce, and is far from being adequately explained by the improvements effected in the permanent qualities of the soil, considerable as these have been. The phenomenon only becomes intelligible when we take account of the influence of industrial and commercial progress generally in cheapening agricultural production. Here, then, we find a source of growth for "economic rent," born of circumstances extrinsic to the tenant's sphere, and which should,

(1) I have to thank my friend Professor Waley for having called my attention to the importance of this aspect of the case.

therefore, on the principle of discrimination we have adopted, properly accrue to swell the landlord's share. But augmentations of rent thus arising would not be accompanied with any corresponding advance, nor, necessarily, with any advance at all, in agricultural prices.

I am, therefore, brought to the conclusion that the criterion of prices, taken simply, and without reference to other circumstances, would fail to furnish an adequate basis for the periodical adjustment of rent. Its adoption would, in effect, transfer to the tenant that for which the State has permitted and encouraged the landlord to pay. I own the considerations just adduced, not to mention others that might be urged in the same sense, go strongly—at least so it seems to me—to show the fundamental impolicy of giving up land to private speculation. But that is not the question here. Land in Ireland has been given up to be thus dealt with; and, this being the policy of the country, those who have embarked their fortunes in this venture are entitled to be protected in its legitimate fruits.

There is, therefore, need of some criterion to supplement that of prices, some criterion which shall mark the growth of rent proceeding from causes not embraced by price, nor yet identical with the operations of the tenant in improving the soil. In a word, we want a test which shall discriminate so much of the increased productiveness of the soil as arises from enhanced efficacy of the productive instrument itself, from that increased productiveness which is, so to speak, the agricultural expression of the progress of the age. After some consideration I am inclined to think that such a test may be found in the average yield per acre of the staple produce of the soil over the whole country—information supplied already by Irish agricultural statistics. This average productiveness would not, I think, in the main, be very seriously affected by the permanent outlay of tenants, for it must be remembered that a large portion of their improvements are in the nature of reclamations of waste land; and such land will, from the nature of the case, be the least productive in the country. Thus the effect of tenants' improvements would largely be to bring down the average level of productiveness throughout Ireland. On the other hand, there would be improvements, such as thorough draining, effected in the better lands, which would tend to raise the level. As between the two modes of influence I strongly incline to think that the tendency to depress the level would prevail; though I do not believe the preponderance in this direction would be so great as seriously to affect the correctness of the test.¹ This, however, might be matter for

(1) Applied to *land under tillage* in Ireland since 1847—the period from which the present system of statistics dates—the criterion shows a very great decline in the productiveness of the soil; but the explanation of this is to be found in the fact of its being partially applied. The newly-reclaimed land is always, at least in the first

investigation. But proceeding on the assumption that, so far as tenants' improvements are concerned, an equilibrium would result, any positive advance in the average yield per acre over the country could only be referred to causes of that general kind which are incident to the progress of society.¹ I would, therefore, be disposed to combine this index with that of prices in seeking a rule for periodical readjustments of rent. Not that I would propose to fix those who might be charged with the duty of re-valuation absolutely to the results obtained from these data. It would obviously be necessary, particularly at first, to apply any general rule with discrimination and regard to local circumstances. But, I believe, the data in question constitute the main elements of a sound rule, the perfecting of which could only be the work of time and experience.

If these conclusions possess any value they are applicable to all plans for the settlement of Ireland, which partially or generally, directly or indirectly, involve control by the State of the landlord's power over rent. But the plan which I have had mainly in view in this speculation is that which has been propounded by Mr. George Campbell in his work on Irish land.² In this work Mr. Campbell has unfolded a scheme for the solution of the Irish problem incomparably (in the writer's judgment) the best deserving of attention of any that have solicited public notice—a scheme of which the characteristic and peculiar merits are that, at the cost of a *minimum* of disturbance to the actual machinery of Irish society, it

instance, brought under tillage; and since 1847 a large portion of the soil of Ireland, as is well known, has been converted from tillage to pasture; the portion so converted being, as a general rule, land of superior quality. Thus the test, confined to tillage land, would necessarily show a decline of productiveness. Were the returns from the grass lands, as measured by the increase of stock, taken into account, I have no doubt the balance would be more than restored.

(1) Those who have not firmly seized the doctrine of rent will probably see in the proposal to deprive the cultivator of any portion of the results accruing from the increased efficiency of his labours, a violation of equality as between him and those engaged in other industrial occupations. I will ask those who think so to consider what would be the effect of increased efficiency of industry, say in some manufacturing operation. Would it not be a proportional fall in the price of the commodity affected by the improvement? Now if a similar fall took place under similar circumstances in agriculture, the cultivator of the soil and the manufacturer would be on a footing of equality. But, in point of fact, this does not happen; and why? Simply because, owing to the limited extent of the better soils, competition cannot be brought to bear in the one case as in the other. Notwithstanding the immense progress made in the art of agriculture, assisted as this has been by the action of free trade, no serious impression has been made on agricultural prices, while the prices of manufactured articles steadily fall as new improvements come into operation. The deduction, therefore, made from the cultivator's profits of what is due to the exceptional position he occupies, so far from disturbing equality as between him and those engaged in other industries, is the necessary condition towards establishing equality.

(2) "The Irish Land," by George Campbell, Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces of India. Trübner & Co. 1869.

would accomplish what would be a real and effective security of tenure for the Irish tenant—would accomplish this, moreover, in a manner suited to the ideas and habits of the country, while combining with this end the further considerable advantage of reserving for landlords under the new system a place and function in the national economy. Mr. Campbell's proposal proceeds upon the plan of distinguishing those parts of the country, or more properly those farms, where tenants now hold their land under definite contracts—where, in effect, the English system of managing property prevails—from those on which what may be called the Irish practice is followed—that of letting land from year to year, the task of providing for the permanent requirements of the farm being left to the occupier. With the state of things existing on farms in the former category Mr. Campbell does not propose to interfere. But the tenants occupying under the latter conditions, a description which it is scarcely necessary to say covers the mass of the cultivators of Ireland, he would place upon a new footing, constituting them as tenants under status, in contradistinction to those in the other category, who would be regarded as tenants under contract. Once upon the footing of status, no tenant would be evicted except for defined reasons, of which the non-payment of rent, subdivision or sub-letting without the landlord's permission, are the chief; nor could his rent be raised against him except with the sanction of an authority representing the State. With a view to the working of the system, Mr. Campbell proposes the creation of a court or commission with large discretionary powers under an Act of Parliament prescribing its duties and mode of procedure. It would be the business of this court, in the first place, to settle the present position of tenants under status, to consider their claims on the score of past outlay on their farms, and, due allowance made for these, to settle their existing rent; and it would fall to the same commission to re-adjust the rent from time to time in conformity with the changing circumstances of the country, either at periodical re-valuations or on the requirement of either landlord or tenant. By such provisions security of tenure at fair rents would be realised for the cultivators of Ireland. But it is very far from Mr. Campbell's aim that his plan should work as a cast-iron system, stereotyping Irish society in its existing form. He would permit, where circumstances rendered this advisable, the re-appropriation by landlords of land in possession of tenants, but only on the terms of compensating the dispossessed tenant for his improvements, and indemnifying him for the inconvenience he sustained by dispossession; while, subject to the sanction of the landlord, the transference of farms from tenant to tenant would take place with perfect freedom. In providing for transactions of this kind, Mr. Campbell takes custom and Irish ideas as his guide; indeed, the recognition o

custom as at once the outcome of history and the surest starting-point of reform may be said to be the *idée mère* of his whole scheme. He, therefore, naturally has recourse to the tenant-right of Ulster, in the legalisation and extension of which he finds the practical solution of the thorny question of compensation for tenants' improvements. By a most ingenious argument Mr. Campbell shows that, on any view of the case which does not amount to practical confiscation of the tenant's interests, this is what compensation in the case of small farmers, as those under status would almost universally be, must come to. In this opinion those who look closely into the matter will be apt to agree with Mr. Campbell. When we have to deal with improvements on a substantial scale, carried on upon farms of considerable extent, there would be little practical difficulty in arriving at a tolerably correct estimate of their value; but when the problem is to ascertain the worth of a thatched shed, or a gateway, or of a rood of reclaimed bog in a farm of ten acres, there is really no other criterion possible than this—how much will another tenant give for them?

I venture to offer two suggestions in the way of corollary to Mr. Campbell's plan. It would only be in keeping with the whole principle of his scheme that, where the State has once charged itself with determining the tenant's rent, no higher rent than that named by the State should be recoverable in a court of law. A provision to this effect would effectually prevent sub-letting, at least in the usual form of that practice. The occupier, it is true, could sell his right of occupancy; and it will no doubt be urged against Mr. Campbell's plan that the sum paid for this by the incoming tenant would, in effect, amount to an increased rent—the objector will no doubt add, on the authority of Adam Smith and Lord Dufferin, an increased rent of the worst kind. The value of this objection I shall presently consider; but, before doing so, let me state my second suggestion, which is that the occupancy right should only be disposable to an incoming tenant. I believe that this restriction would be attended with very beneficial consequences. It would, in the first place, render impossible the mortgaging of the good-will; and secondly, it would indirectly, but I believe very effectually, restrain competition for land within healthy limits. The intending purchaser of the occupancy of a farm might, of course, still raise the money for the purchase of the tenant-right on his personal credit. This is a use of his position and circumstances with which it would be neither possible nor proper to interfere; but, in order to obtain the farm, one of two things he must have—either cash to pay for the good-will, or credit to induce some capitalist to lend him the money necessary for that purpose; either, that is to say, he must already be the master of realised property, or his character must be such as to make those who

know him believe that he is likely to be a prosperous man. The restriction of competition for land to persons satisfying these conditions would render absolutely impossible, under the system of status-tenancy, anything at all resembling, or in any respect analogous to, the impossible rents promised by pauper peasants when the whole population entered the list of competition.

It appears then that, even conceding the argument that the purchase of the occupancy right would for the incoming tenant be equivalent to an increase of rent, still this increase—supposing the practice limited by the restriction I have indicated—would fall greatly short of what rents may attain under the present *régime*. But then we are told that the vice of the practice lies in the form, that the sale of the good-will is in effect a fine paid on entry, and that this has been condemned by Adam Smith. The use so constantly made of Adam Smith's authority in this connexion, I must plainly say, does him flagrant injustice—injustice which it is difficult to conceive how any one should commit who had really studied his excellent remarks on the tenure of land. The ruling thought of all that he has said on this subject is the supreme importance of security of tenure for the tenant, as the essential foundation and mainspring of all agricultural progress. He eulogises leases, and, failing leases, customs, or whatever conduces to realising this indispensable condition. "It is those laws and customs," he tells us, "which have perhaps contributed more to the present grandeur of England than all their boasted regulations of commerce taken together." What he says upon the subject of fines is wholly irrelevant to the issue in the present case. He is comparing leases at full rent with leases in which a portion of the rent is fined down—that is to say, alternatives either of which offers equal security to the tenant—and his decision is in favour of that one in which no fine is paid. What relevancy has a judgment on such a point to the question involved in the tenant-right controversy, where the alternative lies, not between different modes of attaining equal security, but between absolute security obtained by a fine accompanied by a moderate rent, and no security accompanied by a high rent without a fine? Had the issue in the Irish controversy really come under Adam Smith's review, no one, who knows anything of the spirit pervading the "Wealth of Nations," can doubt what his decision would have been. At all events, his authority would need to be greater even than it is to outweigh the overwhelming force of the argument from Irish experience. The universal testimony borne to the prosperity of the tenant farmers in Ireland wherever the custom of Ulster prevails—a prosperity all the more conspicuous from its contrast with the general wretchedness of the same classes in other parts of the country—and the almost equally universal recog-

nition of the connexion between the system and the results—are facts which no statesman can overlook. Mr. Caird, with all his strong and undisguised prepossessions in favour of Scotch farming, was unable to resist the evidence; and the *Times* Commissioner, in his singularly impartial descriptions written from direct observation, has recently confirmed the most favourable accounts of the system. In presence of such facts it is idle to talk of Adam Smith, or any other authority. All that has been said, or that can be said, against the practice of tenant-right really amounts to this—that the incoming tenant would be better off if he could get the farm with the advantages of the custom while keeping the money which is the price of those advantages. No doubt he would; and so, and in a still greater degree, would be the purchaser of a peasant property if he had not to pay the purchase-money; and yet peasant proprietors, working at this disadvantage, have contrived notwithstanding to cultivate their farms to some purpose. In neither case can a man spend his capital and have his capital; but he may in either case have that which is worth to him more than capital—the peace of mind that is born of security, the enterprise inspired by the prospect of reaping where he has sown.

Perhaps the greatest danger of the present moment is that on which so much English legislation has made shipwreck—the danger that our statesmen, meaning well but embarrassed by their position, will be drawn into the middle course of a weak compromise; a compromise which will solve nothing, but embroil everything. The plan recommended by Mr. Caird's high authority, as a practical agriculturist, fulfils in a remarkable manner the conditions of such a settlement. The inducements which he holds out to landlords to grant leases would be simply inappreciable when weighed against the reasons which would still remain, from their point of view, for refusing them; and what would be the value of leases without some guarantee against an indefinite rise of rent? But while his plan would wholly fail to give a sense of security to the tenant, it would be very effectual in hampering the action of the landlord. What landlord would care to take an active part in working his estate when he could only do so by passing his transactions with his tenants through the ordeal of public advertisement in leading newspapers, and waiting for the expiration of a five years' notice to quit before getting possession of his land? Of two things one. The material development of the country may, on plausible grounds, be entrusted to the initiative either of landlord or of tenant. There is something to be said for both plans. The landlord has naturally the advantage of the tenant-farmer—at least of the Irish tenant-farmer as he now exists—in enterprise and command of capital. On the other hand, enterprise and capital may, as others think, be developed in a far

higher degree by giving real security to the tenant. But a system for which there is absolutely nothing to be said, is that which would fail to evoke either of these motive powers; which would shackle the landlord without freeing the tenant, and under a net of inducements and counter-inducements, of checks and counter-checks, would stifle all vigorous life. Such, I venture to think, would be the effect of the solution of the Irish problem recommended by the high authority of Mr. Caird. But such a result can scarcely now become definitive. Things have gone too far for that. The attempt to accomplish it would, however, immensely aggravate all the dangerous elements of the situation, and probably in the end involve us in extreme courses, which might now be avoided.

J. E. CAIRNES.

A FEW WORDS ON MR. TROLLOPE'S DEFENCE OF FOX-HUNTING.

ONE portion at least of Mr. Trollope's defence of fox-hunting must be satisfactory, at any rate, to its opponents, for it is grounded upon the ancient doctrine which we are most of us well prepared to contest—that whatever is, is right. He sets out by asserting that fox-hunting cannot be unfit for “polite men,” since English gentlemen do it. It is probably not without intention that Mr. Trollope leaves to his adversaries the odium of replying that all English gentlemen are not gentle, nor fox-hunters the gentlest among them. But this answer of Mr. Trollope's can weigh absolutely nothing in the scale of reason, though very weighty in that of prejudice; for whoever attacks a prevailing vice will always be answered that highly respectable people practise it. It would not be prevailing if they did not; nor (we may add) much worth the trouble of such a man as Mr. Freeman to attack it, if no decent people were guilty of it. If Mr. Freeman were to take the trouble to tell English gentlemen that it is unrefined to swear, or to come reeling with wine into the House of Commons, doubtless he would not now be answered that these things must be refined, for English gentlemen do them. But a hundred years ago it would have been worth his while to tell them so, and then he would have been answered that if not precisely refined or refining in their own nature, there was nothing in these things necessarily inconsistent with the highest refinement, since they might be witnessed any day in the persons of English gentlemen. That English gentlemen do what we assert is coarse and cruel, can be no conclusive evidence that the practices are not coarse

or cruel, except in the eyes of those who are prepared to assert that English gentlemen are not susceptible of any higher stage of refinement and humanity than all of them have yet attained. Looking at the matter from this point of view, most English gentlemen, even including Mr. Trollope, will probably acknowledge that the argument is worth just nothing at all.

Mr. Trollope's second argument he puts in the following words :—

“Do we not know, also, that under God's hands, animals suffer pain worse than any inflicted by humanity,—the unsatisfied pangs of prolonged hunger, till death comes and releases? Does not the pike hunt the gudgeon, and the trout the minnow? Does not the fox hunt the rabbit, and the cat the mouse? Is it not God's ordinance that among animals every kind of suffering should prevail, to which the fox is subject when the hounds are after him? Is it not in compliance with an instinct given by God that the hound does hunt the fox?”

And (Mr. Trollope might have added) that man hunts the fox too. We answer emphatically, Yes, it is God's ordinance; it is in compliance with an instinct given by the Creator of man, and of the hounds, and of the fox, that all these creatures, left to some of their instincts, delight in war, in cruelty, in death; above all things, delight in that sense of vigour, of power, of life, which is given by a triumphant chase of anything, alive or dead, from a butterfly up to an elephant, from a fox up to the secrets of the universe.

But are Mr. Trollope and the defenders of fox-hunting prepared to follow this reasoning to its ultimate results? Granted that fox-hunting is in pursuance of a natural instinct, common to man with the lower animals; granted that the suffering it inflicts is not more atrocious than what takes place by the ordinance of nature; granted that the contemplation of an animal hunted to death,—hunted, that is, till it sinks from exhaustion, and then is torn alive, limb from limb, for man's pleasure,—granted that this is not more revolting to all the best instincts of man than things which take place every day beyond our power, and which surround us in this universe; our granting all this will not advance us one inch on the way to justify fox-hunting before the tribunal of man's reason and conscience. Are murder, incest, the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes, cannibalism, right, because they too all exist by God's ordinance, and in compliance with instincts given by God to dogs, to men, to wolves? Shall a man say, “I am justified in only eating now and then one of my dear little babies (which I fatten up for the purpose, and save from all suffering the while), since I see rabbits and dogs that eat up half a dozen of their puppies and little rabbits all at once? Since God made dogs and rabbits, can I be wrong to do as they do?” If such reasoning were to be admitted, if the fact that evil exists in the world is to be accepted as an excuse for our practising it, we must renounce at once all the restraints of civilisation, and no crime

could ever be called wicked if any man or beast could be found to practise it, now or in past time. Dr. Watts tells us to leave barking and biting to dogs; Mr. Trollope reverses the moral, and tells us to take a lesson from the cat that hunts the mouse, the dog that hunts the fox; for well may man be envious of such pure sources of delight, and ill can he afford to drop them out of the list of his God-given pleasures! A more ludicrous parody of a special Providence was never suggested, than that his scent was given to the fox expressly to give men and dogs the pleasure of hunting him. Or may it be said that a more mournful blasphemy could never shock the ears of a believer in a beneficent Creator.

Common sense, the philosophical doctrine of human progress, and the theological dogma of the regeneration of man's nature by God's grace, are all of one accord in refusing to accept the preposterous justification for fox-hunting (or for anything else) that it is natural, and not more mischievous than a thousand other natural things. It is useless to heap up a list of the horrors and enormities, moral and physical, that go on among men and animals in a state of nature, and ask us—is fox-hunting as bad as these? Civilised man has left far behind him the code of morals of his own ancestors; and to appeal further back than even these, to the brute creation, for examples and for tests, is to stand self-condemned. In one instance, it is true, Mr. Trollope appeals to a higher example for justification, and cites the lady who crushes the wasp with her fan. Who is the lady who would do it? Not sweet Lily Dale surely. Perhaps the wives and daughters of fox-hunters may do such things; most other English women, rich or poor, would shudder with disgust at such a sight. In the society which is either above or below fox-hunting and field-sports, the infliction of death is considered a painful and revolting sight; and if animals are not spared from death, human beings are spared the sight of its infliction whenever it is not a matter of duty to confront it; and the sense of duty, with the grave energy that accompanies it, is surely a fitter association for what should be felt to be the awful spectacle of the pain and death of any living creature, than the exhilarating sense of enjoyment that must accompany a pleasant day's hunting.

Mr. Trollope says (and probably most of his readers will fully and heartily agree with him) that the pleasure of fox-hunting is in no way the pleasure of giving pain. And he asks whether the pleasure of giving pain has more to do with the pleasure of hunting than with the pleasure of wearing beautiful furs? In this illustration, evidently given with the most perfect good faith by Mr. Trollope, may be observed a confusion of ideas, which is at the bottom of every defence of hunting usually put forth by otherwise good and kindly people. The pleasure a lady takes in her beautiful furs is not in-

separably bound up, or even naturally connected, with the pain inflicted in procuring them. She might be (I do not say she ought to be) accused of heartlessness or thoughtlessness in taking pleasure in them in spite of the pain they cost the hunted animal, but she could not be accused of cruelty. The pleasure she takes in possessing or wearing them is of precisely the same kind as she feels in diamonds, lace, flowers, or other things, beautiful in themselves, ornamental to her, and associated with the pleasant ideas of wealth, rank, and beauty. It would make no difference in her enjoyment if the furs were made by hand, the diamonds got by hunting, the flowers found in mines, or the lace grown in hot-houses. The kind, the quantity, the sources of her enjoyment of each separate article, would be the same. She does not enjoy the sables, she would not enjoy the diamonds, *because* they were got by hunting. The excitement of the chase is as absolutely foreign to her enjoyment of her furs as to that of her flowers.

Now can the same thing be said of the pleasure of fox-hunting? In what consists the special fascination of fox-hunting? What is it that men are unwilling to relinquish in it? I admit that I sincerely believe it is not, unless in rare exceptional cases, the cruel manner of death. So far, I believe Mr. Trollope to be right, although it will be seen presently that I believe Mr. Freeman to be still more right when he says that to take pleasure in hunting is to take pleasure in the infliction of pain. I grant—not merely for the sake of argument, but as a substantial truth—that, as a general rule, fox-hunters do not enjoy the sport because they enjoy either the sight or the thought of the agony inflicted on the fox, be it great or little, long or short. What, then, do they enjoy? “Society and conversation,” answers Mr. Trollope.

“Men are thrown together who would not otherwise meet . . . Perhaps of all the delights of the hunting-field conversation is the most general. Fresh air and exercise are gained by men who greatly need it. . . . There is enterprise in riding to hounds, and skill. Ambition, courage, and persistency, are all brought into play. A community is formed in which equality prevails, and the man with small means and no rank holds his own against the lord or the millionaire as he can do nowhere else amidst the scenes of our life.”

Here four distinct sources of enjoyment are enumerated:—1. Fresh air and exercise; 2. Conversation; 3. The exercise of skill and courage; 4. Associating with and equalling in skill our superiors in rank. All these sources of pleasure may fairly be compared with the pleasure the lady takes in her furs; they may be enjoyed in spite of the suffering inflicted on the fox; they are not derived from the suffering itself. So far I go along with Mr. Trollope; and grant that, even if it be heartless and thoughtless to derive pleasure from what cannot be got without the infliction of pain, it is not necessarily cruel.

But which of these pleasures necessarily requires that a fox should be hunted in order to its attainment? Not one. Men of different ranks and occupations can meet together out of doors for games of skill and exercise, without hunting a fox. One of two things is clear: either that men might enjoy all the pleasures of fox-hunting without hunting foxes, or that the pleasure of fox-hunting is in the excitement of the chase. Either hunting the fox is merely an accidental way in which men have got accustomed to associate together to obtain the pleasures of society and conversation in the open air, of exercise, and of rivalry in skill and courage—pleasures which they might just as well obtain without inflicting pain on anything; or else the real pleasure of fox-hunting consists in the excitement of chasing something that is urged to try to escape from you by the strongest inducements of fear that nature is capable of feeling. Either fox-hunting is immoral, because an unnecessarily cruel way of procuring enjoyments which men might contrive to obtain in a more innocent form; or else it is in its essence cruel—that is to say, it is pleasure derived from the fact that pain is inflicted. We must distinguish here between pleasure in the very fact of inflicting pain, or in the sight of blood and torture (which it has been already admitted that probably few fox-hunters feel), and pleasure derived from the excitement which only the infliction of pain can produce; which excitement, the true essence of the pleasure of the chase, is again quite a distinct thing from the pleasure in conversation, fresh air, exercise, &c., accidentally associated with the hunt. It is this pleasure of the chase which I believe to be the real attraction of fox-hunting, and to be demonstrably cruel in its own nature, and degrading in its effect on human character.

The love of the chase belongs to the lower, because the more selfish part of our nature. The desire to overcome, to exercise power, to domineer, to destroy, may all be turned to good purpose; and there are few enjoyments more keen than when we permit full play to the lower instincts of our nature under the guidance of our reason and conscience. War and the chase may call forth in one common purpose the various powers of our nature, the higher and the lower, but the lower must be under the guidance of the higher, to constitute these pursuits legitimate sources of pleasure. Artificial war and unnecessary hunting can only be carried on for the mere indulgence of the instinctive passions. The Romans kept enemies alive to enjoy the sight of artificial warfare in their amphitheatres, just as we keep foxes alive for an artificial chase. That the foxes would never have lived if we had not wanted to hunt them, makes no difference in the nature of the pleasure taken in hunting them—a pleasure derived from the fierce excitement of chasing a living creature under the terror of death. If we ask

partisans of hunting whether a good gallop across country, in large parties assembled for the purpose, would not do as well, they say it would not be the same thing. And truly I believe it would not be the same; and it is because it would not be the same that fox-hunting is cruel. It is the stress of the excitement produced in the fox and the dogs by the flying for dear life and pursuing to the uttermost, that communicates the excitement to the men too; the fox may sometimes escape with life, but if he or the dogs expected it, the hunt would lose its charm. That keen spur, that stimulus, would be wanting, which the lower animal natures only derive from the great coarse primitive motives, such as hunger, terror, and the enjoyment of pursuit.

It is the peculiarity of man, as far as we know, and one of our justifications in assuming authority over the lower animals, that he can derive a keen enjoyment from the æsthetic, the moral, and the intellectual portions of his nature. It is plainly degrading to men in the stage of civilisation to which they have attained in our own age and country, to seek their amusements in cultivating their crueller instincts. I do not see how we can escape from Mr. Freeman's conclusion that fox-hunting is cruel, unless we are ready to admit that it is unnecessary. If an amusement might be contrived that would combine all of pleasure that is to be found in fox-hunting without subjecting any living creature to the torture of the chase, or arousing either in men or any other animals the fierce and cruel delight of pursuit, fox-hunting is open to the objection that it inflicts useless pain. If its enjoyment consists in the excitement of the chase, then the enjoyment is in a cruel animal passion, however disguised and decorated by pleasant and innocent accessories.

HELEN TAYLOR.

Avignon.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

THE study of Shakspeare and his contemporaries is the study of one family consisting of many members, all of whom have the same life-blood in their veins, all of whom are recognisable by accent and bearing, and acquired habits, and various unconscious self-revelments as kinsmen, while each possesses a character of his own, and traits of mind and manners and expression which distinguish him from the rest. The interest of the study is chiefly in the gradual apprehension, now on this side, now on that, of the common nature of this great family of writers, until we are in complete intellectual possession of it, and in tracing out the characteristics peculiar to each of its individuals. There is, perhaps, no other body of literature towards which we are attracted by so much of unity, and at the same time by so much of variety. If the school of Rubens had been composed of greater men than it was, we should have had an illustrious parallel in the history of painting to the group of Shakspeare and his contemporaries in the history of poetry.

The "school of Rubens" we say; we could hardly speak with accuracy of the "school of Shakspeare." Yet there can be little doubt that he was in a considerable degree the master of the inferior and younger artists who surrounded him. It is the independence of Ben Jonson's work and its thorough individuality, rather than comparative greatness or beauty of poetical achievement, which has given him a kind of acknowledged right to the second place amongst the Elizabethan dramatists, a title to vice-president's chair in the session of the poets. His aims were different from those of the others, and at a time when plays and playwrights were little esteemed, he had almost a nineteenth-century sense of the dignity of art, and of his own art in particular :—

"And he told them plainly he deserved the bays,

For his were called Works, where others were but Plays."

But Ford, and Webster, and Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and the rest (who were content, like Shakspeare, to write "plays," and did not aspire to "works") are really followers of the greatest of all dramatic writers, and very different handiwork they would probably have turned out had they wrought in their craft without the teaching of his practice and example. Shakspeare's immediate predecessors were men of no mean powers; but they are separated by a great gulf from his contemporaries and immediate successors. That tragedy is proportioned to something else than the number of slaughtered bodies piled upon the stage at the end of

act five, that comedy has store of mirth more vital, deeper, happier, more human than springs from

“Jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay”—

these were discoveries in art made by Shakspeare; and is it too much to suppose that but for him these discoveries might have come later by a dozen years or thereabouts? The works of the pre-Shakspearians are of small interest for the most part, except as illustrating a necessary stage of growth in the history of the drama. They do not win upon us with the charm, the singleness of aim, the divine innocency, the sacred inexperience, the unction of art, which we are sensible of in the works of Raphael's predecessors. Italian painting may be personified under the figure of a royal maiden who, after a period of chaste seclusion and tender virginity, came forth into the world, and was a queen and mother of men. The English drama was, first, a schoolboy, taught rude piety by the priests, and rude jokes by his fellows; then a young man, lusty, passionate, mettlesome, riotous, aspiring, friendly, full of extravagant notions and huffing words, given to irregular ways and disastrous chances and desperate recoveries, but, like Shakspeare's wild prince, containing the promise of that grave, deep-thoughted, and magnificent manhood which was afterwards realised.

It is, however, amongst the pre-Shakspearians that we find the man who, of all the Elizabethan dramatists, stands next to Shakspeare in poetical stature, the one man who, if he had lived longer and accomplished the work which lay clear before him, might have stood even *beside* Shakspeare, as supreme in a different province of dramatic art. Shakspeare would have been master of the realists or naturalists; Marlowe, master of the idealists. The starting-point of Shakspeare, and of those who resemble him, is always something concrete, something real in the moral world—a human character; to no more elementary components than human characters can the products of their art be reduced in the alembic of critical analysis; further than these they are irreducible. The starting-point of Marlowe, and of those who resemble Marlowe, is something abstract—a passion or an idea; to a passion or an idea each work of theirs can be brought back. Revenge is not the subject of the *Merchant of Venice*; Antonio and Shylock, Portia and Nerissa, Lorenzo and Jessica, Bassanio and Gratiano—these are the true subjects. Even of *Romeo and Juliet* the subject is not love, but two young and loving hearts surrounded by a group of most living figures, and overshadowed by a tyrannous fate. Those critics, and they are unfortunately the most numerous since German criticism became a power in this country, who attempt to discover an intention, idea, or, as they say, *motif* presiding throughout each of Shakspeare's plays, have

got upon an entirely mistaken track, and they inevitably come out after labyrinthine wanderings at the other end of nowhere. Shakspeare's trade was not that of preparing nuts with concealed mottoes and sentiments in them for German commentators to crack. Goethe, who wrought in Shakspeare's manner (though sometimes with a self-consciousness which went hankering after ideas and intentions), Goethe saw clearly the futility of all attempts to release from their obscurity the secrets of his own works, as if the mystery of what he had created were other than the mystery of life. The children of his imagination were bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, not constructions of his intellect nor embodied types of the passions. "Wilhelm Meister is one of the most incalculable productions"—it is Goethe himself who is speaking—"I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard and not even right. I should think a rich manifold life brought close to our eyes would be enough in itself without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect." *A rich manifold life brought close to our eyes*—that is the simplest and truest account possible of any or all of Shakspeare's dramas. But Marlowe worked, as Milton also worked, from the starting-point of an idea or passion, and the critic who might dissect all the creatures of Shakspeare's art without ever having the honour to discover a soul, may really, by dexterous anatomy, come upon the souls of Marlowe's or of Milton's creatures—intelligent monads somewhere seated observant in the pineal gland.

Shakspeare and Marlowe, the two foremost men of the Elizabethan artistic movement, remind us in not a few particulars of the two foremost men of the artistic movement in Germany seventy or eighty years ago, Goethe and Schiller. Shakspeare and Goethe are incomparably the larger and richer natures, their art is incomparably the greater and more fruitful; yet they were themselves much greater than their art. Shakspeare rendered more by a measureless sum of a man's whole nature into poetry than Marlowe did; yet his own life ran on below the rendering of it into poetry, and was never wholly absorbed and lost therein. We can believe that under different circumstances Shakspeare might never have written a line, might have carried all that lay within him unuttered to his grave. When quite a young man, and winning great rewards of fame, he could lay aside his pen entirely for a time, as when Spenser lamented—

"Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late,"

and, while still in the full manhood of his powers, he chose to put off his garments of enchantment, break his magic staff, and dismiss his airy spirits; or, in plain words, bring to a close his career as poet, and live out the rest of his life as country gentleman in his

native town. It is a suggestive fact, too, that the scattered references to Shakspeare which we find in the writings of his contemporaries, show us the poet concealed and almost forgotten in the man, and make it clear that he moved among his fellows with no assuming of the bard or prophet, no aspect as of one inspired, no air of authority as of one divinely commissioned; that, on the contrary, he appeared as a pleasant comrade, genial, gentle, full of civility in the large meaning of that word, upright in dealing, ready and bright in wit, quick and sportive in conversation. Goethe, also, though he valued his own works highly, valued them from a superior position as one above them, and independent of them. But Marlowe, like Schiller, seems to have lived in and for his art. His poetry was no episode in his life, but his very life itself. With an university education, and a prospect, which for a man of his powers can hardly have been an unpromising one, of success in one of the learned professions (not necessarily the Church), he must abandon his hardly-earned advantages, return to the poverty from which he had sprung, and add to poverty the disgrace of an actor's and playwright's life. His contemporaries usually speak of him as a man would be spoken of who was possessed by his art, rather than as one who, like Shakspeare, held it in possession.

"That fine madness still he did retain,"
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain."

So wrote Drayton; and according to Chapman's fine hyperbole he

"Stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood."

This is not the way in which Shakspeare is spoken of. Nor is it an uncharacteristic circumstance that probably while he lay for a short time tortured with the wound of his own dagger, and death was hastening, one of Marlowe's chief anxieties was about the fate of his *Hero and Leander*, and that he commended it for completion to the man of all others best fitted for the task—the great translator of Homer, whose words have just been quoted.

But if Marlowe is the Schiller—the subjective poet, the idealist, as Shakspeare is the Goethe, objective and naturalistic, of Elizabethan art—he is a Schiller of a decidedly Satanic school. With an important critical movement behind him, around him a regulated state of society, and many influences calling into activity the better part of his nature, the true Schiller's head and heart and sensibilities as an artist passed through their "Sturm und Drang" fever, and came forth illuminated, purified, and elevated. On the other hand, the world amidst which he moved was too much one of merely cultured refinement; no rude but large and ardent popular heart beat in his hearing; rather, in the court and *salons* and theatre of

Weimar, official waistcoats rose and fell with admirable but not very inspiring regularity over self-possessed and irreproachable bosoms. The talk was of poems, pictures, busts, medals, and the last little new law of the Duke. It is not surprising that Schiller's art should have a touch of coldness in it. Marlowe had behind him, not a critical movement like the German, but the glare of Smithfield fires and the ghostly procession of noble figures dealt with by the headsman on Tower Hill, terrible religious and political battles, and the downfall of a faith. For his own part, taking art as the object of his devotion, he thrust all religions somewhat fiercely aside, and professed an angry Atheism. The Catholic hierarchy and creed he seems to have hated with an energy profoundly different from the feeling of Shakspeare, distinguished as that was by a discriminating justice. The reckless Bohemian London life which Marlowe shared with his companions, Greene, Lodge, Nash, and other wild livers, had nothing in it to sober his judgment, to chasten and purify his imagination and taste, nothing or very little to elevate his feelings. But it was quick and passionate. The "Sturm und Drang" through which our English dramatists passed was of far sterner stress than that of Germany. But Marlowe did pass through it. He perished unhappily before he had acquired mastery in his second style. He lived long enough to escape from the period, so to speak, of his *Robbers*, not long enough to attain to the serene ideality of a *Wilhelm Tell*. But Marlowe possessed one immense advantage over Schiller—he stood not in the midst of a petty ducal court, but in the centre of a great nation, and at a time when that nation was all air and fire, its baser elements disappearing in the consciousness of new-found power, a time when the nation was no aggregation of atoms cohering by accident, and each clamorous for its own particular rights, but a living body, with something like a unity of ideas, and with feelings self-organised around splendid objects of common interest, pride, and admiration. The strength and weakness of what Marlowe accomplished in literature correspond with the influences from the real world to which he was subject. He is great, ardent, aspiring; but he is also without balance, immoderate, unequal, extravagant. There is an artistic grace which is the counterpart of the theological grace of charity. It pervades everything that Shakspeare has written; there is little of it in Marlowe's writings. There is in them "a hunger and thirst after unrighteousness, a glow of the imagination unhallowed by anything but its own energies. His thoughts burn within him like a furnace with bickering flames, or throwing out black smoke and mists that hide the dawn of genius, or like a poisonous mineral corrode the heart."¹ If a Schiller, then, surely a Schiller of a Satanic school.

; (1) Hazlitt.

Marlowe's works consist of six or seven plays and some translations, one of which—a paraphrase of the *Hero and Leander* of the pseudo-Musæus—is remarkable as evidencing, more than any other of his writings, the thoroughly Renaissance feeling for sensuous beauty which Marlowe possessed in a degree hardly less than that displayed by Shakspeare in his youthful *Venus and Adonis*. Of the dramas, one was produced in conjunction with Nash, and we cannot safely assign to its authors their respective shares in the work. One—*The Massacre at Paris*—seems to have been thrown off to meet some temporary occasion; and certainly, however this may have been, it may without remorse be set down as worthless. A third was written, we can hardly doubt, when the poet was in the transition period from his early to what would have been, if he had lived, his mature style. It is in truth the least characteristic of all his more important writings. There are critics who can more readily forgive any literary deficiencies or incapacities than sins of actual commission, who can bear with every evidence of dulness of poetical vision, languor of the thinking power, uncertainty of the shaping hands, and constitutional asthenia, but who have no toleration for splendid crimes, broad-blown sins of the sanguine temperament, extravagant fancies, thoughts that climb too high, turbulency of manner, and great swelling words of vanity. These have pronounced *Edward the Second* Marlowe's best play. And it is, doubtless, free from the violence and extravagance of the dramas that preceded it, from the vaulting ambition of poetical style, which "o'erleaps itself, and falls o' the other;" but, except in a few scenes, and notably the closing ones, it wants also the clear raptures, the high reaches of wit, the "brave translunary things," the single lines—each one enough to ransom a poet from captivity—which especially characterise Marlowe. The historical matter he is unable to handle as successfully as a subject of an imaginative or partly mythical kind; it does not yield and take shape in his hands as readily, and accordingly *Edward the Second*, though containing a few splendid passages, is rather a series of scenes from the chronicles of England than a drama.

Three plays remain,¹ and on these the fame of Marlowe must rest—*Tamburlaine the Great*, *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, and *The Jew of Malta*. Each of these is admirably characteristic, and could have proceeded from no other brain than that of its creator. The three together form a great achievement in literature for a man probably not more than twenty-seven years of age when the latest was written; and they still stand apart from the neighbouring crowd of dramatic compositions, and close to one another—a little group distinguished by peculiar marks of closest kinship, a

(1) Four, if we count separately the two parts of *Tamburlaine*.

physiognomy, and complexion, and demeanour, and accent of their own. Each of the three is the rendering into artistic form of the workings of a single passion, while at the same time each of these several passions is only a different form of life assumed by one supreme passion, central in all the great characters of Marlowe, magisterial, claiming the whole man, and in its operation fatal.

The subject of *Tamburlaine*—probably Marlowe's earliest work, certainly the first which made an impression on the public—if we would express it in the simplest way, is the mere lust of dominion, the passion of "a mighty hunter before the Lord" for sovereign sway, the love of power in its crudest shape. This, and this alone, living and acting in the person of the Scythian shepherd, gives unity to the multitude of scenes which grow up before us and fall away, like the fiery-hearted blossoms of some inexhaustible tropical plant, blown with sudden and strong desire, fading and dropping away at night, and replaced next morning by others as sanguine and heavy with perfume. There is no construction in *Tamburlaine*. Instead of two plays there might as well have been twenty, if Marlowe could have found it in his heart to husband his large supply of kings, emperors, soldans, pashas, governors, and viceroys who perish before the Scourge of God, or had he been able to discover empires, provinces, and principalities with which to endow a new race of rulers. The play ends from sheer exhaustion of resources. As Alexander was reduced to weep for another world to conquer, so Tamburlaine might have wept because there were no more emperors to fill his cages, no more monarchs to increase his royal stud. He does not weep, but what is much better, dies. The play resembles in its movement no other so much as the *Sultan Amurath* of De Quincey's elder brother. "What by the bowstring, and what by the scimitar, the sultan had so thinned the population with which he commenced business that scarcely any of the characters remained alive at the end of Act the first." Five crops had to be taken off the ground in the tragedy, amounting, in short, to five tragedies involved in one. The difference is, that Marlowe could not be satisfied with less than ten crops and a corresponding number of tragedies.

Yet *Tamburlaine* is the work of a master-hand, untrained. If from some painting ill-composed, full of crude and violent colour, containing abundant proofs of weakness and inexperience, and having half its canvas crowded with extravagant grotesques which the artist took for sublime—if from such a painting one wonderful face looked out at us, the soul in its eyes and on its lips, a single desire possessing it, eager and simple as a flame, should we question the genius of the painter? And somewhat in this manner the single passion which has the hero of the piece for its temporary body and instrument looks out at us from the play of *Tamburlaine*. The lust and the pride

of conquest, the ambition to be a god upon earth, the confident sense that in one's own will resides the prime force of nature, disdain of each single thing, how splendid soever, which the world can offer by way of gift or bribe, because less than the possession of all seems worthless—these are feelings which, though evidence from history that they are real is not wanting, are yet even imagined in a vivid way by very few persons. The demands which most of us make on life are moderate; our little lives run on with few great ambitions, and this gross kind of ambition is peculiarly out of relation to our habits of desire. But Marlowe, the son of the Canterbury shoemaker, realised in imagination this ambition as if it were his very own, and gave it most living expression; most sincere and natural expression also. The author of *Faustus* and *The Jew of Malta* is wholly in such lines as these of Tamburlaine, spoken while he was yet a mere fortunate adventurer:—

“ But, since they measure our deserts so mean,
That in conceit bear empires on our spears,
Affecting thoughts coequal with the clouds,
They shall be kept our forced followers
Till with their eyes they view us Emperors.”

And these:—

“ Forsake thy king, and do but join with me,
And we will triumph over all the world;
I hold the Fates fast bound in iron chains,
And with my hand turn Fortune's wheel about.”

And these spoken of Tamburlaine by Meander:—

“ Some powers divine, or else infernal, mix'd
Their angry seeds at his conception;
For he was never sprung of human race,
Since with the spirit of his fearful pride
He dares so doubtlessly resolve of rule,
And by profession be ambitious.”

And lastly these, Tamburlaine speaking:—

“ Nature that fram'd us of four elements
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres
Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
Until we reach the ripest fruit of all,
That perfect bliss and sole felicity,
The sweet fruition of an earthly crown.”

There is something gross in this ambition, this thirst for reign, this gloating over “the sweetness of a crown,” but the very excess or

transcendency of the passion saves it from vulgarity. The love of pomp is not the mean love of pomp, but the imperial, combined with the self-surrender of the Renaissance poet to the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Command over material display and pageantry, from the "copper-laced coat and crimson velvet breeches" of the Conqueror up to the "pampered jades of Asia," is valued chiefly as an emblem of triumph and of power, or rather as a fragment of that universal power which sways all things to its will, and suggestive of it. It is a fine piece of consistency preserved in resistance to the temptation of stage moralising, that when Tamburlaine's great career draws towards its close, and he sees the world passing away from his grasp, he does not lose faith in the kingdoms of the world and their glory. He knows that he must submit to the tyranny of Death; he exhorts his sons to the acquiring of

"that magnanimity

That nobly must admit necessity;"

life, he sees, is transitory, but he does not despise it for its transitoriness; sovereignty must be resigned, but still he is proud that he was Tamburlaine and a king; and he delivers over the possession of his empire to his children, lamenting only that their "sweet desires," and those of his friends, must henceforth be deprived of his company. There is a severity of conception in this scene of Tamburlaine's death, which was attained through the projection into his art of Marlowe's own exceeding pride of will.

In one of the passages quoted above the reader may have been struck by the fine line in which our souls are spoken of as "still climbing after knowledge infinite." That aspiring, insatiate, and insatiable curiosity, which for our generation Mr. Browning has endeavoured to represent in the person of Paracelsus, Marlowe also conceived in his own way, and with characteristic energy. Faustus is the Paracelsus of Marlowe. Over the soul of the Würtemberg doctor the passion for knowledge dominates, and all influences of good and evil, the voices of damned and of blessed angels reach him faint and ineffectual as dreams, or distant music, or the suggestions of long-forgotten odours, save as they promise something to glut the fierce hunger and thirst of his intellect. All subjects, however, in the stream of Marlowe's genius are hurried in a single direction. Pride of will drew to itself all other forces of his nature, and made them secondary and subordinate; and accordingly we are not surprised when we find that, in Marlowe's hands, the passion for knowledge which possesses Faustus becomes little more than a body, as it were, giving a special form of life to the same consuming lust of power which he had treated in the earlier drama of *Tamburlaine*. To Faustus, in the suggestion of the Tempter, the words "knowing good and evil" grow dim in the unhallowed splendour of the promise "Ye shall be

as gods." All secrets of Nature and of Fate he desires to penetrate, but not in order that he may contemplate their mysteries in philosophic calmness, not that he may possess his soul in the serene light of ascertained primal truths; rather it is for the lordship over men and things which knowledge places in his hands that he chiefly desires it. Logic, law, physic, divinity, have yielded their whole stores into his keeping, but they have left his intellect unsatisfied, craving for acquisitions of a less formal, a more natural and living kind, and they have afforded him no adequate field, and feeble instruments for the display of the forces of his will. It is magic which with every discovery to the intellect unites a corresponding gift of power :—

" 'Tis magic, magic that hath ravished me."

What is knowledge worth if it does not enable him to obtain mastery over gross matter, over the lives and fortunes of men, over the elements of air and earth, of fire and water, and over the strong elemental spirits? To be surrounded with proofs and witnesses of the transcendent might of his own will,—this is the ultimate desire of Faustus, as in other circumstances and seeking other manifestations, it was of Tamburlaine. But the scholar does not ever disappear in the magician. In the first heated vision of the various objects towards which the new agency at his command might be turned, projects rise before him of circling Germany with brass, of driving the Prince of Parma from the land, and reigning "sole king of all the provinces;" yet even in that hour there mingle with more vulgar ambitions the ambitions of the thinker and the student; he would have his subject spirits resolve him of all ambiguities, and read to him strange philosophies. The pleasure, which afterwards he seeks, less for its own sake than to banish the hated thought of the approaching future, is the quintessence of pleasure. He is not made for coarse delights. He desires no beauty but that of "the fairest maid in Germany," or the beauty of Helen of Troy :—

"Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss."

He chooses no song but Homer's song, no music but that of Amphion's harp :—

"Long ere this I should have slain myself
Had not sweet pleasure conquer'd deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Cænon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?"

And in the scene of parting with the two scholars, immediately preceding the unaccompanied agony of the doomed man's latest hour—a scene distinguished by a lofty pathos which we find

nowhere else in Marlowe—there is throughout an atmosphere of learning, of refinement, of scholarly urbanity, which makes us feel how thoroughly Marlowe had preserved his original conception of the character of Faustus, even while he degraded him to the low conjurer of certain passages, introduced by a writer singularly devoid of humour, to make sport for the groundlings of the theatre.

A grosser air is breathed throughout *The Jew of Malta*. The whole play is murky with smoke of the pit. Evil desires, evil thoughts, evil living, fill its five acts to the full. Nine-tenths of the picture are as darkly shadowed as some shadowy painting of Rembrandt; but, as might also be in one of Rembrandt's paintings, in the centre there is a head relieved against the gloom, lit by what strange light we do not know, unless it be the reflection from piles of gold and gems—a head fascinating and detestable, of majestic proportions, full of intellect, full of malice and deceit, with wrinkled brow, beak-like nose, cruel lips, and eyes that, though half-hooded by leathery lids, triumph visibly in the success of something devilish. Barabas is the dedicated child of sin from his mother's womb. As he grew in stature he must have grown in crooked wisdom and in wickedness. His heart is a nest where there is room for the patrons of the seven deadly sins to lodge, but one chief devil is its permanent occupier—Mammon. The lust of money is the passion of the Jew, which is constantly awake and active. His bags are the children of his bowels, more loved than his Abigail, and the dearer because they were begotten through deceit or by violence. Yet Barabas is a superb figure. His energy of will is so great; his resources and inventions are so inexhaustible; he is so illustrious a representative of material power and of intellectual. Even his love of money has something in it of sublime, it is so huge a desire. He is no miser treasuring each contemptible coin. Precisely as Tamburlaine looked down with scorn at all ordinary kingships and lordships of the earth, as Faustus held for worthless the whole sum of stored-up human learning in comparison with the infinite knowledge to which he aspired, so Barabas treats with genuine disdain the opulence of common men. The play opens, as *Faustus* does, in an impressive way, discovering the merchant alone in his counting-house, flattering his own sense of power with the sight of his possessions. He sits in the centre of a vast web of commercial enterprises, controlling and directing them all. Spain, Persia, Araby, Egypt, India, are tributary to the Jew. He holds hands with the Christian governor of the island. By money he has become a lord of men, as Tamburlaine did by force, and Faustus by knowledge, and the winds and the seas that bear his argosies about are his ministers.

It is obvious that the lust of money, and the power that comes by money, form the subject of *The Jew of Malta*. We should indeed be straining matters, accommodating them to gain for our exposition

an artistic completeness, if we were to say that Barabas desires money only for the power which its possession confers. This, in his worship of gold, is certainly a chief element, but he loves it also for its own sake with a fond extravagance. In the dawn after that night when Abigail rescued his treasures from their hiding-place in his former dwelling, now converted into a Christian nunnery, the old raven hovers amorously over his recovered bags, and sings above them as a lark does above her young. Yet still it is the sense of power regained which puts the sweetest drop into his cup of bliss:—

“O my girl,
My gold, my fortune, my felicity,
Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
Welcome the first beginner of my bliss.”

But Marlowe found means in another way to gratify in this play his own passion for power, his pride in the display of the puissance of human will. The opening scene, in which the Jew appears as a great master in the art of money-getting, and surrounded by the works of his hands, in which he is proud, secure, and happy, is quickly succeeded by others in which he is seen stripped of his wealth, turned out of doors by Christian tyranny, and exposed to common ignominy and insult. The rest of the drama is occupied with the great game which Barabas plays, first against his Christian persecutors, afterwards against his own daughter allied with them, and his dangerous tool Ithamore, the cut-throat slave whom he has bought. His hand is henceforth against every man, and every man's hand against him. When he is hunted he doubles on his pursuers, and for a while escapes; any swine-eating dog that comes too close gets a shrewd bite which stops his cry, and at last, when brought to bay, and when his supreme design has failed by counter-treachery, when fairly hunted down, he turns fiercely on his opponents, is still master of himself and of the situation, and rises above those who watch his death by the grandeur of his resolution.

It has not seemed necessary here to dwell upon all that is worthless, and worse than worthless, in Marlowe's plays—on the “mid-summer madness” of *Tamburlaine*, the contemptible buffoonery of *Dr. Faustus*, and the overloaded sensational atrocities of *The Jew of Malta*. Such criticism everyone but an Ancient Pistol does for himself. We all recognise the fustian of Marlowe's style, and the ill effects of the demands made upon him by sixteenth-century play-goers for such harlequinade as they could appreciate. A more important thing to recognise is that up to the last Marlowe's great powers were ripening, while his judgment was becoming sane, and his taste purer. He was escaping, as has been already said, from his “*Sturm und Drang*” when he was lost to the world. *Tamburlaine* was written at the age of twenty-two, *Faustus* two or three years later. At such

an age accomplishment is rare; we usually look for no more than promise. If Shakspeare had died at the age when Marlowe died we should have known little of the capacity which lay within him of creating a *Macbeth*, a *Lear*, an *Othello*, a *Cleopatra*. Marlowe has left us three great ideal figures of Titanic strength and size. That we should say is much. In one particular a most important advance from *Tamburlaine* to *Dr. Faustus* and the later plays is discernible—in versification. His contemporaries appear to have been much impressed by the greatness of his verse—Marlowe's "mighty line;" and it was in the tirades of *Tamburlaine* that blank verse was first heard upon a public stage in England. But in this play the blank verse is like a gorgeous robe of brocade, stiff with golden embroidery; afterwards in his hands it becomes pliable, and falls around the thought or feeling which it covers in nobly significant lines.

Had Marlowe lived longer we may surmise, with some degree of assurance, one, at least, of the subjects which would have engaged his attention—the lust of beauty and the power of beauty. There is very little of amatory writing in any of his plays except that written in conjunction with Nash. Tender love-making of the idyllic or romantic kind Marlowe was little fitted to represent. But we have the clearest evidence from scattered passages that Marlowe had conceived the tyrannous power of beauty in that transcendent way in which he conceived other forms of power. It is sufficient to remind the reader of the scene in which Helena rises before Faustus. And there is one passage in *Tamburlaine* which in itself is quite enough to show us that the passionate desire of beauty in its most ideal form was not inexperienced by the poet:—

"What is beauty, saith my sufferings, then?
If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,
And every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes;
If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit;
If these had made one poem's period,
And all combin'd in beauty's worthiness,
Yet should there hover in their restless heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
Which into words no virtue can digest."

If another passage in *Tamburlaine*:—

"Still climbing after knowledge infinite,"

announced the poet's Paracelsus, does not this more distinctly announce his never-created *Aprile*?

EDWARD DOWDEN.

THE DEATH-LAMENTS OF SAVAGES.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in a recent paper in the *Fortnightly Review*, has said : " It is absurd to say of men in a state of primitive savagery that all their conceptions are in a theological state. Nine-tenths of them are eminently realistic, and as ' positive ' as ignorance and narrowness can make them. It no more occurs to a savage than it does to a child, to ask the why of the daily and ordinary occurrences which form the greater part of his mental life. But in regard to the more striking or out-of-the-way events, which force him to speculate, he is highly anthropomorphic; and, as compared with a child, his anthropomorphism is complicated by the intense impression which the death of his own kind makes upon him, as indeed it well may. The warrior, full of ferocious energy, perhaps the despotic chief of his tribe, is suddenly struck down. A child may insult the man a moment before so awful; a fly rests undisturbed upon the lips from which undisputed command issued. And yet the bodily aspect of the man seems hardly more altered than when he slept, and sleeping he seemed to himself to leave his body and wander through dreamland. What then if that something, which is the essence of the man, has really been made to wander by the violence done to it, and is unable, or has forgotten to come back to its shell? Will it not retain somewhat of the powers it possessed during life? May it not help us if it be pleased, or (as seems to be by far the more general impression), hurt us if it be angered? Will it not be well to do towards it those things which would have soothed the man and put him in good humour during his life? It is impossible to study trustworthy accounts of savage thought without seeing that some such train of ideas as this is at the bottom of their speculative beliefs." What falls from Professor Huxley is always of interest and value. Let us then take this thought upon savages, trace it through some of their poetry and laments, and thus ascertain what light these throw upon it.

The aged Te Heuheu, chief of the district and lake of Taupo, in the centre of the north island of New Zealand, was buried, with his whole village and many of his relatives, by the eruption of a stream of mud from a volcano. His body was with great difficulty dug out, laid in state by the remnant of his tribe, and the following lament was sung over it, the mourners looking northward, and eastward, over a lake, about thirty miles long, at the end of which rises the lofty peak of Mount Tauhara, an extinct volcano.

I have been obliged to add a few explanatory words to the original lament, to enable the English reader to understand some of the allusions it contains. I have not had sufficient leisure to attempt a poetical translation either of this lament or of any of the poems which follow it; but the sense is more literally preserved in a prose translation than it could be in a poetical one.

Last day, so lately dead, again awakes,
 And lo, its rising morn lights up the east
 Above Tauhara's peak!
 Perchance, so will return again our loved one.
 Alas! no, no; we but lament in vain,
 In vain, for him.

Thou art reft from us, thou, the only thing we prized.
 Go then in peace upon thy way,
 Thou mighty one,
 Who wast to foes so terrible.
 Go then in peace upon thy way,
 Thou forest giant,
 That sheltered us from storms.
 Yet what god malicious worked out so foul an end,
 And wholmed you all in death?

We fondly tend and deck your form
 Of princely height,
 Of noble breadth;
 And tearfully we gaze upon that lordly face,
 Traced over with the deftly-curved tattoo,—
 That face, on which the artist showed
 His very rarest skill.
 Why dost thou leave us, then, to weep in vain?

If the great planet, Jupiter, was torn
 From out its station, near the milky way,
 The frightened lesser stars
 Would wander purposeless
 Throughout the sky.
 Thou wast our Jupiter, holding the chiefs,
 And many tribes, beneath thy mighty sway;
 And they, now broken loose
 From thy restraint,
 May all the world disorder.

The sacred mountain,
 Tongariro,
 Stands aghast there, in the south,
 To see the lofty feather-decked prow
 Bent off from Taupo's great canoe,
 And cast to float upon the troubled lake;
 Whilst western tribes, that feared us,
 Now taunt us with defiant songs.

Why, as the boiling streams of mud
 In volumes gushed from out the mountain's side,
 Did you omit to use
 These incantations of thy sires?—
 Hira-mai-ite-uru!
 Hira-mai, te-whatu
 O-te-moana!
 Te papae-o-te-kotore!
 They would have turned away
 Fell death from thee.

Arise! O son of Rangi!
 Thou hast slept long enough.
 O start again to life!
 Bound to thy feet;
 Seize thy best weapon;
 Shout out aloud thy battle cries;

Marshal in order
Thy obedient tribes!

In this lament allusion is made to Te Heuheu's omitting to use the incantations of his ancestors, by which he might have driven death away. One great peculiarity of these incantations was, that, the ancestors of the chief using them, or of the person in whose behalf they were used, were called upon by name to afford their aid. They were, in fact, appeals, or prayers, to the spirit of deceased ancestors. If wrong ancestors, unconnected with the persons prayed for, were called upon, they afforded no aid.

Thus in the legend of Hinemoa the mother had secretly been guilty of adultery with a chief named Tuwharctoa, who was the true father of the child of which she was about to become the mother. At its birth, the mother nearly expiring in the pangs of child-bearing, the priests were sent for, and prayed over her, calling by name the spirits of the forefathers of her husband, but in vain. They kept on repeating the prayers, believing they might, from forgetfulness, have omitted the name of some great ancestor, and thus have offended the spirits; but all their efforts were useless. At length the woman, alarmed at the imminence of her peril, confessed the truth. The prayers proper for the ancestors of Tuwharctoa were then said over her; and their spirits were called upon by name, one by one, none being omitted. These prayers are said to have been immediately successful. The child was born, and both mother and infant were saved.

Let us now turn to a lament of a more tender character. A widow, weeping for her lost husband, chants thus:—

At night, my grieving heart and I
To the realms of spirits go;
And there we meet thee, my own love!
My love, my love!
Then at length I waken up to life,
And in vain my eager hands
Feel here, feel there,
Feel all our sleeping-place about;
Nor here, nor there,
Nor anywhere,
Can I find thee,
My love, my love!
Alas! alas! alas!

Again, the widow Kori, in another lament, thus addresses the spirit of her dead husband:—

Ah! how was it that you
Ever so loved me,
Me of the useless womb?
Why did not you rather
Turn you to her, fruitful
Of children, whose deeds
Shall add fame
To your name?
Alas! you having gone,
I'm left here, without aim

To wander through life :
 The swift tui birds,
 Flitting carelessly from tree to tree,
 May now, my lost one, be likened to me.

Ah ! deigned to look on me,
 On the so lowly born,
 The great feathered prow
 Of the canoe of many tribes.
 Oh rough, and rude winds
 Have torn from my head
 My plume I so prized,
 Which ennobled me so !
 He was not of this earth,
 But sprung from those realms
 Whence all birds of beauty come.
 Yet he stooped, and flew
 To me, a poor slave.

They have carried his body
 Over yonder high hills,—
 Hills which his brave acts
 Have made higher still.
 But thy spirit, my beloved,
 Has gone on its way,
 To the point ever brightened
 With white foaming surf.

That is, it is preparing to depart from the north cape to the realm of spirits.

The manner in which the New Zealanders addressed the spirits of their ancestors in times of trouble is shown by the following chant to Ruaimoko, an ancestor of a tribe who were so oppressed by the number of their enemies that they found they should be compelled to abandon their territory to their foes :—

Now that earthquakes shake the world,
 Whither can we fly ? fly ?
 Oh whither can we fly ? fly ?
 O Ruaimoko ! Ruaimoko !
 Make thou the earth
 Stand still for us !
 Make it firm !
 Firm, firm, firm—Ha !

A grandfather thus laments the loss of his little grandson, who perished from some accident :—

My grandchild, my grandchild !
 Why strayed you from me ?
 Why, carelessly wandering,
 Left you my side ?
 Oh, why clung you not
 To our small home ?
 But since you must go,
 O may you pass safely along
 The path ever crowded,
 Ever peopled, with throngs,
 That leadeth through death
 To the far spirit realms,

To the houses of spirits so full !
 Whilst I am left here,
 In the houses to which death,
 In his own forms, has still, still to come ;
 Upon the canoes, ever tumbled
 And tossed, by the whirlwinds of ill
 Which trouble life so.

O my child, my own child !
 We all know you sprang
 From the great Manaia ;
 Who, when yet but a babe,
 Was so sacred made,
 With the mystery deep
 Of Raukena,—
 Who fearlessly fought his way
 Through Ngati-rongo-tea.

Who won such a triumph at
 Kirikiriwawa,
 And at famed Ratorua,
 And gained for himself
 Such high renown.
 And who knew all the strong words,
 The movers of spirits, for evil and good.

Oh, therefore, good spirits,
 Pray deal not unkindly
 With my little bird ;
 And do not despise him
 As a low thing, and mean,
 Because he's deserted,
 A poor little bird,
 Scarcely fledged,—a nestling,
 That's fallen from its nest.

Oh my child, your fish-hooks lie here,
 And your mother-of-pearl ;
 Ah, useless ! ah, useless !
 Now the owner is gone.
 But we'll treasure them up,
 Packed safely away
 In my boy's little basket.
 We'll treasure the treasures
 Of my petted child—
 Of my child who has gone,
 Whilst I am left here,
 To wane like the moon,
 To waste in my house.

Sometimes the New Zealanders, in their laments and chants for their dead chiefs, passed suddenly from expressions of the greatest tenderness to ferocious threats and taunts against those who had either directly or remotely been the cause of their deaths, as in the following extract from a chant :—

Oh that thou wert but larger,
 And thus faultless were, my paunch !
 For 'tis thy fault, not mine,
 That I can eat no more
 Of cursed Tukairangi
 And his tribe.

Such expressions closely resemble the taunts of the ancient Mexicans to their enemies, as described by Bernal Diaz, who states that, in battle, they used to insult their foes by throwing to them the roasted flesh they had been eating, shouting out—"Eat of the flesh of these Teules, and of your brothers, for we are quite satiated with it!"

Again, in the following lament for Te Pehitahanga, a wild change from tenderness to ferocity also takes place. Te Pehitahanga was a young chief of Waikato, who fell in an unsuccessful attack upon a fortress, called Te Kawau, belonging to the chiefs Tupoki and Raparapa. The lament is supposed to be sung by Te Pehitahanga's wife, the tribe joining in the chorus. The object was to rouse the tribe to another assault upon the fortress of Tupoki and Raparapa. It was afterwards used upon all similar occasions:—

They came to search for my love, oh! oh!
 They found him here caressed and beloved by me, oh! oh!
 But they coaxed him off to the wars, oh! oh!
 With their boastings,
 Their flatteries,
 And their soft persuasions.
 To his feet my own love sprang, and off he started, oh! oh!
 To fetch us something from the Kawau;
 Then bring us here Tupoki;
 Bring us here Raparapa;
 Oh bring us here our sweet and tender food, oh! oh!
 Bring us here the food that we so long for, oh! oh!
 Then shout for war, oh! oh!
 Cry aloud for war,—oh! oh! oh-h-h!

The following is the lament of Mokonuairangi for the chief, Te Kuru-o-te-Marama, killed in battle on the beach of Kaiwaka:—

Now, alas! thou dost lie,
 Cold, cold in death;
 So frigid, so stiff.
 Yet let thy blood tinge the skies,
 And flash, and brighten
 The heavens with lightning;
 Signs that you are entering there,
 As befits
 Our Prince, and our Priest,—
 The messenger to Aitu,
 The messenger to Maru,
 To thy god.
 Oh, his tribe! be ye brave;
 Scorn the tribes in the West;
 Those people so strong.
 Let the men of Hauraki fall,
 As men fell in the slaughters
 At Shumotokia!
 At Maikukutea!
 Whence not one escaped.
 In the surf smitten down,
 He was dragged up on the beach;
 In his strong struggles, he
 Was like to the huge living fish

That jumps, and that flings,
 From side to side dashing,
 When thrown from a net
 To choke on the sand.
 He indeed was a fish,
 Bright in all brightest colours
 That ocean can give,—
 And which it required
 The whole tribe of Ue
 To drag to the shore
 In the Bay of Kaiwaka.
 It was Te Aramonna
 Who so shook and dragged
 The main post of our fortress,
 That he drew it out,
 And thus dragged forth
 To Kuru-o-te-Marama.
 Alas! alas! alas!
 Te Kuru-o-te-Marama,
 Now the companion
 Of Mars—and the stars—
 Alas! alas! alas!

I will venture to add a portion of one other lament, in explanation of the opinions held by the New Zealanders in relation to the state of the dead.

A chief named Whakatere was the relative of a great chief named Paekawa, and was one of his greatest warriors. Whakatere having, with a number of his tribe, fallen in battle, his widow, Karanga, composed a lament for him, which ended as follows:—

The ear-drop of jade,
 The great tribal treasure,
 Has been now reft away,
 From the house of Paekawa,—
 As the omens foretold.

We beheld, and lo! twice
 The red lurid flames
 Leapt forth from the summit
 Of Mount Tongariro.
 The signals and signs,
 From the dead of your tribe,
 That the road was all clear
 To the realms where
 The spirits await you.
 For those who had fallen
 In the former fight,
 On the wide-spreading plains
 Of Okahukura,
 Were but the brave scouts
 Who went first on the march,
 The unknown track to explore
 For you and your men,
 Who now sleep in death.
 Alas! Whakatere!
 Alas!

G. GREY.

THE LAND QUESTION.

PART II.—FEUDAL TENURES IN ENGLAND.

IN my last article I pointed out, as the root of the wrongs of Ireland, as regards the land question, the fact that when, after the Rebellion, English tenures were nominally introduced into Ireland, security of tenure was not given to the peasantry. I showed that the manorial system introduced was such only in name; that where manors were introduced, they were counterfeit manors; that the Irish peasant farmers were treated not as copyholders but as if they had *no rights of tenure at all*. But I tried to show, further, that their rights being ignored by Irish land-law and landlords for two centuries did not alter the fact of their existence. Descendants or successors of them still to this day are struggling against the attempt of Irish landlords and land-law to treat them as what they are not—as mere commercial tenants under contracts. And the conclusion I pointed out was that now, at this eleventh hour, Mr. Gladstone has had, it would seem, the task imposed upon him by the British nation of inventing two new tenures, one to meet the needs of the commercial farming tenants—and the other to fit the far more difficult and delicate case of the peasant hereditary holders.

Now it will readily be seen that it would be a very important point gained, if it could be shown that what justice obliges us to do for Ireland, can be done upon principles recognised in England, and in such a way as to strengthen, instead of in any the least degree to undermine the rights of property in England. And this is what I think a careful review of the history of the relations of the English people to the English land must show.

For in the first place, as to the commercial class of tenant farmers, it will confirm what I have before pointed out, that tenant farmers in England who have no leases and no sufficient covenants to protect them, stand in need of the same protection (though not perhaps to the same degree) as Irish tenant farmers.

And in the second place, it will show that even the recognition of peasant tenures, which I have said, in justice, imply something approaching to security of tenure, need not shock the nerves of English landowners, inasmuch as the peasant class in England have already *had* that security of tenure which is now about to be given to the peasant tenants of Ireland. So that there is, in fact, no class of tenants in England who can have any possible right to rise up and say, "What you are doing for the peasant tenant of Ireland you must do also for me."

The object which I shall set before me in this review will be to show that after the Norman Conquest of England the mass of the agricultural population of England were landholders—not *owners* of land, but feudal *tenants* with security of tenure—and then to trace how feudal tenures and feudal principles have, in English history, gradually been supplanted by commercial tenures and commercial principles,—how, in fact, a nation of feudal tenants has been transformed into a nation whose land is owned in commercial ownership by one class, farmed under commercial contracts by another, and tilled by a third—all these classes being commercial classes, and the last two being landless.

I am well aware from experience what a danger one runs, in attempting to traverse so wide a field, of making too rapid generalisations, and reading one's own theories into history. But it seems to me that the review I am attempting is one which at this juncture ought to be made; and if I fail to get at the main facts, or unconsciously mistake them, I trust that some abler hand may be provoked by my failure to supply my deficiencies.

The first step will be to get a sort of bird's-eye view of the manorial system as it actually existed after the Conquest, and before the devastations of the Black Death—an index map, as it were, of a manor.

Such a map I find ready to hand in the Record Commissioners' edition of the statute book, under the title of "*Extenta Manerii*." It is a common form "for extending or surveying a manor," and was used most likely as a guide to the inquiries which were made whenever a manor fell into the wardship of the king, or when, on the lord of the manor's death, or otherwise, reliefs or other dues fell into royal hands.

This "*Extent*" directs inquiry to be made into the value of the lord's *demesne* lands, including the parks and *demesne* woods which he might improve at his pleasure; also of his rights in the *foreign* woods, pastures, &c., in which "other men have common." With respect to the holdings of the manorial tenants, the following inquiries were to be made:—

"**FREEHOLDERS.**—Of freeholders, how many there be, and what lands and tenements, and what fees they hold, and by what services; whether by socage or knight service or otherwise, and what they are worth, and pay yearly of rent of assize, and who hold by charter and who not, and who by old tenure and who by new feoffment. Also which of the said free tenants do follow the court of the county and which not, and what and how much falleth to the lord after the death of such free tenants.

"**CUSTOMARY TENANTS.**—Also of customary tenants, how many there be and how much land every one of them holdeth: what works and customs he doth, and what the works and customs of every tenant be worth yearly, and how much rent of assize he paid yearly besides the works and customs, and which of them may be taxed at the will of the lord and which not.

"COTTAGES AND CURTILAGES.—Also of cottagers, what cottages and curtilages they hold, and by what service and how much they do pay by the year for all their cottages and curtilages."

From this "extent" of a manor we get a list of the three classes of feudal landholders:—

1. The Lord of the Manor.
2. The Freeholders of the Manor.
3. The Customary Tenants and Cottagers of the Manor.

Having thus got an index map of a manor and this list of tenants, the next step is to fix its position in the map of the whole country, and to fill in roughly the figures of its measurement, the number of its tenants, and the value and terms of their holdings. This done, I shall point out that none of these tenants—the lord of the manor, the freeholder, or the customary tenant—were in any true sense absolute owners, according to the modern notion of commercial ownership, but that all three classes were *tenants* paying rents in money or services originally equal to the annual value of their holdings and subject to their rents, enjoying practical security and fixity of tenure.

Mr. Froude has somewhere said that it has often seemed to him as if History were like a child's box of letters, with which we can spell any word we please. This is not altogether true of economic history. It is more like a child's dissected map—the pieces will not fit together unless they are the right pieces in the right place.

Let me take two examples, important to this inquiry:—

First. William the Conqueror is said to have divided England into a certain number of knights' fees, from each of which a knight's service was due. It also appears that his military arrangements were such as to enable him to muster an army of 60,000 men.

Now some chroniclers, followed by Blackstone and Hallam¹ and a host of other historians, have treated these two facts as loose letters, and made them spell out a third fact, viz.;—that there were 60,000 knights' fees in England. But, treating them as the pieces of a dissected map, the two facts will not fit together in this way; for a knight's fee contained, according to the lowest estimate, 680 acres,² and 1,200 acres³ is an average probably much under the mark. So

(1) Hall, i. 121 n. "William the Conqueror, it is said, distributed this kingdom into 60,000 parcels of nearly equal value, from each of which the service of a soldier was due." (No authority given.)

Blacks., i. 410. "All the lands are divided into what were called knights' fees, in number 60,000, and for every knight's fee a knight, or soldier (*miles*) was bound to attend the king in his wars for forty days in a year. . . . By this means the king had, without expense, an army of 60,000 men ready at his command."

(2) Co. Litt., p. 69; Blackstone, ii. 62.

(3) A knight's fee was reckoned as equal to £20 per annum of socage land, which, at 4d. per acre (the value of land in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries), would give 1,200 acres as the average contents of a knight's fee of cultivated land. If part were under cultivation and part waste the area would be still larger.

that 60,000 knights' fees would contain 40,800,000 acres at least, and more probably 72,000,000 acres. Now the whole acreage of England is only 32,590,429 acres, and from five to ten million acres of this are uncultivated wastes, moors, and mountains, in respect of which knightly service could hardly be expected. So much for the story of the 60,000 knights' fees! Its inconsistency, however, need not make us doubt the facts out of which it has grown, which seem to rest upon almost contemporary authority.¹

Again:—According to the Domesday Survey, the land of England was parcelled out amongst 1,400 tenants in capite, and 7,871 mesne tenants,² so that, adding these two numbers together, there would seem to have been, roughly, 9,000 or 10,000 manors in England. It curiously happens that there were just about this number of parishes in England. After the Plague of 1349 there were 8,600 parishes in England, and we know that the number was lessened by the Plague. Now if these two facts might be treated as loose letters it would be very easy to make them spell what Blackstone states as the most likely theory of the origin of parishes, viz., that the lords of manors built the parish churches, and that the boundary of the manors gave the boundary to the parishes.³ But, dissecting the totals into counties, the figures do not correspond so conveniently.

Let us take a few counties:—

	Manors according to the Survey.	Parishes.
Bedfordshire	333	122
Berkshire	165	146
Buckinghamshire	293	199
Cambridgeshire	302	150
Cheshire	169	91
Cornwall	104	203

Here again, however, the numbers neither of the parishes nor of the manors are at fault, but only the inference so easily drawn from them. The number of parishes rests upon reliable evidence, and so also does the number of manors. I may observe, in confirmation of the latter, that the number of acres in each county divided by the number of manors gives an average area for the manors in the separate counties which accords well with what one might expect, being smallest where the population was largest and land most valuable. Thus the area of the manors in the counties lying between Dorsetshire and Leicestershire, and on the east of them, varies from one to two thousand acres, and the acreage of the manors increases with the distance north and west from this the most populous district.

(1) The original authority seems to be *Ordericus Vitalis*, Bk. IV., c. vii., who says:—"The land was distributed into knights' fees, with such order that the realm of England should always possess a force of 60,000 men ready at any moment to obey the king's commands as his occasion required." This writer was born in 1075, and died about 1142.

(2) Ellis's "Introduction to the Domesday Book," ii. p. 511.

(3) Blackstone, i. p. 114.

Now I will bring into conjunction a series of facts which do fit together, and which give, as it seems to me, a firm basis upon which to build a rough estimate of the number of the agricultural and total population between the Conquest and the Black Death. A reliable estimate having been thus got of the agricultural population, it will be easy to divide it up by means of the figures of the Domesday Survey into the several classes of tenants; and then, by dividing the figures by the number of manors, to get a tolerably correct idea of the distribution of tenants on an average manor after the Conquest.

In Mr. Kemble's history of the Anglo-Saxons I find an old Saxon estimate of the number of hydes in England. Now, as the Saxon hyde of land was the amount allotted for each family, this number of hydes, if at all authentic, ought to give at least the *minimum* number of families in England composing the agricultural population, and leaving out the large towns. The total number of hydes or families, according to this estimate, was 243,600; which, reckoning five to a family, would give a total agricultural population of 1,218,000 before the Conquest.

In Sir Henry Ellis's "Introduction to the Domesday Book" is a careful abstract for each county of the population mentioned in the Domesday Survey, which he prefaces by saying is probably a fair record of the owners and occupiers of land and for the agricultural population, the population of the towns and cities being generally omitted from it. From the object of the record, and the fact that no enumeration is given of women and children, it is obvious that it is only a record of the heads of families. The total number is 287,043; or, corrected for the frequent repetition of the same land-owners when they held lands in several counties, 283,242. This number, at five to a household, would give an agricultural population of at least 1,400,000 after the Conquest.

In 1377 the Poll-tax Census was made, on which I based my estimate of the population of England in the articles in this Review on the "Black Death." Notwithstanding all that has been said and can be said against this census, the more it is sifted the more reliable does it appear as evidence of what the minimum population was at its date. The tax was of 4*d.* per head on every person above fourteen. The returns are not only preserved in the total amount raised, but also in the number of persons taxed; and not only is the return of the total amount and the total number extant, but also many of the *local* returns are still at the Record Office, giving the number and amounts separately for every separate hundred and even tything. In fact, it is impossible to imagine any evidence more reliable as to the minimum population at that date; for, as I have elsewhere observed, it is not at all likely that the inhabitants of each district would exaggerate their number, and so tax themselves to a greater

amount than was needful. The total population of England (allowing for the proper proportion below fourteen) was, according to this census, 2,000,000 in 1377.

Now, let me put these three totals to the same test of comparison as that adopted with regard to English manors and parishes. Will a dissection of the totals have the same effect in dispelling these numbers as it had in dispelling the coincidences between the total number of manors and parishes?

First, let us compare the Saxon hydes with the Domesday agricultural households:—

	Saxon Hydes, or Families.	Domesday Households.
East Anglia	31,800	52,782
Essex and Middlesex	7,000	18,362
Sussex, Kent, and Surrey	22,000	26,998
Wessex	100,600	71,290
Mercia	82,200	109,566
	(Yorks.)	8,055
	243,600	287,043

It must be admitted that there is a correspondence in these dissected figures, placed as I believe they are for the first time in history side by side, which, as it can hardly be the result of mere accident, so far as it goes confirms their substantial truth.

Now, multiplying these numbers of Saxon and Domesday households by five, and thus turning the numbers of the households into the numbers of the population, I put them in columns No. 1 and No. 2 of the table given below, as roughly representing the agricul-

	No. 1. Saxon Popu- lation at five persons per Hyde.	No. 2. Domesday Population at five persons pr. household.	(a) Ratio of increase	No. 3. Population before Black Death.	(b) Ratio of decrease	No. 4. Population 1377, from Poll-tax Census.
EAST ANGLIA (<i>i.e.</i> Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge)	159,000	263,910	3	[869,265]	$\frac{3}{2}$	289,755
ESSEX AND MIDDLESEX	35,000	91,810	4	[384,633]	$\frac{3}{2}$	128,211
SUSSEX, KENT, AND SURREY	110,000	134,990	$2\frac{1}{2}$	[341,804]	$\frac{1}{2}$	170,902
WESSEX (<i>i.e.</i> Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, Dorset, Berks, Wilts, Hants)	503,000	356,450	$2\frac{1}{2}$	[875,600]	$\frac{1}{2}$	437,800
MERCIA, or Midland Counties	411,000	547,780	2	[968,312]	$\frac{1}{2}$	726,234
NORTHERN COUNTIES (<i>i.e.</i> Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Yorks., Lancashire and Westmoreland)		40,275 (imperfect.)		[571,910]	$\frac{1}{2}$	285,955
	1,218,000	1,435,215		[4,011,524] Add for Clergy, 29,161 For Durham and Chester, 100,000		2,038,857 Add for Clergy, 29,161 For Durham and Chester, 50,000
Total Population of England	say	2,000,000	2	4,000,000	$\frac{1}{2}$	2,000,000

tural population of the several districts before and after the Conquest. In column No. 4 I place the population of the same districts in 1377 according to the Poll-tax Census. These latter figures represent the population after the devastations of the Black Death. I want to place in column No. 3 a fair estimate of the population before the Black Death. Upon the evidence of the clergy-lists and the local accounts of the depopulation of Norwich and Yarmouth, I came to the conclusion in the articles on that special subject already referred to, that at a fair estimate two-thirds of the population of Norfolk and Suffolk died of the Plague.¹ Let us, therefore, multiply the population of those countries in 1377 by three, and place the figures in column No. 3, to represent the population of those counties in 1349. Considering that Essex and Middlesex included London, and that London suffered severely, we can hardly do wrong in multiplying their population in 1377 also by three. If we multiply the figures for the southern and western counties by two, and increase by one-third the figures for the midland counties, where the Plague was apparently least disastrous, we shall have filled column No. 3 with figures based on the census taken after the Plague, and the independent evidence of the proportion who had been carried off by it in the different districts. The intermediate column (*b*), in which I have inserted the probable proportion of deaths by the Plague, will form the ratio of decrease as between columns No. 3 and 4.

Now let us compare columns No. 2 and 3. In the intermediate column (*a*) I have marked the ratio of increase between them. In which of the districts is it likely that the increase of population would be greatest during the three hundred years which elapsed between the Conquest and the Black Death? Certainly in Norfolk and Suffolk, for in those counties the worsted manufactures had been marvellously developed by the immigration of Flemish weavers. The town population—omitted, it must be remembered, from the Domesday Census—had rapidly increased in this district until Norwich had, it is said, its 60,000 inhabitants, and Yarmouth at least 10,000. For the evidence for this statement I must refer to my articles on the Black Death. There certainly was no district in England which can have increased so rapidly as these eastern counties. There is another district which ought to show an unusually large increase, viz., Essex and Middlesex; because, apart from any natural increase,

(1) This estimate was based upon the large 'mortality shown by the clergy lists, and also the statements of local authorities as to the numbers who perished in Norfolk and Yarmouth. I take this opportunity of correcting an error which I have only recently discovered in the figures given in the same article with reference to Yorkshire and and Nottinghamshire. Owing to an error which ran through my notes taken from the Minster MSS., I confused, in some cases, vacancies occasioned by other causes with those caused by death, thus unconsciously adding to the latter. It would be safer to say that more than one-half, rather than more than two-thirds, of the clergy of the West and East Ridings perished, and not quite one-half in Nottinghamshire.

the figures in column No. 2 leave out London (which had grown to a population of 100,000 at the least before 1349), and the figures in column No. 3 include it. I need hardly point out how clearly the ratios of increase in column (a) correspond with these expectations. In other words, column No. 3 bears its proper relation to column No. 2 as well as to column No. 4. I think it will be admitted that these figures fit together less like a child's loose letters than like the pieces of a dissected map.

Turning, then, once more from the details to the totals, it remains to fill up the omissions in them. The Domesday Census, leaving out the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, and Lancashire, and not professing to include the town population or London, must have considerable additions made to it to make it represent the total population of England. If the agricultural population was 1,400,000, without several of the northern counties, the total population cannot have fallen very far short of 2,000,000. The Poll-tax Census of 1377 omits Cheshire and Durham altogether, and 29,161 must also be added for the clergy, who were separately numbered. It may safely be inferred that the population of England (exclusive of Wales) was over 2,000,000 after the Black Death, and consequently about 4,000,000 on the eve of its terrible ravages. This is probably erring on the safe side.

Having now disposed of the numbers of the total population, and obtained, as I think, some solid ground on which to build, let us go back to the Domesday Survey, and divide up its total into the several classes of tenants. Following Sir Henry Ellis's analysis, the numbers come out as follows :—

Lords of Manors	9,282
Freeholders	36,228
Customary tenants and cottiers	200,815
	<hr/>
	246,325

Leaving only from 30,000 to 40,000 families not holding some little plot of land in feudal tenancy. Of these, 25,156 appear in the Domesday Survey as *servi*.

These figures, divided by the number of manors, say 10,000, give us a rough idea of the number of each class of tenants on an average manor. Three or four families of freeholders, twenty families of customary tenants and cottiers, and only some half dozen of the landless class of serfs, make up the population of the manor—140 or more souls in all.¹

The next work is to ascertain roughly the extent of cultivated land in the manor, and held by each class of tenants. At a rough estimate, it is generally assumed that each person consumes a quarter

(1) See examples of manors, and descriptions of their tenants in Mr. Rogers' chapter on "Social Distinctions and the general Distribution of Wealth," vol. i. p. 63 *et seq.*

of wheat in a year. Six bushels would probably be nearer the mark ; but as corn is used for other purposes than the food of man, probably a quarter of wheat for each person will be the safer estimate. Taking the whole population at the time of the Survey (including the towns) at 2,000,000, that number of quarters of wheat would be required to supply their wants. Now, Mr. Rogers shows that the nett produce per acre of crop was not much more than one quarter of wheat, and that about half the land lay in fallow and half in crop. There must, therefore, have been—

	2,000,000	acres under corn crop.
	2,000,000	„ fallow.
	<hr/>	
	4,000,000	„ under the plough.
Say	4,000,000	„ in pasture.
	16,000,000	„ of cultivatable land uncultivated.
	<hr/>	
	23,000,000	„ cultivatable land in England.

Dividing these figures by the number of manors, the following may represent those for an average manor in the early settled districts, where the manors may have averaged 2,000 acres each in area :—

	200	acres in corn crop.
	200	„ fallow.
	<hr/>	
	400	„ under the plough.
Say	400	„ in pasture.
	1,200	„ uncultivated.
	<hr/>	
	2,000	„ in the manor.

The population of the average manor we have shown to be about 140 souls. These would require 140 acres under corn crop, at a produce of a quarter per acre, to find food for themselves. The produce of the remaining 60 acres under corn crop, viz., 60 quarters, the manor would be able to export. At this rate the 10,000 manors would produce 600,000 surplus quarters of wheat for the consumption of the non-agricultural population ; and this was the number we added to the Domesday population to make up the total of 2,000,000, including the towns.

Supposing that the demesne lands of the lord included a home farm of 300 acres of cultivated land, in addition to the demesne woods and wastes, this would leave 500 acres of cultivated land, and the commons, wastes, and woods as the foreign portion of the manor. This would allow of holdings from 30 to 100 acres each for the three or four freeholders, and of allotments, varying from 30 acres each, down to the cottager's acre or rood of land, for the twenty customary and cottier tenants,¹—common rights of pasture always probably being attached to the holdings.

(1) "Lord Coke is said to have estimated that one-third of the land was copyhold." Scriven, on Copyholds, p. 33, n.

Now let me estimate roughly the annual value of the manor.

The annual value of cultivated land in Hertfordshire in the thirteenth century seems to have been about 4*d.* per acre: 800 acres of cultivated land would, at this rate, be worth £13 per annum. The value of the buildings and 1,200 acres of commons, wastes, and woods would at least raise the annual value to £20. Now £20 a year in land was reckoned the proper income for a knight, and every one having that income could be forced to take upon him the order and arms of a knight.¹ And so a "knight's fee," for purposes of feudal taxation, was regarded as equal to £20 a year of socage land.²

We have now, step by step, felt our way from what seemed to be the most reliable facts relating to the population and acreage of England down to this point, viz., that an average manor was about the landed estate assumed as sufficient for the dignity of a knight, and as such, containing in extent what was known as a "knight's fee," and in value what was considered as equal to £20 per annum of socage rent. The extent and population of manors were, of course, various, and often many manors were held by the same person. But still the above statement may be fairly true of a large majority of manors. For where the manors were smallest the country was probably most populous, and the proportion and value of cultivated land the largest; and thus the annual value and population of the manors may have varied much less than their area.

Having now obtained some notion of the extent and annual value of an average manor, I want to establish the point, that neither the lord of the manor nor his tenants were, in the modern commercial sense of the word, absolute owners, but rather fee-farm tenants at money or labour rents, originally representing in value the annual value of the land. The mere fact that they held under *feudal* tenure almost involves this.

In Saxon times it is said that absolute ownership of land, free of rent and service, was recognised, and that land so owned was known as *allodial* land. But at the Conquest, if not before the Conquest, *feudal* tenure had supplanted allodial ownership.

After all the doubts and different views which have been taken as to the origin and meaning of the word "*feudal*," the practical meaning of it is not very difficult to understand. As opposed to absolute ownership, *feudal* tenure meant practically a holding of land upon *loan* or *lease*. Whatever the doubt may be about the origin and

(1) *Statute for respiting of Knighthood*. Statutes of the Realm. Record Commission, ed. i. p. 229.

(2) For instance, as regards *Aids to make the King's son a Knight*, or to marry his daughter, 26 Ed. III. s. 5, c. xi., enacted that they shall be levied "after the form of the statute thereof made, and not in other manner, that is to say, of every [knight's] fee holden of the King without mean 20*s.* and no more, and of every 20*s.* of land holden of the King without mean in socage 20*s.* and no more."—(1351—2.)

meaning of the Norman word "feud," there is no doubt at all about the meaning of the Teutonic equivalent for it. If you look up the word in a German dictionary you find the German word for it "das Lehen." And in Mr. Hargrave's edition of Blackstone's "Commentaries" (vol. ii. p. 46), I find reference to an "observation of Sir F. Palgrave, that the word itself (feud) is never used in any Teutonic language, the Anglo-Saxon or German name for a feud being always *læn* or *lehn* (a loan), and for the feudal system *lehn-woesen*. Our own word was adopted from the Norman, and was most probably of Latin origin. In Scotland the letting of land for a long term of years, or *in perpetuity, subject to a payment of a rent and forfeiture*, and therefore upon terms closely resembling those of the original benefices or feuds, is to this day called *feuing*, and the rent *feu-duty*."

Let us now look at the terms of the loan in perpetuity to the lord of the manor of the "knight's fee" of land contained in the average manor, and see what was the commercial value of his *feu-duty*, or rent, compared with the value of the land.

The *feu-duty* of every knight's fee was military service for forty days in a year, whenever and wherever required, of a knight (or two serving-men instead of him), at his own proper expenses in going, staying for forty days, and returning.¹ And what this forty-days' service was worth may be guessed from the amount of the fines at which those who wished were allowed to compound for their personal services on the issue of the summons. In 16 Edward II. the Barons of the Exchequer were commanded to compound with the archbishops, bishops, religious men, and others, for the remission of their service in the next army summoned at Newcastle on the vigil of St. James's next ensuing, and to take for a fine £40 for every fee, and so *pro ratâ*. By Pat. 13 Edward II. it was directed that £20 should be taken for a fine on every fee of a knight who should make default. And in 7 Edward II., on the summons of service for the army of Scotland, it was proclaimed that ecclesiastical persons and women should do their service at the day, or come before A and B and pay a fine, viz., twenty marks for every fee. These instances given by Lord Hale² are sufficient to show that, originally, this forty-days' service was meant in good earnest to be performed, and that the "feu-duty" was really exacted. They also, by the amount of the fines, confirm the original estimate of the value of the forty-days' service as roughly equal, on an average, to £20 of socage rent, which has been already shown to represent the annual value of the knight's fee of land contained in the average manor.

This forty-days' service was, therefore, the labour-rent for the

(1) Co. Litt., p. 71, Mr. Hargrave's, n. (1.)

(2) Co. Litt., p. 71, Hargrave's, n. (1.)

manor; and forty days, with the addition of the further time spent in going and returning, may be estimated as one-seventh or one-eighth of the three hundred working days in a year.

Now there is a test to which we may put this hypothesis, that knights' service for one-seventh or one-eighth of the year was originally held a fair equivalent for the annual value of a knight's fee.

Mr. Kemble's estimate of the extent of the Saxon hyde was about 30 acres. And he shows that the hyde was the allotment considered as sufficient for a family. And it was upon this assumption that we estimated the minimum number of families in Saxon times from the number of hydres. Now, as I have said, the value of agricultural land was about 4*d.* an acre. The annual rent for 30 acres would, therefore, be about 10*s.* At the same period the annual amount of wages of the higher class of workmen—assuming three hundred working days in a year—was about 75*s.*, so that about one-seventh or one-eighth of a good workman's year's labour would be required to pay the rent of a holding of 30 acres.

Now, just as the hyde was the extent of land considered needful to sustain a well-to-do peasant's family, so the knight's fee was the extent considered requisite to sustain the position and dignity of a knight. And if the peasant's labour for one-seventh or one-eighth of the year was the equivalent of the annual value of his hyde, so it was not unnatural that knightly service with horse and arms for one-seventh or one-eighth of the year should be originally considered as equivalent to the annual value of the knight's fee. We may put it thus,—The lord of the manor had to work about as many days per year to pay the labour rent of his holding as the peasant did for his. But the lord's labour was considered as so much more valuable than the peasant's labour, as a knight's fee exceeded in area a peasant's hyde.

It is quite true that there was some uncertainty whether the forty-days' service, or the fines instead of it, would be required each year, and as the peace of the country became more and more established the military service would become lighter and lighter; but if we may take Chaucer's description of the knight and squire of the "Canterbury Tales" as in any way typical of the class of manorial lords, it is obvious that they were thoroughly military men, often away with the king upon his wars, sometimes beyond the seas for much longer periods than forty days in a year. The public calls upon their time and their military habits evidently prevented their being able to devote themselves to the business of agriculture. They did not manage and farm their own demesne lands. They must either let them out to farm, or they must farm them by bailiff. And from Chaucer's description we gather that the bailiff, in his lord's absence, was the master of the manor, like the agent of an

Irish non-resident landlord's estate. While the lord of the manor was, by his military service, paying his rent for the manor, the bailiff had to farm his demesne lands and collect and enforce the rents and services of his tenants. Chaucer's description of the "reve," or "bailiff," was no doubt true to the life—

"Well could he keep a garner and a binn,
 Well wist he by the drought and by the rain
 The yielding of his seed and of his grain,
 His Lord 'is sheep, his nete, and his dairy,
 His swine, his horse, his store, and his poultry
 Were wholly in the Reve 'is governing
 * * * * *
 With grenè trees yshadowed was his place,
 He couthe [could] better than his lord purchase,
 Full rich he was astorid prively
 His lord he could well plesin subtilly
 To give and lenin him of his own good."

The bailiff, we gather from this, knew better sometimes how to feather his own nest than his master's. And Chaucer attributes to him that same clever overreaching hardness in his dealings with his lord's tenants which has characterised too often his Irish successor—

"There could no man bring him in arrerage,
 They were adradd of him as of the deth."

And this hardness comes out again in "The Frere's Tale," where the "Sompnour" shams the bailiff, and declares himself to be "ridin for to raisin up a rent."

I conclude, then, that the lord of the manor was not an absolute owner of the manor in the modern commercial sense, but rather the "fee-farmer" of it. And this applies equally to his demesne lands, which he farmed on his own account by bailiff, and to the foreign portion of the manor, which was in the tenure of sub-tenants, under-rents, and services due to him, and of which he was, therefore, a sort of middle-man. For the *whole* manor, we have seen, he paid in fact a labour rent originally equal to the annual value of the land.

We pass now to the freeholders, who from the same "Extenta Manerii" we learn were "forinseci vel extrinseci," *i.e.*, holding parts, not of the demesne lands, but of what was called the foreign part of the manor. Some of them, we learn from the same document, held by knight's service—and were represented probably by the 10,097 *Liberi Homines* of the Domesday Survey; others by socage tenure, probably the 23,072 *Sochemanni* of the Domesday Survey.

These freeholders were tenants in fee-simple, or rather what in Ireland are known as "fee-farm" tenants. They had a freehold interest in their land. They held it by free services, such as gentlemen might give, and they were above the servile services of

villein tenure. Chaucer's host knew perfectly well how to get at the right side of the freeholder—

“ Sir Frankleine commeth nere, if your will be,
Saye us a tale, as y'are a gentilman.”

The freeholder in the fourteenth century felt doubtless towards the ploughman and the cottager as a mean white felt towards the negro in the Southern States. He was a “gentleman,” to be classed, not with the sons of toil, but with the knight and squire. He was the squire's yeoman, or serving-man, and followed him alike in the battle-field and the chase. He shared his work as he shared his sports, and, if holding by knight's service, paid his rent by so many days of personal service, just like his lord. Only there was this difference. The freeholder's service was not reckoned so valuable as the knight's. Forty days' service only went with him for half a knight's fee instead of a whole one. Two serving-men instead of one knight must give forty days' service for every knight's fee for which they served. This, at least, was the theory of it. In practice some of them served, others paid money scutages instead of service. They held only fractions of a knight's fee, and had, therefore, so to speak, to club together to pay the rent. But rents in some shape or other they did pay, and when converted into rents of assize, they formed a considerable item in the income of the lord,¹ being, as Mr. Rogers shows, roughly equal to the annual value of the land.

Now we pass the line of “*gentil*” blood, and come to the customary tenants and cottagers with “*servile*” services.

Lord Littleton gives the following definition of the customary or villein tenant:—

“Tenure in villenage is most properly when a villeine holdeth of his lord . . . certain lands and tenements according to the custom of the manor or otherwise, at the will of the lord and to do to his lord villeine service, as to carry and recarry the dung of his lord . . . and to spread the same upon the land of his lord and such like.” (Litt., s. 172.)

This cap fits the head of Chaucer's ploughman exactly:—

“ With him there was a ploughman, his brother
That had lad of dong many a fother [load],
And a true swinker [worker], and a good was he,
Living in peace and perfect charity.

* * * * *

And he would thresh, and thereto dike and delve
For Christ 'is sake, for every poor wight
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.”

That Chaucer's ploughman was a small landholder is shown also by his paying tythes—

“Both of his proper swink and his cattell,”
and his being able to “ride upon a mare.” He was evidently a

(1) Rogers, p. 12.

favourite of Chaucer's. He was no "londless loller," but a thrifty worker. He had done his season's ploughing when the "midsummer moon was comen in," and with a kindly feeling for his beasts which had ploughed "inowe," he sees them safe up to the chin in grass before he takes his holiday and goes on pilgrimage:—

"Thei ben feble both oxe and cowe,
Of 'hem ni's left but bone and skinne,
He shoke off shere, and coulter off drowe,
And honged his harnis on a pinne."

He carries with him in his scrip his "bread and lekes" for food, he bears the marks of his hard outdoor toil in his sun-"ybrent" face and sunken cheeks, and though his clothes are "to rent," it is rather the mark of narrow thrift than poverty. When asked, "What man art thou?" he is not ashamed of his trade before the company of pilgrims:—

"Sir host (quo he) I am hine,
For I am wont to go to plow
And erne my mete yer that I dine,
To swette and swinke I make avowe
My wife and babes therewith to finde."

And when he comes to tell his tale, whether Chaucer's or not, there is a Lollard tone of independence about it which shows that the ploughman, though a villein tenant, was no slave. I need not dwell upon the fact that if the rents of the lord of the manor and the freeholder were each of them equivalent originally to the annual value of the land, by so much more must the labour rent of such a "swinker" as Chaucer has described have covered the value of his cottage and curtilage. His holding was, doubtless, a small one. He did not live altogether by tilling it. He was an independent, thriving worker for hire, and as much a tradesman in his way as the shopkeeper or the blacksmith, only he sold his labour instead of goods, and carted dung and ploughed fields instead of shoeing horses. It is obvious, therefore, that his fortunes must follow the ups and downs of labour rather than of land or capital. And I am not sure whether it would not be found that, as the bottom of the scale of villeinage was reached, the labour due to the lord from the villein tenant may not have been regarded as a personal service irrespective of the value of the holding, and often very greatly exceeding it.

I think I have proved my point, that the "feu-duty," or rent of all classes of feudal tenants, was originally equal to the annual value of their holdings.

Before, however, I finally pass from this portion of my subject, I must remind the reader that, so far as figures are concerned, we have hitherto regarded the manorial system as it stood just after the Conquest, when the population of England was only two millions. And I must devote a moment's attention to the question how it was

affected by the growth of the population up to four millions on the eve of the Black Death.

In the first place, a considerable portion of the increase must have gone into the towns, where manufactures had created a demand for labour. In the second place, to a great extent, the manorial system was *elastic*. The lord, out of his uncultivated demesne lands, could and did make fresh grants, reserving military services or fee-farm socage rents, at all events until A.D. 1289, the date of the statute of *Quia Emptores*. At the same time he could continue, under the customs of manors, to grant fresh portions of the waste under copyhold tenures.¹ So that as, under the Statute of Merton, enclosures of common land might be made, so long as enough was left to support the common rights, the manor was elastic; and as, according to our previous figures, not nearly one-half of the cultivated land was, after the Conquest, under cultivation, room could easily be made for the gradually increasing population without serious inconvenience.

This, no doubt, was a process which was always going on, until, on the eve of the Black Death, the figures for the whole country may have stood somewhat as follows :—

4,000,000	acres in actual crop—producing as many quarters as the population.
4,000,000	„ in fallow.
8,000,000	„ under the plough. (There were 13,000,000 under the plough in 1868.)
4,000,000	„ in pasture. ²
12,000,000	„ under cultivation.
11,000,000	„ cultivatable land uncultivated.
23,000,000	„ total of cultivatable land in England.

And the figures for the average manor may be stated thus :—

400	acres in corn crop.
400	„ fallow.
800	„ arable.
400	„ pasture.
1,200	„ under cultivation.
800	„ uncultivated.
2,000	„ area of manor.

The population of the manor may have been something under 280, and it would have to export, say, 120 quarters of wheat as its quota to supply the town population.

I shall not try to trace at this stage the effects of this increase of the population upon feudal tenures. It is enough at present to have

(1) Scriven, on Copyholds, p. 14.

(2) Certainly not more than one-third seems to have been in pasture. See Eden. i. p. 49. Two-thirds were pasture in 1577, according to Harrison. Description of Britain, 1577 ed. p. 37.

shown that manors were sufficiently elastic to support the population which, upon other grounds, we suppose to have reached 4,000,000 on the eve of the Black Death.

It remains now only to point out that all the feudal classes of tenants (subject to the services and rents which I have shown were originally equal to the annual value of their holdings) enjoyed under the feudal system some sort of *security of tenure*.

The fact that their tenure was *feudal* involved some security of holding. The fact that *all* landholders had only a feudal *loan* of the land, and that no one but, nominally, the king, had absolute ownership of any, prevented our English land-law from losing itself, as the Irish land-law has done, in the one title of landlord and tenant. The relation between the three classes of tenants was not one of contract, it was not a commercial relation; it was one of tenure, founded upon natural right and the exigences of feudal society. All classes of feudal tenants alike, from the lord of the manor down to the villein tenant, were in what, if existing now, we should unhesitatingly call feudal servitude. The lord of the manor, who held of the king, had only a loan of his manor in return for a special service; therefore, if he died and left an infant heir who could do no service, the king took the land instead of the service during his minority. He could not, at first, sell his interest in the land without his royal landlord's consent and paying a fine for it. He could not always marry without going through the same humiliating process. When he came into possession of his land a "relief" was due, as a sort of entrance fee; and, if the holder of a sufficiently large estate, he was bound to take upon himself the expensive order of knighthood. When his royal landlord's eldest son was made a knight, or his daughter married, the tenant had to pay an "aid." And all this in addition to his liability to contribute towards the general taxes.

Now if the lord of the manor was thus in feudal servitude—differing from the villein tenant, not in being free from service, but in the *kind* of service he must render—what must have been the servitude of the serf? All feudal tenants, in one sense, were "*adscripti glebæ*," and hence in theory the root of their security of tenure.

But their complete security of tenure was a thing which had a history.

Mr. Finlason, in a note to his edition of "Reeve's History of the English Law,"¹ quotes a passage from the "Mirror," evidently written soon after the Conquest, in which tenures are divided into two classes. Some, it is said, "received their lands to hold by homage and by service *for all time* of the realm, and some by *villein custom*;" and Mr. Finlason goes on to point out that these tenures dated back

(1) P. 70.

behind the Norman Conquest, and that the customs which gave security of tenure to the villein tenants also dated back to the Saxon period:—

“And hence,” he says, “the fact which historians have in vain sought to explain—the anxiety which the great body of the people showed for the maintenance of the customs of the Confessor—i.e., the customs existing in his time. They were the customs by which the people held their lands.”¹

The lords of manors and freehold tenants already had, therefore, at the Conquest, security of tenure so far as its duration was concerned, and in the history of their struggles with royalty, ending in the granting of Magna Charta and its various repeated confirmations, we have the history of how their security of tenure was completed by their services being fixed in amount, and commuted into money payments.

The customary tenants were no doubt left out in the cold by the barons at Runnymede, and the history of how *they* obtained full security of tenure is therefore a longer one. Their right to, and practical enjoyment of, some sort of security rested upon customs which, as in Ireland in our times, were in force long before they were recognised by the law. And the universal commutation of their services into fixed money payments, not having as yet been completed, was one of the avowed objects of the insurrection of the peasantry under Wat Tyler.

Whilst, therefore, as I have said, the very fact that the tenures were feudal involved some sort of security of tenure, the completion of that security—the reduction of the services into fixed money payments, and the legal recognition of customary rights—had a history. As regards the lords of manors no less than their tenants, it had to be fought for. It was the result at last of legislation wrung from the higher powers in those contests for freedom which, in so far as their objects were just, form, notwithstanding many dark pages (would that it might be so in Ireland!), some of the noblest chapters of our national history.

Thus did all feudal classes of tenants² in England in process of time get security of tenure subject to their feudal rents; and I hope to be able to show in another article how and by what steps, during the last 600 years, each class in turn got rid of their rents and emerged into absolute ownership in the modern commercial meaning of the term. If during the process of the conversion of feudal tenures into commercial ownership the holdings have changed hands, it has not been the result of legislation, but of the silent working of economic laws. It has not been by wholesale confiscations,

(1) See also *id.* p. 306, *n.*

(2) Except perhaps some of the cottiers who may not have been copyholders, and so were possibly “villeins in gross.”

but by means of the free power of sale which commercial ownership involves. And this process of the dissolution of small peasant holdings, and of the consolidation of large estates, has in its turn a history which it will be well to trace. It will show how the peasant class in England, having had security of holding, were not able to keep their holdings: how, having fought for it and won it, as a matter of right and justice, they found the ownership of land too burdensome, and chose rather to be landless freemen than landed serfs. It will show, finally, how, with the ringing out of the old feudal order, the three classes of feudal land tenants—the lords of manors, the freeholders, and the customary tenants—in all but the mere name and shadow of them, vanished from our country, and how, with the ringing in of the new commercial order, three new commercial classes related to the land have appeared, viz.: (1) The absolute owners of land. (2) The landless tenant farmers of the land. (3) The landless tillers of it.¹

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

(1) I ought perhaps to explain that in this and the previous article I have used the word *feudal* in a popular English sense, as embracing the system of land tenure prevailing in England after the Conquest, taken as a whole, and without regard to the probable fact that parts of it—*e.g.*, even manors and copyholds—were not strictly of feudal origin. It will also be seen that I have throughout endeavoured to regard the manorial system, and to estimate its practical characteristics as it existed in England, from an *economic and commercial* point of view, rather than to inquire into its origin. I have been led to say this by the perusal, since this last article was in type, of Mr. Campbell's pamphlet on "The Irish Land," in which there is an admirable review of the origin in India, as well as in Europe, of the "*status* tenure of land," as distinguished from tenures founded on *contract*, and in which the practical existence of *status* tenures in Ireland as in India is most conclusively shown. It may, therefore, be said that the English land-system (as described in this article) recognised the *status* tenure of land by the English peasantry, while (as I showed in my last article and as Mr. Campbell shows) the English land-system, when introduced into Ireland, ignored all *status* tenure of the Irish peasantry, and assumed, contrary to the fact, that every Irish tenancy was founded upon commercial contract.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XLI.

WHAT PASSED AT THE COTTAGE ON THE NIGHT OF MRS. ROWLEY'S ARRIVAL, AND HOW A BRANCH OF THE PRY FAMILY VISITED MR. ARNAUD WHEN HE WAS NOT AT HOME.

"HEIGH-HO!" said Rowley.

She was exhausted too, and no great wonder, by the excitement of the day of her arrival, and all the bustle of the hearty and touching reception she met with. Soon after dinner she began actually to nod in her chair, like Mrs. Cosie; and Fanny, following her example, went off nodding too.

"It's too soon to go to bed, or I would really go," said Fanny, in the waking intervals between two nutations.

"Bed is the proper place to sleep in, my dear," said the widow; "so to bed let us go. Arnaud will excuse us. Come over to us early to-morrow, Arnaud; come to breakfast. I am quite done up to-night."

Arnaud rose to take leave of them all, but Susan detained him. She was not in the least sleepy, and it was so early, and such a glorious night. He hesitated, but Fanny said, as she left the room in her mother's wake, "Do sit a little longer, and keep my sister company," and he sat down again.

Susan had a thousand things to say, a thousand questions to ask about his strange Crusoe life on those desert rocks, so hard to imagine, though she sometimes thought she could understand how fascinating such a life must be with all its privations.

"The privations are nothing," said Arnaud. "I laugh at the Cosies when they pity me."

"I never do that," said Susan.

"No, for you feel you would cheerfully bear them yourself to be of use to your fellow-creatures."

"At least, Mr. Arnaud, I hope I should. I think I should find the loneliness the hardest to endure."

"But is it loneliness, Susan? A wild society is society still; and besides, I have a strong belief that we make God our companion when we give ourselves up to the service of man; so strongly do I feel it that there are times when I even think I hear his small still voice upon the heath cheering and supporting me. The life of a recluse has a tendency to breed such fantastical notions; it is one of its evils."

"No, no, Mr. Arnaud, don't call it fantastic; why should it not be true?"

Women, at least such women as Susan Rowley, of temperament at once imaginative and devout, are tenacious of those visionary conceptions that flit through a man's mind, but make no lodgment there. The devotion of an enthusiastic girl is a kind of delicious twilight, in which the bounds between truths and illusions melt away in a confusion of unspeakable charm.

"Tell me more, more, more," she murmured, "of your experiences in solitude—your divine solitude."

With modest frankness and graphic simplicity he gratified her curiosity, touching lightly on his toils, saying nothing of his sacrifices, and taking no glory to himself for his successes. How different was his artless tale from the fanatical and high-flown narratives that bring down the thunders of Exeter Hall, when some godly grandee fills the chair, and all the lights of the evangelical world are assembled, and the orator's report of thousands of converted heathens is only to be paralleled by the imaginary feats of Captain Bobadil!

Still Arnaud felt that in spite of himself he was trumpeting his own achievements, and breaking off abruptly, he turned the conversation to Mrs. Rowley.

"Oh, she is herself again," cried Susan. "I knew she would be as soon as she set her foot on this soil, which is so dear to her. Thank God, she has still something here she can call her own; something that her enemies, with all their malice, can never take from her."

"Thank God, she has," repeated Arnaud, in a low deep voice, with a solemn emphasis that almost startled Susan, though in so earnest a mood herself; and as he spoke he rose, much sooner than she thought he need have done, to return to his home over the moonlit sea.

"Remember we see you to-morrow," said Miss Rowley, as she bade him good-night.

"To-morrow, yes, to-morrow," said Arnaud, almost absently. There was a tremor, too, in his hand as it took hers which made hers quiver responsively, but the cause of his emotion she could never have divined.

Long after he was gone she continued sitting in the porch where they parted, still feeling the strange trembling of his muscular hand until she descried his homeward boat riding the waters; nor did she rise to follow her sister to her bower until after dwindling to a black speck the boat was lost to her view in the shadowy distance.

From the day the young Waldensian left Paris on his errand of humanity, with all her soul had Susan Rowley followed each step of

his career. Had the film been removed from his eyes that hides the immaterial world from us all, he might have seen her fair spirit and fond heart always at his side. And every letter, of course, that came to her mother from him, describing his mode of life or detailing his adventures, deepened the soft impression, and led her nearer and nearer, like the circling of a moth round the fatal flame of a candle, to the inevitable end of girlish admiration.

As to Arnaud, it is unnecessary to say that there was nothing in the nature of the employment to which he had dedicated his life to protect him from the sentiment which a girl so fair, so high-minded and sympathising, was formed to inspire. If neither the warrior in the field, nor the statesman at the helm, nor the lawyer in the forum, is impregnable to the soft passion, it may well invade the breast of a gentle missionary; but never for an instant had Arnaud's feelings towards Miss Rowley warped him from the line of duty which he had chalked out for himself towards her mother. More and more inclined to believe it possible that he might indeed be Mrs. Rowley's brother, he was at the same time more and more determined, not only never to claim a kindred which must reduce her to poverty, but to take every precaution in his power against having it thrust upon him. That vow and resolution, refreshed and strengthened by his conversation with Susan, he renewed again that night in the solitude of the silvery waves; never, as he energetically expressed it, would he make himself an accomplice with the painted Jezebel of Foxden.

But then this same resolve, which required no effort and cost him no pang, involved another, which it needed all his fortitude to take. That one evening with Susan, that first meeting after months of absence, forced the conviction on his mind that such intercourse could not take place often without dangers to which it would be the height of dishonour to expose her. He had already divined, as has before been hinted, that Mrs. Rowley, when he was in Paris, had cut out his present occupation for him, in part at least, to nip in the bud the growth of tender feelings between her daughter and him. It was evident that, as the guardian of her daughter's welfare and happiness, she considered their union undesirable; and Arnaud knew enough of the world to know that it was the natural view for a sensible woman to take, nor did it for a moment occur to him to tax her with worldliness for taking it. It was enough for him that Mrs. Rowley, of whose sincere affection for himself he was assured, had come to that conclusion, and could there be a clearer indication of the path in which his duty lay? In what material circumstance had his position been altered since he returned to England? He now knew what he was not, but as to what he really was, the only conjecture at all plausible pointed to revelations the very contemplation of which was intolerable. Thus, whether the clouds remained,

or the sun dispersed them, it made no difference in relation to Miss Rowley. He recollected the inscription on the fountain in the Arabian desert:—"Drink and away." He had drunk already—perhaps too deep; but there was still time to fly. The next morning he wrote to the managers of a foreign missionary society in London, and earnestly solicited immediate employment in some remote region of the globe.

But his promise to return to the Meadows was not to be broken, though in consistency with his plan he wished it had not been made. Now he had also to post his letter. It was with a heart that had nothing to lighten it but the sense of treading the path of duty, he crossed the water while the sun was yet within some degrees of noon.

Had he not been so early abroad, Leonard on his way to the island would have probably met him, which would not only have saved that worthy gentleman some trouble (as his only object was to see Arnaud), but would have been a fortunate occurrence for Arnaud himself.

When Leonard, following Mrs. Upjohn's directions, came to the little quay where the boats were moored, he found only a boy there, but as the water was pretty smooth, the boy, with his own assistance, was perfectly equal to so short a navigation. As soon as he was landed on the other side, he told the boy that he was curious to see the remarkable gentleman who lived on the island, and inquired where he was most likely to find him. The boy, who had not been with his boat when Arnaud crossed, thought he would probably be at home at that hour, and pointed out the track that led to the hut. Leonard had no time to lose, Miss Lovibond's jewels urging him to make his stay in Cornwall as brief as possible, so he set off with the speed of a postman on Valentine's Day. His path was the same that we have seen Lord Stromness and his friends taking on a former occasion, and like those gentlemen, when Leonard dropped down on the cot, he found it deserted and the door left ajar. He was too wary, however, to gratify his curiosity to inspect the interior, until he had first taken the two gentlemanly precautions of listening at the door and peeping in at the window. Having satisfied himself that there was nobody within, and also that nobody was visible outside, as far as his eye could reach, he had the courage to push the door open and extend his investigations. It was really the pure love of knowledge, for there never was a human abode with less to tempt anything above the lowest form of thievery. The thief who would have robbed Arnaud would have been capable of robbing

"A hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,"

and when property wore shapes like these no man respected its rights more than Mr. Archibald Leonard.

However, he entered the hut, and made his observations, his eye glancing first at the table, which was strewed, as before, with books, and a few letters and newspapers. It would scarce have taken five minutes to make an inventory of all Arnaud's effects, much less to take a general survey of them, which was enough for Leonard. It seemed to disgust him, for he shrugged his shoulders and was about to withdraw, when again his eye lighted on the table. It was not the books that attracted it, but the letters, and one with a foreign stamp on the cover was the first to arrest it. He looked stealthily round him, and even out at the door in all directions over the heath, before he ventured to open it. It was the letter from the Valleys, and in a few seconds Leonard knew as much as Arnaud knew himself of his position in the world.

But what was still doubtful to the young man himself was a positive certainty to Leonard. It was indifferent to him now whether he saw Arnaud or not; he was content to take the likeness to Mr. Evelyn on Mrs. Upjohn's word, but as he retraced his steps to the boat, just as he emerged on the open heath at the top of the rocks that rose behind the hut, he met Arnaud face to face, and even had he doubted before, to see was to be convinced. He probably trembled also as certain spiritual personages are said to do when they believe, for he pushed on at such a rate as not to give the young man time to address him, as he was in the habit of doing when he met a stranger on the island. But Arnaud had time enough to seize Leonard's features perfectly, though he could not at first recall where he had seen them. As he stood gazing after him, however, a little mental effort brought distinctly to his memory the physiognomy of the great Mr. Sandford, whom he had met on a memorable evening at Woodville's. But what could have brought Sandford to this part of the world? Was he going to plant his interesting colony on the coasts of Cornwall? Or what new villainy had he in hand? Arnaud was under his peat roof before he could answer any of these questions to his satisfaction.

Leonard, though he had stolen nothing this time but a peep at a letter when he might have filched the letter itself, hardly thought himself safe until he was afloat, and even then he often looked back apprehensively, as if he expected Arnaud to give him chase even through the waves. But this was a passing weakness, and when it was over he began thoroughly to enjoy the sense of power which his unexpected discoveries had armed him with. The secret was still half hidden in the box which was rusting in the bowels of the earth; he felt as if he already clutched it, and did not at first reflect that it might prove a difficult and expensive business to come at it.

The thought of this damped his spirits considerably, and he was almost inclined to abandon a scheme which must cost him so dear, when an incident occurred which gave his vindictiveness a fresh impulse. As he passed the Meadows again he reconnoitred the cottage more attentively than he had done in the morning, and to get a better view of it peeped through a crevice in the paling that separated the grounds from the lane. It was hardly the prettiest thatched cottage in England, though surveyed by one to whom incendiarism was a joke, that made the eyes of master Leonard glare with such a sudden access of ferocity. Only the fair cottager herself could have made them glitter as they did. It was so. They fell upon Mrs. Rowley herself, who was sitting reading her newspaper in the same spot, under the same thorn (only that it was now rich with crimson berries instead of pink blossoms) where she had in the early spring initiated Miss Cosie into the mysteries of accounts. Neither the lapse of a dozen years nor the widow's weeds prevented him from recognising her in an instant, though he had never seen her since the day when she repulsed him with such address and energy at Orta. Whatever change in the interval her face and person had undergone, whatever she had left behind her as she advanced in life, it was not the lofty carriage or the piercing eye before which he had quailed when she was only a girl. As he looked she dropped the paper, folded her arms, and sat thinking. Perhaps she had been reading the City article in the *Times*, and was thinking of improving her small patrimony. At all events she looked sagacious, independent, and notwithstanding her losses, every inch a proprietor. It was that stately unconquered look that made Leonard regard her with such a mixture of fear and animosity. The fascination of hate glued him to the spot until at last his old wound gave him a wicked twinge, and he slunk away, with a more tremendous oath than he had ever before muttered, to prosecute his revenge, even if it cost him every shilling he had extorted from Mrs. Upjohn.

CHAPTER XLII.

IN WHICH MRS. ROWLEY MINDS HER BUSINESS, AND WISHES OTHER
FOLK WOULD MIND THEIRS.

MANY days now elapsed, during which we must leave Mr. Arnaud in suspense, with no part of his "self-denying ordinance" carried out, save that which depended altogether on himself, namely, to stick to his island as stubbornly as Simeon to his pillar, or a periwinkle to its native rock. The weather favoured him by being

unusually blustery, even for the Cornish coast. It was about the time of the equinox, and those strong winds were blowing, popularly believed to be connected with the equality of day and night. Be that as it may, they kept the sea in a ferment, and its turbulence was a perfect security from visits from the Rowleys, against which nothing else could have protected him, as Mrs. Rowley was anxious to have his abode made tighter and more commodious against the coming winter. He knew very well what her kind intentions were, and would have been more grateful to her for taking no trouble about him. He felt as uneasy every time the storm held its breath, as his friends at the Meadows were on his account when the gale howled in the chimneys and was bending the trees double.

The weather, however, was no hindrance to Mrs. Rowley's operations on *terra-firma*. She came down to work, and she began by dismissing all other thoughts from her mind. First, and rather contemptuously, she dismissed her sister-in-law. Many people thought, as well as Mr. Marjoram, that Mrs. Rowley made a mistake in planting herself where she did, as it exposed her to the suspicion of being influenced by the unworthy motive of ruffling Mrs. Upjohn in the high-tide of her prosperity, an idea which had nothing to countenance it but the proximity of the Meadows to Foxden, with only the gorge through which the brook brawled to divide them; but Mrs. Rowley had no notion of shaping her conduct to escape frivolous imputations. There being no place for her but the cottage, with her wonted pluck she settled there.

"I shall not interfere with her *pleasures*," said the widow, in her pointed style, "and I shall not allow her to interfere with my *business*."

With this epigram she discharged, as we have said, Mrs. Rowley Upjohn as completely from her mind as if half England had stretched between them.

Another subject which had not long since caused her some solicitude she flung overboard likewise. When she first meditated her return, the only hesitation she felt about it was on her daughter Susan's account, who would again be placed in dangerous vicinity to her hero, but on this point Mrs. Rowley's mind had changed on maturer reflection. In fact, she soon perceived that separation had not the refrigerating effect she had expected upon her daughter; but on the contrary, seemed rather to heighten the sentimental temperature which she had reckoned upon lowering. As the experiment had not succeeded after a good long trial, she asked herself whether it was her duty to persist, and even if it was, whether it was likely to be of any avail. Her knowledge of her daughter's character satisfied her that it was not, and then came the consideration that Susan was of an age to settle a question of the heart for herself,

especially as she had an independent fortune, which if affection impelled her to share with a man like Arnaud, she had a perfect right to do it. Such was the conclusion to which Mrs. Rowley had come, though she saw no necessity to announce it formally. Let the young people decide for themselves, she had her own concerns to look after. As to the mines and the brewery she left everything to Mr. Cosie, except the accounts and auditing, which she understood better than he did. Arnaud, who knew by experience how the enormous funds raised by missionary societies and tract societies are squandered, wished a thousand times that they were under her control. But her own books gave her enough to do, and more every day as her operations extended. The mining had rapidly reached the dignity of a company, and Mrs. Rowley's copper, or as her enemies said, her brass, was beginning to be quoted like her beer. Don't expect me to give you the quotations; I doubt if they would interest you; but perhaps her appointment of a clerk may, particularly as her clerk was of her own sex.

It will easily be believed what contempt Mrs. Rowley had for all the nonsense that even in her day was talked and written about the rights of women. But a doctor in petticoats is one thing, and a clerk or secretary to a lady is another, so after looking about her for a day or two she remembered the little girl who had attracted her notice when she was last in England by her skill in figures, as well as by her good character and the neatness of her person, and she determined to try her. Mr. Choker, who was still the acting minister of the parish, wanted her to hold what would now be called a competitive examination for the appointment, and give it to the best answerer.

"But," said Mrs. Rowley, "if I do that, I should probably get a person who would have her head well crammed, no doubt, with Scripture genealogies and the details of the Levitical law, but very little in it of the sort of knowledge that I want, or to be plain with your reverence, of the kind most useful to herself. I don't want a theologian, Mr. Choker, but at the same time I dare say the kind of girl to suit me will not be very deficient in her catechism or Bible either."

So Patty Penrose was nominated, and a most efficient functionary she turned out to be. The parlour that contained the wonderful portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Cosie in their civic splendours was turned into an office, for Mrs. Rowley and her daughters agreed that the daily contemplation of those works of art was a trial not to be faced, unless it was a positive duty. So they established Patty there, and you had only to look in at the door or the window to see how tidy and regular everything was. There you would have seen the secretary herself, in a fresh cotton dress, with a black silk apron,

and her pen in her hand, or knowingly cocked behind her ear, seated at a desk on a table covered with green baize, with a nest of drawers in it. Over the chimney-piece was one of the pictures, surmounted by a cuckoo-clock; and on the opposite wall was the other portrait, with a row of shelves on each side, on which were ranged the various account-books, and they were not a few, with an almanack, a dictionary, the county Directory, and a Bradshaw, then quite a new publication. If Patty had a speciality it was Bradshaw. There are men who know a great deal more about the stars than Mr. Greenwich, but are entirely at sea in Bradshaw; Mrs. Rowley herself was often lost in its labyrinths, but Patty threaded them like an Ariadne.

The table was well furnished with the usual official necessities and conveniences; with red ink and black ink, pens and wafers, and all the contrivances for keeping papers in order and subjection, weights for pressing them down, elastic bands for tying them up, and tweezers for pinching them, when nothing else would keep them together.

On a pin behind the door hung the tidy secretary's straw hat with pink ribbons; there were always flowers in the window-seat, the grate was filled with heath and ferns, and there was generally a tortoise-shell cat asleep on the most comfortable chair in the room.

If you had passed from Patty's room into Mrs. Rowley's, which communicated with it, you would have found few or no signs of business at all. It was only a snug little drawing-room hung with a pretty chintz, and the chairs covered with green velvet; for Mr. Cosie had new-furnished the room expressly for Mrs. Rowley's special use, and much more expensively than she would have done it herself. Beyond a map of the county on one wall, and a map of the estate on another, there was nothing suggestive of the management of property; and as to double entry, you could only have been reminded of it by a second door which led into the garden behind the house.

Indeed, you might have been for weeks under Mrs. Rowley's roof without very well understanding how she ever got the name of the Woman of Business. When her affairs gave her most anxiety, she never made them the subject of conversation; and if there was one thing more than another which she scrupulously abstained from talking of in her social hours, even in her family, or whether she lived in a cottage or a big house, it was money. This is not quite the same thing as not talking of business. Many people who never think of business, and have none to think of, will never tire talking of money-matters; how much such a one has a year, what fortune another intends to give his daughters, what he paid for his house or

his horses, or what balance he is likely to have at his bankers. To Mrs. Rowley such discussions were most disagreeable. Even when her difficulties were fresh, and her narrowed circumstances might well have excused her from at least alluding to them, she never allowed herself to touch the subject, to the no small surprise and often vexation of inquisitive people, who before she left Paris especially, visited her expressly in the hopes of hearing her grievances from her own lips.

She drew her conversational resources from other fountains. Mrs. Rowley read twice as much as hundreds of ladies who have nothing in the world else to do. With respect to novels, Mrs. Rowley was something like the old judge who said that one wine might be better than another, but that no wine could be said to be bad. In the same way Mrs. Rowley devoured every novel and romance, French and English, that came in her way, though nobody could better appreciate the master-pieces of fiction.

Much of her life too, especially just now, was spent out of doors, except when the weather was too wet, which it is *sometimes* in that part of England, as perhaps you may know, without being a meteorologist. She visited all her people in her walks, generally accompanied by Susan, and sometimes by Fanny on a Shetland pony, for she was still not strong enough for much walking exercise. Mrs. Rowley was acquainted with everybody on her property, and never passed anyone without a word or two, generally pleasant and encouraging, but sharp enough when there was occasion for it. Nobody could make a rebuke sting like her. Susan once told her that her intolerance of sauntering would be sure one day or another to nip some poet in the bud, by whose song Oakham might have been immortalised.

"I'm not uneasy about that," said Mrs. Rowley; "a lazy, lubberly fellow, my dear, were he to turn poet, would be infinitely more likely to prove a Tupper than a Thomson or a Burns."

Week after week passed away in these active employments, as good for the health of the mind as the body. The weather relented a little at intervals, but on the whole Arnaud could not have wished for a more tempestuous season. If one of the three cottagers was ever out of tune, or out of spirits, it was Susan. Her sparkling gaiety seemed often transferred to Fanny, who was now sometimes Mrs. Rowley's sole companion in her rambles. Susan was not only provoked by the roughness of the climate, which formerly she used even to enjoy, but she was provoked with Mr. Arnaud too, for had she not heard of his braving rougher winds and ruder seas, while she was far away in another land? However, she fought a tolerably good fight to keep her griefs to herself; took a fair part in all that her mother was doing; and found additional occupation, in con-

junction with her sister, in hastening forward the repairs of Oakham House, that Mrs. Rowley might take possession of it as soon as possible, and enable the Cosies to return to their cottage.

Thus there was no want of activity on both banks of the stream, though the doings on the Rowley side were so different from those of the other; but Foxden was making less and less noise every day, while the Meadows was talked of more and more.

More than one tourist in Cornwall that autumn was diverted from his track by the celebrity of Mrs. Rowley's undertakings and improvements; for fame, never very particular about the strict truth, gave her credit not only for her own doings, but for all Mr. Cosie's georgical and bucolical experiments on his own farm, which was not part of the Evelyn property at all. Some of these rambling people, having nothing better to do when the day was over, were probably answerable for the high-flown paragraphs which appeared from time to time in the local newspapers, speaking of Mrs. Rowley and her enterprises, sometimes even with allusions to her person, with an exuberance of laudatory epithets enough to make the most flourishing penny-a-liner jealous. In one she was described as something between Lord Byron's gorgeous butterfly and Dr. Watts's busy bee: in another she was compared to Ceres herself; and the writer gracefully added that he would have presented her with a wreath of poppies for her golden hair, only that he felt they would not go very well with her widow's cap.

At most of these absurdities Mrs. Rowley, of course, only laughed; but some of them provoked her naturally enough; for she did not want to be shown up before the public as "the mirror of English gentlewomen," or "as a pattern to her sex."

"People exclaim,"—she said one day to the girls, on reading a panegyric more extravagant and offensive than usual, in which she was elegantly described as "the Man of Ross in petticoats,"—"what a noise Mrs. Rowley is making, when it is themselves who make the noise about Mrs. Rowley. And then the absurd exaggeration of these idle scribblers! If I plant a few trees, it is a forest; if I only blast a few rocks in a field, I am changing the face of nature; if I give a poor woman a loaf or an old gown, I am feeding the hungry and clothing the naked all over the shire. It ought really to be actionable to make a lady notorious in this way. If I can punish a man for abusing me, why not for making me ridiculous with his fulsome eulogies? I don't advertise myself, and I don't see why it should be lawful for any one to advertise me."

"Or, I think you might add, your daughters either," said Susan, who had read the paragraph to the end, which Mrs. Rowley had not had patience to do—"as the charming heiresses who share the toils and triumphs of the enterprising and fascinating widow."

"It is really too bad," said Mrs. Rowley, laughing in spite of her inclination to be serious.

"You see, mamma," said Fanny, "you have not all the compliments to yourself."

Upon one occasion only did Mrs. Rowley incur some little personal annoyance from the inquisitive people whom her unavoidable notoriety brought to the neighbourhood. To this incident, although only episodic, let us devote a few pages before we come to the critical events which were soon to turn the situation of affairs topsy-turvy.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH A SUITOR FROM AUSTRALIA THROWS HIMSELF AT THE WIDOW'S FEET.

WHEN Mrs. Upjohn's gay circle rather suddenly broke up (of which more anon) Mr. Pickford had been one of the earliest deserters. He was distantly related, as we have said, to Mrs. Rowley, and had not only called on her soon after her arrival, but had obligingly proposed to come and spend a week with her before he left the country. She had rather a liking for Paul, who was a pleasant, easy-going fellow, and she accepted his offer graciously, though she thought it cool, and shrewdly suspected that his object was to get into the good graces of one of her daughters. Mrs. Rowley, however, was not uneasy on that score; and Paul, while he felt his way with the girls, had the tact, not only to make himself agreeable, but useful, while he remained. One of the services he occasionally rendered was to act as a buffer between the widow and the sort of troublesome people mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter.

One of these *fâcheux*, who proved the most pertinacious, but who also in return afforded some amusement, was the purchaser of the house in London, which the reader may remember that Mr. Marjoram sold for the late Mr. Rowley in the spring, on which occasion the solicitor made adroit use of Mrs. Rowley's portrait. The name of this personage was Sir Peter Cheesy, a bachelor on the wrong side of fifty, who began life as a small provision-dealer at Gloucester, emigrated to Australia, made a good lump of money there, and, returning to his native town, rose to the dignity of mayor, and got knighted on the occasion of a royal progress. Sir Peter soon forgot all about the picture, but happening one day in "the Fall," as the Americans say, to light on one of the newspapers in which Mrs. Rowley was trumpeted in the way we have seen, it recalled the circumstance to his memory, and being on the look out for a wife, as

well as for a good investment for some spare capital, he was just in the mood to be seduced by so glowing a description. In a word, after rigging himself out at a Bond Street tailor's, where he afforded diversion enough to pay for his clothes, he set off for Cornwall. He was a short pursy man, with a round figure and chubby face, not unlike the late Mr. Robson in the part of Zephyr. He got down to Oakham safe enough, but he got into the first of his troubles the very day he arrived, for inquiring at the inn for the residence of "the great lady" of the neighbourhood, he was directed by an Upjohnite waiter to Foxden. Mrs. Upjohn, who was always happy to receive visits from titled personages, no sooner saw Sir Peter's card than she desired the servant to show him in, and she must have been very unreasonable not to have been satisfied with the bows and obeisances with which he presented himself before her. Upon his part, the knight was even more delighted at the cordial and respectful reception vouchsafed him by the great lady.

But the very first compliment Sir Peter fired off (most probably borrowed from the newspaper) spoiled all. Mrs. Upjohn rose abruptly, almost as soon as she was seated, grew as red as the moon in a fog, and cut him short in her usual refined way, when there was nobody present to put her on her lady-like behaviour.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but you are in the wrong box. I'm not the person you take me for. We don't brew here, I assure you. I'll order my servant to direct you to Mrs. Rowley's establishment."

Poor Sir Peter was confounded by this tirade, and almost tumbled out of the room, making all manner of inarticulate apologies for his mistake.

He had hardly recovered from his confusion when he reached the cottage, to be discomfited again, though in a different way. There he saw Miss Secretary Penrose, who shook her head in an awful way; told him that as to seeing Mrs. Rowley, it was quite out of the question, and referred him to Mr. Cosie at the village.

At the village, both that day and the next, Sir Peter Cheesy was equally unlucky, so there was nothing to be done but to live in hope, and meanwhile lounge about by himself, and see as much as he could without anybody's assistance. He passed some days in this way, always expecting to come across "the fascinating widow" in his perambulations, which he never had the luck to do. He was beginning to be a bore, however, sometimes waylaying her, sometimes taking observations of her with a pocket telescope from the rocks and eminences commanding a view of the Meadows. At last Mr. Pickford threw himself in his way in hopes of getting rid of him; but he soon forgot all about that, he was so diverted by the gushing simplicity with which Sir Peter stated his objects and his determination to persevere until he had the honour of seeing "the

paragon of her sex and the mirror of English gentlewomen." It now occurred to Paul, both for his own amusement and Mrs. Rowley's security, to take Sir Peter in tow himself, and tire him well out, which promised to be an easy matter; for, as men of his figure commonly are, he was a little asthmatic or short-winded. Paul first took him to the brewery, and made him drowsy with tasting the different ales and beers, astonishing him at the same time by his account of the profits.

"It pays a fabulous percentage," said Paul, intrepidly.

"A fabulous percentage!" repeated Sir Peter; "I'll take a note of that—wonderful woman!"

"I should say so," said Paul, while Sir Peter entered the veracious statement in his memoranda.

"And is there really no chance of seeing her, Mr. Beckford?"

"Pickford, if you please. None whatever, Sir Peter—in fact, Mrs. Rowley is a lady, if it is not profane to say it, who is only to be seen like Providence—in her works."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Pickwick!—do you say so? Like Providence! I'll take a note of that."

"Do, by all means," said Paul, with a gravity that did him credit, "but allow me to observe that I have not the honour to be Mr. Pickwick—Pickford, if you please."

Paul then carried off his victim into the open country, to show him the cottages and the farming, and kept him in a state of unintermitting amazement, not so much with the facts, you may suppose, as with Paul's comments upon them. The pencil and note-book were not a moment idle.

"Just look at those sheep, Sir Peter; you ought to be a judge of sheep, coming from Australia,—did you ever see such sheep in your life? The mutton is the best in the world. No one who has once tasted it ever eats venison afterwards."

Sir Peter's lips watered as he asked the name of the breed.

"A breed of her own, Sir Peter; she is crossing her Southdowns with Cotswolds."

"Crossing her Southdowns with Cotswolds!"

Perhaps there was not a note taken of that! But it was the last Sir Peter took that day; for he was dog-tired, and obliged to entreat Mr. Pickford to conduct him back to the inn by the shortest way.

But though his legs failed, his curiosity was unabated, and at parting, he implored his cicerone to give him the benefit of his guidance for one day more, adding, as the thought suddenly struck him, that perhaps if Mrs. Rowley knew who he was, and that he had bought her house, she would not refuse him an interview.

"Remind her of that, if you please, my dear sir—more by token, I stickled for the furniture into the bargain."

"You didn't get it, I rather think?" said Paul.

"Not so much as a kitchen chair. She was right, sir, quite right; but so was I, you know, to hold out for it;—business is business, that's my motto."

"Let me tell you," said Paul, "if you had acted otherwise, you would for ever have forfeited her esteem, and it would be utterly in vain to solicit an audience for you. Now I feel disposed to try, for you seem to me to be just the sort of man she likes."

Sir Peter was as proud as a peacock.

"But you must see the mines," said Paul. "I can't go with you to-morrow, but you can go very well by yourself. Go early, by the first light; see them thoroughly, and mind, go down into them, into every chamber. She likes that. And come up afterwards to the cottage, and I take on myself to ask you to lunch with her at one o'clock."

"This *is* kind of you, indeed!" cried the little man.

Paul then instructed him how to get to the mines, which were on an island behind Arnaud's.

"Is the passage rough?" inquired Sir Peter, rather anxiously.

"A ripple, perhaps—but so short. Portsmouth to Ryde, that's all."

Mrs. Rowley thought Mr. Pickford had taken too great a liberty; but she was not very angry about it, as Sir Peter had paid a round sum for the house.

But when the next day came, no Sir Peter; luncheon came, and was over, but no Sir Peter.

"The voyage probably disagreed with him," said Susan.

"The day was too breezy for Sir Peter Cheesy," said Fanny.

"And made him queasy," added Mrs. Rowley.

Later in the day Mr. Pickford strolled down to the village to inquire what had become of the knight, though he rather suspected the cause of his non-appearance.

"Ask him for to-morrow, if he has come to grief," said Mrs. Rowley, good-naturedly.

He had come to grief, indeed, and the passage was the least of it. The poor little man came up out of the mine, which was very wet, not only thoroughly drenched, but all crusted with yellow slime—hands and face, new clothes and everything.

When Paul was shown to his room, he found him standing at the fire in his shirt-sleeves, and ruefully contemplating the disastrous state of a superb morning suit of velveteen which he had put on that day for the first time, to appear to advantage in Mrs. Rowley's eyes.

"Ruined, sir!" he said, in a tone that was quite affecting; "ruined past brushing—coppered all over!"

Paul really was very sorry, and looked as sympathising as he could.

"You see," continued Sir Peter, with the same melancholy seriousness, "it was impossible to present myself before Mrs. Rowley in the state I was in."

"Well, if you had, my dear sir, she would only have been flattered. I almost regret you didn't come as you were; but that can't be helped. She desires me to say she hopes to see you at the same hour to-morrow."

Sir Peter brightened up. This more than compensated him for the ruin of his velveteens.

"You will have a great deal to tell her," added Paul; "she loves to be complimented on her speculations and her practical talents. All women like praise, as you know, and Mrs. Rowley is a thorough woman for that."

"Thank you for the hint," said Sir Peter. "I'll not forget it. Oh, though the mine was dirty, and I spoiled my clothes, I saw it all; went through every chamber; nothing escaped me. Why it must pay enormously!"

"You may say so," said Paul; "but when you see the lady herself, you will forget everything else. Remember, one o'clock to-morrow," and Mr. Pickford went away, leaving the little man full of hope and in high spirits, though he sighed heavily every time he looked at his velveteens.

He was punctual as the sun at the Meadows the next day; and as his morning suit was spoiled, he appeared in full evening costume, with a black coat and a wonderful spread of white waistcoat, in which he looked like a turbot standing on his tail. As to the vein of conversation which Sir Peter adopted to charm his hostess, according to Mr. Pickford's cruel suggestion, we leave the reader to imagine it. Mr. Pickford was every moment expecting to hear Mrs. Rowley complimented on her experiment with the Cotswolds and Southdowns. Suffice it to say that the lunch of that day was a severe trial to the Rowleys. Sir Peter, however, went away so enchanted with his reception, that he almost hugged Mr. Pickford as he departed, and begged the honour of his company to dinner at the inn the following day; an invitation which Paul, after a moment's reflection, accepted, suspecting there was something in the wind which Sir Peter had not yet disclosed.

The dinner came off. The host was at first reserved, and rather silent; but it was evidently the silence of a man who was bursting with some great conception. Paul ate his dinner, drank his wine, and waited. As soon, however, as the cloth was removed, Sir Peter, while filling Paul's glass, commenced the conversation as follows:—

"Ah, but you are a lucky man, Mr. Pickford, with the opportunities you have."

"Who, I?" said Paul; "with the widow you mean?"

"To be sure I do."

"Ha; ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Pickford, "she would be a likely woman to think of me!"

"I don't see why not—a handsome young man like you—everything in your favour."

Paul laughed again, but it was only that he saw in a moment what his little host was driving at.

"No, no, Sir Peter, I'm not the happy man. In the first place, I'm too young. If ever Mrs. Rowley marries again, it will be a steady elderly gentleman—not under fifty, I should say. That's about your age, Sir Peter, eh?"

"Just turned fifty-two," said Sir Peter.

"But, besides," continued Mr. Pickford, "you don't suppose a sharp woman of the world like her would think of a partner without either a landed estate or a good round sum in the funds? If I had the good luck to be a moneyed man of fifty-two I might have some chance. She is very well disposed to marry, I have good reason to believe."

"A woman like her has only to choose," said Sir Peter, who was mentally engaged in putting together all the qualifications stated by Paul, and comparing them with a standard he had in his own mind. Paul knew what was going on there as well as he did himself.

"And there's another thing, Sir Peter. I know no more of business than a fool. In fact, she despises me ever since she discovered one day that I knew nothing of tare and tret."

"And you don't—is it possible? Nobody knows all about that better than I do."

"I took care to tell her the interest you took in her system of book-keeping, and you must have seen yourself how gratified she was by your descent into the mines. That was the best hit you ever made."

Sir Peter pushed the wine towards his guest, and seemed again in his former difficulty of finding words; but at last they came.

"You said I made a hit, Mr. Pickford, didn't you? May I ask what you mean precisely by that?"

"Why, that you hit her fancy, of course; and I know what I would do next, if I was fortunate enough to have your mature age, handsome fortune, business-like habits, and another thing that I have not mentioned yet—your title, Sir Peter."

"My title! you really think the title would be of use?"

"To be sure it will; there's nothing like a handle to one's name to win a woman."

"And what would you do, as you were just saying?"

"Why, having made a hit, I would follow it up."

"But how, how? that's the question. I don't see my way. I suppose it's because I lived so long in Australia."

"Did you never hear the phrase, 'a bold stroke for a wife?' "

"Lay siege to her at once?"

"No, no; no, no! take her by storm! Up, guards, and at her!"

"Up, guards, and at her!" repeated Sir Peter, slapping the table with ardour; "I'll do it! I'll visit her to-morrow, and make my declaration."

"That won't do," said Paul, who was not going to expose Mrs. Rowley to a second visitation even worse than the first, "that's not the way; declare on paper—write her a letter."

"A letter, you think, a letter; but then you see, Mr. Pickford, the misfortune is, I never wrote a letter in all my life except on business."

"So much the better; write her the plain downright letter of a man of business, a few words, coming slap to the point."

"A letter of business? I see; plain and downright! slap to the point!"

"Exactly. If she says yes, you are the luckiest man in England; if she says no—but that's a case not to be put."

Mr. Pickford had by this time had enough of his host, and perhaps too much of his wine; so he bade him good night, and left him to compose his declaration, which he was prudent enough to postpone to the cool of the morning.

Of the two business-like letters which passed on this occasion, both slap to the point, unfortunately only Mrs. Rowley's has been preserved.

"DEAR SIR PETER CHEESY,—

"A great many thanks for your straightforward and flattering letter. I am highly gratified to find that you approve of my enterprises, and consider my little speculations judicious; but as to the partnership which you are so good as to propose, much as it gratifies my vanity, I am obliged to decline it in the frank downright way of which you have set me so good an example. Wishing you a safe journey back to London,

"I remain, dear Sir Peter,

"Yours sincerely,

"FATIMA ROWLEY."

But the widow was not at all pleased with this business altogether, and she was probably not more gracious to Mr. Pickford after it, as he left the cottage in a few days.

MARMION SAVAGE.

CRITICAL NOTICE.

PROFESSOR MAURICE'S LECTURES ON SOCIAL MORALITY. Macmillan & Co.

THOSE who desire to learn what kind of ethical doctrine Professor Maurice is delivering from his Cambridge Chair may learn from this volume that he has very distinct views, which could not well be characterised as those of any existing school. How far he may be following in the same direction with his excellent predecessor, Mr. Grote, I do not exactly know; but his method is certainly a very different one from that which gave birth to Dr. Whewell's clumsy artificial system, which so many Cambridge students have had to try to digest. Mr. Maurice's elementary principles seem to me to be thoroughly simple and real, and to have much that must commend them to moralists of all the great schools.

By virtues Professor Maurice understands the states or qualities of mind which answer to certain relations. He continually repeats the word *ἦθος* as suggesting the matter with which the moralist has to deal. That is, he does not take either outward acts or a code of rules as constituting the basis of morality. The relations which demand and breed the qualities or manners are those existing amongst human beings. The first relation discussed as producing the most rudimentary morality is that of parents and children. The second, logically and in point of time the earlier, but from the moralist's point of view better treated as the second, is that of husbands and wives. The third is that of brothers and sisters. The fourth that of masters and servants. Wherever human beings have existed these relations have been matters of fact; and each of them has from the very first brought out a corresponding attitude or quality of mind. Where there are parents and children, there are *authority* and *obedience*. The life of parents and children, in proportion as it is better and happier, shows what the right authority and the right obedience are. The virtue of the conjugal relation Mr. Maurice describes as *mutual trust*. To the relation of brothers and sisters he finds a very marked *ἦθος* corresponding, which he illustrates as the mind of *consanguinity*. The principle of *service* is developed through the relation of master and servant, true service requiring the master to serve and respect the servant, as well as the servant the master. These principles or qualities constitute domestic morality—the morality of society so long and so far as it remains in the patriarchal state.

For Professor Maurice appeals throughout to history as supplying the materials and evidence of his ethical system. Mr. Maine (whom Oxford is to be congratulated on having borrowed as a Professor from Cambridge) is largely quoted as having shown the antecedent origin in the patriarchal state of the customs which afterwards were more or less adopted into laws. The Family was followed by the Nation, some throes generally accompanying the new birth. In the nation, neighbourhood, contiguity of place, is the bond, and it is one which unites as individuals those who were otherwise unconnected. With the nation *property* comes into being, and *law* defining rights, and the bond of a common *language*, and political *government*, and *war* for the preservation of the national distinctness. Mr. Maurice shows how all the positive and actual characteristics of a nation have brought out peculiar forms of moral life, and

how, as the nation grows and is secured, these are developed. The sections on domestic and national morality are followed by a course of lectures on *universal* morality. And the origin of this Mr. Maurice places at a definite epoch in the history of the world. Nations perished in that triumph of the Roman Empire which may be dated at the battle of Actium. At the same time the proclamation of a Universal Family went forth. The principle or constitution of the Universal Family had to fight a life-and-death battle with a Universal Empire—a dominion which crushes nations under an irresponsible master. The Universal Family fostered a new growth of nations, and can only be realised hereafter in a brotherhood of free and distinct nations. The lectures on universal morality become lectures on history, treating in an extremely rapid manner of the course of events from the establishment of the Roman Empire to the present time, and indicating how the thoughts of men as to their vocation and duties have been affected by the various phases of European history.

These chapters put a sometimes painful strain upon the reader's attention, and they illustrate the principal cause which has led to the complaint of Mr. Maurice's writings being difficult to understand. His English is singularly simple, vigorous, and accurate; his sentences run only too swiftly. But he expects his readers to know more than most of them can know. He assumes them to be perfectly familiar with all history, with all philosophy, with all literature. Lectures on history, though fascinating, are always rather trying, because, in order to appreciate their generalisations, the reader ought to have a great quantity of facts at his fingers' ends. Mr. Maurice's paragraphs are close-packed, allusive, very rapid; we are required to keep up with a rush of sentences, each one of which might be the text of a history. I take an example almost casually. How many readers are there who can read what follows, with a comfortable feeling of appreciating what is said?

"When the little Augustus disappeared from the stage, and the temporary anarchy gave place to the sway of the Ostrogoths, there was the dawn of a national life for *Italy*; there was no longer any *Roman* monarch who could dream of contesting with Constantinople for universal empire. The Popes might sometimes turn to the Empire for protection against heretical neighbours; quite as often the emperors and their ecclesiastical dependants were the heretics whom they confronted with their own decrees. Justinian's victories might be welcomed by them for a while. But the Lombards came—perhaps by Greek invitation. The Bishops of Rome knew not whether they or the Exarchs of Ravenna were least to be trusted. In the utter desolation of Rome Gregory I. showed himself the true father of it. He realised the might of that name. He had faith to expect that a European family would gather around it. His popedom was the inauguration of such a family." (Pp. 317, 18.)

There is nothing but history here; but in the same lecture—to give only one other illustration—Mr. Maurice supposes his readers, as he does throughout the volume, to be thoroughly at home in one of the least read and most unreadable of great writers, M. Comte.

Is this too flattering estimate of his readers' knowledge a fault? That does not follow. What we most of us complain of is, in fact, an *embarras de richesses*. We are embarrassed, but by wealth of thought and allusions. Readers who have been recently studying, or who remember well, mediæval history, or the "Politique Positive," or "Les Misérables," will not require more than the hints given. But we cannot have everything. A writer who pours out hints for the well-informed cannot be easy for the unlearned to read. I am sure that if due

allowance were made for this cause of obscurity in Mr. Maurice's writings, there would not be much obscurity left to account for.

It is common with Mr. Maurice only to *hint* his theology—to suggest to his readers by hypothetical or interrogative forms to draw the conclusions which he desires to commend. But in this volume he states with much plainness and reiteration the theological basis of all that he teaches. The relations from which he holds morality to be derived are the work of the Creator. The Universal Family is that founded by the Son of God on the Will of the Father. The professor warms into the preacher as he expounds and vindicates the morality of the Gospel and of the New Testament. His theological belief may be looked for everywhere. He observes that “we may trace a consistency in the thoughts of men who have exercised any considerable influence in the world, to whatever subject they have been directed.” So we may see Mr. Maurice's faith in the Father, the Son, and the Spirit, in all his interpretations of history, and in those sequences of experience which he is fond of attributing to communities and to individuals. The question for the reader to consider is whether the key offered really fits the lock.

In the present notice I make no attempt to estimate the rank or place which this volume will occupy in the library of moral science. But I may say that it appears to me as full of characteristic earnestness and power and subtlety as any of Mr. Maurice's writings. It is exceedingly rich, as any reader must acknowledge, in pregnant ethical and historical reflections. Mr. Maurice joins in the remarkable homage paid by all recent serious inquirers to M. Comte (though he does not drop the partially *ironic* manner with which he habitually speaks of contemporaries from whom he differs), and especially in the grateful recognition of the high aim and nobleness of his social conceptions which has been drawn from large-minded Anglican Christians. On the whole, this work may be taken as an adequate exposition of the most forward-looking Christian morality.

The volume is beautifully printed; but there is here and there a misprint overlooked, as that of “unity” for “units,” on p. 401 (first line); and an unlucky one of “Bain's” for “Bacon's,” on p. 380.

J. LLEWELYN DAVIES.

ERRATUM.—In Mr. Blind's article on “The Condition of France,” which appeared in December last, a passage on p. 661 was printed thus:—“There are shallow talkers who would fain persuade us that the *sword* is the sovereign and exclusive remedy in all cases of a crying State evil. If they looked to the vicious circle in which a nation that has once been got down on its knees is placed, even they might perhaps judge more leniently of acts of resistance that do not bear the accustomed constitutional ticket.” Instead of “*sword*” read “*word*.”

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CONDORCET.

(*Conclusion.*)

AN eminent man, who escaped by one accident from the hatchets of the Septembriseurs, and by another from the guillotine of the Terror, while in hiding and in momentary expectation of capture and death, wrote thus in condemnation of suicide, "the one crime which leaves no possibility of return to virtue." "Even at this incomprehensible moment"—the spring of 1793—"when morality, enlightenment, energetic love of country, only render death at the prison-wicket or on the scaffold more inevitable; when it might be allowable to choose among the ways of leaving a life that can no longer be preserved, and to rob tigers in human form of the accursed pleasure of dragging you forth and drinking your blood; yes, on the fatal tumbril itself, with nothing free but voice, I could still cry, *Take care*, to a child that comes too near the wheel: perhaps he may owe his life to me, perhaps the country shall one day owe its salvation to him."¹

More than one career in those days, famous or obscure, was marked by this noble tenacity to lofty public ideas even in the final moments of existence; its general acceptance as a binding duty, exorcising the mournful and insignificant egotisms that haunt and wearily fret and make waste the remnants of so many lives, will produce the profoundest of all possible improvements in men's knowledge of the sublime art of the happiness of their kind. The closing words of Condorcet's last composition show the solace which perseverance in taking thought for mankind brought to him in the depths of personal calamity. He had concluded his survey of the past history of the race, and had drawn what seemed in his eyes a moderate and reasonable picture of its future. "How this picture,"

(1) Dupont de Nemours. *Les Physiocrates*, i. 326.

he exclaims, with the knell of his own doom sounding full in the ear while he wrote, "this picture of the human race freed from all its fetters, withdrawn from the empire of chance, as from that of the enemies of progress, and walking with firm and assured step in the way of truth, of virtue, and happiness, presents to the philosopher a sight that consoles him for the errors, the crimes, the injustice, with which the earth is yet stained, and of which he is not seldom the victim ! It is in the contemplation of this picture that he receives the reward of his efforts for the progress of reason, for the defence of liberty. He ventures to link them with the eternal chain of the destinies of man : it is there he finds the true recompense of virtue, the pleasure of having done a lasting good, that fate can no longer undo by any disastrous compensation that shall restore prejudice and bondage. This contemplation is for him a refuge into which the recollection of his persecutors can never follow him ; in which living in thought with man reinstated in the rights and the dignity of his nature, he forgets man tormented and corrupted by greed, by base fear, by envy ; it is here that he truly abides with his fellows, in an elysium that his reason has known how to create for itself, and that his love for humanity adorns with all purest delights."¹

It has long been the fashion among the followers of that reaction which Coleridge led and Mr. Carlyle has spread and popularised, to dwell exclusively on the coldness and hardness, the excess of scepticism and the defect of enthusiasm, that is supposed to have characterised the eighteenth century. Because the official religion of the century both in England and France was lifeless and mechanical, it has been taken for granted that the level of thought and feeling was a low one universally ; as if the highest moods of every era necessarily clothed themselves in religious forms. The truth is that, working in such natures as Condorcet's, the principles of the eighteenth century, its homage to reason and rational methods, its exaltation to the highest place of the happiness of men, not excluding their material well-being, its passion for justice and law, its large illumination, engendered a fervour as truly spiritual as that of Catholicism or of Calvinism at their best, while its sentiment was infinitely less interested and personal. The passage just quoted is as little mechanical, as little material, as the most rapturous ejaculations of the Christian saints and confessors ; and, read in connection with the circumstances of its composition, may show that the eighteenth century was able at any rate to inspire its sons with a faith that could rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory, as effectually as if it had rested on a mystery instead of on reason, and been supported by the sanctions of eternal pain and eternal bliss, instead of moving from a confident devotion to humanity.

(1) *Progrès de l'Esprit Humain. Œuvres, vi. 276.*

V.

The shape of Condorcet's ideas upon history arose from the twofold necessity which the structure of his character imposed upon him, at once of appeasing his aspirations on behalf of mankind, and of satisfying a disciplined and scientific intelligence. He was of too robust an understanding to find adequate gratification in the artificial construction of hypothetical Utopias. Conviction was as indispensable as hope; and distinct grounds for the faith that was in him as essential as the faith itself. The result of this fact of mental constitution, the intellectual conditions of the time being what they were, was the rise in his mind of the great and central conception of there being a law in the succession of social states, to be ascertained by an examination of the collective phenomena of past history. The merit of this admirable effort, and of the work in which it found expression, is very easily underrated, because the effort was insufficient and merely preparatory, while modern thought has already carried us far beyond it and at least into sight of the complete truths to which this effort only pointed the way. Let us remember, however, that it pointed the way distinctly and unmistakably. A very brief survey of the state of history as a subject of systematic study enables us to appreciate with precision what service it was that Condorcet rendered; for it carries us back from the present comparatively advanced condition of the science of society to a time before his memorable attempt, when conceptions now become so familiar were not in existence, and when even the most instructed students of human affairs no more felt the need of a scientific theory of the manner in which social effects follow social causes, than the least instructed portion of the literary public feels such a need in our own time. It is difficult after a subject has been separated from the nebulous mass of unclassified knowledge, has taken independent shape, and begun to move in lines of its own, to realise the process by which all this was effected, or the way in which before all this the facts concerned presented themselves to the thinker's mind. That we should overcome the difficulty is one of the conditions of our being able to do justice to the great army of the precursors.

Two movements of thought went on in France during the middle of the eighteenth century which have been comparatively little dwelt upon by historians, whose main anxiety has been to justify the foregone conclusion, so gratifying alike to the partisans of the social reaction and to the disciples of modern transcendentalism in its many disguises, that the eighteenth century was almost exclusively negative, critical, and destructive. Each of these two currents was positive in the highest degree, and their influence undeniably constructive, if we consider that it was from their union into a common channel, a work fully accomplished first in the mind of Condorcet,

that the notion of the scientific treatment of history and society took its earliest start.

The first of the two movements, and that which has been most unaccountably neglected, consisted in the remarkable attempts of Quesnay and his immediate followers to withdraw the organisation of society from the sphere of empiricism, and to substitute for the vulgar conception of arbitrary and artificial institutions as the sole foundation of this organisation, the idea that there is a certain Natural Order, conformity to which in all social arrangements is the essential condition of their being advantageous to the members of the social union. Natural Order in the minds of this school was no metaphysical figment evolved from pure consciousness, but a set of circumstances to be discovered by continuous and methodical observation. It consisted of physical law and moral law. The first was the regulated course of every physical circumstance in the order evidently most advantageous to the human race. The second was the rule of every human action of the moral order, conformed to the physical order evidently most advantageous to the human race. This order is the base of the most perfect government, and the fundamental rule of all positive laws; for positive laws are only the laws required to keep up and maintain the natural order that is evidently most advantageous to the race.¹

Towards the close of the reign of Louis XIV. the frightful impoverishment of the realm attracted the attention of one or two enlightened observers, and among them of Boisguillebert and Vauban. They had exposed, the former of them with especial force and amplitude, the absurdity of the general system of administration, which seemed to have been devised for the express purpose of paralysing both agriculture and commerce, and exhausting all the sources of the national wealth.² But these speculations had been mainly of a fiscal kind, and pointed not much further than to a readjustment of taxation and an improvement in the modes of its collection. The disciples of the New Science, as it was called, the Physiocrats or believers in the supremacy of Natural Order, went much beyond this, and in theory sought to lay open the whole ground of the fabric of society. Practically, they dealt with scarcely any but the economic circumstances of societies, though some of them mix up with their reasonings upon commerce and agriculture crude and incomplete hints upon forms of government and other questions that belong not to the economical but to the political side of social science.³ Quesnay's famous *Maxims* open with a declaration in

(1) Quesnay; *Droit Naturel*, c. 5. *Les Physiocrates*, i. 52.

(2) *Economistes Financiers du 18ième Siècle*. Vauban's *Projet d'une Dîme Royale* (p. 33), and Boisguillebert's *Factum de la France*, &c. (p. 248 et seqq.)

(3) De la Rivière, for instance, very notably. Cf. his *Ordre Naturel des Sociétés Politiques*. *Physiocrates*, ii. 469, 636, &c. See also Baudeau on the superiority of the Economic Monarchy. *Ibid.*, pp. 783—791.

favour of the unity of the sovereign authority, and against the system of counterbalancing forces in government. Almost immediately he passes on to the proper ground of political economy, and elaborates the conditions of material prosperity in an agricultural realm. With the correctness of the definitions and principles of economic science as laid down by these writers, we have here nothing to do. Their peculiar distinction in the present connection is the grasp which they had of the principle of there being a natural and therefore a scientific order in the conditions of a society; that order being natural in the sense they attached to the term, which from the circumstances of the case is most beneficial to the race. From this point of view they approach some of the problems of what is now classified as social statics; and they assume, without any consciousness of another aspect being possible, that the society which they are discussing is in a state of equilibrium.

It is evident that with this restriction of the speculative horizon, they were and must remain wholly unable to emerge into the full light of the completely constituted science of society, with laws of movement as well as laws of equilibrium, with definite methods of interpreting past and predicting future states. They could account for and describe the genesis of the social union, as Plato and Aristotle had in different ways been able to do many centuries before; and they could prescribe some of the conditions of its being maintained in vigour and compactness. Some of them could even see in a vague way the interdependence of peoples and the community of the real interests of different nations, each nation, as De la Rivière expressed it, being only a province of the vast kingdom of nature, a branch from the same trunk as the rest.¹ What they could not see was the great fact of social evolution; that here too, in the succession of social states, there has been a natural and observable order. In a word, they tried to understand society without the aid of history. Consequently they laid down the truths which they discovered as absolute and fixed, when they were no more than conditional and relative.

Fortunately inquirers in another field had set a movement afoot which was destined to furnish the supplement of their own speculation. This was the remarkable development of the conception of history, which Montesquieu's two memorable books first made conspicuous. Bossuet's well-known discourse on universal history, teeming as it does with religious prejudice, just as Condorcet's sketch teems with prejudice against religion, and egregiously imperfect in execution as it must be pronounced, when judged from even the meanest historical standard, had perhaps partially introduced "the spirit of universality," as Comte says, into the study of history. But

(1) *Ordre Nat. des Soc. Pol.*, p. 526.

it was impossible from the nature of the case for any theologian to know fully what this spirit means; and it was not until the very middle of the following century that any effective approach was made to that universality which Bossuet did little more than talk about, and then it came not from theology, but from the much more hopeful sources of a rational philosophy. Before Montesquieu no single stone of the foundation of scientific history can be said to have been laid. Of course, far earlier writers had sought after the circumstances which brought about a given transaction. Thucydides, for example, had attributed the cause of the Peloponnesian war to the alarm of the Lacedemonians at the greatness of the power of Athens;¹ and it is this sense of the need of explanation, however rudimentary it may be, which distinguishes the great historian from the chronicler, even from a very superior chronicler like Livy, who in his account of even so great an event as the Second Punic War plunges straightway into narrative of what happened without concerning himself why it happened. Tacitus had begun his *History* with remarks upon the condition of Rome, the feeling of the various armies, the attitude of the provinces, so that, as he says, "non modo casus eventusque rerum, qui plerumque fortuiti sunt, sed ratio etiam causæque noscantur."² But these and the like instances in historical literature were only political explanations, more or less adequate, of particular transactions; they were no more than the sagacious remarks of men with statesmanlike minds upon the origin of some single set of circumstances.

The rise from this to the high degree of generality which marks the speculations of Montesquieu, empirical as they are, was as great as the rise from the mere maxims of worldly wisdom to the widest principles of ethical philosophy. It was he who first applied the comparative method to social institutions; who first considered physical conditions or climate, as we now call the sum of local circumstances, in connection with the laws of a country; who first perceived and illustrated how the Natural Order which the Physiocrats only considered in relation to the phenomena of wealth and its production, really extended over its political phenomena as well; who first set the example of viewing a great number of social facts all over the world in groups and classes; and who first definitely and systematically inquired into the causes of a set of complex historical events and institutions, as being both discoverable and intelligible. This was a very marked advance upon both of the ideas, by one or other of which men had previously been content to explain to themselves the course of circumstances in the world; either the inscrutable decrees of an inhuman providence, or the fortuitous vagaries of an eyeless destiny.

(1) Bk. i. 23.

(2) *Hist.*, i. 4.

It was Turgot, however, who completed the historical conception of Montesquieu, in a piece written in 1750, two years after the appearance of the *Esprit des Lois*, and in one or two other fragmentary compositions of about the same time, which are not the less remarkable because the writer was only twenty-three years old when these advanced ideas presented themselves to his intelligence. Vico, in Italy, had insisted on the doctrine that the course of human affairs is in a cycle, and that they move in a constant and self-repeating orbit.¹ Turgot, on the contrary, with more wisdom, at the opening of his subject is careful to distinguish the ever-varying spectacle of the succession of men from generation to generation, from the circle of identical revolutions in which the phenomena of nature are enclosed. In the one case time only restores at each instant the image of what it has just caused to disappear: in the other, the reason and the passions are ever incessantly producing new events. "All the ages are linked together by a succession of causes and effects which bind the state of the world to all the states that have gone before. The multiplied signs of speech and writing, in supplying men with the means of an assured possession of their thoughts and of communicating them to one another, have formed a common treasure that one generation transmits to another, as an inheritance constantly augmented by the discoveries of each generation; and the human race, looked at from its origin, appears in the eyes of the philosopher one immense whole, which, just as in the case of each individual, has its infancy and its growth."²

Pascal and others in ancient and modern times³ had compared in casual and unfruitful remarks the history of the race to the history of the individual, but Turgot was able in some sort to see the full meaning and extent of the analogy, as well as the limitations proper to it, and to draw from it some of the larger principles which the idea involved. The first proposition in the passage just quoted, that a chain of causes and effects unites each age with every other age that has gone before, is one of the most memorable sentences in the history of thought. And Turgot not only saw that there is a relation of cause and effect between successive states of society; he had glimpses into some of the conditions of that relation. To a generation that stands on loftier heights his attempts seem rudimentary and strangely simple, but it was these attempts which cut the steps for our ascent. How is it, he asked, for instance, that the succession of social states is not uniform; that they follow with unequal step along the track marked out for them? He found the answer in the inequality of

(1) The well-known words of Thucydides may contain the germ of the same idea, when he speaks of the future as being likely to represent again, after the fashion of human things, "if not the very image, yet the near resemblance of the past," i. 22. 4.

(2) *Discours en Sorbonne. Œuvres de Turgot*, ii. 597. (Edition of 1844.)

(3) Cf. Sir G. C. Lewis's *Methods of Observation in Politics*, ii. 439, note.

natural advantages, and he was able to discern the necessity of including in these advantages the presence, apparently accidental, in some communities and not in others of men of especial genius or capacity in some important direction.¹ Again he saw that just as in one way natural advantages accelerate the progress of a society, in another natural obstacles also accelerate it, by stimulating men to the efforts necessary to overcome them: *Le besoin perfectionne l'instrument*.² The importance of following the march of the human mind over all the grooves along which it travels to further knowledge was fully present to him, and he dwells repeatedly on the constant play going on between discoveries in one science and those in another. In no writer is there a fuller and more distinct sense of the essential unity and integrity of the history of mankind, nor of the multitude of the mansions in which this vast house is divided and the many keys which he must possess that would open and enter in.

Even in empirical explanations he shows a breadth and accuracy of vision truly striking, considering his own youth and what we may venture to call the youth of his subject. The reader will be able to appreciate this, and to discern at the same time the arbitrary nature of Montesquieu's method, if he will contrast, for example, the remarks of this writer upon Polygamy with the far wider and more sagacious explanation of the circumstances of such an institution given by Turgot.³ Unfortunately, he has left us only short and fragmentary pieces, but they suggest more than many large and complete works. That they had a very powerful and direct influence upon Condorcet there is no doubt, as well from the similarity of general conception between him and Turgot, as from the nearly perfect identity of many passages in their writings. Let us add that in Turgot's fragments we have what is unhappily not a characteristic of Condorcet, the peculiar satisfaction and delight in scientific history of a style which states a fact in such phrases as serve also to reveal its origin, bearings, significance; in which every successive piece of description is so worded as to be self-evidently a link in the chain of explanation, an ordered term in a series of social conditions.

Before returning to Condorcet, we ought to glance at the remarkable piece, written in 1784, in which Kant propounded his idea of a universal or cosmo-political history, that contemplating the agency of the human will upon a large scale should unfold to our view a regular stream of tendency in the great succession of events.⁴ The

(1) *Œuvres de Turgot*, ii. 599, 645, &c.

(2) ii. 601.

(3) *Esprit des Lois*, xvi. cc. 2—4. And *Discours sur l'Histoire Universelle*, in Turgot's Works, ii. 640—641.

(4) *Idea of a Universal History on a Cosmo-Political Plan*. It was translated by De Quincey, and is to be found in vol. xiii. of his collected works, pp. 133—152.

will metaphysically considered, Kant said, is free, but its manifestations, that is to say, human actions, "are as much under the control of universal laws of nature as any other physical phenomena."

The very same course of incidents, which taken separately and individually would have seemed perplexed and incoherent, "yet viewed in their connection and as the action of the human *species* and not of independent beings, never fail to observe a steady and continuous though slow development of certain great predispositions in our nature." As it is impossible to presume in the human race any *rational* purpose of its own, we must seek to observe some *natural* purpose in the current of human actions. Thus a history of creatures with no plan of their own may yet admit a systematic form as a history of creatures blindly pursuing a plan of nature. Now we know that all predispositions are destined to develop themselves according to their final purpose. Man's rational predispositions are destined to develop themselves in the species and not in the individual. History then is the progress of the development of all the tendencies laid in man by nature. The method of development is the antagonism of these tendencies in the social state, and its source the *unsocial sociality* of man—a tendency to enter the social state, combined with a perpetual resistance to that tendency, which is ever threatening to dissolve it. The play of these two tendencies unfolds talents of every kind, and by gradual increase of light a preparation is made for such a mode of thinking as is capable of "exalting a social concert that had been *pathologically* extorted from the mere necessities of situation, into a *moral* union founded on the reasonable choice." Hence the highest problem for man is the establishment of a universal civil society, founded on the empire of political justice; and "the history of the human species as a whole may be regarded as the unravelling of a hidden plan of nature for accomplishing a perfect state of civil constitution for society in its internal relations (and, as the condition of that, in its external relations also), as the sole state of society in which the tendencies of human nature can be all and fully developed." Nor is this all. We shall not only be able to unravel the intricate web of past affairs, but shall also find a clue for the guidance of future statesmen in the art of political prediction. Nay more, this clue "will open a consolatory prospect into futurity, in which at a remote distance we shall observe the human species seated upon an eminence won by infinite toil, where all the germs are unfolded which nature has implanted, and its destination on this earth accomplished."

That this conception involves an assumption about tendencies and final purposes which reverses the true method of history, and moreover reduces what ought to be a scientific inquiry to be a foregone justification of Nature or Providence, should not prevent us from

appreciating its signal merits in insisting on a systematic presentation of the collective activity of the race, and in pointing out, however cursorily, the use of such an elucidation of the past in furnishing the grounds of practical guidance in dealing with the future and in preparing it. Considering the brevity of this little tract, its pregnancy and suggestiveness have not often been equalled. We have seen enough of it here to enable us to realise the differences between this and the French school, with its wholesome objectivity resulting from the stage which had been reached in France by the physical sciences. Condorcet's series of *Eloges* shows unmistakably how deep an impression the history of physical discovery had made upon him, and how clearly he understood the value of its methods. The peculiar study which their composition had occasioned him, is of itself almost enough to account for the fact that a conception which had long been preparing in the superior minds of the time, should fully develop itself in him rather than in anybody else.

VI.

The Physiocrats, as we have seen, had introduced the idea of there being a natural order in social circumstances, that order being natural which is most advantageous to mankind. Turgot had declared that one age is bound to another by a chain of causation. Condorcet fused these two conceptions. He viewed the history of the ages as a whole, and found in their succession a natural order; an order which when uninterrupted and undisturbed tended to accumulate untold advantages upon the human race, which was every day becoming more plain to the vision of men, and therefore every day more and more assured from disturbance by ignorant prejudice and sinister interests. There is an order at once among the circumstances of a given generation, and among the successive sets of circumstances of successive generations. "If we consider the development of human faculties in its results relating to the individuals who exist at the same time on a given space, and if we follow it from generation to generation, then we have before us the picture of the progress of the human mind. This progress is subject to the same general laws that are to be observed in the development of the faculties in individuals, for it is the result of that development, considered at the same time in a great number of individuals united in society. But the result that presents itself at any one instant depends upon that which was offered by the instants preceding; in turn it influences the result in times still to follow."

This picture will be of a historical character, inasmuch as being subject to perpetual variations it is formed by the observation in due order of different human societies in the different epochs through which they have passed. It will expose the order of the various changes, the influence exercised by each period over the next, and

thus will show in the modifications impressed upon the race, ever renewing itself in the immensity of the ages, the track that it has followed, and the exact steps that it has taken towards truth and happiness. Such observation of what man has been and of what he is, will then lead us to means proper for assuring and accelerating the fresh progress that his nature allows us to anticipate still further.¹

“If man is able to predict with nearly perfect confidence, phenomena with whose laws he is acquainted; if, even when they are unknown to him, he is able, in accordance with the experience of the past to foresee with a large degree of probability the events of the future; why should we treat it as a chimerical enterprise to trace with some verisimilitude the picture of the future destinies of the human race in accordance with the results of its history? The only foundation of belief in the natural sciences is this idea, that the general laws known or unknown which regulate the phenomena of the universe are necessary and constant; and why should this principle be less true for the development of the moral and intellectual faculties of man than for other natural operations? In short, opinions grounded on past experience in objects of the same order being the single rule of conduct for even the wisest men, why should the philosopher be forbidden to rest his conjectures on this same base, provided he never attributes to them a degree of certainty beyond what is warranted by the number, the constancy, and the accuracy of his observations?”²

Thus Condorcet's purpose was not to justify Nature, as it had been with Kant, but to search in the past for rational grounds of a belief in the unbounded splendour of men's future destinies. His view of the character of the relations among the circumstances of the social union, either at a given moment or in a succession of periods, was both accurate and far-sighted. When he came actually to execute his own great idea, and to specify the manner in which those relations arose and operated, he instantly diverged from the right path. Progress in his mind is exclusively produced by improvement in intelligence. It is the necessary result of man's activity in the face of that disproportion ever existing between what he knows and what he desires and feels the necessity to know.³ Hence the most fatal of the errors of Condorcet's sketch. He measures only the contributions made by nations and eras to what we know; leaving out of sight their failures and successes in the elevation of moral standards and ideals, and in the purification of the passions.

Now even if we hold the intellectual principle only to be progressive, and the moral elements to be fixed, being coloured and shaped and quickened by the surrounding intellectual conditions, still, inasmuch as the manner of this shaping and colouring is continually changing

(1) *Tableau des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain.* Œuvres, vi. 12, 13.

(2) vi. 236.

(3) vi. 21.

and leading to the most important transformations of human activity and sentiment, it must obviously be a radical deficiency in any picture of social progress to leave out the development of ethics, whether it be a derivative or an independent and spontaneous development. One seeks in vain in Condorcet's sketch for any account of the natural history of Western morals, or for any sign of consciousness on his part that the difference in ethical discipline and feeling between the most ferocious of primitive *peuplades* and the most enlightened eighteenth century Frenchmen, was a result of evolution that needed historical explanation quite as much as the difference between the astrolatry of one age and the astronomy of another. We find no recognition of the propriety of recounting the various steps of that long process by which, to use Kant's pregnant phrase, the relations born of pathological necessity were metamorphosed into those of moral union. The grave and lofty feeling, for example, which inspired the last words of the *Tableau*—whence came it? Of what long-drawn chain of causes in the past was it the last effect? It will not do to refer us generally to previous advances in knowledge and intellectual emancipation, because even supposing the successive modifications of our moral sensibilities to be fundamentally due to the progress of intellectual enlightenment, we still want to know in the first place something about the influences which harness one process to the other, and in the second place, something about the particular directions which these modifications of moral constitution have taken.

If this is one very radical omission in Condorcet's scheme, his angry and vehement aversion for the various religions of the world (with perhaps one exception) is a sin of commission still more damaging to its completeness. That he should detest the corrupt and oppressive forms of religion of his own century was neither surprising nor blameable. An unfavourable view of the influences upon human development of the Christian belief even in its least corrupt forms was not by any means untenable. Nay, he might, without absurdity, have gone further than this, and depicted religion as a natural infirmity of the human mind in its immature stages, just as there are specific disorders incident in childhood to the human body. Even on this theory, he was bound to handle it with the same calmness which he would have expected to find in a pathological treatise by a physician. Who would write of the sweating sickness with indignation, or describe zymotic diseases with resentment? Condorcet's pertinacious anger against theology is just as irrational as this would be, from the scientific point of view which he pretends to have assumed. Theology, in fact, was partly avenged of her assailants, for she had in the struggle contrived to infect them with the contagion of her own traditional spirit.

From the earliest times to the latest it is all one story according to Condorcet. He can speak with respect of philosophies even when, as in the case of the Scotch school of the last century, he dislikes and condemns them.¹ Of religion his contempt and hatred only vary slightly in degree. Barbarous tribes have sorcerers, trading on the gross superstitions of their dupes; so in other guise and with different names have civilised nations to-day. As other arts progressed, superstition too became less rude; priestly families kept all knowledge in their own hands, and thus preserved their hypocritical and tyrannical assumptions from detection. They disclosed nothing to the people without some supernatural admixture, the better to maintain their personal pretensions. They had two doctrines, one for themselves and the other for their people; sometimes, as they were divided into several orders, each of them reserved to itself certain mysteries. Thus all the inferior orders were at once rogues and dupes, and the great system of hypocrisy was only known in all its completeness to a few adepts. Christianity belonged to the same class. Its priests, we must admit, "in spite of their knaveries and their vices, were enthusiasts ready to perish for their doctrines." In vain did Julian endeavour to deliver the empire from the scourge. Its triumph was the signal for the incurable decay of all art and knowledge. The Church may seem to have done some good in things where her interests did not happen to clash with the interests of Europe, as in helping to abolish slavery, for instance; but after all "circumstances and manners" would have produced the result necessarily and of themselves. Morality, which was taught by the priests only, contained those universal principles that have been unknown to no sect; but it created a host of purely religious duties, and of imaginary sins. These duties were more rigorously enjoined than those of nature, and actions that were indifferent, legitimate, or even virtuous, were more severely rebuked and punished than real crimes. Yet, on the other hand, a moment of repentance, consecrated by the absolution of a priest, opened the gates of heaven to the worst miscreants.²

In the opening of the last of these remarks there is much justice. So there is in the striking suggestion made in another place, that we should not bless erroneous systems for their utility, simply because they help to repair some small part of the mischief of which they have themselves been the principal cause.³ But on the whole it is obvious that Condorcet was unfitted by his temper and that of the school to which he most belonged from

(1) vi. 186.

(2) *Œuvres*, vi. pp. 35, 55, 101, 102, 111, 117, 118, &c.

(3) *Dissertation sur cette question ; S'il est utile aux hommes d'être trompés ?*—one of the best of Condorcet's writings. *Œuvres*, v. 360.

accepting religion as a fact in the history of the human mind, that must have some positive explanation. To look at it in this way as the creation of a handful of selfish impostors in each community was to show a radical incompetence to carry out the scheme which had been so scientifically projected. The picture is ruined by the angry caricature of what ought to have been one of the most important figures in it; to this place the Christian Church is undeniably entitled, however we may be disposed to strike the balance between the undoubted injuries and the undoubted advantages which it has been the means of dealing to the civilisation of the West. Never perhaps was there so thorough an inversion of the true view of the comparative elevation of different parts of human character, as is implied in Condorcet's strange hint that Cromwell's satellites would have been much better men if they had carried instead of the Bible at their saddle-bows some merry book of the stamp of Voltaire's *Pucelle*.¹

Apart from the misreading of history in explaining religion by the folly of the many and the frauds of a few, Condorcet's interpretation involved the profoundest infidelity to his own doctrine of the intrinsic purity and exaltation of human nature. This doctrine ought in all reason to have led him to look for the secret of the popular acceptance of beliefs that to him seemed most outrageous in some possibly finer side which they might possess for others, appealing not to the lower but to the higher qualities of a nature with instincts of perfection. Take his account of Purgatory, for instance. The priests, he says, drew up so minute and comprehensive a table of sins that nobody could hope to escape from censure. Here you come upon one of the most lucrative branches of the sacerdotal trafficking; people were taught to imagine a hell of limited duration, which the priests only had the power to abridge; and this grace they sold, first to the living, then to the kinsmen and friends of the dead.² Now it was surely more worthy of a belief in the natural depravity than in the natural perfectibility of the sons of Adam, thus to assume without parley or proviso a base mercenariness on the one hand and grovelling terror on the other, as the origin of a doctrine which was obviously susceptible of a kinder explanation, that should refer it to a merciful and affectionate and truly humanising anxiety to assuage the horrors of what is perhaps the most frightful idea that has ever corroded human character, the idea of eternal punishment. We could in part have pardoned Condorcet if he had striven to invent ever so fanciful origins for opinions and belief in his solicitude for the credit of humanity. As it is, he distorts the history of religion only to humanity's dis-

(1) See Condorcet's vindication of the *Pucelle* in his *Life* of Voltaire. *Œuvres*, iv. 88—89.

(2) vi. 118.

credit. How, if the people were always predisposed to virtue, were priests, sprung of the same people and bred in the same traditions, so invariably and incurably devoted to baseness and hypocrisy? Was the nature of a priest absolutely devoid of what physicians call recuperative force, restoring them to a sound mind in spite of professional perversion? In fine, if man had been so grossly enslaved in moral nature from the beginning of the world down to the year 1789 or thereabouts, how was it possible that notwithstanding the admitted slowness of civilising processes, he should suddenly spring forth the very perfectible and nearly perfected being that Condorcet passionately imagined him to be? ¹

It has already been hinted that there was one partial exception to Condorcet's otherwise all-embracing animosity against religion. This was Mahometanism. Towards this his attitude is fully appreciative, though of course he deplores the superstitions which mixed themselves up with the Arabian prophet's efforts for the purification of the men of his nation. After the seven vials of fiery wrath have been poured out upon the creed of Palestine, it is refreshing to find the creed of Arabia almost patronised and praised. The writer who could not have found in his heart to think Gregory the Great or Hildebrand other than a mercenary impostor, nor Cromwell other than an ambitious hypocrite, admits with exquisite blandness of Mahomet that he had the art of employing all the means of subjugating men *avec adresse, mais avec grandeur*.² Another reason, no doubt, besides his hatred of the Church lay at the bottom of Condorcet's tolerance or more towards Mahometanism. The Arabian superstition was not fatal to knowledge. On the contrary, it was among its professors and disciples that the torch of science was kept alive, while in Christendom it lay trampled down and extinct. Arabian activity in algebra, chemistry, optics, and astronomy, atoned in Condorcet's eyes for the Koran.

It is fair to add further, that Condorcet showed a more just appreciation of the effects of Protestantism upon Western development than has been common among French thinkers. He recognises that men who had learnt however imperfectly to submit their religious prejudices to rational examination would naturally be likely to extend the process to political prejudices also. Moreover, if the reformed Churches refused to render to reason all its rights, still

(1) As M. Comte says in his remarks on Condorcet (*Phil. Pos.*, iv. 185—193), "Le progrès total finalement accompli ne peut être sans doute que le résultat général de l'accumulation spontanée des divers progrès partiels successivement réalisés depuis l'origine de la civilisation, en vertu de la marche successivement lente et graduelle de la nature humaine;" so that Condorcet's picture presents a standing miracle, "ou l'on s'est même interdit d'abord la ressource vulgaire de la Providence." Comte's criticism, however, seems to leave out of sight what full justice Condorcet did to the various partial advances in the intellectual order.

(2) vi. 120—123.

they agreed that its prison should be less narrow ; the chain was not broken, but it ceased to be either so heavy or so short as it had been. And in countries where what was insolently styled tolerance by the dominant sect succeeded in establishing itself, it was possible to maintain the tolerated doctrines with a more or less complete freedom. So there arose in Europe a sort of freedom of thought, not for men, but for Christians ; and, "if we except France, it is only for Christians that it exists anywhere else at the present day"—a limitation which has now fortunately ceased to be altogether exact.¹

If we have smiled at the ease with which what is rank craftiness in a Christian is toned down into address in a Mahometan, we may be amused too at the leniency that describes some of the propagandist methods of the eighteenth century. Condorcet becomes rapturous as he tells in a paragraph of fine sustention with what admixture of the wisdom of the serpent the humane philosophers of his century "covered the truth with a veil that prevented it from hurting too weak sight, and left the pleasure of conjecturing it ; caressing prejudices with address, to deal them the more certain blows ; scarcely ever threatening them, nor ever more than one at once, nor even one in its integrity ; sometimes consoling the enemies of reason by pretending to desire no more than a half-tolerance in religion and a half-liberty in politics ; conciliating despotism while they combatted the absurdities of religion, and religion when they rose against despotism ; attacking these two scourges in their principle, even when they seemed only to bear ill-will to revolting or ridiculous abuses, and striking these poisonous trees in their very roots, while they appeared to be doing no more than pruning crooked branches."² Imagine the holy rage with which such acts would have been attacked if Condorcet had happened to be writing about the Jesuits. Alas, the stern and serene composure of the historical conscience was as unknown to him as it always is to orthodox apologists. It is to be said, moreover, that he had less excuse for being without it, for he rested on the goodness of men, and not as theologians do on their vileness. It is a most interesting thing, we may notice in passing, to consider what was the effect upon the Revolution of this artfulness or prudence with which its theoretic precursors sowed the seed. Was it as truly wise as Condorcet supposed ? Or did it weaken, almost corrupt, the very roots ? Was it the secret of the thoroughness with which the work of demolition was done ? Was it, too, the secret of the many and disastrous failures in the task of reconstruction ?³

(1) vi. 149 and 153.

(2) vi. 187—189.

(3) It is worth while to quote on this subject a passage from Condorcet as historically instructive as it is morally dangerous. "*La nécessité de mentir pour désavouer un ouvrage est une extrémité qui répugne également à la conscience et à la noblesse du caractère ; mais le crime est pour les hommes injustes qui rendent ce désaveu nécessaire*"

There are one or two detached remarks suggested by Condorcet's picture, which it may be worth while to make. He is fully alive, for example, to the importance to mankind of the appearance among them of one of those men of creative genius, like Archimedes or like Newton, whose lives constitute an epoch in human history; their very existence he saw to be among the greatest benefits conferred on the race by Nature. He hardly seems to have been struck, on the other hand, with the appalling and incessant waste of these benefits that goes on; with the number of men of Newtonian capacity who are undoubtedly born into the world only to chronicle small beer; with the hosts of high and worthy souls who labour and flit away like shadows, perishing in the accomplishment of minor and subordinate ends. We may suspect that the notion of all this immeasurable profusion of priceless treasures, its position as one of the laws of the condition of man on the globe, would be hard of endurance to one holding Condorcet's peculiar form of optimism.

Again, if we had space, it would be worth while to examine some of the acute and ingenious hints which Condorcet throws out by the way: to consider, as he suggests, the influence upon the progress of the human mind of the change from writing on science, philosophy, and jurisprudence in Latin to the usual language of each country,—a change which rendered the sciences more popular, but increased the trouble of the scientific men in following the general march of knowledge; which caused a book to be read in one country by more men of inferior competence, but less read throughout Europe by men of superior light; which relieves men who have no leisure for extensive study of the trouble of learning Latin, but imposes upon profounder persons the necessity of learning a variety of modern languages.¹ Again, ground is broken for the most important reflection in the remark that "men preserve the prejudices of their childhood, their country, and their age, long after they have recognised all the truths necessary to destroy them;"² and in this, that the progress of physical knowledge is constantly destroying in silence erroneous opinions which had never seemed to be attacked.³

à la sûreté de celui qu'ils y forcent. Si vous avez érigé en crime ce qui n'en est pas un, si vous avez porté atteinte, par des lois absurdes ou par des lois arbitraires, au droit naturel qu'ont tous les hommes, non seulement d'avoir une opinion, mais de la rendre publique, alors vous méritez de perdre celui qu'a chaque homme d'entendre la vérité de la bouche d'un autre, droit qui fonde seul l'obligation rigoureuse de ne pas mentir. S'il n'est pas permis de tromper, c'est parceque tromper quelqu'un, c'est lui faire un tort, ou s'exposer à lui en faire un; mais le tort suppose un droit, et personne n'a celui de chercher à s'assurer les moyens de commettre une injustice." *Vie de Voltaire; Œuvres*, iv. 33, 34. Condorcet might have found some countenance for his sophisms in Plato, *Republ.* ii. 383; but even Plato restricted the privilege of lying to statesmen (iii. 389). He was in a wiser mood when he declared (*Œuvres*, v. 384) that it is better to be imprudent than a hypocrite,—though for that matter these are hardly the only alternatives.

(1) vi. 163.

(2) vi. 22.

(3) p. 220.

And in reading history, how much ignorance and misinterpretation would have been avoided if the student had remembered that "the law as written and the law as administered; the principles of those in power, and the modification of their action by the sentiments of the governed; an institution as it emanates from those who form it, and the same institution realised; the religion of books, and that of the people; the apparent universality of a prejudice, and the substantial adhesion that it receives; may all differ in such a way that the effects absolutely cease to answer to the public and recognised causes."¹

VII.

We have now seen something of Condorcet's ideas of the past, and of his conception of what he was perhaps the first to call the Science of Man. Let us turn to his hopes for the future, and one or two of the details to which his study of the science of man conducted him. It is well to perceive at the outset that Condorcet's views of the Tenth Epoch, as he counts the period extending from the French Revolution to the era of the indefinite perfection of man, were in truth not the result of any scientific processes whatever, properly so called. He saw, and this is his merit, that such processes were applicable to the affairs of society; and that, as he put it, all political and moral errors rest upon error in philosophy, which in turn is bound up with erroneous methods in physical science.² But in the execution of his plan he does not succeed in showing the nature of the relations of these connected forces; still less does he practise the scientific duty, for illustrating which he gives such well-deserved glory to Newton,³ of not only accounting for phenomena, but also of measuring the *quantity* of forces. His conception, therefore, of future progress, however near conjecture may possibly have brought him to the truth, is yet no more than conjecture. The root of it is found in nothing more precise, definite, or quantified than a general notion gathered from history, that some portions of the race had made perceptible advances in freedom and enlightenment, and that we might therefore confidently expect still further advances to be made in the same direction with an accelerated rapidity, and with certain advantageous effects upon the happiness of the whole mass of the human race. In short, the end of the speculation is a confirmed and heightened conviction of the Indefinite Perfectibility of the species, with certain foreshadowings of the direction which this perfectibility would ultimately follow. The same rebellion against the disorder and misery of the century which drove some thinkers and politicians into fierce yearnings for an imaginary state of nature, and others into an extravagant admiration for the ancient republics, caused a third school, and Condorcet

(1) p. 234.

(2) p. 223.

(3) p. 206.

among them, to turn their eyes with equally boundless confidence and yearning towards an imaginary future. It was at all events the least hopeless error of the three.

Our expectations for the future, Condorcet held, may be reduced to these three points—the destruction of inequality among nations; the progress of equality among the people of any given nation; and, finally, the substantial perfecting (*perfectionnement réel*) of man. I. With reference to the first of these great aspirations, it will be brought about by the abandonment by European peoples of their commercial monopolies, their treacherous practices, their mischievous and extravagant proselytising, and their sanguinary contempt for those of another colour or another creed. Vast countries, now a prey to barbarism and violence, will present in one region numerous populations only waiting to receive the means and instruments of civilisation from us, and as soon as they find brothers in the Europeans, will joyfully become their friends and pupils; and in another, nations enslaved under the yoke of despots or conquerors, crying aloud for so many ages for liberators. In yet other regions, it is true, there are tribes almost savage, cut off by the harshness of their climate from a perfected civilisation, or else conquering hordes, ignorant of every law but violence, and every trade but brigandage. The progress of these last two descriptions of people will naturally be more tardy, and attended by more storm and convulsion; perhaps even, reduced in number, in proportion as they see themselves repulsed by civilised nations, they will end by insensibly disappearing.¹ It is perhaps a little hard, by the way, to expect Esquimaux or the barbaric marauders of the sandy expanses of Central Asia insensibly to disappear, lest by their cheerless presence they should destroy the unity and harmony of the transformation scene in the great drama of Perfectibility.

II. The principal causes of the inequality that unfortunately exists among the people of the same community are three in number—inequality in wealth; inequality of condition between the man whose means of subsistence are both assured and transmissible, and him for whom these means depend upon the duration of his working life; thirdly, inequality of instruction. How are we to establish a continual tendency in these three sources of inequality to diminish in activity and power? To lessen, though not to demolish, inequalities in wealth, it will be necessary for all artificial restrictions and exclusive advantages to be removed from fiscal or other legal arrangements, by which property is either acquired or accumulated; and among social changes tending in this direction will be the banishment by public opinion of an avaricious or mercenary spirit from marriage. Again, inequality between permanent and pre-

(1) pp. 239—244.

carious incomes will be radically modified by the development of the application of the calculation of probabilities to life; the extension of annuities and insurance will not only benefit many individuals, but will benefit society at large by putting an end to that periodical ruin of a large number of families, which is such an ever-renewing source of misery and degradation. Another means to the same end will be found in discovering, by the same doctrine of probabilities, some other base, not less solid, for credit than a large capital, and for rendering the progress of industry and the activity of commerce more independent of the existence of great capitalists. Something approaching to equality of instruction, even for those who can only spare a few of their early years for study, and in after times only a few hours of leisure, will become more attainable by improved selection of subjects, and improved methods of teaching them. The dwellers in one country will cease to be distinguished by the use of a rude or of a refined dialect (and this, it may be said in passing, has actually been the result of the school system in the United States): one portion of them will no longer be dependent upon any other for guidance in the smallest affairs. We cannot obliterate nor ignore natural differences of capacity, but after public instruction has been properly developed, "the difference will be between men of superior enlightenment and men of an erect character (*esprit droit*), who feel the value of light without being dazzled by it; between talent or genius and that good sense which knows how to appreciate and enjoy both; and even if this difference were greater than has been said, if we compare the force and extent of faculty, it would become none the less insensible, if we compare their respective effects upon the relations of men among themselves, upon all that affects their independence and their happiness."¹

III. What are the changes which we may expect from the substantial perfecting of human nature and society? If, before making this forecast, we reflect with what feeble means the race has arrived at its present knowledge of useful and important truths, we shall not fear the reproach of temerity in our anticipation for a time when the force of all these means shall have been indefinitely increased. The progress of agricultural science will make the same land more productive and the same labour more effective. Nay, who shall predict what the art of converting elementary substance into food for our use may one day become? The constant tendency of population to advance to the limit of the means of subsistence thus amplified, will be checked by a rising consciousness in men that if they have obligations in respect of creatures still unborn, these obligations consist in giving them not existence but happiness—in adding to the well-being of the family and not cumbering the earth with useless and

(1) pp. 244—251.

unfortunate beings. This changed view upon population will partly follow from the substitution of rational ideas for those prejudices which have penetrated morals with an austerity that is corrupting and degrading.¹ The movement will be further aided by one of the most important steps in human progress—the destruction, namely, of the prejudices which have established inequality of rights between the two sexes, so mischievous even to the sex that is favoured.² We seek in vain for any justification of such an inequality in difference of physical organisation, in force of intelligence, or in moral sensibility. It has no other origin than abuse of strength, and it is to no purpose that attempts are made to excuse it by sophisms. The destruction of the usages springing from this custom will render common those domestic virtues which are the foundation of all others, and will encourage education as well as make it more general, both because instruction would be imparted to both sexes with more equality, and because it can only become general even for males with the aid of the mother of the family.³

Among other improvements under our third head will be the attainment of greater perfection in language, leading at once to increased accuracy and increased concision. Laws and institutions, following the progress of knowledge, will be constantly undergoing modifications tending to identify individual with collective interests. Wars will grow less frequent with the extinction of those ideas of hereditary and dynastic rights, which have occasioned so many bloody contests. The art of learning will be facilitated by the institution of a Universal Language; and the art of teaching by resort to Technical Methods or systems which unite in orderly arrangement a great number of different objects, so that their relations are perceived at a single glance.⁴

Finally, progress in medicine, the use of more wholesome food and

(1) pp. 257, 258.

(2) Condorcet had already assailed the prejudices that keep women in subjection in an excellent tract, published in 1790. *Sur l'Admission des Femmes au Droit de Cité*. *Œuvres*, x. 121—130.

(3) p. 264. The rest of the passage is not perfectly intelligible to me, so I give it as it stands. "Cet hommage trop tardif, rendu enfin à l'équité et au bon sens, ne tarirait-il pas une source trop féconde d'injustices, de cruautés et de crimes, en faisant disparaître une opposition si dangereuse entre le penchant naturel le plus vif, le plus difficile à réprimer, et les devoirs de l'homme ou les intérêts de la société? Ne produirait-il pas, enfin, des mœurs nationales douces et pures, formées non de privations orgueilleuses, d'apparences hypocrites, de réserves imposées par la crainte de la honte ou les terreurs religieuses, mais d'habitudes librement contractées, inspirées par la nature, avouées par la raison?"

Can these habitudes be the habitudes of Free Love, or what are they? Condorcet, we know, thought the indissolubility of marriage a monstrously bad thing, but the grounds which he gives for his thinking so would certainly lead to the infinite dissolubility of society. See a truly astounding passage in the Fragment on the Tenth Epoch: vi. 523—526. See also some curious words in a letter to Turgot, i. 221, 222.

(4) pp. 269—272.

healthy houses, the diminution of the two most active causes of deterioration, misery and excessive wealth, must prolong the average duration of life, as well as raise the tone of health while it lasts. The force of transmissible diseases will be gradually weakened, until their quality of transmission vanishes. May we then not hope for the arrival of a time when death will cease to be anything but the effect either of extraordinary accidents, or of the destruction, ever slower and slower, of the vital forces? May we not believe that the duration of the middle interval between birth and this destruction has no assignable term? Man will never become immortal, but is it a mere chimera to hold that the term fixed to his years is slowly and perpetually receding further and further from the moment at which his existence begins?¹

The rapidity and the necessary incompleteness with which Condorcet threw out in isolated hints his ideas of the future state of society impart to his conception a certain mechanical aspect, which conveys an incorrect impression of his notion of the sources whence social change must flow. His admirable and most careful remarks upon the moral training of children prove him to have been as far removed as possible from any of those theories of the formation of character which merely prescribe the imposition of moulds and casts from without, instead of carefully tending the many spontaneous and sensitive processes of growth within.² Nobody has shown a finer appreciation of the delicacy of the material out of which character is to be made, and of the susceptibility of its elementary structure; nor of the fact that education consists in such a discipline of the primitive impulses as shall lead men to do right not by the constraint of mechanic external sanctions but by an instant, spontaneous, and almost inarticulate repugnance to cowardice, cruelty, apathy, self-indulgence, and the other great roots and centres of wrong doing. It was to a society composed of men and women whose characters

(1) pp. 272—275. Also p. 618.

(2) See *Fragment de l'Histoire de la X^e Epoque*. "Il ne faut pas leur dire, mais les accoutumer à croire, à trouver au dedans d'eux-mêmes, que la bonté et la justice sont nécessaires au bonheur, comme une respiration facile et libre l'est à la santé." Of books for the young: "il faut qu'ils n'excèdent jamais l'étendue ou la délicatesse de la sensibilité." "Il faut renoncer à l'idée de parler aux enfans de ce que ni leur esprit ni leur âme ne peuvent encore comprendre; ne pas leur faire admirer une constitution et réciter par cœur les droits politiques de l'homme quand ils ont à peine une idée nette de leurs relations avec leur famille et leurs camarades."

Still more objectionable, we may be sure, would he have found the practice of drilling little children by the hearth or at the school-desk in creeds, catechisms, and the like repositories of mysteries baleful to the growing intelligence. "*Aidons les développemens des facultés humaines pendant la faiblesse de l'enfance*," he said admirably, "*mais n'abusons pas de cette faiblesse pour les mouler au gré de nos opinions, de nos intérêts, ou de notre orgueil*."—*Œuvres*, vi. 543—554.

Cf. also v. 363—365; where there are some deserved strictures on the malpractice of teaching children as truth what the parents themselves believe to be superstition or even falsehood.

had been shaped on this principle that Condorcet looked for the realisation of his exalted hopes for humanity.¹

With machinery and organisation, in truth, Condorcet did not greatly concern himself; probably too little rather than too much. The central idea of all his aspirations was to procure the emancipation of reason, free and ample room for its exercise, and improved competence among men in the use of it. The subjugation of the modern intelligence beneath the disembodied fancies of the grotesque and sombre imagination of the Middle Ages did not offend him more than the idea of any fixed organisation of the spiritual power, or any final and settled and universally accepted solution of belief and order would have done. With De Maistre and Comte the problem was the organised and systematic reconstruction of an anarchic society. With Condorcet it was how to persuade men to exert the individual reason methodically and independently, not without co-operation but without subordination. His cardinal belief and precept was as with Socrates, that the *βίος ἀνεξέταστος* is not to be lived by man. As we have seen, the freedom of the reason was so dear to him, that he counted it an abuse for a parent to instil his own convictions into the defenceless minds of his young children. This was the natural outcome of Condorcet's mode of viewing history as the record of intellectual emancipation, while to Comte its deepest interest was as a record of moral and emotional cultivation. If we value in one type of thinker the intellectual conscientiousness which refrains from perplexing men by propounding problems unless the solution can be set forth also, perhaps we owe no less honour in the thinker of another type to that intellectual self-denial which makes him very careful lest the too rigid projection of his own specific conclusions should by any means obstruct the access of a single ray of fertilising light.

EDITOR.

(1) His *Mémoires sur l'Instruction Publique*, written in 1791—2, and printed in the seventh volume of the works, are worth turning to in our own educational crisis.

THE COLONIAL QUESTION IN 1870.

WHEN the Commonwealth of Athens had recovered to a certain extent from the calamities of the Peloponnesian war; when a new generation had grown up, composed of the sons of those who had suffered defeat at Ægospotamos, and groaned under the tyranny of the Thirty; and when, moreover, its successful opponent Sparta lay prostrate under the blows of the victorious Thebans; then the old irrepressible spirit of masterfulness arose again in the Athenian mind. Who are these Chians and Rhodians, and other islanders, who now threaten opposition to our political projects in Thrace? Are they not the descendants of our subjects: those who submitted to our orders, and paid us tribute, and served in our fleets? In what respect do we fall short of our predecessors, that we should allow these upstarts to affect airs of independence on that sea of which the supremacy is ours by right, and may again be ours in fact as soon as we stretch out our hand to claim it? Are we not the children of Aristides and Themistocles, Pericles and Cimon? and what the fathers did once cannot the sons do again? Such were the patriotic commonplaces which were ringing in Athenian ears, when Isocrates addressed to the Assembly his oration *περὶ εἰρήνης*, "concerning peace." And it is impossible not to feel sympathy with the orator in the very up-hill work which he had to perform. It was his duty to demonstrate to his audience that the times had changed. Attica indeed had recovered her domestic losses, and might, perhaps, be as populous and wealthy as ever; but her former dependencies had thrown off the yoke, and the age of her foreign rule had passed away. The fathers had been so prodigal in their daring that, when the hosts of the Peloponnese were encamped within their territory, they had despatched fleets and armies to conquer Sicily, Italy, and Cyprus. Dearly had they paid for their audacity. To endeavour to repeat it would, in the altered state of things, be a mere anachronism. The sons must relinquish their darling dream of Hegemony—*τὴν καλουμένην ἄρχην, ὅσαν δὲ συμφόραν*—that which was called an empire and was a calamity,—cultivate justice, and moderation, and domestic reform, and thus retain among the Greeks that moral authority which is worth far more than political. Such were the counsels of the occasion, which Isocrates thought himself called on to give. But how humiliating he felt the task imposed on him, appears most transparently through the thin argumentative disguise which his pride assumes. "Full well do I know," he says bitterly, "how difficult it is to obtain even toleration, when stating objections to the

attempt to maintain a supremacy so cherished, so envied, the prize of so many victories . . . but you will forgive me, and not suppose me capable of such madness as to address to you by preference doctrines so contrary to popular opinion, unless I were satisfied that I had truths to tell, and that you ought to hear them." And he reflects with strong but suppressed emotion on the opponents with whom he is confronted—the prophets who stand up to prophesy pleasant things; those who have the easy task of tickling the public ear with the sounds most agreeable to it; those who have only to do homage to idols, and flatter prejudices, and affix to all such as dare take the side of reason the stigma of want of patriotism; "men who only repeat to us on every occasion that we ought to imitate our ancestors, and not to allow ourselves to be despised by foreigners, and not to suffer a flag on the sea unless its owners pay us tribute and submit to our dictation."

Certainly the analogy between the case of Athens at the time of the Social War, and that of Britain at the present day, is not so strong as to render this reference to ancient history ominous. We have not been beaten and humiliated, as the Athenians had. No enemy has reached our shores. No flower has fallen from our chaplet. The resources of the nation are higher than at any period of our history, its spirit to the full as high. We are just as much masters of the sea (attaching any reasonable sense to that somewhat vain-glorious expression) as we ever were. We monopolise almost as large a share of maritime commerce as ever. In one important branch of that commerce we have regained a position which at one time we seemed in danger of losing—the American carrying trade has absolutely ceased to rival ours. And, although we have been happily spared the necessity, for half a century past, of measuring our strength at sea with that of hostile empires, no reason has been shown for doubting that the elements of that strength are the same as of yore, and that we have *in posse* the very same means of ensuring victory and organising conquest which were turned to such marvellous account by our grandfathers.

All this is true; and yet there exists, no doubt, a prevalent feeling, that, in a certain sense, the doom of Athens is already ours. Our power to conquer, or to hold by force, trans-marine empire, in most quarters, may be the same; but that empire itself is not the same. The ties which held it together are not the same. We feel them weakening and loosening around us. There is a general, vague notion that "something ought to be done" (that favourite formula of the well meaning, but undecided) not merely to arrest further disintegration, but to give additional vigour to our scattered dominion by enabling its several parts to support each other, and to strengthen the whole. This seems to be the form which what is

popularly called the Colonial Question assumes in most men's eyes. If I have rendered their views in language so general as to express only very shadowy notions, this is really no fault of mine. I have, indeed, had the fortune to meet with a few constructive suggestions, put forth by individuals, as to the reform of our institutions in this sense; but no party or section of thinkers seems to have arrived at any definite scheme for obtaining what they want, or even (I say it with all respect) any definite idea of what it is that they want.

It is, however, perfectly true that our trans-marine, or colonial, empire does tend, in one sense, towards disintegration. This is the fact, whether to avow it be patriotic or no. Isocrates denounced those who opposed him, when he proclaimed to the Athenians that their supremacy was over, as troublesome dealers in patriotism. I will not adopt his denunciation; but I will not allow similar opponents to claim the monopoly of patriotism. As it is commonly said that in battle it requires more courage to run away than to advance, so it is a higher proof both of resolution and of true love of his country, in a statesman, to retreat from an untenable position than doggedly to maintain it. For in the first case he has to submit to the most irritating of all charges: that of having compromised the honour of the country. It is the great weakness of an ordinary intellect, when in power, to shrink before a taunt such as this; to go on in the wrong path, rather than turn back, trusting to the chapter of accidents for some mode of getting through, or (at the worst) hoping to leave it to some successor to reap the harvest of one's own rashness or obstinacy. I think I can name more conjunctures than one in my own time, where public affairs would have taken a different and more favourable turn, had English statesmen possessed as much of the moral courage which can defy the unpopularity of giving way, as most Englishmen possess of mere animal daring.

Assuming, however, this existing tendency toward disintegration, or the gradual dropping off of our greater Colonies from their present union—such as it is—with the mother country; what are the causes of this phenomenon?

They are twofold; arising partly from the nature of things; partly from a policy, which it is mere idle assertion to call recent, or to attribute to this or that party in the State, since it has been deliberately adopted and persevered in by the Home Government for nearly thirty years.

As to the first class of causes: it must be remembered that the passion of Englishmen for the extension of foreign dominion, which grew and developed itself during two conquering centuries, was not a mere sentimental impulse, although it may often have assumed that appearance. It had its real origin in a strong and well-founded feel-

ing of national interest. British dominion was to advance two objects: British trade, and emigration from Britain. And those who thus reasoned were thoroughly in the right; only, as often happens, they were in the right as to the general view, mistaken as to particulars. They thought colonies might promote our trade through a system of protection. They thought that emigration was to be moulded and utilised through artificial schemes of systematic colonisation. It is matter of history now, how far their views were erroneous in detail; how far the results justified, and greatly outstripped, those views in a wider sense than the projectors had themselves conceived. Protection was, no doubt, got rid of, not directly through natural causes, but by our own act; but I am justified in considering its fall as coming in the natural sequence of events, inasmuch as it is obvious that (in the colonial trade) we could not have maintained it if we would. And the process of colonisation came to an unavoidable end. Thirty years ago, when I devoted some attention to the subject (if I may be pardoned an egotistical recollection), while occupying the chair of Political Economy at Oxford, the world seemed all open to us. It was a natural, and a very interesting, part of my duty to discuss the comparative attractions of large regions of temperate earth, which rivalled each other in calling on Europe to employ her surplus population in founding her commonwealth on their shores. Now, the world is taken up. Emigration exists and multiplies; colonisation is dead and buried. There is not an available space on the earth's surface, under a temperate climate, in which we or any one else could found a new colony on a large scale, if we would; and we have given away all the unoccupied land of our old provinces. But with the colonial trade thrown open, and colonisation at an end, it is obvious that the leading motives which induced our ancestors to found and to maintain a colonial empire no longer exist. And the mere passion for additional conquest—for annexing to our dominion insulated spots all over the earth—has apparently ceased among us. While France has been raising her flag in Tahiti and New Caledonia, and the United States purchasing for a large sum the frozen rim of the Western Continent, the melancholy region of Alaska; while enthusiasts are urging the North German Confederation to establish colonies in New Guinea, close to the equator; England has within these few years declined to assume the sovereignty of the Fiji Islands, the gem of the Pacific, which was almost thrown into her lap.

But the second class of those causes which tend in our day towards the disintegration of our scattered dominion arises, as I have said, out of our own policy, and that a policy deliberately undertaken and steadily persevered in.

This policy has consisted, in the first place, in giving the greater colonies, step by step, self-government. Some of our ablest states-

men urged on the adoption of measures for this purpose, with a full understanding that independence was the final object in view, and that true wisdom required that this should be foreseen and prepared for beforehand, instead of arriving suddenly, and with much social and political derangement. Others, on the contrary, believed—judging at least by their own intimations—that the best way of securing the permanence of the connection was to give everything the colonists asked for; the complete exercise of executive and legislative powers; the right to impose taxation at their pleasure on imported goods, provided they did not violate our cardinal principles of free trade; the right to deal as they pleased with their waste lands, and to enjoy the whole of the revenue derivable from them. All this has been done. We have absolutely no further advantages to concede to them. There is no basis left for any negotiation between us, if we were inclined to enter on such. And the unparalleled progress of wealth and social improvement which the colonies in question have made under this liberal system has more than rewarded, in one way, the expectations of those who devised it and carried it into execution. But to imagine that we could combine both systems—that of local independence and that of imperial centralisation—was a mere delusion, in whatever plausible fallacy ingenious reasoners may have enveloped it.

But there is another particular of our recent policy, which, though of minor importance in itself, has not been without its effect in loosening the old tie between mother country and dependencies. The object of our statesmen has been twofold; to encourage the colonies to prepare for independence for their own sake; and at the same time to relieve the people of this country from the share which they formerly bore in contributing towards their administration and defence. We began with reducing home contributions to their civil governments, until we had very nearly struck this item from the sum of our national out-goings. We then proceeded to curtail our military expenditure on their behalf, until this also was reduced within comparatively narrow limits. And even now a contest is being waged as regards New Zealand, the Cape, Ceylon, and a few other places, on the subject of the shrunken residue. Now, I am not criticising the wisdom of these economies. It is needless to repeat the irrefragable arguments which have been urged in Parliament and the press as to the impolicy of taxing ourselves for purposes which produce no tangible return, and teaching flourishing young communities to rely on us instead of on themselves. At the same time it is possible that this line of policy has been avowed and acted on in a somewhat ostentatious manner, not exactly calculated to soften what there was of disagreeable in the operation itself by the mode of using the knife. I need only refer to the recent little work

on "Colonial Policy and History," published by Sir Charles Adderley, who from the beginning has been the consistent and zealous advocate of colonial emancipation. In this book he carefully chronicles every step in the process of reduction in colonial expenditure, and exults over it as a substantial achievement. It is a red-letter day in his narrative when a colonial judge or bishop has been struck off the estimates for Parliament, or when a battalion has been withdrawn from a colonial post. This, on his part, is perfectly consistent; for he is one of the few who have, in this matter, the courage of their opinions; his doctrine is the simple one; colonies should cost nothing, should manage their own affairs, should remain dependent only as long as they please, and should neither be bribed nor forced into prolongation of their connection with us. But then it is impossible for a British statesman to dwell on reductions like these, and present them constantly to the public in the form of argument by example, without encouraging in colonial minds the belief that Britain does not really care for a connection for which she steadily refuses to disburse anything more than she can possibly avoid. Those, if there be such, who really imagine that the pride and "prestige" of a vast empire are to be maintained without either paying for it ourselves or forcing our subjects to pay for it, are dreaming of making ropes of sand and bricks without straw.

The tie which now connects us with our greater colonies is a voluntary one only. It will endure, barring accidents, in its present strength as long as both parties are satisfied that it is for their common advantage that it should endure. It will not easily bear further loosening; but it cannot possibly be tightened, unless we, for our parts, either think proper to attempt compulsion, or to buy from them a greater amount of submission by incurring for them a greater amount of expenditure. The first method is of course impracticable. And we may rest assured that the second, if English statesmen were to condescend to it, would not succeed in the present condition of colonial prosperity and colonial temper. I feel, however, that I have been adopting, a little too freely, the loose language of superficial reasoners on this subject, and speaking of a "colonial question," as if any such question, in the general sense, existed or could possibly arise. I must endeavour to make my meaning more distinct by applying my reasoning to the respective cases of our several classes of colonies, as different in social condition and requirements as they are in geographical position.

The first region to which we have to turn our eyes, in taking this general review, is North America. The whole of our possessions in that quarter have recently been amalgamated into one political body, the Dominion of Canada. That dominion forms in truth a commonwealth possessing four millions of people, managing entirely its own

internal affairs, disposing of its own public lands, raising its own revenue, and imposing for this purpose such duties as it thinks proper on our merchandise; connected with the British crown only by one nominal tie, that of allegiance; and one substantial tie, namely, that we maintain a certain number of troops there, and that we are bound in national honour to protect it from invasion—if we can. Now without entering into barren discussions as to the advantage or disadvantage of such a possession as this, it suffices for my purpose to say that no “colonial question” can arise out of such exceptional relations, that the case is one apart, and that there is nothing to be done in it except at once to sever the existing ties or to watch the course of events.

I am aware that there are some among us who have not, I must needs think, looked seriously at the practical side of the subject, whose theory it is, that this vast and, in parts, fertile and attractive Dominion ought to be made largely subservient to the purposes of emigration from this country. Now, as it is not my object on the present occasion to enter into discussion on the general topic of emigration, I will begin by conceding to my supposed antagonist the whole of his postulates regarding it. I will suppose that England would gain by the immediate removal of some hundred thousand of its poorer inhabitants. Obviously no operation on a less scale than this would effect anything amounting to national relief. I will take it for granted that the emigrants are willing to go, that the colonists are willing to receive them, that the section of our people thus removed would possess brains and sinews of the kind adapted for struggling with the difficulties of a new world, and yet that we should be only the better for the loss of them. Large assumptions these: but let us make them. Where in North America are we to deposit this multitude? If we ask them their choice, they will infallibly go to the States. Thus much is clear: for they go there now, although it would be at least as easy to go to our possessions. But this will not suit the theories of those who want to make emigration subservient to the maintenance of British empire abroad. Very well: then we must pay for our fancy. It costs four or five pounds per head to carry people to New York. They may be carried a little cheaper to Quebec or St. John's. Let us pay their passages out from the public revenues,—no great loss, for a passage paid by the emigrant himself falls equally on the funds of the community. Where can we best locate them? We may group together, to answer this question, the Lower Provinces—New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—with what is now called the Province of Quebec, formerly Lower Canada. Now into all this vast tract hardly any emigrants, in the natural order of things, find their way at all. It is not an attractive portion of the earth's surface.

The wanderers pass by, and settle farther on at greater expense to themselves.¹ And this is no temporary fashion: it has been the constant course of emigration for many years past. No doubt it is controlled by strong economical causes. Settlers go where their labour is worth most: what other motive, of any importance, have they to bias their choice? Now this being so, would it not be a hard and cruel thing, because people are poor and have their passage paid for them, that they should be landed and established on shores, which, of their own free will, they would avoid? And this, not for any good to them, but because politicians at home think it a fine thing to maintain our so-called Colonial Empire, and are jealous (very uselessly jealous) of the advantage which the United States are supposed to derive from their monopoly of our poorer class of emigrants? Merely to announce such views would render emigration deservedly unpopular. To act steadily upon them would surpass the power of an absolute sovereign,—far more that of our popular government, which has to divine and follow the popular drift.

But the Dominion possesses, no doubt, available regions of a very different character from this. The province of Ontario (formerly Upper Canada) has still a great extent of available and fertile land under a temperate climate, offers very considerable attractions to emigrants, and does, in fact, draw to itself a very fair share of the European surplus. It possesses also those advantages for another class of settlers which are furnished by large cities and considerable commerce. But then the governing circumstance in the condition of Ontario is this: it is more than half surrounded by five or six states of the Union. Each of these states equals or surpasses it in population, and is, in the long run at least, as capable of absorbing and rewarding emigration. Consequently, there is a constant alternation of movement across its frontiers. If we were to plant a hundred thousand English in Ontario, and wages were but a little higher, land a little cheaper, or trade a little brisker in Michigan and Wisconsin, the whole hundred thousand would evaporate in that direction before our amateur founders of empires had ceased congratulating themselves on the success of their experiment. If, on the other hand, Ontario possessed for any reasonable space of time economical advantages above the adjacent states (as it now possesses that of lighter taxation), population from these states would throng in at once to fill up the craving void, and leave, at all events, only a share of room for our ship-loads of competing British. For to suppose that either Americans or British, to any serious amount, choose to abide under one flag more than another from patriotic

(1) I might add that Lower Canada has become a region sending out emigrants instead of receiving them. I have seen it printed that 80,000 of the original French race left it for the States last year; but this must surely be a large over-statement.

motives and to their pecuniary loss, is to read the lessons of history by the light of what I must term sentimentalism.

I proceed to consider a less ungrateful and more practical subject—the bearing of the present movement in favour of a closer connection between Great Britain and her colonies on the circumstances of Australia. She forms, in truth, the only division of our empire respecting which the question at issue is of any considerable importance. By Australia, I mean for the present the four great conterminous continental colonies, New South Wales, Queensland, Victoria, South Australia; and their insular neighbour, Tasmania. These provinces now contain about a million and a half of inhabitants; their public revenue, land included, reaches nearly eight millions sterling; their exports, in 1867, amounted to £28,000,000. These statistical details are necessary in order to indicate the extent of the problem with which we have to deal.

Is the maintenance of their connection with us—either as theoretically dependent, as at present, or federated with us, as some would prefer—of any real value? Do they add to our wealth, or our real power, or our “prestige” in the world, more than they would if they were absolutely independent? I put the question because it is necessary to have it clearly in view before proceeding further. But, for the sake of my argument, I must assume the affirmative. And that affirmative expresses my own deep conviction. I strongly believe in their value to us. I will not repeat the often discussed reasons on which I take my stand. But I will add one, to which recent years have given great importance. This is, the enormous extension of our trade, our influence, our empire in almost all but in name, over the eastern coasts of Asia, and the vast archipelago which lies between them and Australia. It is difficult to exaggerate the scale of magnitude at which our relations in that quarter may arrive, or the part which Australia may have to play in connection with them.

These several communities are already democratic republics, in all things save their slight connection with the Crown of England. Parliament is in theory supreme there as much as here; but, in practice, Parliament has ceased to meddle with them. The Governor, sent from home, has a veto on the passing of colonial laws, and the Queen's Government can disallow them when passed. But, according to the now recognised principles of colonial administration, neither power is to be carried into exercise unless in extreme cases affecting the empire in general, such as it is more easy to suggest than to define. It must be remembered that these self-governing states are entirely independent of each other. It is to my mind not easily explicable that this should be the case. It would be easy to show how much of substantial advantage would be derived from their

adoption of a scheme of federation, independently of the satisfaction which it would afford to ambitious and far-reaching views. It is a singular illustration of the casualties to which human affairs are subject, that the North American provinces, which, from commercial and geographical causes, could not possibly derive any economical benefit from federation, have been thus united to meet a mere emergency of local politics, while those of Australia, which have demonstrably so much to gain by union, have never taken a step towards achieving it, because (apparently) it would not suit the individual views of the several local governments.

As regards those thorny questions concerning the duty and cost of military defence, which have occasioned so much of discussion and ill-feeling elsewhere, the relations between Great Britain and Australia are of the happiest order of simplicity. It has no warlike natives; consequently, no disputes as to who is responsible for keeping them in order and repressing their outbreaks. The few troops it requires are readily furnished by us and paid for by the colonists at an established rate of contribution. More intricate problems might possibly arise as to the cost of naval defence, in the event of a general maritime war; but as no such contingency has occurred since these settlements were in their infancy, those difficulties sleep as yet in the womb of the future.

Under these circumstances, what are we to conclude respecting the disposition of our Australian fellow-subjects towards ourselves, and towards the continuance of political connection with us? Much has been said and written on these subjects with very little knowledge; inasmuch as men's real opinions on matters such as these are not elicited, and do not come to the surface, until some emergency arises which renders the expression of them necessary. Vague oratorical declamation, and the still looser utterances of journalism, go for nothing until they relate to some pending and engrossing question. But, judging from such slight evidence as we have, we may probably conjecture as follows:—There exists in Australia, as in this country, a considerable divergence of theoretical opinion as to the relative advantages of connection and of independence. But when we pass from theories to feelings, we find these very strongly enlisted in our favour. Loyalty amounts almost to a passion; we must admit that it is a loyalty as yet untried by anything like self-devotion or sacrifice; but it is, at all events, a very genuine feeling, whether it be a deep one or no. Add to loyalty the pride of a common empire, and the kindly emotions of common race, and we have ranged on our side a mass of sound and disinterested sentiment, which it would not be easy to overrate.

But side by side with this natural symptom there is another, quite as general, and probably much more profound; a strong, inveterate,

and, I must say, somewhat jealous and bitter dislike to home interference in Colonial affairs. We, on this side of the water, know full well how little temptation we feel towards the exercise of such interference. Our statesmen, long taught by the unscrupulous manner in which every novel proceeding in colonial government, by Whig or Tory, is watched and interpreted by the "other side," shrink most timidly from exciting even a suspicion that they are inclined to it. Any one who has watched the proceedings of the Colonial Office for several years past is well aware that the department in question will take any amount of trouble, risk any amount of misconstruction at home, nay, submit to a certain share of real discredit, rather than innovate in the slightest degree from the established maxim of leaving the Australians to manage their own institutions and settle their own disputes. But the colonists (I should rather say the politicians among them, for there, as elsewhere, the thriving man of business, great or small, cares little for every-day politics) seem quite unable to get rid of the suspicion that the Home Government is always on the look-out for occasion to meddle with them. The slightest conjecture, however unfounded, of a disposition here to control, or dictate, or even advise, is sufficient to arouse an indignant manifestation of popular opinion, and to make for the time the fortune of one or two patriots at the antipodes. The latest—and not the least instructive—lesson on this chapter of colonial policy was given on the occasion of the so-called "dead-lock," three years ago, in Victoria. The two branches of the Legislature (both representative) had quarrelled. The Governor, it was alleged, showed undue partiality to the Lower, and more powerful, Chamber. The opinion of most impartial men seems to have been in favour of the Upper. It was a knot, to untie or cut which seemed to render some little interference, however mild and hesitating, a duty. The Home Government did interfere; about as vehemently as a single policeman who tries to put matters to rights between two bodies of armed rioters. The result was to ensure summary and complete victory to that which had always been the stronger side, and now became exclusively the popular one. Men might differ as to the relative rights of the two Chambers; but they were fully agreed that England had no business in the matter. And it is not likely that the precedent of peace-making will be soon repeated.

What effect, then, would the serious endeavour by Government or by any party or section of men fairly representing public opinion in England to devise means to draw the existing bond of political union between us tighter, have on its counterpart, public opinion in Australia? If the account which I have given of the present aspect of affairs there is correct, there can be no difficulty in answering the question on calculation of probabilities. But it so happens that we are

not driven to probabilities. The first tidings of the movement of those who assumed the title of the friends of the Colonies in this country, their interviews and correspondence with Lord Granville, have already reached Melbourne. The *contre coup* of the news is already making itself heard. It speaks precisely in those accents which might have been expected by observers familiar with the real state of the case. Instead of sympathy, those who have assumed the character of agents for Australia have met thus far with disapproval and repudiation. Those gentlemen represented the Australians as discontented because England, or, at all events, the Colonial Office, expressed no desire to retain them in close union. The colonists answer by declaring that in their opinion the union is still too close. Resolutions introduced into the Victorian Legislature, and articles in the leading newspapers, express the general sentiment in this direction; and no voice appears to make itself heard to the contrary. Our reformers here are not agreed themselves on any definite manner of strengthening the union; they have been feeling the pulse of the colonists, in order to induce them to suggest one. The colonists reply by suggesting a very definite manner of relaxing it.

Thus much may suffice concerning the probable temper of mind in which the subject of closer colonial union would be discussed, if any project for that purpose were seriously ventilated on this side of the world, and proposed for Australian consideration. But one of the chief difficulties connected with such discussion, in the present stage, is that the friends of the Colonies in this country seem to have, not only no programme unanimously adopted, but no proposal to make, and not even a choice of proposals for selection and decision. I can, therefore, only deal with a variety of scattered suggestions, some of which have been long debated, others have been indicated more or less timidly by individual speculators since the present controversy has arisen. Even if all these schemes could be shown, one by one, to be impracticable, there would no doubt remain the irrefutable "something ought to be done," which serves as a general reply to every particular answer. But we may, at all events, advance a step farther toward comprehension of the case, by noting the several remedies which have been proposed for the alleged evil, and the reasons against their applicability.

There are, no doubt, among ourselves, a great many who feel, though but few who avow the sentiment, that concession to the spirit of Australian independence has been carried too far already. They see no advantage to this country in a connection so slight, and maintained on terms somewhat derogatory. They do not perceive the object of maintaining Governors who, in truth, neither govern nor reign; the first substantial function belonging to the Colonial Executive, the latter to the Crown and its Ministers at home. And

they feel, unnecessarily, but not unnaturally, as if every rebuff which a Governor experiences in his uneasy dignity—uneasy, so long as he cannot be content with a simply neutral and inactive position—is a kind of affront to England. Reasoners like these might be disposed to say:—If we are about to repair the fabric at all, let it be in such a manner as will increase its durability by strengthening the tie of subjection. Leave the Australian Colonies full control over what are really their domestic affairs; but take care to keep in our own hands what are really ours. Restrict them from imposing at their pleasure duties on the produce of our industry. Let us have a voice in the construction of their tariffs. Retract, or rather modify, the extravagant present made to them of our public land, not theirs in any reasonable sense, but in mere geographical nomenclature. Let the Queensland Government dispose of the soil of what is practically Queensland; but take back from it the fee simple of the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria—in which it has no more real interest than the municipality of Odessa, if there be such a body, in the waste lands on the shores of the White Sea. Remove anomalies like these, and then we shall have the basis of some more equitable contract between the scattered members of the empire. If they are to be perpetuated, our unity is not worth maintaining.

To all this the answer is only too near the surface. "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts," as Tennyson has it; much less mortals, represented by a Government existing only on the fickle support of narrow Parliamentary majorities. We have given all away. To take it back would be unjust, even were it practicable. To get it back by bargain is impossible, because we have left ourselves no price to offer. We may try, if necessary, to reason the colonists into parting with some of their privileges and property; but such reasoning is rarely effectual. And to let Australia go, merely because we cannot indulge our sense of supremacy by managing Australia, would be to dissolve a valuable as well as honourable connection from childish feelings.

Dismissing such revolutionary ideas with this short notice, let us proceed to consider the few practical measures of unification which have been suggested in earnest.

The first is that which has been familiar to political thinkers ever since our first American dissensions a hundred years ago; that of admitting colonial representatives to the Imperial Parliament, and thus giving the colonies, severally, a share in the general government of the empire.

No plan of a great public reform has ever been more thoroughly ventilated than this has by the discussions of a century, since the time of Burke. The result of these discussions, as yet, has been to bring more and more into light the insoluble nature of the difficulties

which impede its adoption. I must, therefore, for my present purpose, regard this project, however plausible, as debated and dismissed.

Another has been more than once suggested, but has never received the attention which it appears to me to deserve. The grand peculiarity of our British constitution is, that it is unwritten. It is to be collected first from Acts of Parliament; next, from what is termed the Common Law. But this Common Law exists nowhere save in the decisions of the English tribunals. From whence it comes to pass—strange and paradoxical as the proposition may appear—that a right of declaring law, which involves making law, and thus supplementing our Acts of Parliament not at home only, but in some respects all over the world, is vested in fifteen gentlemen, styled Judges of the Superior Courts of Common Law, who are employed, at the same time, in trying small thefts, and in repressing the malpractices of discreditable attornies. But the authority of Parliament is absolute. Although numbers of inferior legislatures, in Australia as elsewhere, have been created by statute or subsist by usage, these are all entirely subordinate. As against Parliament they have no right at all,—one might almost say, no existence. No definitions, no barriers of any kind, separate matters which are of the cognizance of local legislatures from those which are of Imperial. Such is the British constitution. The American, I need only point out in a few words, is framed on principles the very reverse of these. The federal constitution declares, in a general way, what subjects are within the purview of Congress, and what of the State legislatures. In every State, the courts of justice decide, in the first instance, whether a federal or a state law exceeds the respective legislative powers of the federation or of the state; but with appeal to the Supreme Court of Justice, which consequently possesses the absolute and final right to judge between State and Federation law, and is the ultimate regulator of the institutions of the whole Republic.

There is certainly something very attractive to the speculative politician in the notion of applying a similar fundamental law to the relations between Great Britain and her greater colonies. An Act of Parliament might, once for all, declare on what subjects the colonial legislatures should legislate without being subject to Imperial control: the power of veto by the governor might, in analogy to the general rule of representative institutions, be retained, the power of disallowance by the crown abolished. And, as questions must arise whether a particular measure is, or is not, within the powers thus entrusted to the colonial body, a tribunal must be erected such as would command general respect,—either a central tribunal at home, or a tribunal with branches exercising its jurisdiction in the greater colonies,—to which all such questions should be imme-

diately referred. In this way we should obtain the nearest approximation to the vague idea so constantly expressed, but so seldom defined, of a general federation of British territories all over the world, each at once self-governed and taking a share in the general political relations of the whole. For, with the present omnipotence of Parliament waived, the several rights of the empire and its members defined, and a living tribunal constituted to maintain the definition, it would not be very difficult to add machinery for enabling each member to take a part, proportionate to its importance, in imperial administration.

The scheme no doubt commends itself by conformity to sound abstract reasoning. Nor is there any reason why it should not be fully considered, whenever a measure of this complexion is asked for, not by amateurs in England, but by the authentic voice of the colonies themselves. And it is not impossible, in the revolutions of human affairs, that it may present itself as part of a still larger project. For some generations past Parliament (or, more strictly, the House of Commons) has drawn to itself a constantly increasing share of the details of government in this country. The time may arrive when it will become absolutely necessary that it should define and limit its own functions, and profess at least to part with a portion of them to inferior powers constituted by itself. Should such a contingency ever arise while the colonies are still in our possession, an opportunity for amalgamating them in the proposed reconstruction would naturally offer itself.

But, in the first place, there is something in the plan essentially self-contradictory. If Parliament be politically omnipotent (as it is) Parliament cannot possibly abdicate its own omnipotence. No one can seriously urge, for instance, that Parliament has not legal power to repeal the Acts of Union with Scotland and Ireland. And any suggested Act of Parliament, establishing a general constitution for the colonies, resting, not on compact between two parties, but on waiving of rights by one of them—resting on concession, not on contract—would be, unavoidably, open to similar annulment by the conceding party.

This, however, may be perhaps regarded as a theoretical objection only. More to the purpose is the simple answer to the proposal (I speak now of the colonial portion of it only): It comes too late. It might have been possible to frame such a system in the earlier days of our colonial empire. Its establishment would now involve too great a change in our general institutions to be acceptable or practicable. Such a tree as this might be planted, but cannot be grafted. I cannot but agree with Mr. Hughes, in his recent article in *Macmillan*, on the "Anarchy of London," that, "if you want to do any" public work, especially of a constructive kind, "you must

recognise existing facts, and make the most of whatever is already occupying the ground on which you propose to build."

Other methods might be noticed, which have been more or less distinctly shadowed out by various reasoners, for converting the relation of very slight subjection, which now subsists, into one of more or less close federation. To all of them, however satisfactory to the imagination in themselves, I fear that the one overruling objection applies. They are impracticable. They would require the construction of a new and delicate machinery, which in all probability would break down under the first tension. And, if in themselves they had better promise of durability than in my belief is the case, we possess in truth no central authority—no architectonic power—which could in the first place create so vast a fabric, and, in the next place, maintain it. It is of no use forgetting, as we are too apt to do when we embark on these speculations, the nature of the instruments with which we work. We are not under the rule of a powerful and enlightened prince, or of a senate of our best and wisest men. Ours is a party Government—a Government resting on narrow Parliamentary majorities, enabled to maintain its authority only by sagacious concessions and timid devices, and never disposed, nor indeed able, to undertake schemes of internal revolutionary change unless under absolute pressure. Such a Government suits us well in many respects; but it is not a Government possessing the faculty or the disposition to try new principles and organise new institutions.

And one more consideration must be dwelt on for a moment, however unwelcome it may be to many of us. It is of no use for a statesman or a theorist to neglect or ignore the proclivities of his age, because he may disapprove of them. I take it that, of all the political tendencies of modern society, that of which the symptoms are most unmistakable is this: a general impatience of all the contrivances for establishing balances of our power which were so attractive to our forefathers; a general propensity to bringing the moving will, the *primum mobile* of the whole machine—that is, in English-speaking communities, the popular will—as directly as possible to bear on the thing to be done. Our old constituted checks may be wearing out, but they subsist as yet; to construct new ones would, under these tendencies, be very difficult. For a century we have been content to admire that contrivance in the constitution of the United States of which I have spoken—the authority of the Supreme Court as mediator between Federal and State claims of right—as the very balance-wheel of the machine, or as the Conservative prop of a fragile democracy. Already there are strong signs in the American political world of a disposition to curtail that authority, and to render the powers of Congress more direct in their application

and more nearly autocratic. I am afraid that to construct anything like a Supreme Court for our empire would now be an anachronism.

I turn, therefore, to plans the execution of which would involve less or no amount of organic change, which would leave the general frame of our constitution untouched, and relate only to practical reforms in the executive department. Of these, the favourite appears to be the establishment of a Council of colonial delegates or colonial agents at home, to act as assessors, or advisers, or in some way controllers of the Colonial Secretary. I speak of this plan as a popular one, meaning that it is so with those who have advocated colonial reform in this country. For it is most noticeable, and not to be forgotten, that (unless my observation has deceived me) not the slightest encouragement to any such a project has ever been given by the authorities of any colony of importance, if of any colony at all. The idea is one of wholly domestic growth.

It is certainly not very easy to apprehend the exact meaning of the suggestion of a Colonial Council.¹ Such a body seems a contradiction in terms. Colonies are separate communities, with separate every-day interests. They have no common interest as against the mother-country, except in those very rare occasions in which first principles of government come in question. To propose that the Colonial Minister shall not deal with a pressing difficulty from New Zealand unless in combination with, or, at all events, after consulting, the representatives of Canada and South Africa, Malta and Heligoland, would be absurd. It is more easy to conceive such a Council acting not in a body, but by committees, each representing a section of our scattered empire. Still more simple and practical would be the allotment to each colony of a single agent,² with whom, separately, the Secretary of State should confer on matters affecting such colony.

(1) The plan of a colonial council, to advise only, has been tried by France in the case of some of her colonies. A "Comité Consultatif" was attached to the Board of Marine and Colonies by an organic law of 1854, consisting of four members named by the Emperor, and a representative apiece from Martinique, Guadaloupe, and Reunion. I am not aware how the experiment worked, or whether it still subsists, but it was on too small a scale to serve as an analogy. Lord Grey reports, in his work on Colonial Policy, how the ministry with which he served in 1849 "considered that, upon certain colonial subjects, the ancient practice of calling upon the committee of the Privy Council for Trade and Foreign Plantations to act as a deliberative body might be usefully revived." The committee did meet on several occasions, and gave its advice on the establishment of constitutions for Australia and the Cape, and on some minor matters. But it soon fell into disuse.

(2) This idea was entertained by Sir George Lewis, among others. "It seems desirable," he says, "that a dependency should have a representative agent in the dominant country to watch over the interests of his constituencies, and serve as an organ of communication between them and the Supreme Government; and the mode of determining the functions of such an agent, so as to enable the dependency to exercise a useful influence over the Supreme Government, is a question which deserves more attention than it has received" ("On the Government of Dependencies," p. 308). But the great colonies of our day are of a very different order from the "dependencies" of thirty years ago.

But then would arise immediately the great and fundamental question, which has never been fairly faced by any projector that I know of,—Is such representative to be a powerless adviser only, or to have a veto on the proceedings of the Colonial Office? If the first, a more ingenious scheme for keeping up a chronic state of ill-feeling between mother-country and colony could hardly be devised. If the second, colonial independence would be established in all but in name.

I have read, with interest, an elaborate scheme for the construction of a "consultative or advisory" Council of this description, contained in a recent *Westminster Review*. It is ascribed by the reviewer to some high authority, but without naming him. It appears, however, that it was propounded seventeen years ago. My own reasons for considering it out of date (as applied, at all events, to the Australian colonies, which we are now considering) will sufficiently appear from what has already been said. I will only add, that one effect of this scheme would be to ensure three debates on every question affecting any colony—one in its legislature, one in the colonial council at home, one in Parliament.

And, to sum up this part of the case, it seems to me that all these schemes for admitting colonies, through agents here, into a share of the home administration of their government, are founded on an imperfect conception of the nature and extent of colonial self-government as it now exists. Every Australian colony is ruled, for the time being, by a number of gentlemen selected by some chief under the title of First Minister, out of the number of his associates who possess the confidence of the legislature. These carry on (through the Governor as intermediate agent) their business with the Colonial Secretary by correspondence. In this manner they inform him of their wishes, advise him respecting matters within his own competence, remonstrate against measures taken or apprehended by which they consider their interests liable to be injuriously affected. The Governor accompanies their correspondence with remarks of his own. If he acts on the most orthodox constitutional principles, he will confine these remarks to cases in which some Imperial interest appears to him involved, and leave his ministers to speak for themselves as to other matters. What room is there, in a system like this, for the interposition of a colonial agent at home? If he opposes the views of his constituents (that is, of the colonial cabinet for the time being), he will be simply in the way, and must be removed accordingly. If he merely urges them, he is superfluous, and will have to make unnecessary business for himself in order to earn his salary. The whole scheme—frame it in detail how you will—tends to a complication of machinery which must be either useless or inconvenient.

I think that some of those who show themselves inclined towards it are misled by the analogy of the Council of India. But that body owes its existence to quite different exigencies from those of our colonial empire, and fulfils quite different functions from such as could be assigned to any similar colonial institution. Parliament transferred twelve years ago the government of India from the Company to the Crown. The Crown succeeded to the Company's powers, which, within the limit of its organic Acts of Parliament, were absolute. The Crown thus possesses, in the last resort, all executive and legislative power for India. Parliament has indeed also created for that country a domestic legislature and executive, or rather an executive with certain legislative powers; but in strict subjection to the Crown. And, there being no kind of popular representation, this subjection is by no means nominal. The Crown can disallow, not in theory only, every legislative act, and annul every executive measure. It might, in the exercise of its extreme right, dispose of the whole Indian revenue. It does in fact dispose of all the portion of it which is expended on military and other purposes in this country. But Parliament did not think it proper that powers so great, especially those of raising and spending public money, should be exercised by the Crown through a single Minister responsible only to Parliament. It therefore gave him a permanent Council, with authority to advise him on questions of government, power to control him in questions of expenditure. It is only necessary to state the case to show how it differs in its essential features from the suggested Colonial Council, of which the object would be to interfere in the management of the affairs of self-managing communities.

The anomalous nature of such an institution as this appears to have been perceived by Mr. R. Torrens, whose proposal, conveyed to the public in the newspapers of last month, is the last which it is my purpose to consider. It is as follows:—That the relation between mother-country and colony should be made to assume a diplomatic character. The Governor should lose his constitutional power of controlling by veto the provincial legislation. He should be converted into an envoy; representing Great Britain at the local seat of government. And the colony should, on its side, depute an agent, whose character should be analogous to that of the envoy of a foreign power. All matters affecting both communities should be made the subject of conference between these two personages, and by them finally arranged, subject, of course (if I understand Mr. Torrens's view aright), to the ratification of the constituent authority on both sides. Considered by itself the scheme may have something to recommend it. But we are assured by the leaders of the new movement that the colonies

are dissatisfied with the loose and feeble character of the ties between us and them, and that their great desire is to be received into closer intercommunion with the mother-country, and the rest of the empire. This being the case, Mr. Torrens prescribes a remedy which not merely tends to precipitate separation, but which, in point of fact, assumes separation. Once treat colonies on the footing of foreign powers, and the step to absolute independence would obviously be very little more than nominal.

Such are the practical suggestions—such, and no other, as far as I am aware—which have been put forward on a subject which seems to have provoked of late so much indignant declamation. Penetrated as I am, for my own part, with the value to my own country of her connection with the young commonwealths of Australia, I should welcome with the utmost satisfaction any mode of solving the problem, how to render that connection firmer without depriving either side of some of the advantages which both enjoy under the present loose arrangement; any method of giving to the one without taking from the other. But to me that problem appears at present insoluble. Gladly would I exchange, on my country's behalf, the gratification of domineering over dependencies for that of engaging in union with federated States under one common empire, in terms of equality. But no one has shown me how this is to be done, and I cannot conceive, for my own part, how, if it were done, the new system thus called into existence would offer any greater practical benefit to either side, or any greater prospect of permanence, than the present. I believe it to be the interest of the Australians to acquiesce in the existing arrangement, which, while it gives them the greatest possible scope for the management of their domestic affairs, gives them also the assurance of peaceful development which is afforded by the protection of the chief maritime power of the world. This arrangement, no doubt, leaves them without direct participation in what are termed "imperial concerns," but exempt, at the same time, from participation in imperial burdens. And I believe that enlightened public opinion in Australia, where there is more political thought, relatively speaking, than in England, acquiesces in these views. When the Australians think otherwise, I hope they will begin by proposing to assume a share of the national debt.

But though unable to see my way to any system of closer connection by political changes, I believe there are minor measures within our reach which would tend to draw us more nearly together, and make the British citizen in either hemisphere feel himself more than he does at present the member of one common society. I cannot see, for my own part, any sufficient reason why all barriers of law and usage between us should not be broken down, so as to render the Australian no greater stranger in England, in

point of rights and of position, than the native of one English county is in another. I can see no reason why the law, enacted in one division of the empire, should not have immediate currency, so to speak, in every other. Take as an instance the law of marriage. We have allowed (if I remember rightly, encouraged) colonial legislatures to establish courts of divorce, on the model of that which subsists in England. And yet—strange to say—it is a question on which legal opinions differ, whether a divorce, pronounced in Australia, would be valid in England or not; whether, for instance, the child of a marriage contracted by a person thus divorced could inherit property in England. The marriage law of every colony of English descent should meet in English courts with the same respect, and entail the same consequences, as the marriage law of England itself. The same system of intercommunion should be applied to other judicial proceedings which I need not stop to particularise. So again, I can conceive no valid ground why the great professions should not be common to all colonies under British institutions; why a candidate admitted to a profession in one community should not be free of it in all. These may be thought comparatively small matters; but it is precisely in respect to matters like these that the sense of nationality mainly exists. And there is one more subject on which I touch with some reluctance, but which I regard as of more importance, in this point of view, than is commonly ascribed to it. Let philosophers deem of it as they may, the bestowal of public honours affords one of the noblest incentives to public virtue which the community has in its power to furnish. And the feeling of possessing such honours in common would be specially conducive to that sense of national unity which we wish to foster. We seem, in my humble judgment, to have thrown this advantage, which was within our reach, deliberately away. We have created a colonial order of knighthood, as if to give express sanction to the doctrine attributed to us by the discontented, that mother-country and colonies are not to be classed together. Every honour which the Crown can bestow should be imperial, in my opinion, and open to every subject of the Crown, in all its dominions peopled by Englishmen. And, in the next place, such honours as colonists do enjoy are only bestowed by the Crown (in self-governing colonies) on the advice of the colonial prime minister tendered through the governor. It would be difficult to suggest any contrivance calculated to make them less valuable. The prime minister in a colonial democracy is a creature of the day. He is absolute for his time, but he knows that his time is short. He is nearly exempt from those national cares and interests to which the rulers of a great country are subject; and which create titles to public honour independent of party. His highest concern is to manage well the local affairs

entrusted to his charge; his lowest, but most ordinary and most engrossing, to keep his party together and to hold his place. And it is this last purpose, I am afraid, which he will have chiefly in view in distributing such honours as he can dispose of. And the honours themselves will be valued accordingly. I speak in the future tense, because the conferring colonial honours under responsible government is as yet too novel an experiment to admit of more positive commentary. But I can entertain little doubt that the machinery must work in the way which I have anticipated.

This is, however, only part of a larger subject, on which I cannot here enter. If I were to affirm, broadly, that the established usage under which the Crown distributes honours on the advice of party leaders at home as well as in the colonies deadens the public appreciation of these chivalrous rewards, gives them an ineffaceable stain of vulgarity, demoralises patriotic impulse, tends to lower even the standard of popular respect for the Crown itself, I should doubtless be charged with gross exaggeration. But I should appeal to the judgment of such as will throw aside inveterate prepossessions, and consider the question with impartial philosophy. Were I to indulge in Utopian theories, my suggestion would be, that the prerogative of conferring honours (I do not include the peerage, which conveys political rights, but honours separate from functions) should be exercised by the Crown apart from its political advisers; that the Crown should be unrestricted in the selection; but that its recognised councillors, not controllers, in this part of its functions should be a separate body of eminent men, in whose judgment sound confidence would be placed, and above party bias.

Let us remember, in dismissing this part of our subject, that the existing system of Australian government has as yet been only on trial for twelve or fifteen years. Those years have been marked by a vast development of local prosperity. They have been years of almost uninterrupted tranquillity as regards the relations between us and our colonists. The system itself may be no very complete or refined product of political genius; but it is easily understood, easily worked, and lends itself very easily to such minor modifications as the exigencies of passing times require. It is no doubt subject, in the eyes of very many, to one great defect; it places power too exclusively in the hands of the colonial democracy: it makes that democracy (in their view) too strong as against the more conservative interest, in a colony itself too strong as against the mother-country. And I cannot but believe that many of those who express a general but undefined discontent with the system, are in reality governed by their antipathy to this its leading feature. But with such, the question must be argued on other grounds from those on which I have entered here. *Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*, is the only advice worth tendering at

present to those who are dissatisfied with the advance of popular principles of government.

I do not propose, on the present occasion, to follow "the colonial question" into its other local subdivisions. Of these the "New Zealand question" is assuredly one, notwithstanding the importance which circumstances have for the moment given it. The received notion that the mother-country is to take on itself the cost of defending a colony against foreign enemies, while the colony is to defend itself against native enemies, may serve very well as an outline principle; but (strictly speaking) we violate it when we invite a wealthy colony to contribute a share towards expenses of fortification; and we are in the habit of violating it, and shall certainly repeat the violation, whenever a colony in real straits calls on us for assistance in native wars. Whether the case of New Zealand is one which requires or does not require such exception to be made in her favour is obviously a special problem, which cannot be decided, nor the decision in the slightest way aided, by vague reasonings or vaguer oratory about rights and duties. Our colonies in South Africa present a field in which a similar difficulty may at any time arise, and possibly in larger proportions. That, again, will have to be settled, and certainly will be settled, according to the exigencies of the case, and in obedience to no fixed rules. Except in these two instances, the particular incident which we are considering—that of serious native wars in colonies taxing and governing themselves—cannot arise within the limits of our present dominions.

I began this rapid survey with the contemplation of a vast province of empire, a section of the world rather than a province, with which in the judgment of many we shall soon have to part connection. I will finish with a few hasty glances at another great field of national development—almost an empire, in all but in name—with which our connection seems as yet in its infancy. By actual possession here and there; by quasi-territorial dominion, under treaties, in other places; by great superiority in general commerce and in the carrying trade everywhere, we have acquired an immense political influence in all that division of the world which lies between India and Japan. We share that influence no doubt with rivals; but in very unequal division. France has adopted the policy of forming establishments in those quarters; but her commerce with them is as yet insignificant. American commerce there is considerable, though far behind ours; but America complains of her own deficiency in merchant shipping, and she has as yet no establishments. But there is no occasion to prove our case by comparisons. Our own interests in those Eastern seas are large enough, and multifarious enough, to require the closest attention. And the completion of the Suez Canal is only one more step in the progress of events, which is directing the full

current of European energy and capital in that direction. Now over all this section of the world our affairs are conducted, at present, without the slightest attempt at system or unity. The Government of India holds dependencies in the Malay Peninsula. The Colonial office deals with Ceylon, Singapore, Hong Kong, the coast of Borneo. The Foreign Office controls our relations with China and Japan. The Admiralty corresponds with the commanders of our naval force, who keep up the connection between all those points. These departments, as we all know, are practically independent of each other. They naturally decline, as far as they can safely do so, to make opportunities for consulting one another; not merely for the sake of saving themselves trouble, but to avoid the evils of delay, and the inconvenience of clashing opinions. Whatever embarrassment this anarchy or polyarchy has occasioned heretofore is now tenfold increased, by the substitution of rapid telegraphic communication for the older and slower method, which gave time for deliberation and mutual counsel. It seems to me that all this portion of our colonial affairs, to use that word in its most general sense, should be placed under one central management. It should be administered by one department at home; by which department is comparatively an immaterial question. One chief, whether diplomatic or colonial—whether Minister or Governor-General—should have his residence at some central spot, and should have for subordinates those who now represent the nation as Consuls in China and Japan, as governors in the scattered dependencies. His duty would be to conduct the colonial governments on uniform principles and render them mutually serviceable to each other; to direct (in obedience to home instruction) the general course of our Chinese, Japanese, and Malay policy; to stimulate and direct British industry where required, and to perform the far more difficult task of keeping within bounds the tendency towards overbearing and aggressive dealings with oriental races. To construct such a scheme of government as this, would be an appropriate task for an able and energetic minister. To administer it would tax qualities of the highest order, but qualities of which England has never experienced a deficiency, in past or in modern times, when great achievements were required for the promotion or extension of her empire.

HERMAN MERVILLE.

THE COMPLAINT OF MONNA LISA.

(*Double sestina.*)

DECAMERON, X. 7.

THERE is no woman living that draws breath
So sad as I, though all things sadden her.
There is not one upon life's weariest way
Who is weary as I am weary of all but death.
Toward whom I look as looks the sunflower
All day with all his whole soul toward the sun ;
While in the sun's sight I make moan all day,
And all night on my sleepless maiden bed
Weep and call out on death, O Love, and thee,
That thou or he would take me to the dead,
And know not what thing evil I have done
That life should lay such heavy hand on me.

Alas, Love, what is this thou wouldst with me ?
What honour shalt thou have to quench my breath,
Or what shall my heart broken profit thee ?
O Love, O great god Love, what have I done,
That thou shouldst hunger so after my death ?
My heart is harmless as my life's first day :
Seek out some false fair woman, and plague her
Till her tears even as my tears fill her bed :
I am the least flower in thy flowery way,
But till my time be come that I be dead
Let me live out my flower-time in the sun
Though my leaves shut before the sunflower.

O Love, Love, Love, the kingly sunflower !
Shall he the sun hath looked on look on me,
That live down here in shade, out of the sun,
Here living in the sorrow and shadow of death ?
Shall he that feeds his heart full of the day
Care to give mine eyes light, or my lips breath ?
Because she loves him shall my lord love her
Who is as a worm in my lord's kingly way ?
I shall not see him or know him alive or dead ;
But thou, I know thee, O Love, and pray to thee
That in brief while my brief life-days be done,
And the worm quickly make my marriage-bed.

For underground there is no sleepless bed,
 But here since I beheld my sunflower
 These eyes have slept not, seeing all night and day
 His sun-like eyes, and face fronting the sun.
 Wherefore if anywhere be any death,
 I would fain find and fold him fast to me,
 That I may sleep with the world's eldest dead,
 With her that died seven centuries since, and her
 That went last night down the night-wandering way.
 For this is sleep indeed, when labour is done,
 Without love, without dreams, and without breath,
 And without thought, O name unnamed ! of thee.

Ah, but forgetting all things, shall I thee ?
 Wilt thou not be as now about my bed
 There underground as here before the sun ?
 Shall not thy vision vex me alive and dead,
 Thy moving vision without form or breath ?
 I read long since the bitter tale of her
 Who read the tale of Launcelot on a day,
 And died, and had no quiet after death,
 But was moved ever along a weary way,
 Lost with her love in the underworld ; ah me,
 O my king, O my lordly sunflower,
 Would God to me too such a thing were done !

But if such sweet and bitter things be done,
 Then, flying from life, I shall not fly from thee.
 For in that living world without a sun
 Thy vision will lay hold upon me dead,
 And meet and mock me, and mar my peace in death.
 Yet if being wroth God had such pity on her,
 Who was a sinner and foolish in her day,
 That even in hell they twain should breathe one breath,
 Why should he not in somewise pity me ?
 So if I sleep not in my soft strait bed
 I may look up and see my sunflower
 As he the sun, in some divine strange way.

O poor my heart, well knowest thou in what way
 This sore sweet evil unto us was done.
 For on a holy and a heavy day
 I was arisen out of my still small bed
 To see the knights tilt, and one said to me
 "The king," and seeing him, somewhat stopped my breath,

And if the girl spake more, I heard not her,
For only I saw what I shall see when dead,
A kingly flower of knights, a sunflower,
That shone against the sunlight like the sun,
And like a fire, O heart, consuming thee,
The fire of love that lights the pyre of death.

Howbeit I shall not die an evil death
Who have loved in such a sad and sinless way,
That this my love, lord, was no shame to thee.
So when mine eyes are shut against the sun,
O my soul's sun, O the world's sunflower,
Thou nor no man will quite despise me dead.
And dying I pray with all my low last breath
That thy whole life may be as was that day,
That feast-day that made troth-plight death and me,
Giving the world light of thy great deeds done;
And that fair face brightening thy bridal bed,
That God be good as God hath been to her.

That all things goodly and glad remain with her,
All things that make glad life and goodly death;
That as a bee sucks from a sunflower
Honey, when summer draws delighted breath,
Her soul may drink of thy soul in like way,
And love make life a fruitful marriage-bed
Where day may bring forth fruits of joy to day
And night to night till days and nights be dead.
And as she gives light of her love to thee,
Give thou to her the old glory of days long done;
And either give some heat of light to me,
To warm me where I sleep without the sun.

O sunflower made drunken with the sun,
O knight whose lady's heart draws thine to her,
Great king, glad lover, I have a word to thee.
There is a weed lives out of the sun's way,
Hid from the heat deep in the meadow's bed,
That swoons and whitens at the wind's least breath,
A flower star-shaped, that all a summer day
Will gaze her soul out on the sunflower
For very love till twilight finds her dead.
But the great sunflower heeds not her poor death,
Knows not when all her loving life is done;
And so much knows my lord the king of me.

Aye, all day long he has no eye for me ;
With golden eye following the golden sun
From rose-coloured to purple-pillowed bed,
From birth-place to the flame-lit place of death,
From eastern end to western of his way.
So mine eye follows thee, my sunflower,
So the white star-flower turns and yearns to thee,
The sick weak weed, not well alive or dead,
Trod underfoot if any pass by her,
Pale, without colour of summer or summer breath
In the shrunk shuddering petals, that have done
No work but love, and die before the day.

But thou, to-day, to-morrow, and every day,
Be glad and great, O love whose love slays me.
Thy fervent flower made fruitful from the sun
Shall drop its golden seed in the world's way,
That all men thereof nourished shall praise thee
For grain and flower and fruit of works well done ;
Till thy shed seed, O shining sunflower,
Bring forth such growth of the world's garden-bed
As like the sun shall outlive age and death.
And yet I would thine heart had heed of her
Who loves thee alive ; but not till she be dead.
Come, love, then, quickly, and take her utmost breath.

Song, speak for me who am dumb as are the dead ;
From my sad bed of tears I send forth thee,
To fly all day from sun's birth to sun's death
Down the sun's way after the flying sun,
For love of her that gave thee wings and breath,
Ere day be done, to seek the sunflower.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ON THE FORFEITURE OF PROPERTY BY MARRIED WOMEN.

As the session of Parliament approaches, our thoughts are apt to turn from the theoretical to the practical aspect of public affairs. During the recess numerous volunteers meet in various parts of the country, write in public journals, interchange their ideas, explode many crotchets, find some that will stand the wear and tear of discussion, prepare, on all tenable views of a question, that mysterious and spiritual, but very real, power called Public Opinion, and so clear the field for action. And this, doubtless, is the great originating and determining force of modern society. The man who has carried his point through the open public arena of discussion, will surely, sooner or later, carry it through the Legislature. It may be a long time first; the Legislature is the last body to be moved; and quite rightly so, for laws ought not to be altered lightly, nor without clear proof that mischief flows from them, and that reasonable grounds exist for expecting better results from the alterations propounded. It is therefore natural that when Parliament meets we should look to see which of the subjects that occupy the national attention will be selected for actual operations, and what course the operations are likely to take.

The important subject indicated by the heading of this paper is one on which the Legislature will certainly be asked to act in the ensuing session; possibly by the Government, but if not, then by private members of Parliament. And it seems not inopportune to take a brief review of the position of the case, and to direct some observations to the only features of it which possess any novelty or are left uncovered by argument. The subject is one of those which have been agitated for many years, and has gone through the usual stages of a novel truth. It was the wildest of dreams; it was an impious and unholy attempt to loosen the sacred bonds of marriage; its promoters, when not fanatics or dreamers, were dangerous and sinister revolutionists. Then there was something in what they said; after all, there was a good deal of cruelty and hardship in the present system; after all, the law of property seemed to have very little to do with the bond of marriage; after all, the law of England was peculiar, and seemed to resemble the old barbarous codes much more closely than those adopted by civilised nations. Finally, a large number of people found out that what the advocates of a change were saying was exactly what they themselves had been thinking all along.

All honour to those who have fought the losing game till it has

become the winning one. I am not one of them. The work has been done at first by the able and persevering gentlemen who form the United Societies for the Amendment of the Law and the Promotion of Social Science, and finally by Mr. Lefevre and Mr. Russell Gurney, who have taken up the subject in Parliament. And if I recur to what I myself have previously said, it is not because there was any originality in it, but only because it was an attempt to put the controversy into a clear and compendious form, to which it may be useful for any one to refer who desires to study its merits.

The later stages of this discussion have been on this wise. In the session of 1868 Mr. Lefevre introduced into the House of Commons a measure which was referred to a Select Committee. Much evidence was taken, bearing mainly on three points:—

1. The existence of hardship under the present law.
2. The avoidance of that hardship by the richer classes through the aid of the Court of Chancery.
3. The practicability of altering the law, as tried in America.

In July 1868 the Committee reported to the effect that the law bore very hardly on all but the richer classes; and that American experience was in favour of altering it; but, for lack of time, they did not decide in what particular mode the law should be altered.

In the month of September, 1868, the Social Science Congress took place at Birmingham; and I then read a paper in which the subject was reviewed. It was then shown that the rule of law to be altered was that of the Common Law, which, speaking broadly, takes all property from the wife and gives it to the husband; that this rule had in effect been abrogated by the Court of Chancery in many cases affecting those rich enough to enjoy its protection, and that rich people were also in the universal habit of excluding its operation by the expensive machinery of private contract and the interposition of trustees. The law, therefore, is divided against itself, and one part of it must be wrong; either that part which has been established in Chancery and which affects rich people, or that rule of the Common Law which affects poor people. And it is the latter rule to which mischief is traced; against the former no charge is brought. Moreover, it is the latter rule which has prevailed in rude and barbarous societies, and has been encroached on as civilisation has advanced.¹

The objections put forward were then dealt with; most of them being of a very flimsy character and admitting of obvious specific answers. The most important was that which is founded on the

(1) This idea was worked out with great learning and force by Mr. Jessel in his speech in the House of Commons. His belief is, that the marital rights conferred by the Common Law are simply remnants of the old system of slavery, under which the women of the family were slaves to its head. Nor is it easy for anybody who will fairly weigh his proofs, to deny their cogency.

principle that the husband must, in case of dissension, determine the general course of family affairs, *e.g.*, the common residence, and perhaps the common occupations. To this it was answered, that the wife ought to have due weight in the family councils; that there are many domestic matters in which women are better judges than men; that there are many women who are wiser and stronger than their husbands; and that it is a monstrous thing to assume that the husband must always be right, and therefore to give him in all cases the power of stopping the supplies, and so starving into submission, the wife who is not convinced by his arguments nor bent by the weight of his authority. Finally it was urged, that over and above the specific answer to each objection, there was one general and conclusive answer to all, *i.e.*, the answer from experience. For that many of the United States and some of the British Colonies had been making experiments in this direction, that none of them had repented or drawn back from what they had done, but on the contrary, all that had taken more than one step, had advanced towards the complete emancipation of married women from the law of forfeiture, and that the evils, plentifully prophesied on the Western as on the Eastern seaboard of the Atlantic, had not yet made their appearance.

In the session of 1869, a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Russell Gurney, which embodied the principle contended for. It provided in effect, that married women, or at least those married subsequently to the Act, shall be as capable of holding property as single ones. The Bill was referred to a Select Committee, by whom the principle was preserved uninjured. The third reading was carried in the House of Commons by a large majority, but the measure was stopped in the House of Lords, on the ground that its provisions required further consideration.

It is not my object now to discuss the provisions of the Bill in detail. Indeed I have throughout confined myself to discussing principles. It is because there were some, though uncertain, indications in both Houses that alterations might be proposed, which, though in the form of details, would really defeat the whole measure, that I am anxious to recall attention to the previous stages of the discussion, and to add some observations on the threatened danger. And I am the more anxious to do this, because the alterations in question seem to find favour not only with those who, consenting to change merely because the advocates of change are too strong for them, really hate the Bill, and will substitute a changeling for it if they can, but with some who are sincerely convinced of the evils of the present system, and wish to see a remedy applied to them. Neither do I propose to amplify or add to the arguments contained in the Birmingham paper. It is there stated that I had not the

advantage of seeing any detailed or methodical statement of the objections to altering the law. Neither have I now; and I may fairly assume in so contentious a matter, that arguments asked for but not yet adduced do not exist; and that those which have been adduced for the change, and have not been answered, are unanswerable. I wish now to address myself solely to the suggestions, that the necessities of the case will be met by extending the remedies of wives under the Divorce Act, and that it would be for their advantage to tie up their property for themselves and their children.

At the present time, if a wife is deserted by her husband she may apply to a magistrate, who may grant her an order of protection, the effect of which, to use popular language, is to place her as regards ownership of property in the position of a single woman. It is suggested that these powers of magistrates might be largely extended, so largely in fact as to give to wives all the protection they need. I have never seen any statement of the mode in which it is proposed to do this, and I shall be surprised if any can be put into definite words and not forthwith break down by its own weakness. But the proposal is so faulty in principle, that on principle it ought to be decided, and we ought never to arrive at the stage of discussing specific provisions for this purpose. In the first place I would ask, for what reason is a change desirable at all, and then would ask whether that reason is satisfied by facilitating protection orders?

It must be remembered that I am addressing myself to those who are convinced that, for some reason or other, probably one or more of those contained in the Birmingham paper, a change is necessary. Is it on account of the abstract justice of the case? Then what justice is there in providing that a husband's property shall be secured to him by the simple operation of the law without any misconduct on the wife's part, but that a wife's shall be taken away from her unless her husband ill-treats her and she has the courage to embark in a litigation and the luck to emerge successfully from it?

Is it because good laws ought to harmonise with the arrangements which people make for themselves when they have knowledge and power enough to act for themselves? Then follow those arrangements, so far as they are applicable to the subject matter you are handling, and make the property of wives theirs by direct right, and not merely on condition that a magistrate thinks they have suffered ill-treatment enough to claim it back from their husbands.

Is it because there ought not to be two contradictory laws—one for the rich and one for the poor? Why, such a measure would make the contradiction more sharply defined, more glaring than ever. I would ask any advocate of such a measure, Would you be content to mete it out to your own daughter? If she marries, will you consent to abstain from securing to her any property of her own,

in consideration of her getting more favourable opportunities of appearing in a police office?

Is it on account of the lessons afforded by Transatlantic experience? Then that experience teaches us to make married women owners of property, not to give them greater facilities of prosecuting quarrels with their husbands.

Is it because you are convinced that giving one consort's property to the other is no proper part of the contract of marriage—is only the remnant of an old barbarous law and is not necessary to preserve harmony or due subordination in families? Then such a gift should not be made by the law at all, and its existence should not depend on the chance of the parties remaining in more or less friendly relations with one another.

Or is it simply because you are struck with remorse at hearing evidence of the shocking cruelties which spring from the present law? Then look at the evidence again, and you will find that many even of the evils brought to light are such as it is most difficult to remedy through a court of justice. And depend upon it that where, in a delicate and painful matter, so much comes to light, much more remains in darkness, and that for one case that could be reached by the action of a magistrate, scores, or even hundreds, would be reached by a simple change of the principle of law. Those who contend that the principle of the law is not bad are bound to give some satisfactory explanation of the phænomena, to tell us why sufferings are so frequent among those who remain subject to it, and why all who can escape from it, do so. No such explanation has ever been attempted. The principle then *is* bad. The particular cases that appear are only the symptoms. But it is childish to treat the symptoms separately while the cause remains untouched. It is about as wise as to let your child go on with an unwholesome diet, but to make it very easy for him to see the doctor as each fit of sickness occurs.

I now pass to the other suggestion—viz., to protect wives by taking away their property from them, and putting it into settlement. This is a much more serious affair. To reduce the measure to a system of protection orders would probably be nothing worse than to reduce it to a nullity. Indeed, in that shape it might do a small quantity of good. But if turned into a system of settlements, it would indeed be a serious aggravation of existing mischief. Here again I do not understand (for it has never been explained), what machinery is contemplated, nor whether it is proposed to make a universal settlement by Act of Parliament, or only to seize and settle property in those cases in which a protection order has been obtained. The only difference between the two cases would be that in the latter the Act would have little scope, and therefore would do comparatively little harm.

The plan, doubtless, is suggested by the course usually taken in marriage settlements, and would naturally be one of the first things to occur to lawyers more familiar with such arrangements than with the short and simple annals of the poor. I will not here discuss the policy of the ordinary marriage settlement for the rich. I do not admire it, but it is not necessary for the argument to take so wide a range. It is sufficient to say, that for one rich person affected by the measure there will be a thousand poor; that it is, in fact, a measure for the poorer classes of society; that it will leave the power of settlement by private contract unaffected for those who choose it; that the poorer classes do not choose it; and that to force it on them would be a great hardship.

How are such settlements to work? In what custody is the fund to be placed? Is the settlement to embrace earnings? And if not earnings, then savings from earnings? Are the children to have a right of calling their mother to account to show what she has laid by, or what she has received by gift from others, or by succession? Whom will you get to act as trustees?

All these questions must be answered before the proposal can float. The only answer I have heard to any of them is a suggestion by some gentleman that municipal corporations might act as trustees—a suggestion which can do little more than provoke a smile. Yet without machinery the plan must break down.

Supposing, however, it could be carried into effect—every little gift, legacy, or windfall, would have somehow to be put into settlement, unless we place a limit of value below which nothing should be settled. Such a limit would hardly be placed above say £200, even that would exclude the vast majority of cases. But who has watched the course of settlements of even much larger sums, say £2,000, without observing the enormous proportion which the expense bears to the sum settled, and the continual efforts that are made now to get a little more interest, and now to encroach on the capital? Those efforts represent the uneasiness of the parties affected by the settlements. The sum falling under such an Act as this would in few cases exceed £300 or £400. And sums of that or of much larger amount are far more beneficially applied when left free to be used for the exigencies of the family, than when tied up, and made available only by way of income. Rich people may afford to put by a sum of money, and say that there it shall lie for a term of years. The poor cannot; the possession of a little capital often makes to them the whole difference between getting a start in life and losing it, between moderate success and total failure; they have no margin, and no friends to fall back on for the critical occasions when money is necessary.

Besides and beyond the crippling effect of tying up money comes

the demoralising effect of expectations. They are peculiarly noxious to the poor and ignorant, who always exaggerate them, often relax their exertions on account of them, and not seldom discount them. When Eutrapelus wished to ruin a man he gave him fine clothes. If I wished to throw sore temptation in the way of a humble family, I would put a couple of hundred pounds in strict settlement for them.

But if settlements are such good things why not extend them to men?

When women ask that marriage may not operate as a forfeiture of their property, they are to be told that it must be kept for their children. It is difficult to see why the same principle should not be applied to men when they marry. If the arrangement is based on the good of the children, it must be the same to them from whichever parent the money comes. If based on the good of the wife, is it not rather wiser to let her be the judge, whether it is for her good or not? The argument must come ultimately to this—that women when they marry are such poor weak creatures that they cannot be trusted to deal with their own money; they cannot judge whether to keep it or spend it; whether to bestow it on their husbands or themselves, or their children, or elsewhere; therefore, the law shall step in, assume in every case that a woman ought to settle money on herself and her children, and make that arrangement for her.

To this I answer.—First, the weakness is assumed without proof, or without better proof than some coarse dictum of Lord Thurlow's. Women know how to hold their own where they are accustomed to act. Give them legal rights, and wait to see whether or no they will use them. Secondly, that the circumstances and needs of people vary infinitely, and to apply one Procrustean rule of law to all will produce, first misery, and then revolt against the law. Thirdly, that the proposed legal assumption of what it is right for a woman to do with a small sum of money is so unwise that the weakest woman commanded by the most tyrannical husband could not do worse with it. Fourthly, that it is somewhat hard measure for those who come complaining of their unprotected state to be told that they are quite right, but that they want a great deal more protection than they ask for, and shall for the future be protected not only against their husbands, but against themselves.

I will only now add that for myself I would sooner see no measure at all carried than one establishing a system of settlements; and I believe the gentlemen who have given years of labour to the ripening of opinion for the reception of Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill are of the same opinion.

ARTHUR HOBHOUSE.

JANE AUSTEN.

WE are often told at the present day that our grandfathers and grandmothers in their youth had a less uniform and monotonous existence than their degenerate posterity; that life was more full of both character and incident than it is at present; that idiosyncracies of all kinds, personal, professional, or provincial, were more strongly marked; and that among our progenitors, consequently, though much less laborious than ourselves, we find no complaints of that insipidity and sameness which are, rightly or wrongly, imputed to contemporary society. No doubt the life of England eighty years ago was rougher than it is now; and in some respects, therefore, more exciting. Doubtless, also, to us looking back upon it, mellowed and moss-grown with the lapse of time, it seems more picturesque than the present. And so far it may be a more proper period than our own in which to lay the scene of a romance. But it may be doubted, after all, whether the real actors in the life of that generation were as conscious of their own advantages as the complaint against our own times assumes them to have been. All that part of life which was rougher and more stirring than our own, lay outside of their ordinary daily experience; and it was all external and outdoor life. Posting, coaching, or riding were, let us grant, more interesting modes of travelling than our own, though any one of them could be tedious enough under circumstances of no rare occurrence; but they did not affect the ordinary routine of domestic life. The very same circumstances which lent all its charms to the "road," kept down the number of those who were able to enjoy them. People then remained at home to an extent that would now be unendurable. So that, on the whole, we cannot avoid a shrewd suspicion that life in those days, if less insipid than in these for the higher aristocracy, was more dull for the rest of the community; that long stretches of unbroken monotony, days of worsted work and nights of satin stitch, were more common, and that if a young lady of 1870 were to find herself transferred to a country personage of 1790, she would consider herself to be buried alive.

This conjecture, which is *a priori* not improbable, is strengthened by the perusal of Miss Austen's novels; and it is part of her genius that, without ever travelling out of the same dull circles of society, she has been able to construct for us tales of such enduring interest. It is still further strengthened by the contents of her biography, which presents us with a life not only entirely devoid of all the exciting incidents that might happen at the present day, but passed in

a contracted sphere, with limited opportunities of observation, among common-place people, who knew little variety even in their amusements. The very narrowness of her range enabled her to concentrate her intellectual vision upon the few types of character which she did meet, with an intensity for which no more extensive experience could have compensated, had it lessened this peculiar power. These are the differential qualities of Miss Austen's novels—a series of characters which, for the knowledge of human nature and the delicacy of finish displayed in them, have been compared perhaps rashly to Shakspeare's, unfolded through a series of events which are almost as uninteresting as the Citizen's Journal in the *Spectator*. This is a wonderful triumph of art. Yet it is equally clear that excellence of this kind is no passport to extensive popularity. On the whole, Jane Austen has probably been as much admired as in the nature of things it was possible she should be. Lord Macaulay and Archbishop Whately have done for her reputation all that the most influential criticism can accomplish. And all we can expect is, that the recent biography will stimulate attention to her writings among those who admire them already, without communicating it to the general mass of novel readers.

Miss Austen was the daughter of a country clergyman, who was rector of Steventon in Hampshire from 1764 to 1801. Her mother was a Miss Leigh, likewise the daughter of a clergyman, and a connection of the Leighs of Stoneleigh. On the father's side, too, the family is said to have been gentle, though in the beginning of the seventeenth century its representatives were Kentish clothiers. At all events, it had good and opulent connections, and through these Mr. Austen obtained his preferment. His daughter Jane was born at Steventon on the 16th of December, 1775; and here she lived till the year 1800, when Mr. Austen, finding himself too infirm for duty, resigned his living to his son. The family retired to Bath, but only for a short time. After her father's death, they lived a little while at Southampton, but finally settled down again in the country at Chancton, a Hampshire village about a mile from the town of Alton. "While Jane was at Bath and Southampton," says her biographer, "she was a sojourner in a strange land;" here "she found a real home among her own people." But it is evident that, during her stay at Bath, she was watching the life of the place with a curious and observing eye, which enabled her afterwards to reproduce it with so much effect in "Persuasion" and "Northanger Abbey." Still her main sources of inspiration lay round Steventon and Chancton, among the beneficed clergy and the county families, which constituted the society of the neighbourhood. At Steventon her aunt's family lived quite in the style of the clerical squire. The living was a family living. The patron owned the whole parish; and as he never resided there, his place in the eyes of the

village was filled by the rector. Mrs. Austen had her carriage and pair. The sons shot over the manor. Dinner-parties were exchanged with the best society in the neighbourhood. And though, as Mr. Leigh points out, carriages did not then imply so high a scale of honour as they do now, still it is clear that, on the whole, the Austens were in a thoroughly good county position; and that the Bertrams, the Tilneys, and the Dashwoods, with which she was to charm the world, were the result of her personal experience. That sombre and opulent and respectable society, rich and dark like a twelfth cake, is no longer exactly what it was. But it still exists in a tolerable state of preservation, sufficient to enable any reader who was mixed in it to reproduce for himself, without any great stretch of the imaginative faculty, the drawing-room at Mansfield Park.

It was during her residence at Chanceton, that is, between the years 1809 and 1817, that all her novels were published. But she had written three of them—namely, “*Pride and Prejudice*,” “*Northanger Abbey*,” and “*Sense and Sensibility*,” before leaving Steventon—that is, before she was five-and-twenty. The first of these, offered to a London publisher, was declined by return of post. The second was sold to a bookseller at Bath for ten pounds, who, like poor Goldsmith with the “*Vicar of Wakefield*,” kept it by him some years without venturing to publish it, and ultimately, on receipt of his purchase-money, returned it to the lady’s brother, who had the pleasure of informing him that the rejected work was by the authoress of “*Pride and Prejudice*.” The chronological order of her works was as follows: “*Sense and Sensibility*,” published in 1811, “*Pride and Prejudice*” in 1813, “*Mansfield Park*” in 1814, and “*Emma*” in 1816. “*Persuasion*” and “*Northanger Abbey*,” but lately recovered from the undiscerning bibliopole, appeared after her death. This event took place in 1817, at Winchester, where she had gone for medical advice; but her nephew does not tell us to what kind of disease we are to attribute her premature decay. She had not yet completed her forty-second year when the grave closed over her; a singular exception to her three celebrated contemporaries, Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Mitford, who all attained extreme longevity.

In person Miss Austen must have been at least pretty; she was brown-haired, blue-eyed, and slightly above the average height. She may be said with literal truth to have passed through life “in maiden meditation, fancy free,” though she was probably not permitted to escape the importunity of lovers. We can imagine her sometimes to have undergone much what Emma Woodhouse experienced from the attentions of Mr. Elton, when that reverend gentleman had taken just enough wine to embolden without confusing him. But whatever her acquaintance with the tender passion, it is clear that she was the

idol of a large family circle. "Aunt Jane" was the universal resource and referee in all domestic matters. She counselled the improvident, nursed the invalid, sympathised with the lovers, and told fairy tales to the children, like a second Scheherazade. She was evidently a cheerful, good-natured, contented young woman, satisfied with life as she found it, exempt from its depressing cares, and unconscious of its deeper problems. The placidity of her temper, the soundness of her mind, and her total freedom from egotism, are shown by the fact that she wrote all her novels at a little desk in the common sitting-room of the family, exposed to constant interruption, yet never for a moment ruffled, or leading any one to suspect that she was occupied with business of importance. It is indeed not improbable that she was rewarded for her self-possession by finding that many of her morning visitors were qualified to serve as models; and that, while she seemed to be listening with ready politeness to the gossip of some village bore, she was quietly taking his likeness, and forming in her own mind a Mr. Collins or a Miss Bates. In her habits and tastes she was simple, quiet, and unobtrusive. Her neat-handedness was proverbial. She was a mistress of needlework; unrivalled at "spilikins" and cup and ball; and celebrated for her nicety in the folding and sealing of letters. Consistently with these traits, she seems to have led an indoor and rather hot-house kind of existence. We see no traces in her books, and none are supplied by the biographer, of that love of nature, and of outdoor exercise, that fondness for flowers, birds, dogs, and all kinds of domestic pets, which distinguished Miss Mitford. Aunt Jane, we should think, was one of those ladies who took a constitutional every day round the garden, wearing pattens when the ground was damp; who liked dogs very well in their places, as if any place could be too good for them; and thought a nicely set-out tea-table, with a clean hearth and a clear fire, worth all the scenery in Hampshire. In all her novels we can recall only a single passage which betrays any of that sympathy with the varying moods of nature, so abundant in the younger authoress, and which modern poetry has recently revived among us: Anne Elliot, we think it is, in "Persuasion," who is sorry to leave the country in autumn because of the "pleasing sadness" with which that season of the year affects her.

No doubt Miss Austen belongs essentially to the eighteenth-century school of literature. There is little we should now call romance in any one of her five novels. They are good genteel-comedies. They play over the surface of life, and represent its phenomena with the most finished elegance. But they do not stir the deeper passions, or more tumultuous emotions of our nature. We should question if a single page that Miss Austen has written has ever moistened the eyelid of the most impressionable man, woman, or child who has lived since she first began to write. On the other hand, the quiet fun,

the inexhaustible sly humour, the cheerful healthy tone, the exquisite purity, and the genuine goodness which are reflected in every line she wrote, carry us down the sluggish stream of her stories without either weariness or excitement, and with a constant sense of being amused, refreshed, and benefited. In these respects she has been compared to Addison. And we think the comparison a just one. If the reader will refer to Mr. Thackeray's essay upon Addison in his "Humorists of the Eighteenth Century," he will get, in our opinion, all due allowance being made for the difference of sex, age, and circumstances, no bad idea of Miss Austen. Many of her characters, too, are but country-bred editions of the flirts, and prudes, the "pretty men," and the conceited prigs who pass before the Silent Gentleman. The social circle from which her characters are taken has already been described. She never sought to go beyond it, neither peer nor peasant ever figures among her select *dramatis personæ*. In this particular excellence but one English novelist is her rival; and, of course, the resemblance between Miss Austen and George Eliot has been the theme of every critic who has lately written upon the subject. But it has not been sufficiently observed that the common-place people whom George Eliot turns into characters, are not common-place in quite the same sense as Miss Austen's. They may be equally so absolutely, but they are not relatively. A Mr. Bennet, a Mr. Woodhouse, a Mrs. Norris, or a Mrs. Allen, a Catharine Morland, an Eleanor Dashwood, are characters, not only common enough in themselves, but common to the experience of all educated people. A Mrs. Poyser, a Mrs. Pullet or Mrs. Tulliver, a Mr. Macey, or Dolly Winthrop, are not. In making use of such characters as these George Eliot has all the advantage which the odd has over the familiar; the grotesque over the simple. Whether farmers, and peasants, and their wives would appreciate these characters, as we ourselves appreciate them, is a question that can never be solved. If they were sufficiently educated to appreciate such literature at all, the likeness would be lost, and the condition of the experiment be cancelled. If we allow that George Eliot is entitled to the benefit of the doubt, we must allow equally that in Miss Austen's case there is no doubt about the matter. And the conclusion is that the interest which an educated public feels in the Poyser, the Pullets, and the Maceys, is not proved to be the result of such high art as that which he feels in the Bertrams, the Bennets, and the Allens.

George Eliot can afford to make this concession to a sister novelist. Of all the ladies whose genius has enriched the highest fiction she is confessedly the first. In depth of feeling, in breadth of sympathy, and strength of imagination, she is as superior to Miss Austen as poetry is superior to prose. But the prose has merits of its own. And if Miss Austen's "two inches of ivory" sometimes show a

delicacy of touch which her great successor has not beaten, why should we grudge her the acknowledgment? To refuse her due, if it be her due, is no compliment to George Eliot, who has a thousand other claims upon our homage.

It was a necessity of Miss Austen's method that her plots should be less interesting than her persons. In fact, of the plot regular, with a mystery, an explosion, and a reconciliation, she presents no specimen; and our curiosity, we must own, is but faintly stimulated by the doubts and fears which beset her heroes and heroines *en route* for the altar. And it is a most remarkable circumstance that there is no other interest in her novels but what arises out of a passion to which she was herself a stranger. So many young men and so many young ladies stand up in couples as if they were going to dance a quadrille, and the various entanglements which await them form the whole action of the piece. Now one goes wrong, and now another, sometimes with serious, but oftener with comic, consequences. A few dresses are torn, and once a lady has a fall. But there are no bad hearts, and all winds up comfortably with the usual refreshments. Crime, calamity, and anguish enter not this placid sphere. Tragedy is not allowed to show even the tip of her buskin. Poverty and disgrace are hinted at, but, like murder, are excluded from the stage. In three words, the story is redolent always of the quiet respectability, the prosperous dulness, and the ignorance of passion which encircled Miss Austen's existence, and narrowed the range of her experience. But as soon as her personages begin to talk and unfold their own characters to our gaze, we cease to care how they act, how they are situated, or what is in store for them. The exhibition of human nature, unadulterated by sensational incidents, is the purest of treats. And that is what she gives to perfection.

To those critics who would ask us what moral purpose Miss Austen proposed to herself in these delineations of common-place society, it is perhaps enough to reply that every picture of human life, however trite or conventional, must have a moral of its own if we have only eyes to see it. Without plunging into any such profound question as the ethics of art in general, we may affirm that nearly all Miss Austen's novels have a very plain moral, and one that admits of easy application. All of them have a family likeness, and a general tendency to bring out into prominent relief the peril of being guided by appearances. The danger to which a young lady is exposed by imagining too readily that a polite gentleman is in love with her; and the danger to which a young gentleman is exposed by imagining too readily that a good-natured girl is in love with him; the misunderstandings that arise from careless conversation, from exaggerated reserve, from overrated pretensions, from all the little mistakes which create the common embarrassments of ordinary society; these are the minor mischiefs which her pen is devoted to

setting in their proper light, and no man or woman turned forty will deny that such work may be of great utility, or that anybody who chooses to read her novels with a view to practical instruction may learn a great deal from them. Our space will not allow us to illustrate these remarks by examples. But we refer our readers more particularly to "Emma" and "Persuasion" in confirmation of the truth of them.

We have yet to mention two of Miss Austen's most characteristic excellencies—her dialogue and her style. In regard to the former we must of course remember what a vast change in this respect has passed over society since she wrote. For all that, the dialogues in Miss Austen's novels strike us as much more natural than the dialogues in Richardson's, upon whom she had apparently endeavoured to form her own. But her genius was too strong for her. She wrote, moreover, only upon those scenes of life with which she was perfectly familiar; whereas Richardson was in total ignorance of the habits and conversation of that society which it was his ambition to describe. There is something very quaint about the conversations in Miss Austen's novels, but we cannot help feeling certain that it was exactly what people of that class in those days would have said. When Anne Elliott, a young lady of the period, advises Captain Bennick, a young officer in the navy, who is given to quoting Byron, to go through a course of our best English moralists, she does so in perfect good faith, and without a suspicion of wrong. But how charming is the art that can make us accept this as the perfectly natural thing for her to have said on the occasion. The conversation between Henry Tilney and Catherine Morland, on the first night of their meeting in the Bath ball-rooms, is another instance of the same kind, though not so striking perhaps at the first. There is, of course, always a difficulty in placing one's self entirely *en rapport* with any writer who describes the living manners of his or her own age, which is at a long distance from his own. Do what we can, we feel solitary in their company. When we read a writer of our own day who describes the manner of a hundred years ago, we feel that we have a companion in our enjoyment. That cannot be felt by any one who reads Miss Austen.

Her style deserves the highest commendation. It has all the form and finish of the eighteenth century, without being in the least degree stilted or unnatural. It has all the tone of good society without being in the least degree insipid. For a specimen of crisp, rich English, combining all the vigour of the masculine with all the delicacy of the feminine style, we suggest the opening chapter of "Northanger Abbey" as a model for any young lady writer of the present age.

T. E. KEBBEL.

THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

PART II. (*concluded*).—TOTEM GODS AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

7. *The Dove*.—The Dove, or Pigeon, is figured on coins in the “*Numismata Spanhemii*,”¹ of Eryx in Sicilia (where we shall see it was worshipped). Mr. Sim states that it is figured on the coins of Scione in Macedonia; Halonnesus, island of Thessalia; Cassope in Epirus; Leucas in Acarnania; Seriphus and Siphnus, islands in the Ægean Sea; Antioch in Caria; Side in Pamphylia; and on uncertain coins of Cilicia, all of date B.C. It is a question whether the Pleiades derived their name from the doves direct, *πελειάδες*, the virgin companions of Artemis, who with their mother Pleione, when pursued by Orion in Bœotia, were rescued, changed into doves, and put in the heavens; or from the word *πλεῖν*, to sail, the most favourable season for setting sail being supposed to be the time of the heliacal rising of these stars. But there is no doubt that omens were taken from doves at the setting out on a voyage, and that the two accounts are reconciled by a third, namely, that these stars came to be called doves from the coincidence of their rising and the seasons esteemed most favourable for taking such auguries, and for setting sail. It is unnecessary, however, to found on the doves being a constellation; as, whether they were or not, there is abundant evidence that the dove was a deity. The cultus is treated of at some length in Selden’s “*De Diis Syris*,”² and at great length in Bryant’s work, the dove being very important to the Arkite scheme of that writer.³

It seems to be agreed that *Iön*, *Iönah*, and *Iönas*, were names of the dove, whence came the Greek *Oinas*, whence again were derived many terms related to augury and prophecy. That there were persons called *πελειάδες*, or doves, in various places, is also agreed upon. They were said to have been the most ancient prophetesses at Dodona, and also at Thebes; and indeed the oracles at Dodona and in Libya were founded by two doves that came from Thebes. Herodotus’ account of these black pigeons that flew from Egypt, and settled the one at Dodona and the other in Libya, is familiar. He states that, according to the priestesses of Dodona, the pigeon that arrived there spoke from a beech tree in a human voice, directing a temple to be founded to Zeus; but that the priests of Thebes, on the other hand, assigned the founding of Dodona to one of two of their sacred women who had been carried off by Phœnicians. These women were called *doves*, as

(1) Tom. i. p. 168.

(2) Ed. Lipsius, 1672; *Syntagma* ii. cap. 3. De Dagone.

(3) L. c. vol. ii. 281 *et seq.*

being ministers (says Bryant) to the dove-god. It is thus he explains the several narratives of women being, like the daughters of Anius, turned into doves. They became priestesses. It seems certain that in some temples the deity had no representation but the dove. He was *in the shape* of that bird. Athenæus states that Zeus was changed into a pigeon, and Bryant says this notion prevailed in Achaia, and particularly at Ægium.

It was not merely Zeus, however, to whom doves were "ministers." They were sacred to Venus. "Ejusdem Deæ quemadmodum ministræ habitæ fuerint, docet optimè historia illa de Columbibus circa Erycem Montem in Sicilia volitantibus et diebus quas, ἀναγνώρας καὶ καταγνώρας, nominabant incolæ."¹ A dove, also, was the sole emblem of Semiramis, who was worshipped as a deity. Selden quotes Johannes Drusius as follows:—"Samaritanus circumcidit in nomine imaginis Columbam referentis, quam inventam in vertice Montis Garizim certo quodam ritu colunt;" and says, "Aliam quam Semiramidis figuram heic non intelligo; cujus etiam nomen Syris seu Babylonii *Columbam Montanam* denotare volunt nonnulli." The legend was that, on her death, Semiramis was changed into a dove, and under that form got divine honours; but Bryant, we think, is right in maintaining that she never existed, and that her title Samarim, or Semiramis, was a stock name. He says that it belonged to the Babylonians, and to all others as well who acknowledged Semiramis, the dove, and took it as their national insigne, *i. e.* Totem. That the Babylonians did this, seems to be well made out. One of the gates of their city, Herodotus mentions, had the dove on it, and was called Semiramis. The Babylonians according to Bryant (and Selden vouches that many have taken that view) were also called Iōnim, or children of the dove; and their city Iōnah, the dove being the national ensign, and depicted on the military standard.

"Hence," says Bryant, "the prophet Jeremiah, speaking of the land of Israel being laid waste by the Babylonians, mentions the latter by the name of Iōnah, which passage is rendered in the Vulgate, *facta est terra eorum in desolationem a facie iræ Columbæ*. In another place the prophet foretells that the Jews should take advantage of the invasion of Babylonia, and retire to their own land, and he puts these words into the mouths of the people at that season:—"Arm, and let us go again to our own people, and to the land of our nativity, from the oppressing sword." But the word *sword* here is Iōnah, and [the passage] signifies *from the oppression of the Dove*—the tyranny of the Iōnim. It is accordingly rendered in the Vulgate *a facie gladii Columbæ*. The like occurs in the 50th chapter of the same prophet."²

Worshippers of the dove—originally the dove was an arkite symbol, says Bryant, but it came to be regarded with idolatrous veneration—existed in Chaldea, among other districts in Babylonia. The Samari-

(1) Selden, l. c. p. 274. This temple of Venus at Eryx was celebrated.

(2) L. c. vol. ii. p. 299 ff.

tans worshipped it, as the Jews alleged, and had a representation of it in Mount Garizim, already noticed in a passage cited from Selden. The Assyrians worshipped it; *Δὲ καὶ τοὺς Ἀσσυρίους τὴν περισσότερὰν τιμὴν ὡς θεὸν*, says Diodorus,¹ on which passage Bryant remarks, "It was, we find, worshipped as a deity." The worship prevailed in Syria, about Emesa and Hierapolis, and "there were Samarim in those parts," says Bryant. The dove, in fact, was very generally received—was almost as great a god as the serpent. Pausanias mentions that Æsculapius, when exposed as a child, was preserved by a dove, which thus appears fostering a Naga. It became an emblem with the Hebrews, and is still, as every one knows, a symbol of the Holy Ghost—who once appeared in its shape. We have seen, however, that it was a reality long before it became a Christian symbol. To put this beyond doubt we must cite Clemens Alexandrinus,² who says its worship was the basest idolatry, remarking that the people styled Syro-Phœnicians revered, some of them doves, others fish, as zealously as the people of Elis worshipped Zeus. Xenophon, long before, noticed that in those parts divine honours were paid to doves. Diodorus says the worship was universal in Syria. It was most marked at Ascalon and Hierapolis, as we know on the authority of Philo Judæus and Lucian, both of whom attest that the veneration of the people extended to the living bird. Lucian relates of the people of the latter city, that the pigeon was *the only bird they never tasted*, as it was held by them to be particularly sacred. We must believe it was so regarded by the Babylonians, who were named from it, and counted themselves to be its offspring; and we must believe that there were tribes elsewhere than in Babylonia that took its name and claimed the like descent.

8. *The Ram*.—The Ram is in the heavens as Aries. It appears on the coins of many cities, as Capi in Gallia; Panormus in Sicilia; Perinthus, Hephæstia, and Samothrace, in Thracia; Halonnesus, an island of Thessalia; Issa, an island of Illyria; Phea in Elis; Cranium and Same, in Cephallenia; Clazomene in Ionia; of uncertain cities of Cilicia; Antioch in Seleucia; Damascus in Cœlesyria; Heraclia in Cyrenaica; and of some other towns in Africa. These coins are all of date B. C. A coin of Panormus having the ram is very remarkable and suggestive. It is figured in the "Numismata Spanhemii," tom. i., p. 204, along with the Yoni, at which it is staring.

The Ram was sacred to Jupiter Ammon, and probably had, at the Libyan oracle, a position not inferior to that of the Dove

(1) L. ii. p. 107; Ed. Amstelodami, 1746, p. 341.

(2) What follows here is abridged from Bryant, vol. ii. p. 312.

at Dodona. The story is, that Jupiter, in the form of a ram,—a ram incarnation,—relieved Hercules, or Bacchus, and his army when they were in straits, from thirst, in the deserts of Africa, who, out of gratitude, erected a temple to the god, represented with the horns of a ram.¹ There were some three hundred Jupiters, as we know, and if one of them got a place in a group in which the sheep stock was dominant, it would be a small tribute to the Totem of the dominant tribe to give Jupiter ram's horns. So, where a horse or bull tribe was dominant, he might reasonably be Hippius or Taureus, and have, say, the head of a horse or bull, or some other element of the one or the other in his composition.²

There are the usual stories indicating that there had been supernatural, if not divine, ram-beings. In the fable of Phryxus a ram with a golden fleece rescued the son and daughter of Athamas from their stepmother, Ino, carrying them through the air. This ram was said to be the offspring of Poseidon and Theophane. The lady being changed into a sheep, the god took the form of a ram to woo her in.³ The offspring of the connection was thereafter by the gods gifted to Athamas, the father of Phryxus, as a reward for his piety. The recovery of the golden fleece from Colchis, as every one knows, was the object of the Argonautic Expedition, an expedition of the most famous sort, ranking even with the hunt of the Calydonian Boar. These legends are intelligible if we conceive that there was a sheep-tribe, and an idol of the ram believed to be a god and an object of worship, that was stolen and sought to be recovered and restored to its shrine. The reader will

(1) The god Ammon of Thebes was *ram-headed*. See Kenrick's "Egypt of Herodotus," p. 44, and the *note*, p. 67, on the ram-sphinxes of Karnak. See also Lord Herbert of Chesham's "Religion of the Gentiles," p. 45, where the Ram-god is identified with the sun. His worshippers *would not eat mutton*!

(2) We saw in America a considerable number of *Suns* and *Sun-tribes*, and we remember the policy of the Incas. There were far more Zeuses in Greek legend than Suns in America. Take the story of Endymion as handled in Müller's chips (vol. ii. p. 78). Endymion is son of Zeus and also of Æthlios, king of Elis—an Inca—who is, of course, himself a son of Zeus. Many cases resemble this. "The same custom," i.e. of taking the Sun for father (or, as we say, Totem), says Müller, "prevailed in India, and gave rise to the two great royal families of Ancient India—the so-called Solar and the Lunar races."

(3) Incarnations of gods in animal forms for such a purpose as we have here are feigned in many mythologies. Perhaps the most curious instance of the fiction is that which occurs in the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad (Muir's Texts, vol. i. pp. 24, ff.), where Parusha (the Procreator) having divided into male and female parts, the following incidents occurred. "He cohabited with her (i.e., his female division). From them *M&M* were born. She reflected, 'How does he, after having produced me from himself, cohabit with me? Ah! let me disappear!' She became a cow and the other a bull, and he cohabited with her. From them *kine* were produced. The one became a mare, and the other a stallion; the one a she-ass, the other a male ass. He cohabited with her, &c., &c. The one became a she-goat, &c., &c." The speculation as to the origin of the different species of animals here contained is in several respects more *e* than that of the Khonds on the same subject, as given by Major M'Pherson.

remember the Golden Fleece Llama in the Temple of the Incas. Evidence, beyond what lies in these facts and legends, that the living animal was religiously regarded, we have none, except a few Vedic facts—under noted—and the fact that *Sheep* were worshipped in Egypt. There were numerous tribes of men in Egypt—a land on which many races impinged; and, in our view, we have in that an explanation of the multiplicity of the forms in Egypt of animal and vegetable worship. It was not that all Egyptians worshipped every creature, from bulls to beetles, and crocodiles to cats; but that there were certain of them presumably of distinct tribes, gentes or stocks, to whom one or other of the animals was sacred, and the others detestable. This is borne out by what Cunnæus says, (*De Rep. Heb.*, lib. i., c. 4), as quoted by Lewis, in the close of the third volume of the "*Origines Hebrææ*," in explanation of the saying that every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians. "That nation," he says of the Egyptians, "who revered, *some* sheep, *some* goats, *some* other four-footed beasts; being persuaded there was in them something of divinity." It is more forcibly borne out by what is stated by Wilkinson. "It frequently happened," he says, "in the worship of the sacred animals, that those which were adored in some parts of Egypt were abhorred and treated as the enemies of mankind in other provinces, deadly conflicts occasionally resulting from this worship and detestation of the same animal."¹ This is quite intelligible on the hypothesis that the animal gods were tribal, or, more probably, gentile, *i. e.*, Totem-gods; but how is it explicable on the supposition that they were emblems?

We appeal to the following passage from the *Taittiriya Sanhita* (*Black Yajurveda*) as conclusive evidence of the soundness of the views in these papers propounded so far as the Vedic races are concerned. If any one will furnish an explanation of the passage different from that we offer, and as satisfactory, we shall abandon our hypothesis.

"Prajapati (the Procreator) desired 'may I propagate.' He formed the Trivrit (*stoma*) from his mouth. After it were produced the deity Agni, the metre Gayatri, of men, the Brahman; of beasts, the goats. *Hence they are the chief, because they were created from the mouth.* From his breast, from his arms, he formed the Panchadása (*stoma*). After it were created the god Indra, the Trishtubh metre, of men, the Rajana (*Kshattriyas*), of beasts, the sheep. *Hence they are vigorous, because they were created from vigour.* From his middle he formed the Saptadása (*stoma*). After it were created the gods (called) the Visve-devas, the Jagati metre of men, the Vaisya; of beasts, *kine*. HENCE THEY (KINE) ARE TO BE EATEN, because they were created from the

(1) *Ancient Egyptians*, vol. iv., p. 159.

receptacle of food," &c., &c. Along with Sudras, in the lowest place, was produced the horse. The narrative is that Agni, the Brahman caste and the goat, were first created; next Indra, the Kshattriya caste and sheep; thirdly, the Vaisya caste and kine; lastly, the Sudras and horse. And the kine, as having come from the middle, *were to be eaten*; which, by implication, goats and sheep were not to be! If the reader will look at the foot-note on page 197, he will see that in another account kine were the first creatures produced after men, and it is familiar that in later times the cow came to be in India the most sacred thing on earth, next to a Brahman—(see Manu., c. xi. 60, and 79, 80)—not to be eaten or injured, while goats and sheep might be. What, then, is the explanation of this? It is that the cow-stock came slowly into the first place; that the contributories to the Vedic literature, even subsequently to the establishment of castes, were still so far in the Totem stage as to retain their Totem preferences; that men of the goat, sheep, horse, and serpent tribes were contributories to the Vedas, as well as, or even more prominently than, men of the cow, ox, or bull tribes. It is in accordance with our hypothesis that Indra should be identified with the horse by men of the horse-stock, as we saw he was; similarly that the sheep-tribe, taking him up, should make of him a ram—as Mr. Muir assures us some Vedic writers did. As with Indra, so with Agni, and the other gods speculatively produced; the god, whoever he was that was put in the first place by a tribe, was identified with its Totem. On this view, Agni being represented as produced along with Brahmans and goats, may be believed to be in the writer's opinion (clearly a man of the goat-stock) foremost of the gods. He should therefore be a goat. Accordingly it did not surprise us when we found that Agni, as connected with the creation, was a *he-goat*, and, in a procreative view, a *she-goat*, "the unborn female," the mother, we presume, of all creatures.¹ The goat, we shall see, gave its name to a Brahmanic gotra.

9. *The Goat*.—The Goat is in the heavens as Capricornus, and figures on many ancient coins, all of date B.C.; on coins of Thermae, or Himera, in Sicilia; Ægospotamus Chersonesus, Thracia; Ænus in Thracia; Macedonia *in genere*; Issa, an island of Illyria; Pharos in Illyria; Ægira in Achaia; Elyrus in Creta; Syrus Insula; Antandrus in Mysia; Parium in Mysia; Ægæ in Æolis; Ephesus in Ionia; Ægæ in Cilicia; Cyzicus in Mysia; Augusta in Cilicia; Tralles in Lydia; Commagene *in genere*. It appears on two British coins figured in Mr. Evans' book, and on some coins in the Gaulish series.²

(1) See Muir's Sanskrit Texts, vol. i., 2nd ed., p. 16; and vol. iii., 2nd ed., pp. 310, 311, and 166.

(2) Evans, l. c. p. 114.

There is no doubt that the goat was a god, as the reader will find who consults any classical dictionary, art. Pan.¹ The readiest to the present writer's hand is Lemprière, who has the following:—"In Egypt, in the town of Mendes, which word signifies a *goat*, there was a sacred goat kept with the most religious sanctity. The death of this animal was always attended with the greatest solemnities, and like that of another, Apis, became the cause of a universal mourning." Pan himself had a body compounded of the human and goat forms—was a goat-being of the same order of beings as the Minotaur, Sphinx, Hippa, and others we have seen. Fable represented him as the offspring of various deities—Mercury and Jupiter in particular. He took the complete form of a goat on some occasions, as once to woo Diana. What form had she? He was alive in the time of the wars with the giants, and when the gods fled from their enemies to Egypt he assumed the form of a goat, and they all immediately followed his example! The particular goat whom fable put in the heavens was Amalthæa, the daughter of a king of Crete, who fed Jupiter with goat's milk when he was a child. So there was a lady who was yet a goat, and a king, who was her father, in Crete when Jupiter was a baby. The goat was no doubt a Totem-god long before Jupiter was thought of.

We saw in Egypt a town named from the goat. Were there tribes named from it also? It was, as we above-stated, a stock name in India.

Bryant takes no notice of the goat. The crescent on the bull Apis being, in his opinion, the Ark, he could work the bull into the Arkite system. The goat, however, presented no points of contact with Noah, the Ark, or the Deluge, unless indeed in the case of Capricornus, *qui desinit in piscem*. Lewis, in his "Origines" (vol. iii. p. 21), points out that the Hebrews used to offer sacrifices to *Seirim*, who were demons in the form of goats. His explanation is that they did so in imitation of the ancient Zabii. "It seems more reasonable," he says—than another hypothesis, which need not be cited here—"to believe the old Hebrews worshipped the Demons adored by the ancient Zabii, who appeared in the shape of goats; and this practice was universally spread in the time of Moses, which occasions that this kind of idolatry was so strictly forbidden in his injunctions." In the Olympus of Mohammed are seven regions, and above the seventh, eight angels *in the shape of goats*. On their backs stands the throne of god.²

10. *The Fishes*.—The fishes may be rapidly disposed of. They are in the heavens, and very common on coins. They were worshipped

(1) See also art. Lupercalia.

(2) Mischat Ul-Masabih, Calcutta, 1810, vol. ii. p. 652.

in most places where doves were, as among the Syrians, Babylonians, and Phœnicians. In Egypt the fish had a prominent place in connection with Isis, who was figured with it on her head. The fishes in the heavens are spoken of by Hyginus as *persons*, and he quotes Eratosthenes as saying that *the fish* was the father of mankind: "Eratosthenes ex eo pisce natos homines dicit."¹ The Phœnician god Dagon, also the Assyrian Oannes, was a man-fish, one of our familiar compounds. Dagon invented agriculture, of course, and many other arts, and was worshipped in many places. Berosus, as quoted by Eusebius,² says Oannes had the body of a fish, and below the fish-head, placed upon the body, a human head coming out under the other. He had a man's feet coming out under the tail, and a human voice. He used to come every morning out of the sea to Babylon to teach the arts and sciences, returning to the sea in the evening. Derceto was another such compound—a woman to the waist, for the rest a fish. According to some she was human in the face only. She was a Syrian goddess, and the Syrians, according to Diodorus Siculus, would eat no fishes, "but they worshipped fishes as gods." There is a story in explanation of this, to the effect that, ashamed of an indiscretion, the goddess plunged into a lake near Ascalon, where she had a temple, and became a fish. Ovid calls her Dione, and gives a somewhat different history of the plunge. He represents her as received in the water by two fishes, which afterwards became the Pisces of the heavens. The fish was sacred to Venus. A considerable variety of fishes are figured on ancient coins, the cetus and dolphin being the most frequent. We have no list of any number of them, but a few are figured in the "Numismata Spanhemii." A variety of them will be found figured at p. 339 of vol. iii. of Mr. Campbell's "Celtic Tales," being "all the fish figured on the sculptured stones of Scotland." Fish, in Mr. Campbell's opinion, "clearly have to do with Celtic mythology." We have seen fishes giving stock names to tribes of men now existing, and can understand how, having been Totems, they should have become gods to the tribes that had them in that character. Of course in Bryant's system the fish is the Ark, while Dagon, Oannes, &c., are the Patriarch Noah.

As to *one* fish we are able, thanks to Plutarch, to put his Totemship beyond doubt. "The Egyptians in general," says that writer, "do not abstain from all sorts of sea-fish; but some from one sort and some from another. Thus, for instance, the inhabitants of Oxyrynchus [Piketown] will not touch any that is taken with an angle: *for as they pay an especial reverence to the pike, FROM WHENCE THEY BORROW THEIR NAME* [*i.e.*, they are Pikes], they are afraid lest perhaps the hook may be defiled by having been some time or other

(1) Hyginus, Poet. Aston, l. 2, c. 30, p. 276, ed. Hamburgi, 1674.

(2) Lewis, "Origines," vol. iii. p. 81.

employed in catching their favourite fish. The people of Syrene, in like manner, abstain from the Phagrus, or sea-bream." Can any one doubt that in Oxyrynchus there was a Pike-tribe?¹

11. *The Bear*.—The Bear is in the heavens as Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, the former distinguished as early as the time of Homer by the name of Arktos. He occurs on various Gaulish coins; on coins of Urso in Spain, and on a coin of Orgetorix, chief of the Helvetii.² He probably occurs on other coins, but we have no list of them.³

The constellation connects itself with the names of Callisto and Arcas. Callisto was changed into a bear for a fault committed with Jupiter, of which Arcas was the fruit. Jupiter, to atone for the metamorphosis, made her a constellation along with her son. This Arcas, of the bear stock, reigned in Pelasgia, which from him took the name Arcadia. He taught the people agriculture, of course, and other arts, *e.g.*, the spinning of wool. The Greek name for the constellation enters into Arcturus. There was another star near the Bear, called Arctophylax, and a mountain near Propontis was named Arctos, and said to be inhabited by giants and monsters. Were they a bear-tribe? The island of Cyzicus was called Arcton, and the Arctanes were a tribe of Epirus. The suggestion is, that the bear gave its name to a stock, and was a god; that there were bear-tribes in Arcadia once as there are bear-tribes now in America.⁴

The bear, as a god, probably became, in most places, obsolete very early, having no special claim to a place in the Religion of the Life-powers—the first great speculative faith that supervened on the primitive animal and vegetable worship, and with which most of the other animals we have been considering undoubtedly came to be connected. It is curious that we have him as an eponymous progenitor elsewhere than in Arcadia. For example, a bear was the progenitor of the kings of Denmark. In Olaus Magnus' History,⁵ it is gravely related how this came about, the narrative being quoted, "*Ex historia charissimi ante-cessoris*," of the author—the Archbishop of Upsala. It opens thus: "Cujusdam patrisfamilias in agro Suetico filiam, liberalis formæ, cum ancillulis lusum egressam, eximiæ granditatis ursus, deturbatis comitibus complexus rapuit." The lady being carried off by the bear, had by him a son, "Ut ergo duplicis materiæ

(1) Isis and Osiris, § 7 l. c. p. 15. Trans. p. 8. The word translated *pike* is given in "Liddell and Scott" as meaning a species of sturgeon.

(2) *Revue Numismatique*, 1860. Plate IV.

(3) Mr. Sim's note is, "Bears are only to be found on uncertain coins of Gallia. Some of these have the wild boar on the obverse. Some have two bears. They are all earlier than Julius Cæsar.

(4) We have the bear as an object of worship in Athens, with a strange history in explanation of the fact. See Suidas, s. v., "*Ἀρκτος*."

(5) P. 702, ed. Basilee, lib. xviii. c. 30.

benigna artifex natura nuptiarum deformitatem feminis aptitudine coloraret, generationis monstrum usitato partu edidit." She gave him his father's name. His grandson begat Ulfo, "a quo Rex Sueno et cætera Danorum Regum stemmata, ceu quodam derivata principio, longo successionis ordine (teste Saxone) profluxerunt. Quomodo autem similes partus judicabuntur, August. De Civ. Dei plurima dicit de simili propagine, utri sexui magis sit attribuenda." On which Olaus Magnus piously remarks, "Crediderim ego id a vindice Deo effectum, ut Dani, qui de sanguinis nobilitate plus nimio gloriantur, Suetiamque frequentius, quam felicius impugnare consueverant, Regibus a fera Suetica genitis obnixos vertices inclinare cogerentur. Quam acer autem hic Ulpho Sprachaleg Suecus *ursi nepos* fuerit in bello, quam etiam astuti et vafri ingenii supra videre licet!"

Joannes Scheffer mentions as one of the primitive gods of the Lapps, "Hyse," whose function it was "lupis et ursis imperare." Whether this king of the wolves and bears was a wolf or a bear, and what was his nature or functions, does not appear. In Scheffer's chapter, "De Sacris Magicis et Magia Lapponum," we find the Bear on the Magic Tympanum along with Thor, Christ, the Sun, and the Serpent—who were gods to them—and some other animals, *e.g.*, the wolf and reindeer; and in his chapter on the wild beasts of the country, he tells us they call the bear the lord of the woods, "vocant eum dominum sylvarum," which is explained to mean that he is "*herus omnium animalium reliquorum*;" so that the king of the wolves and bears might well be a bear, and could not well be a wolf.¹ There is no clear evidence, however, of the worship of the animal by the Lapps.

The King of the Bears occurs again in the ancient literature of India. Krishna appears in the Mahabharata as married to Jambavati, daughter of the King of the Monkeys (we have no doubt there were tribes in India with the monkey for their Totem); a lady who in the Vishnu Purana is daughter of the king, not of the monkeys, but of the bears. Jambavat, the lady's father, appears again in the Bhagavata Purana, and there he is not only the King of the Bears, but a celestial personage. Hari having gained a victory the gods assemble to do homage to him, and celebrate his triumph, which is proclaimed by Jambavat. "Jambavat, King of the Bears, swift as thought, proclaimed this victory, the occasion of great festivity, with sounds of kettledrums, in all the regions!"—a proceeding competent to a celestial only, we should say, and which illustrates the facts above founded on as furnished by Scheffer.²

(1) Schefferi Lapponia, ed. Frankofurti, 1678, pp. 59, 125, and 336. There was a wolf-man in Arcadia (and he was worshipped), namely, Lycaon, as well as a bear-man, who was king of the country; and Pan's Greek name was Lyceus, from *λύκος*, a wolf.

(2) Muir's Sanskrit Texts, vol. iv., pp. 158 and 126; see also p. 412.

12. *The Crab*.—The crab stands next. He is in the heavens as Cancer, and on the coins of Cumæ in Campania, Butuntum in Apulia, Bruttium *in genere*, Crotona in Bruttium, Terina in Bruttium, Agrigentum in Sicilia, Erix in Sicilia, Himera in Sicilia, Panormus in Sicilia, Priapus in Mysia, Cos, island of Caria, Sozusa in Cyrenaica (on the obverse is an animal like a mouse). The dates of these coins range from 300 B.C. to 100 B.C. There are probably many others having the crab. We do not know much of him in mythology; but we saw him as a god now worshipped by a tribe in Fiji. The reason assigned for putting him in the heavens is of an intenser degree of silliness than that usually given for so promoting an animal. When Hercules was attacking the Hydra—the many-headed Naga—"Juno, jealous of his glory, sent a sea-crab to bite his foot. This new enemy was soon despatched, and Juno, unable to succeed in her attempt to lessen the fame of Hercules, placed the crab among the constellations, where it now bears the name of Cancer."¹ It will be admitted that this story, read literally, is quite ridiculous. If we take Hercules to stand for a tribe—the Heraclidæ [what does this name *mean* etymologically?], the Hydra for a Serpent-tribe or nation, and the sea-crab for a Crab-tribe, the story becomes intelligible. The Crabs, having come to the relief of the Serpents, when attacked by the Heraclidæ, were defeated along with their allies. The introduction of Juno into the legend probably was of late date, and had for its object to explain why Cancer was a constellation—a fact that would cease to be easily accounted for when, as a Totem-god, the crab had become obscure or obsolete.

We have now examined the list of animals set down for consideration, excepting the Asselli—the little asses, and them we must pass over, as they would take much space, and there are more important animals to attend to. The Jews said the Samaritans worshipped the Ass, and the Samaritans said the Jews worshipped it. The Romans and others joined chorus with the Samaritans. The reader who is curious on this subject, will find in Kitto's "Encyclopædia"—the edition before last—*sub voce* Ass, some guidance in his inquiries. The story Tacitus gives in the Annals is well known, and so is the controversy between Josephus and Apion as to whether the Jews had the cultus. Some light on the subject is thrown by the book of Zacharias in the Apocryphal New Testament; also in "Lacon," and in Hallam's "Middle Ages," in both of which there are accounts of the Assinari and the Festival of the Ass. The reader will recall Balaam's ass, and the ass of Silenus; the asses that helped Bacchus in his Indian expedition; and that in Egypt

(1) Article Hydra, in Lemprière's Dictionary. This account is substantially the same with that given in the most recent Encyclopædia.

the ass was "the symbol of Typhon." We may be pretty sure he was the Totem of some tribes of men who were of importance, otherwise he would not have been promoted to the heavens. He furnished a stock name to the Arabs.¹

It would be out of place, even were we able to do it, to attempt to exhaust the subject in an article of this description. There are two creatures, however, which it is as well we should notice before going on with our argument. They are the Bee and the Eagle. It is pretty certain, we think, that both of them were Totems promoted to be gods.

13. *The Bee*.—There was a goddess Melitta, or Melissa, whom Bryant identifies with Seira and Demeter.² She was represented by a bee, and there were tribes named after her, "Melittæ," or Melissæ," that is, Bees. Bryant says they were her priests. It is certain they were numerous enough to send out colonies. This is admitted, and that the colonists were always called *Bees*. Bryant says that was a blunder of the Greek writers. "The Grecians have sadly confounded the histories where they are mentioned by interpreting the Melissæ *Bees*." He admits the bee, however, to have been the hieroglyphic of Melissa. "It is to be found as a sacred and provincial emblem upon coins which were struck at places where she was worshipped [the italics are ours]. But the Greeks did not properly distinguish between the original and the substitute, and from thence the mistake arose." The Greeks, we submit, knew quite well what they meant, and it is the moderns who should be reflected upon for misunderstanding them. They called them bees, as we, in referring to American tribes, would speak of bears, wolves, and eagles; and the bee that had originally been a Totem had become a Totem-goddess. The following passage, from Bryant, we submit is almost perfectly sensible when read in the light of our hypothesis:—

"Philostratus mentions that, when the Athenians sent their first colony to Ionia, the Muses led the way in the form of Bees. And Herodotus says that all the northern side of the Danube was occupied by Bees. When the shepherd Comatus was enclosed in an ark, Bees were supposed to have fed him. Jove also, upon Mount Ida, was said to have been nourished by Bees. When the temple at Delphi was a second time erected it was built by Bees."

There was, we may conclude, not only a Bee-tribe, but there were gentes of the bee stock spread over a vast tract of country, as they should be owing to incidents of the Totem stage. What Bryant says

(1) See *Mishcât ul Masabih*, l. c. vol. ii. p. 93, foot-note respecting Himar, or the ass (that is, he was surnamed ass), "the last Khalifah of the dynasty of Ommiah." The ass was here in the royal line.

(2) He identifies the hive of Venus, "that hive of many names, the mighty fountain whence all kings are descended," with the Ark. An Hindu would almost certainly pronounce it, the Scyphus and Ark also, to answer to the Yoni. —

of the *bee* coins shows the importance of the sort of evidence ancient coins furnish. We have the bee on ancient coins of Athens, whence Philostratus says bees set out; on coins of Elyrus in Crete, where Melitta, daughter of a king Bee, lived, and helped the goat Amalthæa to nurture Jove; on the coins of Coressia, Julis, and Sicinus, towns in the island of Ceos; on the coins of Præsus in Crete; of Ephesus in Ionia, whose coins also give the bee and half-stag; of Cyon in Caria; Taba in Caria; Elæusa, island of Cilicia, and of Acrasus, in Lydia. These coins are all of date B.C.

14. *The Eagle*.—This bird could perhaps be made as much of as the serpent, horse, or bull. We must dispose of it in a few sentences. Bryant says it was *the* ensign of the Egyptians, who were named after it; but more probably the dominant tribe only was so named. The eagle was Nisroch, *the* god of Nineveh. It was also the symbol of the kings of Chaldaea. Of course it got to be compounded with the human form, to have two and three heads, and so on. Mr. Layard remarks of these compounds of the eagle, bull, and lion, as follows:—"It is worthy of observation that wherever they (that is, the human-headed lions and bulls) are represented either in contest with the man or with the eagle-headed figure, they appear to be vanquished." And he adds, "I have already ventured to suggest the idea which these singular forms were intended to convey—the union of the greatest intellectual and physical powers; but certainly their position with reference to other symbolical figures would point to an inferiority (that is, of the lions and bulls) in the celestial hierarchy."¹ Of the emblem hypothesis we shall have something to say presently. Meantime, it suffices, as regards the eagle, to find a tribe named from it, and that in one quarter it was a greater god than the horse or bull. Among the Jewish tribes (the later Jews, say) the eagle was the emblem of the tribe of Dan, an ox of Ephraim, and the lion of the tribe of Judah,² the lion here appearing as belonging to the dominant tribe. The Roman eagle will occur to every one, and in Rome *eagle* was a gentile name. A great many places were named from the bird, notably Aquileia, known as *Roma secunda*. We must say no more of the eagle, however. It is everywhere. The coins having it belong to all places and dates, and are far too numerous for enumeration.

The list of animals that were Totems among the ancients might

(1) Nineveh, vol. ii. p. 460.

(2) See Lewis, "Origines," chapter on coins. It is *Aben Ezra*, says Lewis, who gives the tradition which assigns the Lion, Ox, and Eagle to the tribes of Judah, Ephraim, and Dan respectively, as ensigns. In the Douay Bible (2nd edition, edited by Haydock and Hamill. Two vols. Dublin. *No date*) the reader will see on a plate at p. 180, vol. i., the ensigns of the tribes according to, at least, *some* authority esteemed by Roman Catholics. The plate illustrates v. 2 cap. ii. of Numbers, where the ensigns and standards

be extended, by evidence of varying degrees of force, to comprise the tiger, wolf, cat, panther, elephant,¹ stag, boar, fox, rat, and rabbit; the raven, hawk, and cock; the ant, butterfly, and grasshopper—all the creatures, in short, that figure in heraldry. Strange as it may seem, there is a Lord of tigers now, and he is a *good god*, as a Totem should be.² The Bygahs or Jogeas regard him so much *they won't eat him*—a poor compliment, but it is significant. In the Bygah's mythology a milch tigress was foster-mother to the first man. "*Coeval with the creation of the world were created one Naga Joguee, and his wife, Mussumat Naga. One day they went into the forest to dig for roots, and from the earth they dug up a boy-child, who was nursed for them, under the direction of Mahadeo, by a milch tigress.*"³ Major M'Pherson, in his paper on the religion of the Khonds, says that people believe "natural tigers to kill game only to benefit men, who generally find it but partially devoured, and share it; while the tigers which kill men are either Tari (a goddess), who has assumed the form of a tiger for purposes of wrath, or men, who, by the aid of a god, have assumed the form of tigers, and are called 'Mleepa Tigers.'"⁴ The way in which the beneficent nature of the Totem is here, by fictions, put beyond suspicion, is delightfully simple.⁵ "Mleepa" or "Were" wolves are also common, as every one knows; and it is equally familiar that the wolf has often

of the Hebrews are referred to. On Judah's standard is the Lion; on Dan's, the Eagle; on Naphtali's, the Hind or Hart; on Benjamin's, the Wolf; on Manasseh's, the Horse [or Ass]; on Ephraim's, the Bull or Ox; on Asher's, a Tree; on Issachar's, the Sun and Moon; and on Gad's, a cone on an altar—the Assyrian Linga! In Jacob's dying speech, Genesis xlix, to the eponymous progenitors of the tribes in which their fortunes are indicated, Judah is spoken of as "a lion's whelp;" Issachar as "a strong ass;" Dan as "a snake in the way;" Benjamin as "a ravenous wolf;" Naphtali as "a hind [or hart] let loose;" and Joseph as "a fruitful bough." Compare our version with the Vulgate. The wolf, hind, and lion only are the same in the speech and in the plate of the Douay Bible. In connection with the subject of this note, Ezekiel x. v. 8—22, is worth looking at, it being kept in view what the faces of the cherubims were. And see "Seder Olam Rabba," p. 58, Trans. Chron. Institute of London, vol. ii., part ii.; and Carpzov's "Apparatus Historico-criticus, &c.," Frankfurt and Leipzig, 1748.

(1) The Elephant is a Totem-god now in Brahmah, where the king is styled "King of the Rising Sun, Lord of the Celestial Elephant, and Master of Many White Elephants, and Great Chief of Righteousness." [There is a Rising Sun tribe among the Chep-peyans, in North America. Archæ. Amer. vol. ii. p. 18.] It occurs with Totem marks in the Satapatha Brahmana, and is there identified with Vivasat (the Sun) the son of Aditi (see Muir's Texts, vol. iv. p. 13)—a sun-elephant corresponding to the sun-serpent of Peru. Elsewhere we have Gunesh, an elephant-headed divinity, "the mother of the universe," an object of worship at this day. "Diary of a Pedestrian in Coshmere and Thibet," 1863, p. 311.

(2) He is mentioned in Mr. Justice Campbell's "Ethnology of India," p. 9.

(3) The Bygah's Mythology, p. 52 of the Report of the Indian Ethnological Committee, 1866—67. Nagpore, 1868.

(4) Religion of the Khonds, p. 25.

(5) "Mleepa" Tigers, Du Chaillu states, are to be found in Africa. They also occur among the Arawaks, who call them "Kainana Tigers." See Brett, l. c. p. 368.

been a foster-mother, as she was to Romulus and Remus. The tiger and wolf are Totems in America, as are several others on the list above-given. It is altogether out of the question, however, to attempt to deal here with such a list. Enough has been said to prove that the most savage animal may be accepted by a tribe of men as a Totem, and be thereafter developed into a great and benign god.¹

We must also dispose of the worship of plants in a summary manner. This matters the less that the worship of a considerable variety of them is established in Mr. Fergusson's recent publication on "Tree and Serpent Worship."² Among these we have the Pear-tree, Oak, Asclepias—a creeping shrub—(the Soma, a great Indian god), the Pipal, the Fig-tree, the Bela, the Tulsi plant, the Tamarrisk, and the Elapatia and Talok trees. To this list we may add the Olive, Laurel, Lotus, Palm, Pomegranate and Poppy. A

(1) We may here, in a foot-note, dispose of a few facts which, indeed, are those that, now four years ago, suggested this inquiry, though the writer has been unable to work upon it till recently. The fact of Serpent and Bull tribes being known to exist, and to have existed, seemed to offer an explanation of the myth of Cadmus, at Thebes, and of the cow that led him thither. On the same suggestion it occurred that there might have been a Snake-tribe in Rhodes. Phorbas obtained the supremacy by freeing the island of snakes. The myth of the Ants and Ægina next strengthened the suggestion of the presence of tribes with Totems. The ants in the island were miraculously turned into men—the *μύρμικες* into the Myrmidons—Ants, that is, quite on the level of the Australian opossums. Then occurred the Calydonian boar hunt—there is something like it in the Celtic tales, and in the Highlands, we have no doubt, inquiry will yet establish the Totem stage. It seemed incredible that the slaughter of a boar should have employed the whole chivalry of Greece—an army of warriors—and that the feat should ever after rank among the proudest exploits of the nation. The question rose, Was there a Boar-tribe? The Oracle enjoined Adrastus to give his daughters in marriage, one to a boar, and the other to a lion. This was complied with by their marrying Tydæus and Polynices respectively! Tydæus came from Calydon, and was son of Æneus, king of the country. He was therefore possibly a boar, if the question above put was to be answered in the affirmative. Was Polynices, then, a lion, and was there a Lion-tribe? As he was the son of Œdipus, from the land of the sphinx, it seemed not improbable, on the Totem view, that he might be a lion. And so the matter appeared worthy of investigation. The facts here stated will, we think, be felt to add force to those in the text. Most of them were first noted by the writer in this Review in 1866, as challenging such an inquiry as the present.

Since this note was in type the writer's attention has been called to "The Antiquities of Heraldry," by Mr. W. S. Ellis, which has recently been issued, and which propounds a view which, at first sight, seems to resemble that in these papers insisted on. Some of the points made, and not a few of the facts founded on, in the chapter devoted to the Heraldry of Mythology are the same as those here given. His view of the order, and even of the nature of the evolution, will be seen, however, on a close inspection, to differ essentially from that of the present writer. Had Mr. Ellis more fully studied the Totem he might have anticipated what is here being said.

(2) Mr. Fergusson's book is, in our opinion, apt to mislead in several respects. 1. The reader gets the impression from it that the worship of the serpent is an exceptional phenomenon; *i.e.*, that it has been singular among animals in being worshipped. 2. It gives the impression that there is a special connection between the serpent and tree. 3. Its title gives the impression that trees only were worshipped, whereas its contents prove the worship as well of small shrubs and plants. All this notwithstanding, it is a valuable book, and one of the most beautiful ever issued.

spiritual ideal of a tree we have in Yggdrasil. Some of these became great gods, and got a place in the religion of the Life-Powers. In one or two cases the legends that give us the earliest accounts of plant worship give us also a primitive mother for the tribe having the worship and the suggestion of kinship through the mother only having existed in the tribe. Thus in the legend of Athens, which introduces the Olive, as we have it from Varro (*Apud August. de Civi. Dei*, xviii. 9), we learn that "a double wonder" having appeared springing out of the earth—namely, the Olive-tree and Water—the Oracle declared the Olive to signify Athene, and the Water Poseidon, and that the citizens must choose from which of the two they would name their town. Men and women voted together, and the latter carried the honour for Athene by a majority. Poseidon was thereon enraged, and to appease him women were deprived, among other privileges, of that of *having their children named after them*. So that anciently, the story bears, children in Athens took their names from their mothers, as they do among the Australians and American Indians. The case of the Ioxidæ again gives us the suggestion of female supremacy in a legend which also informs us that "they revered as holy, and worshipped," a certain marsh plant, which no doubt was their Totem.¹

With these few observations on plant worship we must pass on to our argument. We shall consider first the explanations that have been offered of divine honours being paid to such beasts as the serpent and lion, and to trees, &c.; and after showing that they are unsatisfactory, we shall proceed to consider the weight of the evidence direct and indirect that goes to show the soundness of our own hypothesis.

1. *The Emblem Hypothesis*.—Suppose we knew that all men were, as Bryant believed, derived from one family since 2348 B.C.—the date of the Deluge—that writer's Arkite system would still be worth nothing, either as an explanation of animal worship, or as evidence of the Deluge having occurred. He does not pretend to include nearly all the animals or plants that have been worshipped in his list of Arkite emblems; and, accordingly, to give a reasonable colour to his hypothesis that there had been any Arkite emblems at all that had degenerated into gods, he ought to have excluded the possibility of those he includes having become gods through the operation of such causes as led to the worship of the others. Such causes, whatever they were, being admitted to have been in operation, will explain all the cases; and before an hypothesis of special causes in *some* cases can be entertained, the operation of the general causes as regards

(1) Plutarch, *Theseus*, chap. iv.

them must be shown either to be insufficient or to be excluded. This, however, Bryant has not attempted, or even thought of attempting, to show; and, therefore, even could we make the necessary supposition as to the history of human tribes, we must still conclude that this learned and, in a confused sort of way, ingenious man has succeeded in nothing—not even in setting up a respectable hypothesis. It is simply impossible, however, with our modern information—the history of several nations having been carried beyond the point of time assigned to Noah and his family—to make such a supposition as Bryant requires to set out with. Moreover his system demands not one, but a series of hypothesis, to support it, and they are all bad. 1. There is the hypothesis that the animals had been emblems. This is bad, as we have shown. 2. There is the hypothesis that the emblems degenerated into gods. This is not supported by one instance adduced of such degeneration having, historically, taken place, or even by a fair analysis of the probable steps through which it could have happened. 3. There is the hypothesis that through the idolatry of some one animal of a species thus induced, a religious regard came to be extended to the species. This is subject to the same remark as we have made on the preceding hypothesis. The far-fetching processes by which even a poor appearance of a case has been made for the emblems as at all probable, we need not remark upon. At the same time, as we have amply acknowledged, we have profited much by Bryant's researches at one point. It was necessary in his scheme, as in ours, that it should be shown that the Totems—as we say; the animal emblems, as he says—were precedent to the gods of the mythologies.

Another emblem hypothesis represents each animal as, in some way not now to be understood, typical of the nature of some one or other of the gods. This again is a fanciful explanation surrounded by the same sort of difficulties. How came men to think of taking animals and plants to represent their gods? We can understand the selection only when we conceive their gods as spiritual ideals of animals or plants. Besides, the hypothesis assumes the deities as existing before the animal gods, and this is contrary to the evidence. And why should the selection of an animal to be the type of a god render its species sacred? We do not religiously regard the pigeon, though the dove is one of our most mysterious symbols. We can understand, on the other hand, how it decayed into a symbol, knowing it to have been a god that had grown obsolete. The fish is a Christian symbol; but we have not a religious regard for fishes. When the fish-god was a power, however, his worshippers religiously regarded the funny tribe. They would not *eat* them. It has been true of these as of most symbols; facts come first, and symbols are facts in decadence.

There is yet another form of the emblem hypothesis. It is that

mentioned in a passage cited from Mr. Layard, and which, almost in a sentence, that author states and abandons. This is the hypothesis that the compounds of various animal and human forms "were intended to convey the union of the greatest intellectual and physical powers." This altogether fails to touch the fact of the *real* worship of *living* animals. Moreover, as an explanation of the compounds it is untenable. It simply won't hold of the Naga compounds. They are *not* intended to convey anything of the sort. Will it hold of the dog compounds? As to the bull, lion, and eagle compounds, we saw Mr. Layard's opinion to be that it will not hold; the evidence showing the creatures to have a place, and to be subordinated to one another in the celestial hierarchy. The fact is, though *we* now make use of lions, sphinxes, and so on, to convey such ideas as he refers to, we demonstrate in doing so only the poverty of the modern imagination and the feebleness of our art instincts; inasmuch as being incapable of inventions, we mimick old forms derived from the religious faiths of long past and misunderstood generations.

While no cases are producible in support of the emblem hypothesis of animals regarded as emblems merely, or illustrating their transition from being emblems to being themselves objects of adoration, we are not without cases to show that the animal-gods were prolongations of the Totems. We have such a case, for example, in Peru. The Peruvians, according to Acosta, worshipped the sun, moon, planets, and stars; fountains and rivers; rocks, great stones, hills, and mountains; land (Tellus) and sea (Poseidon)—all these objects being regarded as persons. They worshipped Thunder, believing him to be a man in the heavens with a sling and mace! Of lesser objects on earth, he tells us, they worshipped fruits and roots, some small stones, and the metals; while among the animals they worshipped he makes special mention of the bear, lion, tiger, and snake. Now we are able from this author to see what were the speculations of a people in the stage in which, having animals as gods on earth, they also worshipped stars in heaven. Of his account of star-worship in Peru, we cite the following version from Lord Herbert of Chedbury:—"They particularly adored that constellation which we call *Cabrilas*, or the goat, and they *Colca*; and commanded that such offerings should be made to some stars, and such to others, those being particularly worshipped according as every one's necessity required. The *Opisons* adored the star Urchuchilly, feigning it to be a *Ram* of divers colours, who only took care of the preservation of cattel; and it is thought to be the same which the astrologers call *Lyra*. Besides these two, they worshipped two others that are near them, and say that one of them is a *Sheep* and the other a *Lamb*. There are some who adore another star that ruled over the *Serpents*

and *Adders*, from which they promised safety to themselves; others who worshipped the star called the *Tiger*, who they believed to preside over tigers, lions, and bears. *They were of opinion that there was not any beast or bird upon the earth WHOSE SHAPE OR IMAGE DID NOT SHINE IN THE HEAVENS*, by whose influence its similitude was generated on the earth, and its species increased."¹ Thus we see that the *beings* in the stars were believed to have the animal forms, and to be powers in the celestial hierarchy.

This case proves (1) a connection, such as we have been endeavouring to trace, to have existed between the worship of animals and the nomenclature of the heavens; (2) that the celestial beings were conceived to be *in the shape* of the animals, and to have special relations to their breed on earth; and (3) while it indicates the persistence of tribal preferences for particular stars as animal gods, it shows the process to have been in operation by which, on the consolidation of the political system, the divine functions are distributed among the tribal, or rather we should say gentile, gods of a group.²

Now of two things one. Either the Peruvians, as some maintain, independently achieved the civilisation they had, starting from the Totem stage in which their neighbours remained, or their civilisation, including the religious doctrines, were derived by them from some one or other of those nations we call the ancient. On the former view, of course, the animal gods are the prolongations of the Totems; on the latter we have in the case of the Peruvians a reflection of the religious system of some one or other of the ancient nations. So that on the least favourable of the alternatives we have the fact, that in some one at least of the ancient nations that worshipped animals—and they all did—the animals were *not* emblems, but the exact images of the gods. What was true in one case, the presumption is, was true in all. That is to say, there are not only no facts to support the emblem hypothesis in any of its forms, but the presumption derivable from the facts we have is against that hypothesis.

2. *Mr. Fergusson's Explanations.*—So much for the emblem hypothesis. There is no other that we know of except in the special case of the serpent and tree, in regard to which views have been put forward by Mr. Fergusson. Tree worship he conceives to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. "With all their poetry and all their usefulness," he says, "we can hardly feel as-

(1) Acosta, "*Histoire Naturelle*," Paris, 1600, pp. 214, 217 (lib. v. chaps. 4 and 5); Herbert's "*Religion of the Gentiles*," 1705, p. 86.

(2) We have seen in numerous cases the disposition of the tribesmen to identify their Totem with the sun. It is highly probable that the identification of the Totems with particular stars conceived as the sun's inferiors is, like the distribution of functions, a late phenomenon, posterior, that is to say, to the settled co-ordination of the tribes in the political system.

tonished that the primitive races of mankind should have considered trees as the choicest gifts of the gods to men, and should have believed that their spirits still delighted to dwell among their branches, or spoke oracles through the rustling of their leaves." Of this it suffices to say, it does not at all meet the case of the shrubs, creepers, marsh-plants, and weeds, that have been worshipped, and is obviously *not* the key to the mysteries of plant worship. His account of the origin of serpent worship is, if possible, even more unsatisfactory. He ascribes it to the terror with which the serpent inspired men; to the perception of his remarkable nature, the ease and swiftness of his motions, and his powers of quickly dealing death by sudden spring or mysterious deadly poison. To this the objection is that the serpent religion is not a religion of fear but of love. The serpent, like the tiger and bull, is a benign god. He is a protector, teacher, and father. How came a religion beginning in terror to be transformed into a religion of love? The terror hypothesis will, we submit, not meet the case, even of the serpent. And no such hypothesis, it is obvious, can be extended to cover the run of cases—to explain the worship, say, of the dog, the dove, or the bee.

The hypothesis we put forward starts from a basis of ascertained facts. It is not an hypothesis explanatory of the origin of *Totemism* be it remembered, but an hypothesis explanatory of the animal and plant worship of the ancient nations. It is quite intelligible that animal worship growing from the religious regard for the Totem or Kobong—the friend and protector—should, irrespective of the nature of the animal, be a religion of love. What we say is our hypothesis explains the facts. It admits an endless variety of plants and animals to the pantheon as tribal gods; it explains why the tribes should be named from the animal or plant, and why the tribesmen should even, as we saw in some cases they did, esteem themselves as of the species of the Totem-god. It explains why in Egypt, Greece, India, and elsewhere, there should be a number of such gods, by showing that there should be as many as there were stocks, counting themselves distinct, in the population; and it also explains why in one place one animal should be pre-eminent and in another subordinate, the gods following the fortunes of the tribes. It explains, moreover, on rational principles, for the first time, the strange relations represented by the concurring legends of many lands as having existed between various animals and the anthropomorphic gods; it throws a new light on the materials employed in the so-called science of heraldry, showing whence they were drawn; and, lastly, it enables us to see sense and a simple meaning in many legends, and in some historical narratives, that appeared to be simple nonsense till looked at in the light of this hypothesis. Since it is so simple and

so comprehensive, and has a basis of facts for its foundation in existing Totem-races; since we have seen reason to believe that the mental condition of these races and the beliefs they entertain have been at some time the mental condition and beliefs of all the advanced races; and since the only *assumption* we make is that all races have been progressive, which in other matters they undoubtedly have been, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that our hypothesis is a sound one—that the ancient nations came through the Totem stage.

Some facts which make for our hypothesis cannot be too much insisted on. We have found in numerous cases what seems good evidence that from the earliest times animals were worshipped by tribes of men who were named after them, and believed to be of their breed. We have seen in several cases the oldest anthropomorphic gods having titles derived from the animals, or believed to be of their breed, or to have been fostered by them; and the conclusion seems to be forced upon us that these gods were preceded by the animals as Totems, if not as gods,—and that the latter bore to them the same kind of relation that we know in India the serpent had to Buddha, and bears to Vishnu. On the rise of Buddhism among the Nagas, serpent worship was for a time repressed or subordinated; but the serpents were too strong. They re-asserted themselves, and the old serpent faith revived with a *human* figure in the Olympus! The heavenly Naga is even now the shield and protector of Vishnu.

The early history of Vishnu strikingly illustrates our views. In the Rig-Veda he is a representation of the sun, with powers derived from Indra, is not as yet among the Adityas, and, so far from being the Lord of the Creation, is not even a god of the first rank. He and Brahma, indeed, as Müller observes, properly belong to a secondary, post-Vedic, formation of the gods.¹ In the Brâhmanic period we see him strongly impressing the popular imagination, and the germs of those legends appearing that reached their full development in the Epics and Puranas, and through which he attained a first rank, nay, even became the supreme god, as he appears in the Râmâyana. These legends relate to his incarnations, of which the first was in a *fish*, the second in a *tortoise*, the third in a *boar*, and the fourth in a *man-lion*. The fish legend, among other details comprised in the form it finally

(1) Vishnu and Brahma may have been *tribal* gods for any length of time. The meaning of Müller's statement must be that they were of low rank in the group of tribes that comprised the chief contributors to the Veda. Probably they rose into importance, like other gods, with the tribes that possessed them. In what follows we have a hint of coalitions of tribes, which would explain their advancement. The history of Vishnu is ably traced in Muir's "Sanskrit Texts," vol. iv., and in Chamb. Encyc., s. v. Vishnu.

assumed, represents the fish as instructing Manu in all wisdom. The legend wanting this detail is in the *Mahābhārata*; and there the fish is Brahma: and we have its original in the *White Yajur-veda*, where the fish represents no god in particular, and the legend is introduced merely to explain certain sacrificial ceremonies. The legend of the tortoise-incarnation of Vishnu, again, is post-Vedic, while the idea of the *Lord of the Creation* becoming a tortoise is Vedic. It occurs in the *Yajur-veda*. In the *Ramāyāna* and *Linga-Purana* it is Brahma, not Vishnu, who, as *Creator of the Universe*, becomes a boar. This belief first appears in the *Black Yajur-veda*, and there it is the *Lord of Creation* who is the boar, and not either Vishnu or Brahma. The original legend of the incarnation, moreover, represents it as cosmical; it is emblematical according to a later conception; while a third form of the legend has Vishnu for some time incarnate in the boar. During the *avatāra* the gods, their very existence being threatened by an enemy, implored the aid of Vishnu, who "at that period was the mysterious or primitive boar." He slew the invader, which was but one of his many exploits in this character. As a man-lion he was of fearful aspect and size; as a boar he was gigantic; as a tortoise he was gigantic; as a fish he filled the ocean.¹ In his fifth and subsequent *avatāras* he was incarnate in men-gods, such as Krishna and Buddha, whose histories have been traced, the intention of the incarnations being obvious, namely, to effect a compromise with other religions, and if possible draw their adherents within the fold of Brahmanism—a policy that altogether has been highly successful. Was this the policy of the earlier incarnations? We at once recognise the fish and man-lion as Totem gods, and can see how the policy that dictated an *avatāra* in Buddha, and is now suggesting an *avatāra* in Christ, to reconcile Brahmanism and Christianity, should have dictated an incarnation in the fish and man-lion. What, then, of the tortoise and the boar? We say they were Totem-gods, and their *avatāras* dictated by the same policy. Of the tortoise in mythology, except in this case, the present writer is almost ignorant;² but he is a Totem in America, and figures, as does the turtle, on coins of Ægina of ancient date, ranging from 700 B.C. to 450 or 400 B.C., and was presumably a Totem-god. Of the boar there is no doubt. He is worshipped now in China, and was worshipped among the Celts; is a Totem, and figures on the coins of many cities, and the crests of many noble families with whose genealogies legends connect him.³ Since

(1) Will any one venture to suggest that Vishnu, a man-god who had an avatar as a tortoise, has *degenerated* into a Totem of the Delawares?

(2) The Greeks had a few tortoise names and one nymph, Chelone, who was turned into a tortoise for not attending the nuptials of Jupiter and Juno.

(3) For pig-worship in China, see "American Expedition to Japan." New York, 1856. P. 161. Of the sacred pigs, in sacred styes at Canton, the writers say:—"It

the Vedic legends show the fish, tortoise, and boar to have been *earlier* than Vishnu; to have had to do with the creation with which he only lately came to be connected; and since we have the key to the fictions by which each of them was at the later time made out to have been Vishnu, and so robbed of its primitive character by him;¹ we cannot doubt but that we possess in this case so many illustrations of the manner in which Zeus, Poseidon, Demêter, Athene, and others of the Egyptian and Greek gods superseded the Totem-gods of the earlier time, derived names from them, and came to be worshipped under their forms. The hypothesis that similar occurrences had taken place among Horse, Bull, Ram, and Goat tribes will explain the peculiar relations which we have seen existed between these gods and these animals respectively, and we know of no other hypothesis on which they can be, at least so well, explained. That Dionysus or Poseidon, for instance, should be *ταυροκερής* is a fact presenting no difficulty on our hypothesis any more than that either of them should have been figured as a bull or with a bull's head. To what other hypothesis will the fact not be a stumbling-block? Since these and all the other gods of their class were false gods that were gradually developed by the religious imagination, the fancy of poetical persons and the interested imposture that is everywhere promotive of novelties in religion; since the whole of the facts we have been surveying demonstrate a progress in religious speculation from savage fetichism; and since among the lowest races of men we find no such gods figuring as Zeus and his companions, we seem already, at this stage of the argument, to be justified in arriving at the conclusion that the ancient nations came through the Totem stage, and that Totemism was the foundation of their mythologies.

J. F. M'LENNAN.

was something of a curiosity, though somewhat saddening in the reflections it occasioned "to behold the sanctified pork and the reverence with which it is worshipped." For Celtic pig-worship, see "Transactions of the Ossianic Society," vol. v. p. 62. 1860. The Celtic legends of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland are pervaded by "the primitive, mysterious boar," and the Irish scholars connect him with the sacred swine of the ancient Celts who, they suppose, had a "porcine worship which was analogous to, if not identical with, the existing worship of Vishnu in his avatar as a boar." Their boar, they may rely on it, was much more ancient than Vishnu, and worshipped over a wider area. He occurs on coins of various cities of Gallia, Hispania, and Britannia; of Capua in Campania; Arpi in Apulia; Paestum in Lucania; Erna in Sicilia; *Ætolia* in *genere*; of ancient Athens; of Methymna in Lesbos; Clazomene in Ionia; Chios in Ionia, and on several other classical coins all of date b.c., besides being figured on many ancient sculptured stones. [The writer is unable to verify the reference to the Transactions of the Ossianic Society. He got it in Campbell's Celtic Tales.]

(1) An instructive fact is that in Fiji *two* gods, who will naturally hereafter turn into men-gods, lay claim to the Hawk.

THE LAND QUESTION.

PART III.—THE SEVERANCE OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FROM THE LAND.

I HAVE now to trace the process by which a nation of feudal land-tenants, such as I described in my last article, has been converted into a nation whose land is owned and occupied by a few landowners and farmers, and the mass of whose people have been severed from the land. The process was a double one, and so the history divides itself into two. I have to trace (1) how each class of feudal land-tenants emerged gradually into the commercial ownership of their holdings, and (2) how, as they did so, the gradual severance of the people from the land took place.

The commercial element is undoubtedly that which has broken up the old feudal order of things in England. Hence it may be well at the outset to realise to some extent its magnitude and relative growth, as compared with the agricultural or feudal element. And these may, perhaps, be most vividly impressed upon the mind by a glance at the growth of the English population, and by a dissection of its numbers into the agricultural and the non-agricultural classes.

I have already, in my last article, so thoroughly (as I hope) established the rough estimate I made of the population of England at the Conquest, and before and after the Black Death, that this necessary starting-point may now be fairly taken for granted. We do not again stand upon solid ground as to the population of England till the eighteenth century; but its growth may probably be estimated as follows, the figures between brackets being those which are merely conjectural:—

	Agricultural.	Non-agricultural.	Total.
1086 . . .	1½ millions.	½ million.	2 millions.
1348 . . .	3 "	1 "	4 "
1377 . . .	1½ "	½ "	2 "
1500 . . .	[2½] "	[1] "	[3] "
1600 . . .	[3] "	[1] "	[4] "
1700 . . .	[3½] "	[2] millions.	5½ "
1800 . . .	4 "	4 "	8 "
1851 . . .	5 "	12 "	17 "
1865 . . .	6 "	15 "	20 "

These figures, rough as they are, may at least give us a wholesome view of the growing power in English history of that commercial element which has for centuries been battling with the feudal element, and which is now getting even the land into its grasp. Between the Domesday Survey and the present time the agricultural population has increased about fourfold, the non-agricultural population

twenty or thirtyfold. At the time of the Domesday Survey three-fourths of the nation was agricultural—now only one-fourth. The nation now is as thoroughly a commercial nation as it was then an agricultural one. No wonder feudal tenures have given way to commercial ownership, and commercial principles been applied more and more to land.

The first branch of the inquiry is the history of how and by what process feudal tenants, whose feudal rents were originally equal to the annual value of their holdings, got rid of these feudal rents, and obtained commercial absolute ownership of their land.

No economic cause has had so large a share in this history as the fluctuations in the value of the precious metals and of money. The chief of these may be thus stated:—(1) A gradual rise in the value and purchasing power of silver between 1300 and 1500, until it had nearly doubled its value; (2) A rapid fall after the discovery of American mines, continued to the present time, in the proportion of six to one.

I shall not, I think, transgress against the doctrines laid down by Mr. J. S. Mill, in his chapter on "Measure of Value," if in estimating the fluctuations in the value of silver I take a quarter of wheat as the standard. The following table fairly exhibits, I believe, the fluctuations in the price of a quarter of wheat in current shillings of each period:—

1250—1500	Period of fixed prices	6s. per quarter.
1500—1560	{ Period of debased coinage and anarchy in prices }	rapid rise.
1600—1800	Uniform average price	38s. 6d. per quarter.
1800—1819	{ Period of anarchy in prices, owing to protective duties and unconvertible currency }	unnatural rise.
1820—1846	Protection duties and gold currency	56s.
1846—1869	Free trade	52s.

By means of this table it will be easy to estimate the main fluctuations in the value of silver. They are not difficult to trace; for, happily, with the exception of two well-marked periods, the standard fineness of the coin and currency has, speaking generally, been honestly preserved throughout the whole interval from the Norman Conquest to the present time. The first period of exception was between 1543 and 1560, when the coin was debased by Tudor monarchs. The second period was between 1800 and 1819, when an inconvertible paper currency was, in fact, substituted for the coin, and by its inevitable depreciation produced the same results as a direct debasement of the coin would have done. These two periods were, consequently, periods of anarchy in prices, and have been marked as such. But while the standard fineness of the metal of the shilling has

been thus in the main kept uniform, its standard *weight* has varied. During the three hundred years before 1601 the quantity of metal in the shilling was by several successive stages steadily reduced, till the shilling of 1601 weighed little more than one-third of the shilling of the thirteenth century. To bring out clearly the fluctuations of the value of silver it will therefore be needful, 1st, to turn the shilling into grains of silver; and, 2ndly, to turn the value of a quarter of wheat also into grains of silver. Then it will be easy to deduce from these figures how much greater was the purchasing power of a grain of silver at each period than it is at the present time. These figures I have placed side by side in the table given below:—

	Grains of silver in each shilling.		Value of quarter of wheat in grains of silver.	
1066—1300	270		1620	{ Three times its present purchasing power.
1300—1344	266		1596	
1344—1346	244		1464	
1346—1353	240		1440	
1353—1412	216		1296	Four.
1412—1464	180		1080	Five.
1464—1600	144		864	Six.
1600—1627	144	{ During this period the rise in the price of wheat and fall in purchasing power of silver was rapid, owing to the disco- very of the American mines.		
1627—1643	128			
1643—1660	[coin debased]			
1660—1601	96			
1601—1700	93		3580	{ One and a half.
1700—1800	93			
1800—1819	93	{ Unnatural rise in the price of wheat, owing to the Continental wars and unconvertible currency.		
1820—1846	93		5208	{ One.
1846—1869	93		4886	

I am not sure that the rise in silver before 1500 has ever been properly appreciated. Mr. Rogers, in his recent work¹—invaluable as an encyclopædia of facts relating to prices in the fourteenth century—seems to doubt the fact of the rise; and adopts an ingenious, but as I think untenable, theory to explain it away. Looking at the drain of coin from the West to the East which must have been involved in the support of the crusading hosts, the commerce and increased intercourse between East and West opened out by the Crusades, the growth of commerce in western Europe, proved by the population and prosperity of Flanders, it would have been strange if there had not been an increased demand for currency. These causes were European, and not merely English. Then look at England. What a constant drain of coin out of England the hundred years' war with France must have caused! What an increase of hoarding the Wars of the Roses must have given rise to! How much silver must have been coined into plate to meet the increasing luxury and display which was everywhere complained of! In the absence of any greatly increased *supply* of silver, it is not unnatural

(1) Vol. i. p. 177.

that silver should have doubled its value in the two hundred years between 1300 and 1500. But during this two hundred years, in which silver doubled its value, wheat remained at the uniform price of 6s. a quarter.¹ How is this to be explained? Why did not the price of wheat fall in consequence to 3s. a quarter? The answer is simply this, and is very important:—Because successive English governments lowered the weight of the coin by gradual and tentative steps as fast as silver rose in value. And they did so, no doubt, with a view of maintaining a fixity of prices, which was absolutely essential to those classes who were most fully represented in Parliament, viz., the landholders. It was essential to them, 1st, because both rents and wages were often payable either in coin or in corn, and it was important, therefore, to preserve the relations between them constant;² and 2ndly, because the feu-duties of the landholders had become commuted into fixed money payments, and therefore, if the coin had been allowed to retain its original weight, the burden of their feudal rents would have gradually increased in weight with the rise in silver, until at last they would have lost their proper relation, not only to the price of corn, but also to the value of land. The feudal burdens would in fact have been doubled in weight, and might often have even surpassed the value of the land, so as to have converted the landed estate of the lord of the manor and the freeholder into a *damnosa hereditas*. Whereas, by the alteration in the weight of the coin, feudal burdens were kept at a uniform relation to the value of the land, and the silent confiscation of the feudal tenant's property avoided.

As a matter of fact, this period, during which silver was gradually rising till it doubled its value, was turned, by the gradual reduction in the weight of the coin, from a period of falling prices into one of remarkable fixity in prices; and thus a great social revolution was averted. At the same time another indirect result was unconsciously secured; for by the end of the two hundred years over which the period of fixed prices extended, long usage had once for all established the principle that feudal burdens, commuted as they had been into fixed money payments in current coin, could never be altered to the disadvantage of the feudal tenant.

This was the *first* step in the history of how feudal tenants grew up into absolute owners.

The next step was the economic result of the *fall* in the value of silver and rise in prices after 1500, consequent upon the influx into Europe of American silver, and aggravated by reckless Tudor tam-

(1) See previous table.

(2) See 25 Ed. III. stat. 2, c. 1, 2, p. 311, and 34 Ed. III. c. vi. The fluctuations in the price of corn from year to year were moderated by the statutory prohibition of its export when above 6s. 8d. a quarter, and its importation when under that price.

pering with the coin. For the feudal burdens on the land, having been reduced to fixed payments in current coin, of course dwindled into a less and less fraction of the value of the land as silver fell in value and lost in purchasing power. Silver in 1500 was six times as valuable as now (taking corn as the standard); therefore the fall in silver accounts for a sixfold reduction in the relative burden of the feudal rents on the land. In plain words, it wiped off the land, by a silent and gradual process, five-sixths of the old feudal burden; and left the feudal tenant, therefore, so far at least, on the road to absolute ownership.

There is yet another economic cause which has played into the hands of the old feudal tenants, and helped them on towards absolute ownership. I mean the natural rise in the value of land itself, owing chiefly to the increasing population.

Date.	Rent per acre in pence.		Value of one acre in shillings.	Value of one acre in quarters of wheat.
1250—1300	4	} Period of fixed prices, wheat 6s. per quarter, average rent say 4d. per acre. Land worth say fifteen years' purchase =	5	½
1300—1349	3½			
1350—1400	4			
1400—1450	3			
1450—1510	3			
1510—1530	4½	} Period of rise in wheat from 6s. to 38s. per quarter. At the end of the period 30d. at fifteen years' purchase =	39	1
1532	6 or 8			
1536	12			
1549	15			
1577	30			
1620	90	} Period of even price of wheat, 38s. 6d. per quarter. But rapid rise in rent. At the end of the period 10s. at fifteen years' purchase =	150	4
1700				
1790	120			
1812	540			
1818	420			
1850	240	} During half century wheat rose from 38s. 6d. to 50s., and land up to 20s. at 25 years' purchase = Corn the same, but land rose to 25s. at 30 years' purchase = or at £40 per acre =	500	10
1869	300		750	15 or
			800	16

The above table shows that between the year 1500 and the present time the rise in the value of strictly agricultural land—expressed, not in current coin, but in quarters of wheat—has been about eighteenfold; so that the weight of the feudal burdens on the land, which had by the fall in silver been reduced to one-sixth of the value of the land, has been divided again by 18 by the natural rise in the value of land—that is to say, the fixed feudal burdens have been reduced by these two causes combined to 100th part of the value of the land, and the result has been the conversion of the feudal tenant, subject to a rent originally equal to the value of the land, into practically an absolute owner, subject only to an altogether insignificant quit-rent.

The question still remains, What has become of these nominal quit-rents?

The answer to this question also is clear.

The statute of 12 Car. II. c. 2, by which all military tenures (*i.e.*, all tenures but copyhold and socage tenures) were abolished, did not abolish these quit-rents. It contained a proviso that the Act "shall not take away any rents, certain heriots or suits of court belonging or incident to any former tenures now taken away or altered by virtue of this Act, or other services incident or belonging to tenure in common socage due or to grow due to the king's majesty or mesne lord or other private person."

So that these quit-rents survived the abolition of military tenures. But by statute 2 Car. II. c. 6, and 22 and 23 Car. II. c. 24, provisions were made whereby all the royal rents of all kinds (except those due to the king as lord of any manor) were vested in trustees for sale, and, I suppose, sold accordingly. The purchasers of these rents would naturally very often be the owners of the property from which they were due. And even if bought by others, their being thus thrown into the market would facilitate their ultimate redemption.

It is true that these statutes would only directly affect lands held of the king. But although out of the 9,300 tenants *in capite* and mesne tenants mentioned in the Domesday Survey only about 1,400 were tenants *in capite*, yet the number and proportion of these had been always on the increase, owing to the provisions of the statute of "*Quia emptores*." Nor should it be forgotten that all the numerous confiscations of the manors of attainted lords at different times, and of the abbey lands under Henry VIII., had resulted in their being granted out afresh, to hold of the king. So that probably under Charles II. the proportion was very considerable. And, again, it is likely that the statutes of Charles. II. were in themselves evidence of a general movement in the direction of the release or extinguishment of small quit-rents, which must have become troublesome to collect. It is not often that such sensible economic changes begin at the royal exchequer. Further, as regards the quit-rents payable to lords of manors from their manorial tenants, a great number of them have been extinguished under the Enclosure and Enfranchisement Acts. Within the last half century there have been 2,000 Enclosure Acts,¹ embracing, altogether, something like 8,000,000 acres, and it

(1) Mr. Porter gives the number of Enclosure Bills as follows:—

1801—10	906
1811—20	771
1821—30	186
1831—40	129
1841—44	52

Making in this last half century alone . 2,044

Progress of the Nation, p. 155.

has been the practice in some—I believe in most—enclosures to extinguish the quit-rent in arranging the allotment of the parcels as between the freeholder and the lord. It is impossible to say in how many cases the quit-rents have been extinguished under the Enfranchisements Acts, but the number must be considerable. Finally, where there has been no special release of the quit-rents, as between the individual tenant and the lord, no general enclosure of the waste lands of the manor, and no enfranchisements, the quit-rents are, I presume, payable still; and where this is the case they will be found roughly to represent the annual value of land in the middle ages—viz., a few pence per acre, more or less, according to circumstances.¹

One other fact has yet to be mentioned before this history of the emancipation of the feudal tenants from their burdens will be complete.

The quit-rents, or fixed *annual* charges on the land, were not the only burdens to which it was subject. The payment in lieu of personal military service and the aids and subsidies levied for military purposes in times of war, whilst fixed in amount, were not necessarily fixed in number, as Parliament could grant as many subsidies as were needful. Thus as the value of money diminished, the number of subsidies was, as a matter of fact, increased to make up the amount; so that whilst land was relieved of its fixed annual rents by the causes described, it was not relieved by the same causes from Parliamentary taxation in support of the military expenses of the nation. How modern is the notion of absolute free ownership of land, in the sense that a man's ownership of Consols is absolute and free, is illustrated by the fact that, in lieu of the casual but often-repeated subsidies and charges upon land for military purposes, a land-tax of 3s. in the pound on an average was for long annually imposed until, by 38 Geo. III. c. 60, it was made *perpetual*! It was not till the landowner had redeemed his land-tax that he became in any strict sense the *absolute owner* of his land. And what, in plain English, was this operation but buying out his landlord's rights—buying from the king or the State that which before the bargain was struck had been regarded as belonging to the State and not to himself?

This is the history of how, in England, lords of manors and freeholders got rid of their feudal burdens and quit-rents, and emerged into absolute commercial owners of their land.

I need not dwell long upon the special case of the copyholders, whose quit-rents and heriots had a history of their own. Their absolute ownership owes its completion, of course, to the Enfranchise-

(1) Through the kindness of Mr. Hawkins I have been able to verify this as regards several freehold and copyhold quit-rents of Hertfordshire manors.

ment Acts; but its real basis, like that of the feudal tenants, was the fall in the value of money and rise in the value of land.

Nor need I dwell on the fact, so patent to every one, that the conversion by these means of all feudal tenures into commercial absolute ownership drove the manorial rights of lords of manors, so to speak, off the holdings of their feudal tenants, and restricted their ownership to their own demesne lands. They were thus, in fact, converted, not like their sub-tenants, simply from feudal tenants into absolute owners of their holdings, but from feudal tenants of their *whole* manors into commercial absolute owners only of a part, viz., their own demesne lands. I need not dwell upon this, save to point one moral to be drawn from it—viz., how unconsciously wise in their generation were the framers of our English land-laws in thus adopting a principle which secured that any natural rise in the value of the land should not fall into the pocket of the few manorial lords, but into the pocket of their many feudal tenants.

I conclude, from the foregoing history, that had there been no other economic causes at work to sever the connection of the people and the land than the fluctuations in the value of money and land—had England remained throughout a purely agricultural nation, and the peasantry held on to their holdings,—England would have probably come out of it a nation of free peasant proprietors. As it was, every class of English feudal tenants who held on to their holdings, so far as I can discover (unless it be the mere cottiers, as to whose fixity of tenure I have expressed a doubt), did emerge out of security of holding into absolute ownership; and if they have been severed from the land, this severance has been the result of economic causes which we have yet to examine, and not of any default of English land-law in the non-recognition of their rights.

I shall now proceed to trace historically what the economic causes were which have severed the people from the land.

The first great cause which set the stone rolling was the Black Death. In my articles in this Review on the Black Death I traced, in more detail than it would be possible for me to do here, its effect in severing from the land the labouring class, and the very small villein tenants, whose labour after its ravages became more productive of profit than their little holdings of land. I showed that, owing to the great advance in the woollen manufactures and increase of population—even before the Black Death—a stream of emigration had set in from the country manors to the towns. This tendency the Black Death enormously increased, and I traced the long struggle of landlords to check it, and the “strike” on the part of villein and free labourers to achieve their freedom—a strike which ended in the rebellion of Wat Tyler. The history of this struggle accounts for

two things—(1) How it was that an immense number of the smallest villein-tenants and cottiers abandoned the land and went to swell the free labouring class. (2) How it was that the extension of sheep-farming—itsself the consequence in part of the high price of labour—at length worked a reaction, so complete that instead of the villeins abandoning the land, as at first, they were driven from it to make way for sheep. So that while the small villein-tenants and cottiers, whose living was their *labour*, loosened themselves from villein-tenure and became free labourers during the first process, they thereby prepared the way for their own wholesale ejection during the second process.

The Black Death had also a direct effect in severing the larger landowners from the land.

One of the inquiries in the "*Extenta Manerii*," with regard to the demesne lands of the lord of the manor, was "how much every acre is worth by the year *to be let?*" And a few pages earlier in the collection of statutes, in certain "Articles of the Office of Escheator," one of his duties is made to be to inquire as regards the demesne lands in royal manors, "if they be in such a state as they ought to be, or if they be delivered to ferm, whether they be demised according to the annual value of the same, and if the bailiffs or fermors have committed waste."¹ So that it is evident that, long before the time of the Black Death, lords of manors were in the habit of sometimes not farming their own lands by bailiff, but letting them for their annual value to tenant-farmers.

Mr. Rogers has shown that one result of the Black Death was that bailiff-farming did not pay so well as it had done before, and that, therefore the colleges gradually gave it up, and let the demesne lands of their different manors to farming tenants. Now the farming tenants required some capital. It required as much—Mr. Rogers seems to think *twice* as much—capital per acre as the land was worth to farm it well. And the result was, according to Mr. Rogers, that as the freeholders and other tenants of the manor were the only tenants at hand, they became the farmers of it in addition to their own feudal holdings. And at first the farming capital, as well as the land, was let to them. They brought the labour and the power of management and farming skill, and the lord lent them the stock on the land with the land; until, in process of time, they saved out of their profits capital enough to buy the stock; and this the college accounts show they did in one or two generations, at least.

The practice of leasing land and stock together to farmers was continued, at all events in some instances, even down to Tudor times. For there is a case in the books, in Henry VIII.'s time, of a lease of land with the stock of sheep upon it at a specified rent. All

(1) P. 239.

the sheep had died, and the point litigated was whether the whole rent was to be continued to be paid, or whether it ought to be apporportioned.¹

The habit of the freeholders farming land in addition to their holdings, also continued down to Tudor times. So much was this the case that Harrison, in 1577, speaks of the English *yeoman* of his day in the following terms:—

“Our yeomen are those which by our lawyers are called *legales homines*, free men born English, and [who] may dispend of their own free land in yearly revenue to the sum of 40s. . . . They are also for the most part *farmers* to gentlemen.”²

And so common was this practice of yeomen becoming farmers of land, that farmers were sometimes spoken of as yeomen though they were not 40s. freeholders. Thus Hugh Latimer could say, in the famous passage so often quoted:—

“My father was a *yeoman*, and had no land of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, whereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had a walk for 100 sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse. I remember that I buckled on his harness when he went to Blackheath field.”

So that, already in the time of Henry VII., the old freeholder was almost merged in the tenant-farmer. Even the military service which the freeholder used to give was passed on to the tenant-farmer. And because, I suppose, of his thus acting in the capacity of a military serving man, the word *yeoman* was applied to the landless, but thriving tenant of a farm like Latimer's, of say 200 acres.

Indeed, it was soon found that the tenant-farmers were, as a class, more thrifty than the landlords, and the commercial tenants than the feudal. The landlord began by letting to the farmer the land and the stock. The farmer ended sometimes in laying by capital enough not only to stock his farm himself, but even to buy the freehold. Harrison says, speaking of those who are “farmers to gentlemen,” that

“With grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants as the gentleman doth, but such as got both their own and part of their master's living) do come to great wealth, insomuch that many of them are able and do buy the lands of unthrifty gentlemen.”³

The fact was, the commercial tenant-farmer made more money than the gentleman landlord. And inasmuch as he farmed more land, and kept more sheep, and bought and sold on a larger scale than the mere feudal tenant of a small feudal holding could, the commercial tenant got the better in the race, not only of feudal landlords, but also of feudal tenants. The commercial farming of land on a large scale was, in fact, found more profitable than the

(1) Reeve's “History of English Law,” p. 371, vol. iii.

(2) Fol. 106. . . . (3) Fol. 103.

feudal tenure of it on a small scale. With sheep farming in connection with the commercial market for wool, the commercial spirit worked its way more and more into the business of farming as years rolled on. The grazing farmer was half a manufacturer and half a merchant, and very little of the old husbandman. His mere labour counted little as an item in either his capital or profits. Harrison was loud, nay, even bitter and impatient, at the consequent tendency of lands to get into fewer and fewer hands. It is with ill-concealed disgust that he "leaves this lamentable discourse of so notable an inconvenience growing by encroaching and joining of house to house and land to land, whereby the inhabitants of any country are devoured and eat up."¹ And the burden of his grief was, be it observed, not that the *ownership* of land was getting into few hands, but the *farming* of it. It was that small farms were giving way to large farms. Thus, speaking of country villages, he says:—

"We find not often above forty or fifty households and 200 communicants, whereof the greatest part nevertheless are very poor folks, oftentimes without any manner of occupying, sith the ground of the parish is often gotten up into a few men's hands, yea, sometimes into the tenure of two or three, whereby the rest are compelled either to be hired servants unto the other, or else to beg their bread in misery from door to door. A great number complain of the increase of poverty, but few men do see the very root from whence it doth proceed. Yet the Romans found it out, when they flourished, and therefore prescribed limits to every man's tenure and occupying."²

And if any further evidence be needful to show that the evil tendency deplored in Tudor times was not towards large *estates* so much as large *farms*, the evidence is forthcoming. In 4 Henry VII. c. 16, on the depopulation of the Isle of Wight, the evil complained of in the preamble was that "many dwelling-places, farms, and farmholds have of late been taken into one man's hold," and the remedy provided in the statute was a prohibition against any person "taking any several farms more than one," above the annual value of ten marks, and the enactment that

"If any several leases afore this time have been made to any person or persons of divers and sundry farmholds, whereof the yearly value shall exceed that sum, then the said person shall choose one farmhold at his pleasure, and the remnant of his leases shall be utterly void."

And again, in 25 Henry VIII. c. 13, the same complaint is made in the preamble that "divers persons of abundance of movable substance" [*i.e.*, farmers with large commercial capital] have accumulated together, "as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle;" and the remedy was the enactment that "no person shall keep on lands *not their own inheritance* more than 2,000 sheep," and that "no person shall occupy more than two farms."

There was another economic reason why these tenant-farmers were a thriving class, rapidly accumulating money in these Tudor times.

(1) Fol. 83.

(2) Fol. 83.

The rapid rise in the value of land was, as we have seen, the tide on which the feudal tenants rose into owners of land. And just as in their case the margin between their fixed rents and the value of the land was constantly increasing as land rose in price, so also farmers' leases rapidly became "beneficial leases" of constantly increasing value. These leases were generally long ones, and the rent could of course only be raised as the leases expired. Thus Stafford, in his "Brief Conceit of English Policy," makes his Knight, as the representative of the landowners of the Tudor period, say :—

"Though it be true that such lands as come to our hands, either by purchase or by determination, and ending of such terms of years, or other estates that I or my ancestors had granted them in times past, I do either receive a better fine than of old was used, or enhance the rent thereof. . . . Yet in all my lifetime I look not that the third part of my land shall come to my disposition that I may enhance the rent of the same; but it shall be in men's holding either by leases or by copy granted before my time."¹

The fact that the long unexpired leases of the farming tenants were beneficial leases, was proved by the fines which they could afford to pay for renewals of them. The following passage, from Harrison's "Description of Britain in 1577," will show clearly how the rise of prices and of land increased the prosperity and wealth of the farmer :—

"In my time, although peradventure four pounds of old rent be improved to forty or fifty pound, yet will the farmer think his gains very small towards the midst of his term if he have not six or seven years' rent lying by him therewith to purchase a new lease. For what stock of money soever he gathereth in all his years it is often seen that the landlord will take such order with him for the same when he reneweth his lease (which is commonly eight or ten years before it be expired, sith it is now almost grown into a custom that if he come not to his lord so long before, another shall step in for a reversion, and so defeat him outright), that it shall never trouble him more than the hair of his beard when the barber hath washed and shaven it from his chin."²

At the same time these same economic causes worked against the small feudal holder. For the commercial item, so to speak, in his business was small. He looked for his living, not so much to the use of any commercial capital, or of any extensive power of management and farming skill, as to the employment of his labour on his little holding or otherwise; and with rising prices the interests of labour went to the wall. The increase of population, which by increasing the demand for land increased its price, and favoured the large farmer under a long lease, increased the supply of labour, and so knocked down the value of the commodity in which the small farmer, or feudal tenant, dealt. It is true that the small freehold or copyhold tenant, like the lord of the manor, grew into an owner of his holding on the top of the tide of rising prices. But what was the use of the increased value of his holding so long as he farmed it himself, and made no more profit on it than before? We have

(1) Harleian Miscellanies, lx. 149.

(2) Fol. 86.

seen that the customary tenant did not live only out of his land. His little holding was what enabled him to keep his yoke of oxen for his dung-cart and his plough; so that his trade, after all, was not so much that of a farmer as a ploughman or carter. He was what Chaucer called a "true swinker"—a hard-worker for his bread; and, as I have said, his prosperity followed the lot of labour, not of capital. The rage for pasture was, moreover, directly detrimental to his trade of ploughing, and often ruinous to it. Lastly, his copyhold rents and fines to some extent were arbitrary; in some cases not being absolutely fixed in amount, but rather a fixed proportion of the *improved* value of the land.¹ Hence sometimes a fine was demanded sevenfold what he had been wont to pay before the great rise in prices, and so was sometimes greater in amount than his store of cash. Non-payment was too often to him, as to the Irish tenant, ejectment from his holding. Harrison says every trifling excuse was taken advantage of "to lay infinite acres of corn-land into pasture;" and "as for taking down of houses, a *small fine* will bear out a great many."² And in another place he tells us that—

"When some covetous man espies a further commodity in their commons, holds, and tenures, he doth find such means as thereby to wipe out many of their occupings."³

And this was one of the grievances to which Sir Thomas More alluded in his "Utopia." He speaks of tenants "being got rid of by force or fraud, or tired out by repeated injuries into parting with their property."

It is evident, then, that the good times for large farmers and landowners were hard times for small farmers and copyholders; and that, as a consequence, the economic tendency towards large estates and farms set in which, whether bad or good, continues to the present day. It is not needful in this connection to discuss the question whether it be good or bad; but it may be well to point out the fact how rapidly, under its influence, the agriculture of England had advanced. The vast extension of sheep-farming was of course self-evident, but arable farming had also made great advances. To show this, I will simply compare the yield of crops in the fourteenth century, as computed by Professor Rogers⁴ from the College farm accounts, and in the last half of the sixteenth century, as recorded by Harrison:⁵—

	1333—5. Quarters per acre.	1577. Quarters per acre.
Wheat	1	2½
Barley	2	4
Oats	2	5

(1) Thus a fine on admission of the tenant's heir on his death was ultimately fixed at not more than two years' improved value.

(2) Fol. 92.

(3) Fol. 107.

(4) Vol. i. p. 51.

(5) P. 38. "Throughout the land in common and indifferent years."

It would appear from this comparison that the productiveness of land had at least doubled in the interval between the two dates; and I think a practical farmer, if asked for the cause of this greater productiveness, would lay his finger at once on the fact of the introduction by farmers with capital of sheep and cattle upon the fallows and pastures, and the consequent increase in the quantity of manure which went to enrich the soil.

It is not needful for me here to trace at any greater length the history of the process by which, as feudal tenancies were emerging into absolute ownership, and land, in consequence, came, as it were, into the commercial market, the severance of ownership and occupation of land was so generally effected as it has been in England. The facts already pointed out are sufficient to forbid our attributing so much of this process as some would to the feudal spirit of our land-laws, to our maintenance of the law of primogeniture, and so forth. Feudal land-law, as I have shown, tends towards the wide distribution of landed property, and not its concentration. It has been in almost all feudal countries, except England, the parent of peasant proprietorship. It is the commercial and not the feudal spirit which in England has worked against peasant properties. Wipe out the commercial element from English history, and you wipe out those causes which have worked *against* peasant proprietorship in England. Why, for instance, did the depopulation of the Black Death tend in England to loosen the people from the soil and from their feudal tenures, while it did not do so in most other countries? I do not say that it was the only cause, but certainly, as I have shown elsewhere, the greatest cause why it did so was, that the commercial and manufacturing element in England was so much more powerful and attractive than in most other countries. But for the commercial element, the feudal system in England would probably, as I have said, have remained in full force as in other countries, and the English peasants have become peasant proprietors.

The history here traced, if I have read it rightly, shows that the peasant *holdings* have passed through the same stages as in other countries, *i.e.*, through fixity of tenure into proprietorship or absolute ownership. England, in fact, took the lead of most nations in this process. The English peasantry was almost the first (except the Swiss) to be emancipated into peasant proprietorship. But the history shows, further, that as this process was going on, the commercial spirit, which distinguished England, acted as a sort of flux in the dissolution of the peasant holdings. When, therefore, I ask myself candidly what has banished peasant proprietorship from England, I am compelled to answer—Not so much the perpetuation of feudal maxims, not even what Mr. Rogers calls so bitterly “that device of evil times, strict settlement” (though these may have had

some influence in this direction), but far more, and mainly, *the application of commercial principles to land.*

I see in this severance of the three elements of agriculture—the land, the capital, the labour—something altogether unfeudal, but not at all uncommercial. I see that the moment land is thrown open to commercial principles, it becomes governed by the same laws of political economy which regulate other commodities; and the more free trade in land is secured, the more, as it seems to me, will it be so. The manufacture of agricultural produce becomes subject to the same great laws of division of labour and so forth as regulate the manufacture of pins or of cloth. The law of division of labour resolves itself into two main points:—first, that there is a saving of time and labour in doing things wholesale, or on a large scale, because a man's labour and capital in tools are economised by it; and, secondly, because it admits of the right man being put in the right place, and doing the work for which he is most adapted; and why this law should apply to pin-making and cloth-manufacturing, and not to corn-growing, I do not know. If in pin-making it be true economy for one man to be the owner of the capital in machinery and tools and other men to use them, for one man to give his whole time to sharpening the points and another to putting on the heads; if in cloth-making it be true economy for one man to be the owner of the mill, and the spindles, and the looms, and for other men to be the spinners and the weavers; it seems to me that it may possibly be true economy in agriculture for one man to be the landowner, another the farmer, and others the labourers.

It seems to me that where commercial principles prevail, the man who has surplus capital to invest, who wants a solid investment without any risk, and, moreover, appreciates the social position which the ownership of land gives, is the only man who can afford, in the long run, to invest his money at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; that the farmer who has only a limited capital, but considerable skill and power of management, and wishes to employ it in the trade of farming, cannot afford to invest his capital in both the ownership and farming of land, because by so doing he must limit the extent of his business within needlessly narrow limits, waste that portion of his capital which might earn in the trade of farming double the interest yielded by investment in land, and throw away a portion of his skill and power of management which might be expended with advantage on a larger farm than he can possibly own. Lastly, that the labourer should, by becoming rooted to a few acres of ground, be forced to do all the multifarious labours of his farm in succession, be tied to the plough-tail, when he has within him, perhaps, the capability of managing a larger farm, or be compelled to manage or mismanage his peasant holding when he is capable only of following the plough—this seems to me very

possibly an uneconomical proceeding, judged merely by commercial maxims. I see that political economy at present seems by no means to favour peasant proprietorship, whether it be of land or of looms. The tendency towards division of labour still seems the predominant one in all trades which have for their object the production of articles as regards which quantity and cheapness are essential. And I do not see that political economy is likely to make an exception as regards food which she does not make as regards clothing.¹

Whilst, therefore, the path of wisdom seems to me to lie in the direction of securing still more than at present "free-trade in land"—the sweeping away of those hindrances to the free purchase and sale of land which are involved in the law of primogeniture and strict settlements—I should not venture to predict that this further abandonment of land to the commercial spirit would operate against large estates and in favour of peasant proprietorship. All it is safe to affirm is that its legitimate result would be that it would favour that size of holding which was economically most advantageous. Nor do I feel at all sure that the removal of all undue hindrances to the *occupation* of land on purely commercial principles would work any more in favour of small farms than large ones. The present system—I may call it the *mock-feudal* system—of land management seems to me to inflict even greater evils on society by interfering with the proper *occupation* of the land than by hampering the free purchase and sale of it. By its system of strict settlements, its game-laws, and its practice of refusing leases in order to convert the votes of tenants into landlords' perquisites, it habitually subordinates the agricultural use of land to the artificial bolstering up of families and political influence; it sacrifices the interests of society and the equitable rights of tenants to the gratification of an aristocratic love of power and sport. It is a system, moreover, which cannot be abolished abruptly, and its evils with it. Even were strict settlements abolished the ownership of land would still in course of nature pass under minorities and covertures; and as to the system of refusing leases and keeping tenants at will to secure political power, it rests upon the *sentiments* of a class, and can only be expected to die out slowly. But suppose the two great evils remedied in some way. Suppose, *e.g.*, (1) provisions were made that there should *always*, notwithstanding minorities and covertures, be an owner or land-manager of some kind legally capable of performing the full duties of ownership; and (2) that a "four-course-tenancy," under proper regulations, were substituted for the present "year-to-year" tenancy as the normal tenancy in the absence of leases;—assume even the object attained which such reforms would have

(1) The application of *co-operation* to the ownership and farming of land would be a practical recognition of the principle here pointed out, and no exception to it.

in view, viz., that the land, as a general rule, should be let on reasonable commercial principles to the best farmer in the market, and capital freely invested in it, instead of being driven from it as now. On these suppositions, would this throwing open of the *occupation* of land to the action of economic laws (beneficial as it undoubtedly would be to the nation and the landowner) work in favour of large holdings or small ones? I confess that the history traced in the foregoing pages leads me to the same conclusions with regard to the *occupation* as to the *ownership* of land. I think it would favour that size of farm which was economically most advantageous, and that probably large farms would gain the race against small ones; and if so, then it would increase rather than diminish the severance of the people from the land.

In England the proper limit may have already been reached, there might even be some reaction in some districts in favour of smaller farms. But in Ireland, after the legal recognition of status-tenures and the legal definition of their rights, so soon as commercial principles and economic laws begin to work unchecked by political causes, I see no reason why some such process as that which broke up small feudal holdings in England should not go on in Ireland. The application more and more of commercial capital and machinery and division of labour to Irish farms may, as it seems to me, very likely act as a sort of flux in the dissolution of small Irish holdings as it did in England, and so, by a silent process, without confiscation and without injustice, sever more and more of the Irish people from the land.

I know that this severance, in England as well as in Ireland, is deplored by many economists for whose opinion I have great regard. But it seems to me to be inevitably involved in the successful prosecution of that career, which, if I may so speak, this island nation has chosen for itself—a career in which it has advanced too far to admit of retreat. The British people, in pursuing this career, have already too long ago burst the gates of their island home ever to close them again. The tree rooted in England has sent out its shoots into other lands. Historically and practically (and to some extent politically) the English-speaking peoples on the other shores of the oceans are *extensions* of the British nation. The lands they inhabit are *extensions* of British land. For the purpose of inquiries into the economic condition and future prosperity of the British people, England must be looked upon only as a *part* of the great whole—the inhabitants of England only as a *part* of the great English-speaking people which is economically *one*. Do we deplore the lack of peasant proprietors in England? The true consolation is, that our English peasant proprietors are on the other side of the Atlantic, with larger farms, growing more corn, and more rapidly rising into

wealth, than they ever could have done on any little peasant holdings in the old country. This severance of the English people from the land in England has not, therefore, been without its ample compensations. It has set some of them free to pursue other and more lucrative callings, some of them to pursue their hereditary agricultural calling as farmers in England, or landowners elsewhere, under better economic conditions than otherwise could have been theirs. I submit, therefore, that this severance of the people from the land is not altogether to be regarded as in itself a cause of anxiety, provided that the English-speaking peoples can be kept substantially one, and the blood of the nation (as it were) circulate freely through them all.

I submit that the great evil and blot upon our English economic system is, not this severance of so many from the land, but that as regards four or five millions out of, perhaps, fifty millions, the severance has not been sufficiently complete. Four or five millions of English peasantry, severed from the ownership of the land, have been left still rooted to it in a sort of commercial serfdom. They are free to fly, but their wings are pinioned. They have been culpably left in ignorance. By their want of education and hereditary helplessness they are still chained to the soil they till, as completely as negro cooks in Jamaica used to be chained to their ovens. But this is no result of the application of commercial principles to land. It is no necessity of the national career to which I have alluded. It is a heavy drag upon its progress. Though unhappily prolonged by the jealousy of religious sects, it has its historical root in the lingering antipathy of landowners to the education of a peasantry which, under the *mock-feudal* system of land management, has been regarded far too much and too long as a subservient race. The same bells which

“Ring out the slowly dying cause,”

will, if the British nation be true to its own interests,

“Ring out the darkness of the land.”

For this is clear:—no alteration in our English land laws will do much towards the promotion of the common weal, unless that darkness is rung out—unless some attempt is made to grapple with the moral evils which breed under its cover, and which not alone in country districts, but also in our great commercial centres, are sapping the roots and stunting the growth of that national industry and enterprise by which the English nation lives far more than by the land.

FREDERIC SEEBOHM.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH MRS. UPJOHN GIVES UP PLEASURE AND TAKES TO BUSINESS.

WHEREIN ALSO MRS. ROWLEY ATTENDS TO PUBLIC AFFAIRS AS WELL AS TO HER OWN.

MRS. UPJOHN'S circle began to crumble away immediately after the memorable night when Miss Lovibond lost her bracelet, which it was agreed in a full coterie of the lady-guests, when all the circumstances were laid before them, that Mrs. Upjohn's mysterious and unrepresentable acquaintance must have purloined.

This was just the one feather too much which broke the camel's back. Mrs. Upjohn had already made her house so unpleasant by her moody behaviour and inability to command either her tongue or her countenance, that it amounted almost to a general hint to her friends that their room, as the vulgar phrase is, would be more agreeable than their company. Lord Stromness had been the first to take leave, which he did without proposing for Miss Upjohn: monstrous conduct on his part, which would have irritated the mother more than it did, only that it happened while her mind was absorbed by more serious anxieties. The Misses Lovibond, without using any strong expressions, were the next to go. Mrs. Rollick declared she would stay a few days more, simply because it suited her convenience, but not an hour longer. She did not know what it was, but the very atmosphere of the house had become absolutely insupportable.

"There is something else brewing down here besides Mrs. Rowley's ale," said Mr. Bittern; "so, as I have no taste for mischief with no fun in it, I'll go and pack my portmanteau."

The hostess herself and her dark-browed daughter were as heartily tired of their company as their company was of them, and they were actually talking of going away themselves for some time, when an event happened which gave them a fresh interest in the country just when they were about to leave it in disgust. An opportunity presented itself most unexpectedly for enabling Mrs. Upjohn to take the *pas* of her rival in the most public manner, and making herself beyond dispute the first personage in the peninsula.

It happened that just at this time, as the reader may remember, without being stricken in years, there was one of those invasion-panics to which England is periodically subject, and especially, of course, the counties on the southern and south-western coasts. This

alarm indeed had commenced early in the spring, and Mr. Cosie had alluded to it in his early communications with Messrs. Alexander and Marjoram: but it increased in the course of the summer, and steps began to be taken by the lieutenants of counties and chief landed proprietors to organise volunteer corps in various parts of England. One of the noblemen who was forward in this way was the Earl of Dartmoor, one of the principal magnates of Cornwall. He had early written to Mr. Upjohn, among other landlords, suggesting to him to raise a troop at Oakham, and he had pressed the matter so urgently in a more recent letter that Mr. Upjohn, though not a man of martial turn, could not refuse to do what lay in his power.

Immediately before leaving Kissingen he had another communication from Lord Dartmoor, requesting him to take the command of the force to be raised at Oakham, and further intimating that his lordship would be gratified if his daughter, when the proper time came, would inaugurate the business by presenting the corps with their colours.

The excitement at Foxden may be imagined when Mr. Upjohn forwarded this last letter to his wife.

"At last," she exclaimed to her daughter, "our position in the county is recognised. This is something, after all we have had to bear."

"Mamma!" cried Miss Upjohn, no less elated, "you must not wait for papa to come home; you must go among the tenantry yourself, and make them enrol themselves."

"Won't I! I should like to see one of them refuse. People shall see, my dear, who is the woman of business now that there is something to be done that a lady need not be ashamed of doing; something more becoming of a gentlewoman than breeding pigs, brewing beer, and smelting copper!"

"That it is. I suppose we shall know in good time the formalities observed on those occasions; what we ought to wear, and ought to say if I am expected to address the troops."

"I'll write myself," said Mrs. Upjohn, "to Lord Dartmoor about all that. Really this is a most gratifying occurrence. It makes me feel somebody; and I suspect it will make somebody feel very like nobody. It is just the thing to attract the notice of the Queen herself. I really should not be surprised if her Majesty was to write you or me an autograph letter."

Mrs. Upjohn now took a leaf out of her rival's book, and was on foot from morning to night, strutting about, attended by her steward, enrolling the peasantry over whom she possessed any power or influence. She told them a wonderful number of absurd things about the French; that they were coming with a million of men,

and would eat up every sheep and cow in Cornwall if they were allowed to land. The French, she assured the gaping clodpoles, never eat frogs out of their own country. She told them also that the Queen would infallibly call for the name of everybody who did not come forward, and punish him as a traitor, with a variety of similar topics perhaps as good as any other to excite a flame not difficult to kindle in any part of England. A sufficient number of names were enrolled to make a pretty good show on paper, and Mrs. Upjohn, highly pleased with her performance, forwarded the list to Lord Dartmoor, with a flourishing letter, in which she did not forget to inquire about the points of form on which her daughter required information.

In a few days an answer came from his lordship's secretary with replies to Miss Upjohn's queries; but stating that Lord Dartmoor was indisposed, and that the ceremony must stand postponed for a short time.

"Well, mamma," said Miss Upjohn, "let us go to Bath in the meantime; we shall want a great many things not to be got here, and papa and Carry can meet us there on their way down."

Mrs. Upjohn thought it a very good idea.

"I have done pretty well," she said, "as a recruiting-sergeant; but I frankly confess I am not up to drilling; let us go to Bath, by all means, and have some respite from these horrid annoyances we are daily subject to here."

"All that will be over before long, mamma," said Miss Upjohn.

"I trust so, and I think so," said her mother.

The two ladies accordingly went to Bath; first giving it out in the neighbourhood that they went solely to meet Mr. Upjohn half-way, and were to return with him for the great event.

All the time the great lady of Foxden had been occupied in this dignified manner in a matter no less momentous than the defence of the realm, Dame Rowley, like a quiet respectable woman, kept going on in her usual poor-spirited humdrum way, minding her own petty concerns, not in the least likely to be honoured with the royal autograph.

One of her affairs happened just then to require her sharpest attention. The brewery was giving her some trouble of a kind she had not yet experienced, though not in itself so serious as the consequences were which it involved. It was a daring thing to attempt the cooking of accounts which had to pass under Mrs. Rowley's review, but the attempt was made. The criminal was a young man who had been appointed by Mr. Cosie to the situation he held, and of whom Mrs. Rowley had no good opinion, as it had been necessary once or twice to reprove him for smoking in his office, as well as for other irregularities. But one Sunday, in church, she observed him

with a very fine waistcoat, a profusion of tawdry jewellery, and a gold chain with an eye-glass, with which he was ogling her pretty secretary instead of attending to the service. Next morning, without a word to anybody, she sent down for the young man's books, and proceeded to overhaul his accounts of various sums which it was his duty to receive and pay over. The accounts were correct on the face of them, entry tallying with entry as nicely as possible, but still there was a deficit in cash to the extent of about forty pounds. This was just the nut for Mrs. Rowley to crack, and she never left her green velvet chair until she cracked it, or, without metaphor, until she discovered the fraud, and how it was managed. Her next step was a matter-of-course; she instantly sent Mr. Cosie instructions to dismiss the culprit, and prosecute him if he thought it expedient; but the village Robson had anticipated both proceedings by quietly absconding while Mrs. Rowley was investigating his dishonesty.

This incident occurred on the day that the Upjohns left Foxden.

This matter disposed of, the widow had leisure to attend to her modest share in public business; for, obscure as she was, being also a proprietor in a small way, she had likewise received letters from Lord Dartmoor on the subject of the volunteering, which she respectfully acknowledged, and then had a conference about it with Mr. Cosie.

"How many men do you think we could muster?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"Well, madam, I think you could assemble not much under a hundred as fine men as there are to be found in any part of the country. The islanders alone would make fifty. What a pity it is that Mr. Arnaud's vocation will forbid him to lead them!"

"Depend on it, Mr. Cosie, it will do no such thing. I know him better. Even if he was in orders, I doubt if he would hesitate a moment to shoulder his musket at the call of his country. He has grown so attached to his flock that he can't tear himself from them, and I believe they are just as devoted to him. If he chose to imitate Peter the Hermit and preach a crusade, there is not one of them who would not follow him every foot of the way to Palestine."

"Not a doubt of it," replied Mr. Cosie; "if Mr. Arnaud takes it up, you will not be ashamed of your corps, madam."

"Leave that to me," replied Mrs. Rowley. "I'll go over to him myself about it; do what you can yourself, and quietly, Mr. Cosie."

Arnaud had all these days been waiting anxiously for the employment abroad which he had solicited, but he had only received ambiguous and cold replies. The truth was that he was not in good odour with the managers of these spiritual matters in London. He was not orthodox enough to please them; he dwelt largely on the morals of Christianity, little and rarely on its dogmas and mysteries; he revelled in the "Paradiso," but abstained altogether from the

"Inferno;" his prayers were too short, and his litany was often not much more than the sigh of the publican in the parable.

In short, he received no appointment, even to an African swamp, or an Esquimaux settlement; and never was a benefice-hunting divine more dejected by the deferred hope of a good living. He had prayed for the wings of the morning, that he might flee away from all that he loved upon earth, but his prayer had not been granted. The gulls and cormorants that wheeled about him were free to fly where they listed, while he was chained to the rock. He chafed the more at his situation from not seeing his way out of it; and—distracted between what he believed to be duty, knew to be honour, and felt to be love—over and over again he asked himself whether he ought not at all risks to have taken bolder resolutions.

Such was his state of mind—that state of perplexity when even men of strong character are apt to wish for some sudden turn of events to determine their line of conduct—when Mrs. Rowley startled him like a hare in his heathy solitude. Only Fanny accompanied her. Susan was displeased with her missionary for absenting himself so long.

Mrs. Rowley had requested Mr. Cosie to take his measures quietly, wishing of all things to avoid the appearance of ostentation or rivalry; but there are some things which are not to be done in whispers or in a corner. Mr. Cosie met the Rev. Mr. Choker after leaving Mrs. Rowley, and told him what was on foot, taking great care to add that "mum" was the word.

"I understand," said the casual, "you may rely on me; 'mum's' the word."

Now Mr. Choker, not having been treated by Mrs. Upjohn, during her round of entertainments, in what he considered a handsome way, had consequently become a violent Rowleyite; so before the sun was set, it was all over the parish that the widow's blood was up; that Mrs. Upjohn was not to have all the military glory to herself, and that Mrs. Rowley was going to the islands the next day to rouse the population.

The effect of keeping things quiet in this way was, that when Mrs. Rowley and Fanny drove down to the quay to embark, they found quite a little mob assembled, who cheered them vociferously, with all sorts of patriotic cries. When they got to the other side, it was the same thing; the mere rumour of her coming, though it had preceded her for little more than an hour, had done half her work; the strand was crowded with tall fellows who were ready to die for the Queen, and readier, if possible, to die for Mrs. Rowley. They followed her all the way to Arnaud's retreat, and she got into conversation with the foremost of them.

"I came to ask you to volunteer," she said, "and I find you are volunteers already. How many are there of you capable of serving?"

The answer agreed pretty well with Mr. Cosie's estimate.

"Very good," said Mrs. Rowley, "you will make a brave company, but you will want a captain, eh?"

"No, my lady," replied the spokesman; "won't we have Mr. Arnaud?"

"What!" said the widow, affecting to be amused by the idea, "your minister! you are not serious. What makes you think of him?"

"Isn't he the tallest man in the island?" said one.

"And a real gentleman?" said another.

"He's the best shot, please your ladyship's honour, from the Land's End to Johnny Groat's," said a third.

"But remember, my fine fellows, he is your minister; his profession is peace, his business is to teach you your duties and how to wrestle with an enemy worse than the French—you know whom I mean."

"That we do, my lady; Mr. Arnaud calls him a roaring lion, and other times a big serpent, when he condescends to mention him, which he don't do often, for he thinks God, my lady, a pleasanter subject; but since we are talking of the other 'un, I've an idea that he couldn't come in a worse shape than a rascally Frenchman presuming to set his foot on your ladyship's manor and the Queen's dominions."

"Well," said Mrs. Rowley, smiling, "I really don't think he well could—at least, in a more offensive one."

"Then, my lady, if the French come, it's Mr. Arnaud's duty to fight them, too—let it be wrestling, if your ladyship likes; I should like to see any dozen of them stand before him at that!"

"Upon my word," said Mrs. Rowley, turning to Fanny, "he argues it very well. I think Arnaud has been teaching them logic as well as divinity."

"And to clinch the matter," said another, who had hitherto been silent, "we are determined to make him our captain, or not a mother's son of us will shoulder a gun."

"After that," said Mrs. Rowley, "I suppose I must cheer for Captain Arnaud myself," and to suit the action to the word, she raised her parasol and gave it a little flourish.

The former cheers were nothing to the cheering now. It was so loud and long that it reached Arnaud in his cell, and, seizing his gun, he rushed forth to see what the cause was of so unusual an interruption of the ordinary stillness in which he dwelt.

Never did man of peace look so like a man of the opposite calling as Arnaud did at that moment, in his corsair-like trim, with his gun in his hand, as he stood out on the heather with his eyes grimly fixed on the point where he expected his visitors to appear. He had not

long to wait. The islanders, with their well-known faces, came jumping down the rocks upon him, tumbling over one another, followed by the Rowleys at a more moderate pace, but evidently exciting the men, for Mrs. Rowley was again waving her parasol. In a moment he had them all about him.

"What's all this?" he cried.

"Nothing, my dear fellow," said Mrs. Rowley, "only these are my recruits, and they have chosen you for their leader by universal suffrage."

"But——" cried Arnaud in utter amazement.

"But me no buts," said the widow; "they will serve under no captain but you, and we have only to look at you to see that fighting in a good cause is as much in your line as preaching. Besides, '*vox populi, vox Dei*,' you know."

While she was speaking, Fanny's fingers were busy tying a little red scarf round his waist, in token of his commission. The hand was Fanny's, but the spirit was Susan's; and so was the scarf itself. Arnaud looked down, and at once recognised it. Susan used to wear it constantly in Paris, before she was in mourning, when Arnaud first knew her.

The colour that flushed his cheek would have been more noticed had he not towered by the head over everybody around him.

At another time he might have disputed the universal truth of the maxim quoted by Mrs. Rowley; but he had yearned for some critical event to terminate his suspense. Just such an event had happened; and he allowed himself to be borne along by the irresistible tide of circumstances.

"There will be much to do," said Mrs. Rowley, as the men dispersed, having carried their point, "and but little time to do it in. You must look after the uniforms, and all that sort of thing, yourself, my dear fellow; the girls will help you, I dare say,—only, as they can't well come to you, you must come over to them."

Arnaud accompanied her back to the beach as submissive as a child.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW MR. UPJOHN WAS TREATED ON HIS RETURN FROM KISSENGEN. A CHAPTER IN WHICH THERE IS AN OMINOUS CLOUD OVER EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY.

MRS. ROWLEY was determined herself to take no part in the volunteer fête, thinking her widowhood not far enough advanced for appearing in public, and resolved that nothing should tempt her to

enter into competition of any kind with Mrs. Upjohn ; but as it promised to be a gay affair, she thought it would be a good opportunity to have Mr. Alexander and the Marjorams spend a few days at Oakham. As to Mr. Alexander, her daughters had been wondering why she had not asked him down before, but Mrs. Rowley knew that he would not wait to be invited, if his time was at his disposal ; in fact, he had given her a promise to that effect, and he was probably at least as much disappointed as she was at having been so long unable to keep it. However, she wrote to him now to satisfy the girls, and had a pleasant letter from him in reply, accepting her invitation, and enclosing a clever and amusing letter which he had just received from Miss Cateran, written from dear old Bobbio, of all places in the world. Mr. Woodville had given up all hopes of meeting Mr. Sandford, but, oddly enough, Letitia had just seen a gentleman who reminded her of him strongly, though Woodville was so perverse, she said, as to see no resemblance. However, as the weather was "exceptionally" fine for that late season in the Alps, the travellers were in no hurry to leave the Valleys, and Letitia promised to write to Alexander again.

"I wonder," said Fanny, "are they going to settled at Bobbio?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Mrs. Rowley, "it's the very place Letitia would choose to settle in. No stewed kidneys or lobster salads to be had amongst my poor Vaudois ; nothing but honey and goats' cheese."

None of the Rowleys thought much of Miss Cateran's fancy as to Mr. Sandford ; Arnaud only looked very grave when he heard of it, but he made no remark. He came over now almost every day ; but was strangely melancholy and abstracted, and neither sought nor avoided meetings with Susan. Had the girls not made up for his inactivity, his men would never have been clothed and accoutred.

After Mrs. Upjohn had been at Bath about a week, an important change took place in the volunteering arrangements, in consequence of the fatal termination of Lord Dartmoor's illness. The duties he had taken on himself now devolved on Mrs. Rowley's old friend Lord St. Michael's, who had also considerable property in the county. He immediately wrote to her requesting her to receive him with Lady St. Michael's as her guests on the occasion of the ceremony ; at the same time informing her that he considered the lawn in front of the Meadows the fittest and only proper place for the review. In other respects there would be no departure from what Lord Dartmoor had proposed. Mrs. Rowley, knowing what Lord St. Michael's did not, what heart-burning, to say the least, the selection of the Meadows would cause, wrote at once to Mr. Upjohn, who was in London, to let him know that though she could not decline to receive his lordship, or take it upon her to object to his choice of the ground,

neither she herself nor her daughters would on any account appear on the occasion, which she hoped would remove the difficulties that might otherwise arise.

To this Mr. Upjohn replied in a letter which evidently had given him great pain to write; that he could not possibly expect her to do more, but that he was afraid even so large a concession would be unavailing.

So indeed it was; he knew his consort only too well. When he joined her at Bath, he found her in one of those ungovernable moods which listen to no reason. The choice of the Meadows was all Mrs. Rowley's manœuvring; the ground at Foxden was a hundred times preferable to the "paddock," as she called it, in front of the cottage; she had wheedled that idiotic old lord with her usual artfulness, and as to her pledge to absent herself and her daughters, she knew her too long and too well to believe a word of it; she would pack the ground with her own abject creatures, and come out with her brazen face at the last moment, as she always did, to extinguish everybody else. No, no, Mrs. Upjohn would not be imposed on. Her mind was made up. Let who would present the colours, neither she nor her daughter would have anything to do with it; and what was more, she would never return to the county while Mrs. Rowley remained at the Meadows. Please God, however, that would not be very long!

Such was the gale with which poor Upjohn was greeted on re-joining his family in England after a three-months' absence. Left to himself, when the storm had exhausted itself, and he was alone again, he sat for hours with his thoughtful melancholy face buried in his hands before the fire, musing on the mysterious decree which made the wealth he hated the torture of his life, as if Mammon really ruled the world, and was punishing him for abjuring his divinity.

At length he started up from his mournful reverie, suddenly remembering that some medicine for Carry required special instructions to the apothecary, took his hat, and went out. At the door he found a young man, whose face he remembered to have seen at Oakham. He wore a glossy new suit, with a profusion of tawdry jewellery, like a London apprentice on a Sunday. Upjohn asked him what he wanted. He wanted to see Mrs. Upjohn. Upjohn thought it not likely that his wife could see him at that moment; however, he might try. Then he went to the apothecary, thinking no more of the young man.

That same night, remembering his public duties in the midst of his private troubles, he wrote again to his sister-in-law. He would go himself to Foxden for the ceremony, but the office that his daughter was to have performed must be discharged by one of his

nieces. He requested them to prepare the colours, and broider them with whatever devices they pleased.

Two days previous to the stirring event the Marjorams came, and were lodged at the inn, the cottage not being large enough to receive them in addition to Lord and Lady St. Michael's. The Rowley girls, who had hard work to get the colours ready, found invaluable assistants in Mary and Prim, than whom there were not in all needledom experter embroiderers. Mrs. Rowley was struggling hard to keep up her spirits, and now regretted that she had invited company; she understood better than anybody else the depth of domestic misery which left Mr. Upjohn no alternative but the new arrangement. However, she did her best to amuse Mr. Marjoram; conversed freely with him about all her affairs, and listened attentively to the remarks he frankly made on her various undertakings. Though less opposed to some of them than formerly, seeing how successful they were, he was chary of his commendations, and still thought she ventured too much. She took him, among other things, to see her little music-hall, and advised with him about laying out the pleasure-ground attached to it. There the rural attorney was quite at home, and he undertook to stock it with plants from his garden, after consulting with Mr. Cosie's daughters as to the shrubs and flowers best suited to the climate of Cornwall.

The day previous to the fête was to be spent on the island, if the sea was smooth. Mrs. Rowley's troop were to appear for the first time in their uniforms. On the preceding evening there was a dinner-party at the Meadows; but, owing to the visible weight on Mrs. Rowley's mind, the cause of which was no secret from her guests, it was very unlike the meeting she had looked forward to. Arnaud was gloomy. The too serious evening ended with a circle drawn round the fire, which the October evenings called for. The only pleasantry of the day arose out of it. It wanted stirring, and Mrs. Rowley knew how to use a poker. In a moment a cheerful blaze illuminated every corner of the room.

"There now!" said Mary Marjoram to her brother; "will you ever say again that no lady can stir a fire?"

"No," said Marjoram, "I shall say in future that Mrs. Rowley is the only lady who can."

It was only to do as much as she could to amuse Mr. Marjoram that Mrs. Rowley went over to the island the next day. Mr. Cosie and two of his daughters were also of the party. The Rowley girls and the Misses Marjoram were too busy at the colours to leave their needles for a moment.

October suns go down into the ocean early. It was dusk when the island party returned to tea at the cottage. The Cosies went

home, the Marjorams to the inn, and the Rowleys to bed, heartily wishing all the fuss over, and their guests safe back to London.

Mrs. Rowley was in the habit, when she felt herself over-excited or fatigued, either by application to business or any other cause, to take up a book after she retired to her room, and calm her mind with half an hour's reading before she went to her pillow. You are mistaken if you think that any dull book would have answered her purpose. On the contrary, she found by experience that the book for the purpose must neither be stupid, for in that case she could not have read it at all, nor over-stimulating, for then it might prevail over sleep instead of inducing it. She therefore generally took up one of Miss Austen's tales, or one of Peacock's, and read on until the pleasing influence of the page tranquillised her spirits, when the claims of nature were sure to do the rest. On this night it was a story of Miss Austen's which came first to her hand, and it engaged her attention rather longer than usual, for it was past midnight before she laid it down and betook herself to rest. She had, perhaps, been asleep scarcely twenty minutes when she awoke with a sense of oppression, which seemed at first the effect of nightmare; but in a moment she recognised the alarming truth. The cottage was in flames!

CHAPTER XLVI.

HOW MRS. ROWLEY WENT THROUGH A FIERY ORDEAL, AND HOW INDIGNATION MADE HER ELOQUENT—HOW SHE NO SOONER SANK THAN SHE ROSE, AND WHO ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY TO WITNESS HER TRIUMPH.

Mrs. Rowley sprang out of bed and ran out into the corridor. It was already full of smoke. In a moment she was joined by her daughters and two screaming maids, who perceived the fire almost as soon as she did herself. Patty Penrose, too, and the other servants, were heard crying out from below; for the side of the cottage where Mrs. Rowley and the girls slept was two-storied, the house being built on the slope of a steep bank. The principal staircase was now so full of scorching air that escape by that way was impossible; but there was a smaller one in a wing, which was still practicable, although the smoke was rushing up that also, showing that the house was on fire in two places, which at once suggested to Mrs. Rowley that the fire was the act of an incendiary. There was barely time for such hurried dressing as female delicacy exacts in the most desperate circumstances. With only a shawl over her night-gear, her jewel-box in one hand and a box of her most valuable

papers in the other, Mrs. Rowley made her way down, followed by her daughters and the shrieking maids. Susan tried to keep them quiet, but Mrs. Rowley told her to let them scream as loud as they pleased; it was as good as a tocsin. In less than five minutes from the first alarm they were all safe in the open air, including Patty with the account-books in her arms; and the out-door servants, having been awakened by the screaming, Mrs. Rowley ordered one to ring the labourers' bell in the farm-yard, and another to fly to the village for the fire-engine.

There was a significant delay about the bell, for the rope had been cut; but that was quickly remedied, and the bell rang out a loud alarm, which was sure to rouse the whole neighbourhood. To Mrs. Rowley's great surprise, the first assistance to arrive was Mr. Blackadder, who had returned that very day to resume his duties. With the help of the servants he was enabled to save some plate and a few articles of furniture, for it was idle to think of resisting the progress of the flames. In all her trepidation Mrs. Rowley thought of the Cosies' portraits, and those precious works of art were among the few things that were saved.

But a mightier than Mr. Blackadder was at the same moment rushing through the gloomy waters, with a crew of his stalwart followers, to the relief of his friends in need. Arnaud's eye was indeed the first to discover the fire. After Mrs. Rowley left him that evening he sat him down on the rocks near the landing-place with his eyes fixed intently on the spot that held those who were dearest to him under heaven. He watched the lights at the Meadows go out one after the other, first Susan's and then Mrs. Rowley's, and still sat gazing, though there was nothing longer to be seen but what was indistinguishable from the dim circle of wood that bounded the horizon in that direction. Soon he perceived another stronger and ruddier light gleaming from the lower story, first on one side of the house, then on the other, and in a moment he concluded it could only be fire. He flew to the nearest huts as quickly as he drew the inference, and, rousing the inmates, two of the stoutest men on the island, hurried them with him to the beach. The bell caught his ears about midway, and he called on the men to redouble their efforts, for they had only their oars to depend on. He himself worked one pair with the vigour of a Canadian boatman on the St. Lawrence to shun the fatal cataract. Landed, it was one race to the bridge with the speed of the Olympic games. Close to it he found the road barricaded by the trunk of a tall larch, which Mr. Cosie had recently had felled, but had certainly not placed it where Arnaud found it. At the same moment hearing shouting and the clatter of wheels in the direction of the village, he paused an instant to reflect, and conjecturing, which was the fact, that it was the fire-

engine from Oakham, he raised the tree from the ground and swung it on one side of the road with an effort of strength that astonished his companions. Then another race for the burning house, of which the flames were now lighting up the whole country side.

He reached the scene of conflagration too late for any chance of saving the cottage, but not too late for an emergency which had just arisen; for Susan Rowley, who had taken the colours up to her room, which had only just been finished before she went to bed, suddenly recollected them, and before any one could restrain her, rushed back into the house to rescue them. She succeeded as far as laying her hands on them, but on attempting to return again by the door, found that way of escape barred by the progress of the flames. She appeared at the window just as Arnaud came up, and, wild with terror, was about to spring down on the terrace beneath, a height of nearly twenty feet, when she saw her unexpected deliverer prepared to receive her in his arms. For a moment she forgot her danger, and hesitated, but one earnest, imploring word decided her, and she jumped down with the colours in her hand. He sustained her with almost the solidity of a rock, only sinking a little on one knee under her weight. Fanny swooned with terror, and Mrs. Rowley's nerve hardly kept her from giving way also. The engine came too late to be of any service. Within less than an hour from the first discovery of the flames, not a rafter remained unconsumed of Mr. Cosie's comfortable cottage. Many an autumn morning had shed its rosy light on its picturesque gables. The next dawn found nothing but a smoking ruin, and instead of the smell of flowers and shrubs, the offensive scent of fire tainting the air.

Mr. Blackadder's return was most opportune. The burnt-out widow and her daughters willingly accepted the shelter he cordially offered them, and returned to the parsonage with him, wrapped in the great coats and cloaks of the gentlemen to protect them from the cold.

As they proceeded in this miserable plight to the parsonage, they met another reverend gentleman coming leisurely to their succour. This was Mr. Choker, who, with the habitual care of himself that never forsook him under the most trying circumstances, had dressed himself completely, and not even forgotten to wrap himself in a Scotch plaid of Mr. Blackadder's, nor to fortify his neck with a woollen comforter. Mrs. Rowley could not help smiling in all her tribulation; and indeed poor old Mr. Cosie, with his wife's flannel petticoat over his shoulders, and his broad-brimmed hat over his night-cap, would at another time have caused mirth enough, too.

When a magistrate, a parson, and a lawyer, are unanimous on a point, they are pretty likely to have taken the right view of it. The only question with Mrs. Rowley's friends the next day was who the

incendiaries were, and what could possibly have been their motive ; for that it was a case of incendiarism was beyond all doubt. While they were deliberating, Mr. Upjohn joined them. He had just arrived, and hearing of the catastrophe in the village, hurried to the parsonage to assure himself that his relations had sustained no personal injury. The delinquent clerk occurred to Mr. Cosie before long. He was a bad character in every way, and the crime might have been his revenge for his detection and dismissal. Mr. Marjoram thought this a very probable explanation of the fire, and suggested that a description of his person, and a reward for his capture, should immediately be posted in the village and published in the county papers. Mr. Cosie said the fellow was easily described, and on mentioning the most striking particulars of his personal appearance, Mr. Upjohn immediately recollected the young man whom he had seen at the door of the house in Bath.

"I have no doubt," he said, "it was the same fellow ; he probably wanted to get my wife to interfere for him to get him reinstated."

"Highly probable," said Marjoram gravely, with an extremely cautious glance at Mr. Cosie, which the magistrate perfectly understood.

"Did he see Mrs. Upjohn ?" asked Mr. Blackadder.

Marjoram had been afraid to put that question.

"I really can't say," said Upjohn, "for I was out at the time ; nor do I see that it matters a pin whether he saw her or not."

"Just so," said Mr. Marjoram.

Mrs. Rowley, hearing that her brother-in-law had come, sent to request him to come up to her in her room, where she was breakfasting. He offered at once in his usual kindly way to receive Lord Eglamour at Foxden, and do everything in his power to assist her in this unforeseen difficulty. Their interview was very brief. He mentioned to her the same fact he had mentioned to her friends below stairs, but she made no comment upon it.

Most probably the destruction of the Meadows reminded Mr. Upjohn of the last words of his wife's tirade a few days before ; but he attached no further meaning to them than that she was impatient for Mrs. Rowley's removal to the Manor House. Indeed, it must have been either to that, or to the prospect of her dispossession that Mrs. Upjohn alluded on that occasion, as she had not yet seen the instrument which the fiend so obligingly sent her just at the right moment.

Mr. Upjohn had no sooner left the parsonage, than Mrs. Rowley sent her maid to the parlour to tell the gentlemen there that she would go down and meet them.

"Poor lady," said Marjoram, "she is greatly to be pitied ; we must do what we can to cheer her up and encourage her."

"It would have been better," said Mr. Cosie, "if she had kept her room quietly to-day, but she is naturally excited by what she has gone through."

"Let us all be calm," said the curate, "and urge upon her the duty of being calm too."

While they were talking, the door opened, and Mrs. Rowley, with a red shawl thrown over the white dimity in which she fled from the fire, entered the room.

The only visible discomposure about her was that of her splendid hair, which had not received the attentions of her maid that morning. Stately she always was, but now she was also as serene as Fate. The three gentlemen who had just been agreeing to comfort and tranquillise her, were infinitely less composed than she was. She was a little pale, but it was not the paleness of dismay or perplexity. She advanced without the least nervousness, and took the chair which Mr. Blackadder presented to her.

"Gentlemen," she said, "I need not say how much I thank you for your kind interest in my misfortunes; but this last misfortune, let me tell you, has actually done me a service, by putting an end to all doubt as to the course I ought henceforward to pursue. The victim of relentless hostility, I have hitherto been too passive, and perhaps too scrupulous under it. I have pocketed my wrongs with a patience which has been of no use to me. I have lived a retired life, only minding my own business, injuring nobody either in word or deed; and the end is that I am burned out of my home, or rather out of poor Mr. Cosie's, and myself and my daughters have barely escaped with our lives. I mean to pursue another system from this time forth. As obscurity has not protected me, perhaps publicity will. Since my enemies force prominence upon me, I am prepared to accept it. I am not going to be driven from the country by incendiaries of any rank or sex. You all understand me; among friends, at least, there is no use in mincing matters. As to the occasion for which Lord St. Michael's comes here to-day, it must be postponed, but only until to-morrow; I had intended to take no part in it, but I am now resolved to appear along with my daughters."

Even had her friends seen anything to disapprove in the steps thus announced, the decision with which she spoke would have kept them silent; but they complimented her on her resolutions, only they thought she might very well put off the affair of the colours a little longer, if not altogether; but she was inflexible on the subject.

Meantime the population of the whole district was in a ferment of indignation at the atrocity which had been perpetrated, and the slur not only of lawlessness, but ingratitude, thrown upon it by such monstrous conduct towards their benefactress. Some of the principal farmers came at once to express their sympathies and resentment;

and offers of assistance and temporary accommodation poured in from all sides.

When Mrs. Rowley opened her eyes on the morning of the appointed day, she found her daughter Susan hanging over her, looking as if some new perplexity had arisen.

"What is it, my dear?" said Mrs. Rowley, raising her head drowsily.

"Something very, very important," said her daughter, smiling to show it was nothing worse; "do you think it would be quite the thing for you to appear on this grand occasion in your white dimity dressing-gown?"

"Not at all the thing," said the widow, jumping up in the bed; "but what is to be done?"

"Fanny's idea," said Susan, "was to borrow Mr. Blackadder's gown and turn it into something for you, but I think I have hit on a better plan; Mrs. Cosie, I'm sure, will be able to hunt up some old black dress or another, out of that wonderful box of hers, and as there will be sure to be stuff enough in any gown that she ever wore, we'll easily make something beautiful for you out of it."

The widow considered it a capital plan, and a messenger was on the point of starting with a note to the Cosies, when two of the Cosie girls arrived at the parsonage with a cart-load of things both for Mrs. Rowley and her daughters, having bountifully anticipated their wants.

Mrs. Rowley was more touched than by anything in her last calamity, to see what efforts those good people made to command their feelings before her who had been the innocent cause of the destruction of the house where they had spent so many happy years, and which had grown to be part of themselves. A single tear trembling in Dorothy's eye, which she successfully struggled to keep from falling, brought a great many into Mrs. Rowley's.

But it was necessary to wipe them soon, for the dresses which Mrs. Cosie had fished up had to be rapidly cut down like first-rates to frigates, to adapt them to the figures and heights of their several wearers, and this occupied all hands so long that it was hardly finished before two o'clock, the appointed hour for the meeting. It was to be held at Foxden, after all, for the ground which had been fixed on was covered with charred timber and relics of furniture still smouldering, even if the sadness of the scene had not put it out of the question.

Just as the party were setting out from the vicarage to walk to Foxden, which was not far off, who should arrive but Mr. Alexander. He had not expected to be in time for the ceremony, and probably was not very anxious on that point. He had already learned all that had taken place, and nothing remained to surprise him but the

courage and indomitable spirit of Mrs. Rowley, who seemed to gather fresh strength from every buffet of adverse fortune. She certainly did look wonderfully brilliant and powerful that day, even without taking into full consideration the vexations and trials she had just gone through. The arrival of Alexander probably added some rays to the halo that surrounded her, but whether any fraction of her glory proceeded from the elevating thought that she wore the same rich though somewhat tarnished velvet which had once graced a Guildhall banquet, is a point which we must leave unsettled.

"I don't ask you," said Mrs. Rowley to her old friend, as they walked along, "why you did not come to us sooner; if you had, I need hardly say what a *warm* reception you would have got."

"I heartily wish I had been near you at such a trying time," said Alexander, "though I could have done nothing; but as Arnaud and I had a great struggle together once in perils by water, I should like to have been by his side again in a fight with another element."

"He saved Susan's life, as you saved his uncle's," said Mrs. Rowley. "She risked it to save the colours which she is going to present just now to his company."

They were now at the gate of Foxden, and the lanes and avenues were thronged with people hastening to the ground. Further conversation about Arnaud, or anything else but the great business of the day, was out of the question.

At an early hour that morning there was as great a stir in the parish of Oakham, and especially about Foxden, as if the French fleet had been visible off the coast, save that the excitement was not one of alarm. The townspeople were all attired in their best, banners were flying, guns firing, and a band, not quite detestable, as rural bands in England commonly are, was stationed at one side of the house, where they had already commenced playing those spirit-stirring airs which are supposed to make even cowards brave. The arrangements had been hurried and were very imperfect.

Mr. Upjohn was to bring up his men, about a hundred in all, from the village where they were mustered, and Arnaud his troop by the road from the sea. Lord St. Michael's had not appeared, but when the cheers of the crowd announced Mrs. Rowley he came out with Lady St. Michael's to receive her, and was heartily glad to see Alexander too. In a few minutes all the chief personages were collected in two or three groups under the windows, and they had not long to wait for the brave volunteers.

Mr. Upjohn, in the uniform of a deputy-lieutenant, for he had no other to wear, was the first to arrive. He was mounted on his favourite old pony, which looked as like a war-horse as its rider did to a warrior; but it was judicious in Upjohn to ride, for it concealed his personal defect. However, as he was personally popular, and

even more, he was warmly received by everybody, as he took his station to the right of his corps, which made no very brilliant appearance.

When Arnaud came on the ground with his men, who were properly accoutred and got up, thanks to the Rowleys, to more than their leader, the contrast was striking; and the islanders were complimented and applauded on all sides, Arnaud himself loudly, owing to his commanding stature, perhaps, as much as to the respect he had won by his life and sacrifices.

When the proper moment came Lord St. Michael's, after a very slight and formal inspection, inquired for the ensign, to receive the colours from the hands of Miss Rowley; but nobody answered to the call, for the sufficient reason that no such officer had been appointed or thought of. In this difficulty somebody named Arnaud, and instantly there was a loud call for him, which he promptly but modestly answered. Advancing towards Miss Rowley, who stood in front (Alexander assisting her to support the staff), he received the colours from her quivering fingers, and, as if the touch of her hand had communicated to his some extraordinary power, as it possibly did, he raised them and waved them above his head, as easily as if it had been a sprig of laurel. A lusty cheer of course followed such a feat of strength. When the colours were unfurled they displayed, in silver threads worked on a dark blue ground, the celebrated motto of the Waldenses. The Rowleys had, naturally, only Arnaud's troop in view in embroidering the flag.

"Upon my word," said his lordship to Mr. Upjohn, who had alighted, "as long as that gentleman bears the colours of your troop it is not likely to fall into the enemies' hands."

"I think, my lord," said Marjoram, "these fine fellows will have a *casus belli* against the French, if they don't come over to be thrashed."

Susan Rowley ought, in correctness, to have been prepared with a neat little speech on the occasion; but the speech, like the ensign, had been overlooked in the hasty way in which everything had been done. To fill up this new gap in the proceedings, Lord St. Michael's hinted to Mr. Upjohn, who was at his elbow, that it would be well if he would address the men briefly—a few words would be enough. But no sooner had he made the suggestion than he saw reason to regret it in the gallant captain's elongated face. It is easy to talk of a short speech, but it is not every one who can make one, long or short. Some of the finest speeches of Demosthenes are short; but Mr. Upjohn was no Demosthenes, except perhaps in point of valour, if that of the Athenian orator has not been unjustly disparaged. Mrs. Rowley, seeing her brother-in-law's embarrassment, approached to encourage him, and perhaps she might have succeeded; but the crowd understood what was going on, and in an instant a cry for Mrs. Rowley

rose from all sides, and such a lusty one that there was no resisting it. She was in the situation of a *prima donna* called before the curtain; but she did not wait, as *prima donnas* often do, until the call was thrice repeated, for that would only have made Mr. Upjohn's backwardness more remarkable.

"My brave fellows!" she said, "since you prefer to be thanked by a lady for the alacrity with which you have answered the call of duty, accept through me the thanks of your queen and country. My private opinion is that you will never draw your swords against an invader of the coasts of England; but that will be because your existence will tell her enemies what an invader has to expect. At all events, I shall not tremble for the shores of this peninsula while it is garrisoned by you. Many words would be out of place addressing soldiers. Go!" (she perorated, pointing to a great tent, which had been pitched for recreation of the most substantial kind) "and show by your prowess with your knives what the foe may look for if ever they venture on your bayonets."

The most uproarious applause followed Mrs. Rowley's first effort in public speaking, and no one in all the assembly applauded her lively little harangue with half the fervour of Mr. Upjohn, who frankly told all the people round him that he could not for a dukedom have delivered such a speech.

"However," he added pleasantly, "it is the business of us soldiers to fight, not to talk."

The Cosies looked as if they could neither believe their ears nor their eyes, and the Misses Marjoram were very much in the same state of bewildered rapture, so much did Mrs. Rowley's last achievement exceed all that they had ever dreamed of any woman performing, even such a woman as she was.

"Dear, dear me," cried Mrs. Cosie, "how could she ever do it? And she never wanted a word. What a pity and a shame they don't let ladies go into Parliament, and I think they ought to send Mrs. Rowley into the House at all events. And just to think that she made it in my old black velvet; dear, dear me, oughtn't I to be proud?"

And then she told Mary Marjoram the whole history of her old velvet, and its royal associations, and how she was not a bit proud of it when it was new; but she was now, and whenever she looked at it, she would never think of King William again as long as she lived.

"Well," said Mary smiling, "she is wonderful, indeed, everybody must admit; but, Mrs. Cosie dear, you are a wonderful woman yourself to be here and looking so well and so resigned, and your beautiful cottage burnt to the ground."

Mrs. Rowley now joined them, and Mary repeated what she had

just said, while the widow was embracing Mrs. Cosie, whom she had not seen since the catastrophe.

Mrs. Rowley said she almost felt as if she had burned the cottage herself; but Mrs. Cosie could only think of her goodness in saving the pictures, which no money could replace.

"As to the house, ma'am, it was just the will of God; and if it hadn't been burnt then, it might have been burnt some other time; and my own self was as much to blame as anybody; for many a time Cosie talked of having it tiled, and my girls and myself wouldn't hear of it, because, ma'am, it wouldn't be a cottage, we said, if it wasn't thatched."

"Indeed," said Mary Marjoram, "I had the same foolish notion myself."

Lord St. Michael's left as soon as the business was over, and so did unfortunate Mr. Upjohn, after doffing his uniform, and taking an affectionate leave of the Rowleys. There were soon none left but the men, who were carousing under canvas, to show the alacrity with which they obeyed orders.

Mr. Upjohn was well inured to painful domestic scenes, or he would have lingered longer at Foxden, to shun the inevitable effects on his wife of the fresh laurels with which her impotent malice had crowned her rival. But he was fortunate enough this time not to witness his wife's violence. He stopped for a day at Exeter, and thus gave time for the provincial journals, with their inflated accounts of the doings at Oakham, to reach Mrs. Upjohn before him.

Often, however, as we have seen her transported by passion beyond the bounds of decency, her rage never evaporated so suddenly as upon this occasion, for it changed to terror before she dropped the newspaper in her hands, on seeing the rewards offered in the very same number for the discovery of the incendiaries, or their accomplices and instigators. When her husband arrived at Bath, she had already decamped for London, leaving behind her a letter in which she informed him that she was so extremely uneasy about the state her dear Carry was in, that she had made up her mind to leave England with the least possible delay, and winter at Nice. Of this resolution, sudden as he thought it, Mr. Upjohn highly approved, but he had so little notion of his wife's extreme impatience to act on it, that he remained for a few days longer in the country. When he went up to town he found again only a letter on the subject of remittances!

MARMION SAVAGE.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Characteristics. By ANTHONY, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. Edited by Rev. WALTER M. HATCH. Vol. I. Longmans. 14s.

THE first of three volumes of a new and very handsome edition of Shaftesbury's acute, sensible, and suggestive *Characteristics*, containing the Letter concerning Enthusiasm, the "Sensus Communis, or Essay on the Freedom of Wit and Humour," and the "Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author." The editor's notes are both too numerous and too long. Little essays by the way at the foot of each page are of the nature of a nuisance. It would have been much better to limit the notes to illustrations from other writers, with very terse remarks from Mr. Hatch, if specially called for by something in the text. The marginal analysis is both useful and well done.

The Magyars: their Country and Institutions. By ARTHUR J. PATTERSON. With Maps. Two vols. Smith, Elder, & Co. 18s.

A PARTICULARLY instructive account of the geography, society, politics, and history of Hungary. Mr. Patterson is much more than the ordinary traveller; in the first place, he has spent a great deal of time, some three years in all, in close intercourse with the people of the country, and in the second, he possesses both an adequate knowledge of European history and a just appreciation of the permanent importance of social and political movements. This book is not amusing nor lively for superficial people, but it is very valuable to persons who want to know something about the forces that have been and are at work in this most important part of eastern Europe.

Hereditary Genius: an Inquiry into its Laws and Consequences. By F. GALTON, F.R.S. Macmillan. 12s.

AN attempt to show experimentally and deductively the derivation of natural abilities by inheritance, under the same limitations and conditions as the physical form of organic growths. The author's general plan is to take high reputation as a tolerably accurate test of special ability; then to examine the relationships of a large body of men of high repute—judges, statesmen, ministers; from them to obtain some general laws of heredity; then to test them by further examining the kin of illustrious captains, poets, musicians, painters, &c. The writer takes in various grades of ability. And by way of comparison between heredity in physical and in mental quality he has a chapter upon the relationship of certain sorts of oarsmen and wrestlers.

The Claims of Classical Studies, whether as Information or as Training. By A SCOTCH GRADUATE. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

IT is remarked by Auguste Comte, in his review of the development of modern thought, that the publication of Sir William Temple's "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning" was an indication that the European mind, after centuries of classical nursing, began to feel as if it could walk alone. Nearly two more centuries have elapsed, and we are still under the care of our venerable nurse. A change is now coming rapidly over the spirit of this dream. The end of every year leaves a great number of people in a different state of opinion in the question. The pretensions of classics are sifted more and more carefully, and the residuum of independent worth, found to belong to them, is becoming beautifully less.

The pamphlet above-named is a well-condensed and systematic view of all the arguments that have at any time been brought forward, in favour of continuing the present system of classical education. They are reviewed one by one with unsparing vigour; and it will be a matter of some difficulty to reinstate any of them in their former plausibility after the handling that they are here subjected to.

A History of the San Juan Water Boundary Question. By VISCOUNT MILTON, M.P. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

A VERY full and painstaking account, with copious illustrations from the official documents and despatches, of the disputes between the British and American Governments relative to the San Juan Boundary—one of the most troublesome of the questions which menace the future relations of the two countries.

Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries. Macmillan & Co. 12s.

A SERIES of essays from independent hands upon the national systems of land tenure in Ireland, England, India, Belgium and Holland, Prussia, France, Russia, and the United States. As each writer possesses special competence for the country whose system he has undertaken, like M. de Laveleye, Mr. George Campbell, and Dr. Faucher, for instance, the book must be regarded as of exceptional authority and value.

Letters and Life of Lord Bacon. By JAMES SPEDDING. Vol. V. Longmans. 12s.

THE fifth volume of Mr. Spedding's very thorough work, not quite covering the period during which Bacon was Attorney-General. It opens with the preparations for the Parliament in the beginning of 1613, and closes with the war between the Court of Chancery and the King's Bench in the *Præmunire* case in 1616; and includes among other memorable transactions the Peacham case, the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, the experiment of an Irish Parliament, and the very important doings in connection with our own Parliament in 1614. If Mr. Spedding takes us rather slowly over the ground, at least his labour has the rare merit in these days that the work will never have to be done over again.

The Military Forces of the Crown: their Administration and Government. By C. M. CLODE. Vol. II. Murray: Albemarle Street.

THE chapters in the second and concluding volume of this important work of information include the Recruiting, Enlistment, and Discharge of Men, the Appointment and Dismissal of Officers, the Action of the Military in aid of the Civil Power, a History of the late Board of Ordnance, the offices of Secretary at War, Commander-in-Chief, Judge Advocate-General, Chaplain-General, &c. The book is a very complete history of the administration of the army, and furnishes a detailed account of one of the most important chapters in our constitutional and administrative history.

Flowers from Fatherland, Transplanted into English Soil. W. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.

TRANSLATIONS by three hands of some of the most familiar German ballads and songs into English verse—from Bürger, Schiller, Heine, Körner, and Uhland. The translators have sought to keep as faithfully as possible to the original, and to preserve both the rhyme and rhythm of the German. They are most successful with Schiller, as would be the case probably with the majority of people attempting renderings from German poetry. Bürger demands a male vigour, and Heine a fineness, beyond the ordinary reach.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. XXXIX. NEW SERIES.—MARCH 1, 1870.

HEINRICH HEINE'S LAST POEMS AND THOUGHTS.¹

A NEW book by Heinrich Heine! How does this announcement affect us? It is not so many years ago since such an announcement would have excited to the utmost the whole reading public of Europe. With what hungry eagerness, and feverish impetuosity, has each new book of Heine's been received by his contemporaries ever since the publication of the *Reisebilder*! Why, then, do we shrink, and pause, and hesitate to open the volume which now comes to us in Heine's name? Alas! between this volume and all the others there is a grave. Ay, and something sadder than the grave—a long, long dying agony.

When we have once taken leave of a man for life, his unexpected reappearance cannot but disconcert us. Time, in the interval, has changed the conditions of intercourse between us and him. Heine is still, *par excellence*, the poet of the nineteenth century. But the century is already older than its poet. And if, in this, his latest volume, fresh from the Hamburg printing-press, we find again the man we remember—the poet of the *Buch der Liede* and the *Romanzero*, hardly will he find in us the public which we also remember—the public to which those poems were addressed.

It is impossible to read without a feeling of profound melancholy the book now set before us by Mr. Strodtmann, Heine's literary executor. It is like reading an inventory of the personal effects of a dead friend; a list methodically arranged for public inspection of the furniture of the dead man's most private and secret chambers, to which, during his lifetime, not even his intimates were admitted. It is from the hand of a corpse that this book has been taken by those

(1) LETZTE GEDICHTE UND GEDANKEN VON HEINRICH HEINE. Aus dem Nachlasse des Dichters, zum ersten Male veröffentlicht. Hamburg: Hoffman und Campe, 1869.

who place it in our own. So long as he was yet alive, Heine withheld the gift. Let us, therefore, bear in mind the circumstances in which we receive it, and duly respect the reticence of the departed.

Heinrich Heine was the first-born of his century. He used to say, "I am the first man of my time;" for he was born in the year 1800, and we are all of his family. But the little ones who, half frightened by Heine's audacity, half reassured by his success, so timidly and wonderingly followed his madcap pursuit of modern ideas across their grandfathers' fences and ditches, are now grown up, have finished their education, and entered into their inheritance. The most perceptive and discriminating of English critics¹ (himself a poet as well as thinker) has, with his usual felicitous accuracy, distinguished Heine from all other poets of his time as a soldier, and (since Goethe's death) the most brilliant soldier, in the war of the liberation of humanity. Yes, but if Heine could now, like his own great master, Mephistopheles, slip back unawares into the chair of doctrine from which the timid and blushing disciple of Doctor Faust was encouraged by that notable autograph, *Eritis sicut Deos scientes bonum et malum*, would not Heine also be as abashed and disconcerted as Mephistopheles himself by the astonishing progress of his former pupils? Mr. Tennyson has complained that—

"All can raise his flower now,
For all have got the seed.
And now again the people
Call the flower a weed."

But Mr. Tennyson's flower is a flower of language. Heine's is a flower of thought; and the seed of it has been carried farther and wider, and borne fruit more abundantly, than could possibly have been the case had it not contained—

"That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Heine himself declares that in poetry form is everything. But the ultimate value of that everything is determined by what also determines the form of it. Every form of genius is imitable. It is the genius of the form which remains *unique*. Heine's verse, highly spiced and richly flavoured though it be, is yet a sauce of which many inferior cooks now know the receipt. And, if they knew it not already, they would easily learn it from this little book, which is a complete culinary manual by the inventor himself of the *cuisine à la Heine*. It smells of the kitchen; and the worst of it is, that before opening it we have tasted and relished to the full the daintiest and choicest viands that ever left that kitchen; and the savoury odour, which whets the appetite of the still hungry, somewhat sickens the nostrils of the already full. No writer was ever more deliberate and reticent than Heine in regard to publication. The

(1) Mr. Matthew Arnold.

négligé in which it was his pleasure to present himself before the public was a studied *négligé*, carefully arranged in private. His immense naturalness is never *naïf*. He possessed in the highest degree the *art of being natural*. What if we now find his writing-desk open? Before looking into it, let us, at least, remember that he himself kept it locked. He never set his least work in our sight before it was highly finished; and who can suppose that he would willingly have suffered us to look over his shoulder while he was about it, and so detect the secret of its manipulation? Not much of what is here exposed of Heine's work has the appearance of having been destined to leave his workshop in its present state. The editor of these fragments avers that Heine was only prevented by death from putting the finishing touch to them. But it is precisely the finishing touch which determines the effect of all work; and it is to finishing touches that Heine's work especially owes its peculiar elegance. Be that as it may, however, even Heine's unfinished work is well worth contemplating. We are thankful for the sight of it. His beauties, though only half dressed, are beauties still; and we, who have so often been bewildered by the charm of their elder sisters, since those enchanting coquettes first came out, can easily imagine with what matchless grace of movement these pretty orphans would have worn the *grande toilette* which they will never now receive. Some few of them, however, are full grown, full dressed, and fully equipped for conquest.

"Last Poems and Thoughts of Heinrich Heine" is the title of the little volume just published at Hamburg by Heine's old publishers, Messrs. Hoffman and Campe. But this title can hardly be true of all the verse and prose to which it is prefixed. Mr. Strodtmann, the editor, observes that Heine never dated his manuscripts; and many of those which he has now printed have the appearance of being the discarded (or perhaps, rather, the thriftily swept together and preserved) remains of work previously completed,—chips, in short, and shavings, which are, indeed, the produce of work, but not the parts belonging to any work. A careful hand has strung together these scattered, glittering particles of Heine's genius—a hundred and more of them on a single string—and here they are. What shall we do with them? I know of no *Aves* which may be told to the beads of such a rosary. They will help none of us to say our prayers comfortably. I advise all pious souls to avoid the sight of them. They sparkle and flash with such a diabolical twinkle, and yet withal so playfully, so prettily!

Heine is the poet of the profane vulgar; and it is the exceptional merit of him to have uplifted into the sacred sphere of poesy the consciousness of what is vulgar and profane in our experience of ourselves. He did not withhold his pearls from the swine's snout; for

he knew that his audience dwell not so much in a paradise as in a piggery. Consider, however, what such a piggery would be without such pearls. It is the function of the poet, not merely to interpret us to ourselves, but also to reconcile us to ourselves by interpreting us poetically. Heine has done this for the children of his own age; and it is not so much his manner of saying things, as his manner of seeing things, that has enabled him to do it. Among these remains of his treasury there are some perfect pearls; and in all his regalia I know no pearl more perfect, of its kind, than the little poem of "Bimini," now for the first time published. Let all who are neither boys nor virgins draw near and listen.

The legend runs that, just as Kepler lighted on the great laws of celestial mechanism whilst seeking for the harmony of the spheres, so the Spaniard, Juan Ponce de Leon, discovered Florida in his search after a fabled island supposed to contain the Fountain of Youth. Is it Heine himself, or the legend, that we have to thank for the name of this island? I know not. But there is a childish sound in the name of Bimini which is charmingly suited to the symbolisation of a childish belief; and if Heine did not invent it, he must have been fascinated and attracted by it, no less than Ponce de Leon himself. The legend seems made for the mocking, yet pensive, play of his delicate fancy; and there is a rare fitness of things in the fact that Heine has bequeathed to us from his death-bed the poetic interpretation of it. One cannot but feel that, had he not lived to write "Bimini," the poetry of the legend would never have been written at all—never written, at least, for the children of the nineteenth century.

The versification of the poem is in unrhymed stanzas, which Heine often used for subjects of this kind, and which seem intended to imitate, or at least to remind us of, the Spanish ballad metre. Heine's verse, however, is not assonantic, nor does it strictly maintain the alternation of double and single endings. The poem itself is distributed into four parts, preceded by a prologue, in which, after a passing sneer at the irrepressible "blue flower" of the German Romanticists, the poet bursts into an ecstasy of half ironical, half serious, admiration for that—

"Age of faith,—of faith in marvels,
—And itself the greatest marvel!
When so many marvels happened
That men no more marvelled at them."

He describes how

"—One morning, bridelike blushing,
Rose from out the ocean's azure
A new oceanic marvel,—
An entirely new world.

“A new world, with new world species,
—Human species, bestial also,
New world birds, and trees, and flowers,
And new world diseases too!”

Meanwhile, until such time as this old world of ours—our own old world—shall have been also marvellously transformed by the magic power of the Modern Spirit (the Black Art of Berthold Schwartz, and the still more cunning black art of a certain conjuror of Mayence), the voluptuous and splendid effluence of the New World, with the glitter of its gems and the perfume of its spices, streams into the heart of the Old, and fills men's veins with the lust of gold and pleasure.

“Soon, however, gold,—gold only,—
Rests the universal symbol;
Since all other earthly pleasures
Gold, the yellow pimp, procures.

“Gold was now the first word utter'd
By the Spaniard to the Indian;
Gold was the first thing he asked for,
Gold first,—water afterwards.

“All Peru and Mexico
Saw this gold thirst's orgie holden.
Cortez and Pizarro wallow'd,
Drunk with gold,—in gold.

“At the sack of Quito's temple
Lopez Bacca stole the sun's orb,
Which twelve hundredweight of gold weigh'd;
But he lost it that same night

“On a luckless cast o' the dice box;
And the people keep the proverb—
'It was Lopez who (the gamester!)
Lost the sun before it rose.'

“Oh, but they were mighty gamblers,
Mighty thieves and mighty murderers,
(No man is entirely perfect,)
Yet miraculous deeds they did;

“Deeds surpassing all the prowess
Of the fiercest soldatesque,
From the mighty Holofernes
Down to Haynau and Radetsky!

“In the age of miracles
Men's deeds were miraculous.
Who believes the impossible
Can the impossible achieve.

“And in those days 'twas fools only
Were the doubters: the believers
(There's the wonderfullest wonder!)
Were, in those days, men of sense.

• • • •
 "Strange! from that miraculous
 Age of faith in miracles
 I am haunted by the tale of
 Don Juan Ponce de Leon;

"Who discovered Florida,
 But for many a year long, vainly
 Wandering, sought the wondrous island
 His soul yearned for,—Bimini!

"Bimini! at the enchanting
 Sound of thy sweet name, my bosom
 Heaves, and the forgotten visions
 Of my perisht youth return:

"Faded garlands deck their foreheads,
 Woefully their gazes greet me,
 And dead nightingales pipe faintly
 A slow dying melody.

"Startled, I spring up, and trembling
 So thro' all this wasted body
 That the seams of my fool's jacket
 Burst asunder. Ah, but I

"Needs must laugh the moment after,
 For methinks I hear the babble
 Of droll, melancholy parrots
 Babbling round me 'Bimini!'

"Help me, Muse,—thou mountain fairy
 Of Parnassus! thou god's daughter!
 Help me! put forth all thy potent
 Magic art of poesy.

"Prithee, prove that thou canst conjure;
 And this lay of mine change straightway
 To a ship,—a wizard shallop,
 Bravely bound for Bimini!

"Lo! the word is scarcely uttered
 Ere the wish receives fulfilment,
 And from forth the docks of Fancy
 Lightly floats my fairy barque.

"'Who's with me for Bimini?
 Step in, gentlemen and ladies!
 Wind and weather serving, safely
 We shall sail for Bimini.

"'Feel you any gouty twinges,
 Noble lords? And you, fair ladies,
 Have you yet on your white foreheads
 Any lurking wrinkle spied?

- “ ‘ Follow me to Bimini,
There shall you be surely rid of
All such troublesome discomforts;
Hydropathic is the cure.
- “ ‘ Fear not, gentlemen and ladies !
Solid is my boat ; and builded
Of stout troches strong as oak beams
Are the keel and ribs thereof.
- “ ‘ At the prow sits Fancy. Breezelike,
In the sails blows blithe Good Humour ;
Wit my shipmate is,—a brisk one !
As for Common Sense, if he
- “ ‘ Be on board, I cannot tell you.
Metaphors my spars and yards are,
An hyperbole the mainmast,
And my flag—Black, Red, and Gold.’ ”
- “ Black, Red, Gold,—romantic colours !
Tricolour of Barbarossa :
Which I’ve also seen at Frankfort,
In the town church of St. Paul.
- “ Thro’ the seas of Fableland, now,
Thro’ the azure deeps of Fable,
Doth my ship,—my wizard shallop,
Glide along her dream-like course.
- “ Scattering sparkles, flitting, flashing,
From the softly-heaving azure,
Shoals of clumsy-headed dolphins
Round us gambol as we go.
- “ And upon their shoulders hoisted,
Gaily ride my sea-postillions,
Little Loves, with puffed cheeks blowing
Thro’ the quaintest rosy conches.
- “ Shrilly they their trumpets flourish.
But, O hark ! I hear deep under,
In the depth of the dim waters,
Little mocking laughter sound.
- “ Well I know that sound sarcastic !
’Tis the saucy water-faeries
And pert nixies,—unbelievers
Who are making fun of us :
- “ Laughing at my Ship of Folly,
Laughing at my foolish shipmates,
Mocking us for our fools’ errand
To the Isle of Bimini.”

So ends the prologue, and the poem opens. Part I. A man is standing solitary on the beach of Cuba. His dress is half-soldier, half-seaman-like,—broad fisherman’s breeches, leathern jerkin ; the ban-

(1) Colours of the German Conservatives.

dalier richly broidered with gold ; grey hat with red cock's feathers ; and, of course, the proper conventional Toledo blade. The man is old, but in his bearing yet remains the inherent Spanish stateliness. This man is Don Juan Ponce de Leon. He is contemplating the reflection of his own image in the water. The portrait which that liquid looking-glass presents to him is not a flattering one, and at last he breaks silence with a sigh :—

“ Is this Juan Ponce de Leon,
Who as court page in the Palace
Of Don Gomez, was trainbearer
To the proud Alcalde's daughter ?

“ Lithe and lusty was the cockscomb ;
Round his neck the golden ringlets
Dancing, fann'd cheeks warmly glowing
With the rosy thoughts of youth.

“ All the ladies of Sevilla
Knew the sound of his steed's gallop,
—Hasten'd, blushing, to the windows
When he rode along the street.”—

He recalls the events of his past life : how he was knighted at Granada by Don Gonzalvo, and danced with the Infanta the same evening. With years came serious thoughts—ambition, avarice ; and he joined the second expedition of Columbus. How, after the return of Columbus, he took ship again with Ojeda—a true knight from head to heel ; how, later, he was the comrade in arms of Bilboa :—

“ To the Spanish Crown a hundred
Realms he added,—kingdoms broader
Far than Europe, and far richer
Than Venezia and Flanders.

“ In requital for the present
Of those kingdoms,—kingdoms broader
Far than Europe, and far richer
Than Venezia and Flanders,

“ He received a hempen collar ;
And like any common sinner
Was Bilboa, in the market-
Place of St. Sebastian, hang'd.”

Don Fernando Cortez was no such noble cavalier, but, as general, he had not his equal, and in Mexico—

“ Gold, in plenty there I got me,
Got, too, zounds ! the yellow fever,
And my health I left behind me
There, among the Mexicans ! ”

Now he is Governor of Cuba, for Juanna of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon : has all that men's ambition runs after—court favour, fame,

honours, and the Order of Calatrava; has also a hundred thousand pesos of gold in bars, precious stones, and sacks of pearls:—

“Ah, those pearls! I never see them
But they set me thinking, sadly,
Had I only, in their places,
Teeth,—as in my younger days.

“Teeth,—young teeth! and with the teeth too
Youth itself hath fallen from me;
And with powerless indignation
Rotten stumps I gnash in vain.

“Teeth,—youth's teeth,—and youth itself too,
Could I only buy them back, now,
Gladly would I give, to get them,
All my sacks of precious pearls,

“All my pearls, and all my jewels,
All my hundred thousand pesos
Of gold bars,—my Calatrava's
Order, into the bargain, too!

“Take from me wealth, fame, and honours,
Call me no more *Excellenza*,—
Call me rather good-for-nothing
Youngster, jackanapes, and brat!

“Blessed Virgin! take thou pity
On the old fool praying to thee,
Who with rage and shame pines inly,
Poor despite his riches all!

“Blessed Virgin to thee only
Can I open all my bosom,
Owning what no saint in heaven
Ever yet hath heard me own:

“For those saints are men, *caraco*!
And from no man even in heaven
Ponce de León will stomach
Pity, kindred to contempt.

“But thou, Virgin, art a woman;
And tho' thine immaculate beauty
Is imperishable, nathelless
Thy fine woman's wit can feel

“What a perishable mortal
Needs must suffer, when his noble
Strength of limb, and lordly manhood,
Dwindle to a caricature.

“Ah, far happier than we are
Are the trees, that, all together,
By the selfsame wind of autumn,
Are divested of their leaves.

“All of them stand bald in winter,
And there rests no pert young sapling
To exasperate the old ones
With its impudent green buds.

"But we live, alas! we mortals,
Each one by himself his season;
And, the while with some 'tis Winter,
With the others it is Spring.

"This it is that makes thrice bitter
Unto Age its impuissance,
Flouted by the superabundance
Of the strength and joy of Youth.

"Blessed Virgin! bid the sunbeam
Warm once more my veins long frozen,
Bid the Spring-wind in my bosom
Wake once more the nightingales,

"To these cheeks give back the rose-bloom,
To these brows the golden ringlet
Give again,—O blessed Virgin!
Give me back my youth again!"

Part II. On shore the knight, true to his sailor habits, sleeps in his hammock; and, that he may not miss the accustomed movement of the waters, it is the business of Caca, an old Indian woman, to swing the hammock, and fan away the mosquitoes with her fan of peacock's feathers. And, while she rocks this old child in his airy cradle, the old woman sings softly a song—an old song—of her own land:—

"Little birdling, Colibri,
Lead us, thou, to Bimini!
Fly thou on before: we follow
In canoes with streamers flying.

"Little fishling, Brididi,
Lead us, thou, to Bimini!
Swim thou on before: we follow
With rich-blossom'd branches rowing.

"In the isle of Bimini
Blooms the everlasting spring-time;
Golden larks in azure heavens
Warble there their tirili.

"Lissom wild flowers over-wander
Lustrous meadows, sweet savannahs,
Glowing with voluptuous colours,
Breathing passionatest odours:

"Lofty palms above them waving,
Ever tremulously tranquil,
'To the flow'rets underneath them
Waft fresh kisses of cool shadow.

"In the isle of Bimini
Springs the all-delightful fountain:
And from that dear fountain ever
Flows the youth-restoring water.

"With three droplets of that water
Sprinkle any faded flow'ret,
And, behold! again it blushes
With a fresh-recover'd beauty!

- “ ‘ With three droplets of that water
Any wither'd branch o'ersprinkle,
And, behold ! again it blossoms
With a fresh-recover'd verdure !
- “ ‘ If an old man drink that water,
Straightway (young again) the old man
Casts his wrinkled husk, and frisks forth
Like a butterfly new-budded.
- “ ‘ Many a grey head that hath drunken
His grey hairs again to golden,
Blushes to return a youngster
Back to his own land and people.
- “ ‘ Many an old wife, to a young one
Having swill'd herself, grows timid,
Fears to face again the old folks
With her mincing maiden figure :
- “ ‘ And so all these worthy people
Never more leave Bimini ;
Happy hours and flowers they hold fast
In the land of youth eternal.
- “ ‘ To that land of youth eternal,
To the isle of Bimini,
Yearns my spirit, yearn my senses :
Fare ye well, beloved companions !
- “ ‘ Thou old house-cat, Mimili,
And old house-cock, Kikriki,
Fare ye well, we come not, we,
Back again from Bimini ! ’
- “ So the woman sang. The knight heard,
Slumber-lull'd, her lullaby,
And from dreamy lips grown childish
Lisp'd and murmur'd ‘ Bimini ! ’ ”

Part III. describes the expedition to Bimini. One thought beams from every face, animates the eye of the old Beguin fumbling at her beads, heightens the bloom of the señora coquetting with the hidalgo, gives a jaunty step to the solemn Blackrobe, and a glow of benignant pleasure to the carbuncles on the bishop's nose. The venerable Caca, appointed, by anticipation, official Hebe to the future young banqueters of Bimini, is appropriately clad in petticoat classically curtailed. Don Juan himself, dressed out as a young fop, in the newest mode, one leg green, the other rose-coloured, twangs his guitar, and, capering about, sings with cracked voice—

- “ Little birdling, Colibri,
Little fishling, Brididi,
Fly and swim before, and be
Pilots now to Bimini ! ”

Part IV. No fool and dreamer was Don Juan Ponce de Leon

when he embarked on this enterprise. He never doubted the existence of Bimini. The song of his old Caca guaranteed that. Of all the children of men the sailor believes most readily in marvels. Is he not daily surrounded by them, the bright wonders of heaven, and the mystic deeps, whence once issued Donna Venus Aphrodite?

"In the troches now to follow
Will we tell, with faithful story,
How the knight fared: and what hardships,
What fatigues he underwent.

"Ah! instead of getting rid of
His already old afflictions,
Many a new one, many a worse one,
The poor fellow had to bear.

"Whilst in search of youth he wander'd,
Daily he grew old, and older;
And all wither'd, worn, and wrinkled,
Did he reach at last the land,

"The still land, wherein so softly,
Under silent cypress shadows,
Flows the streamlet whose good water
Likewise hath strange power to heal.

"Lethe, that good water's name is.
Drink thereof, and thou forgettest
All thy suffering,—yea, forgotten
Thou and all thy suffering, too.

"Good the water, good the land is!
Whoso once hath reached it, leaves it
Nevermore. For that land, truly,
Is the real Bimini."

I know not how it may strike other readers of this poem, but, to my own fancy, there is in it a compassionate tenderness of spirit not common to Heine's humour. Is it, perhaps, that the very feebleness of what he mocks has made his mockery gentle? He seems at times to stoop pityingly to the subject of his bitter song, and be almost about to take under his puissant protection a thing too helpless to defend itself against hard treatment. The terrible rod of his truculent satire (not often so mercifully wielded) blossoms in his hand, and falls only in fairy flowers. If in all forms of human faith there be much which could not but be provocative of scorn to Heine's wit, there is at least in the humblest and silliest of them something which was in sympathy with the most melodious vibrations of his highly strung poetic temperament,—and that is *sehnsucht*, "the yearning for something afar from the sphere of our sorrow." After grimly parading before us, in every variety of the ridiculous, his grimacing crusade of old fools in quest of youth, he turns his own face from it with a sigh; and his sportive song subsides, with a wail of not unmanly resignation, into the deep elegiac pathos of those

few last stanzas—fitly chanted from the sick-bed of a dying poet. It is Heine's epiciedion. And surely he, of all modern poets, best earned from his "mattress-grave," in Paris, the right to pilot us to Bimini.

I have said that inferior cooks will find in this book a practical manual for the *cuisine à la Heine*. I do not care to dwell on that aspect of the book; but perhaps such a statement ought not to be made without proof. Well, here, then, is a complete receipt for a saucy little poem. All the ingredients have been weighed by the ounce "for future use," as Heine himself informs us, and neatly preserved in this prose preparation, to be afterwards worked up into verse.

"RAMSGATE.

"A great chalk cliff, like a woman's white bosom, upheaves itself from out the sea, and the lovesick sea yearningly clings about it, and sportively caresses it in the strong embrace of his wavy arms. On that white cliff a high town stands, and there, on a high balcony, is standing a beautiful woman, and she plays delightful melodies on a Spanish guitar.

"Under the balcony stands a German poet; and as the charming melodies float down to him his spirit involuntarily accompanies them, and the words burst from him:—

" 'O were I now yon wild sea, thou
Yon rock, round which his wild waves flow!'

Our German poet, however, did not sing these words; he only thought them. In the first place, he had no voice; in the second place, he was timid. When that same evening he walked by the side of the beautiful woman along the sea-shore, he was as silent as the dumb.

"The waves wildly press against the white stone-bosom, and over the water the moon throws her long beam, like a golden bridge to the Land of Promise."

Here is another, better worth the care with which it has been kept "for future use"—

"BEIM ANBLICK EINES DOMES.

"Six hundred years wert thou a building; and now, in a single moment, dost thou enjoy repose, after a labour of six centuries. As the waves of ocean, so around thee have flowed the generations of mankind, and yet no stone of thine has been shaken. This mausoleum of Catholicism, which it built for itself whilst yet alive, is the stony husk of an extinct sentiment. (The bells that strike the hours, above, ironically.) All within this stone house once flourished, a living word. But all within is the word now dead. It is only outside that it yet lives, in the stony rind—(hollow tree)."

In the careful notes and memoranda "for future use" of the student, or the savant, there is nothing incongruous with our conception of the nature of their task, which is one of laborious acquisition and retention. But there is something painful in the thought of a powerful intelligence employed in committing emotions to memory for future use. Goethe, certainly not a careless artist, said that emotions are like oysters, and should be enjoyed fresh, since they will not bear keeping. The natural language of wit and passion is surely one of spontaneous response to the challenge of the

passing moment. By an effort of memory, and frequent practice at her looking-glass, a woman who studies the art of charming may doubtless succeed in recalling to her countenance, when she wills, the expression once spontaneously imparted to it by some past sensation of pleasure, sorrow, or surprise, &c. But what one of her admirers would thank the indiscreet friend who should initiate him into the secret of such studied charms? Heine's muse is a most fascinating coquette, and Mr. Strodtmann has been hardly gallant in thus exposing the mysteries of her toilet-table.

In one respect, however, the publication of this book has, I think, rendered a signal service to the memory of Heine. It is an unanswerable answer to the feeble and ill-advised attempt of some good folks to claim in him a brand plucked out of the fire, a repentant sinner converted *in articulo mortis*. It saves his memory from the stain of any credit given to that whisper; and proves that up to the last moment of his life Heine remained faithful to his own character, and had strength of mind to hold it fast in spite of all the physical pain and weakness of his prematurely begun, and terribly protracted, death-bed imprisonment. If Heine was not always a brave soldier, he at least knew how to suffer and to die unsubdued. So many "hot valours have been cooled," so many strong minds broken in the torture-chamber of disease, so many a Coriolanus has in the last moment been reconciled to Rome by the importunities of affectionately solicitous women, and piously impertinent priests, that I for one am grateful to this great dead singer for having spared the self-respect of humanity that most humiliating of all mockeries which is called a death-bed repentance.

"My having turned Christian," he says, "is all the fault of those Saxons, who at Leipzig suddenly went over to the enemy; or else of Napoleon, who took it into his head to go to Russia when there was not the least occasion for his going there; or else of Napoleon's tutor, who taught him geography at Brienne, and forgot to tell him that in winter it is horribly cold at Moscow."

This is the sneer of a giant. Samson's excuse for finding himself amongst the Philistines.

And again he says:—"If Montalembert were Minister, and threatened to turn me out of France, I would become a Catholic at once. *Paris vaut bien une messe!*" What ingenuity of insolence in those few words! Heine was in no wise troubled about "the state of his soul." The state of his body, poor fellow, was quite trouble enough for him. "God," he says, "will pardon all the impertinences I have spoken about Him, as I pardon my enemies all the impertinences they have written about me, although they are as much my intellectual inferiors as I am thine, O my God!"

Yet he was by no means disposed to pardon his enemies too easily.

It must have been with a dying hand, almost, that he wrote that bitter caricature of George Herwegh, which appears in this volume under the title of "Simplicius the First." And "if I had my wish," he says, "it should be (for I am a man of simple tastes) a little straw-thatched cottage, but with a good bed, good victuals—milk and butter quite fresh—flowers in the window, and before the door a pretty tree. And, if the *bon dieu* were pleased to complete my happiness, he would make it perfect by allowing me the pleasure of seeing some six or seven of my enemies hanged on that pretty tree. With all my heart I would forgive them, when they were dead, all the harm they did me while they were alive. Yes, one must forgive one's enemies, but not till they are hanged."

So much for the sins against good feeling of this unrepentant sinner. What shall we say of his sins against good taste? Many of the poems in this posthumous publication must remain unnoticed by any English reviewer. The naked obscenity of them defies all comment. The German public, and more especially Heine's German public, is not squeamish. Yet Mr. Strodtmann has only ventured to print these poems maimed of their most salient features; and others of the same kind (his preface tells us) he has, for the same reasons, suppressed altogether.

This obscenity is (to my thinking, at least) even a greater defect of genius than of art. But there is a comparative measure for even the most positive dislike of everything; and of Heine's too frequent indecency let this, at least, be said: it is not that most loathsome of all literary deformities—serious and sentimental indecency. Obscenity is but one of the many moods of his restless and irrepressible mockery; and when he gives way to it, it is with a sneer—not a sigh. He is far too passionate to be prurient; and, if he has the shameless utterance of a full-grown cynic, he, at least, does not employ it to decorate the sickly longings of a lascivious school-boy.

What Heine himself says of scandal may, perhaps, be applied to his own outrages upon modesty. "When it is grandiose it becomes less revolting. The Englishwoman, whose propriety was offended by ordinary naked statues, was not at all shocked at the sight of a colossal Hercules. The impropriety of it was diminished by exaggeration."

Critics are for ever telling (and rightly telling) poets that their business in this world is to represent humanity. Very well, but let us not, then, exclaim against those poets who have found out how to represent for us, in the beauty of poetry, those realities of our nature which we, who are not poets, must blush to recognise in the ugliness of our own plain prose. I have already said that the poet's function is, not only to interpret us to ourselves, but also, in doing this, to reconcile us to ourselves. He should be, not a revealer only, but also

a redeemer. Few, I think, will deny this; and none, I hope, will forget it, in reading the poem of "Erinerung;" whereby Heine has redeemed from inarticulate animalism the senseless sensualities of how many hundred other men; uplifting them into the sphere of pure poesy, as the Bayadere was uplifted into heaven by the hand of the god Mahaduh. Perhaps an imaginative reader will be able to find some faint indication of the original beauty of this poem in the following rough translation of it:—

"What will'st thou with me, vision fair and cherisht?

I see thee, and thy sweet breath thrills me thro'.

Thou gazest on me, sad as joy long perisht.

I know thee well, and ah, thou know'st me, too!

"A broken man thou find'st me—sick and weary,

Weary of life! My heart is burnt out,—cold:

Care hath o'ercome me: dark my days, and dreary:

Ah, 'twas not thus we met in days of old!

"With haughty strength impetuously spurning

Earth's sordid soil, I then pursued afar

A wild illusion thro' life's distance burning,

And fain would pluck from heaven each brightest star.

"Frankfort, thou housest many a fool, I know it,

And many a knave! yet hast thou given us quite

Enough good kaisers, and our greatest poet,

And unto me my vision of delight.

"It was when all thro' Frankfort Fair hums hotly

The busy buzz of bargain and of trade,

I stroll'd along the Zeil, and, thro' the motley

Brisk-moving crowd, a listless dreamer, stray'd,

"And there I saw her! A sweet, welcome wonder

Thro' all my sense her floating image sent;

From those fair brows of hers and sweet eyes under,

And something in me drew me, where she went,

"From street to street,—till one . . . ah, street beguiling!

Narrow and dim, and made for meetings kind!

And there she paused, and turn'd, serenely smiling,

And slipp'd into a house,—and I, behind.

"The old aunt only was a vicious creature,

And sold for pelf that maiden flower. But free

The sweet child's gift was given,—her own sweet nature.

By heaven, I swear, no sordid thought had she!

"By heaven! no made-up face my faith abuses.

No lie lurk'd in those eyes! I've had to do

With women of all sorts besides the Muses,

And know that tutor'd bosoms beat not so.

"And she was fair! Oh, fairer floated never

The foam-born goddess fresh from ocean's stream!

Hers was, perchance, the mystic form that ever

Had haunted with delight my boyhood's dream.

- "Fool! and I knew her not! fool undiscerning,
Hoodwinkt and tangled by what wizard knot?
Perchance the bliss of all my lifelong yearning
Lay in mine arms, then . . . and I knew it not!
- "Yet fairer was she,—fairer in her sorrow,
When, after three days fed on the sweet core
Of her sweet heart, upon the reckless morrow
The old wild illusion drave me forth once more;
- "When,—all one wild and passionate protestation,—
Fall'n on her knees, about my own she clung
With writhen hands, and down in desolation
Pour'd o'er my feet her troubled tresses hung.
- "Ah, heaven! and in my spurs I saw those tresses
Tangled, and blood upon that bruised young brow.
And yet I tore myself from her caresses,
And I shall never more behold her now.
- "O my lost child! The old wild illusion's over;
Yet still she haunts me wheresoe'er I be.
Thro' what chill desert wanderest thou, poor rover,
With misery and want,—my gifts to thee?"

Mr. Strodtmann has printed in this volume some of Heine's letters to his wife; but they are curious only from the *bourgeois* uxoriousness of them. Who would have suspected it of Heine? I regret the impossibility (owing to their length) of translating here some excellent criticisms of Freilgrath, Gervinus, and other German authors, found by Mr. Strodtmann amongst Heine's papers, and now for the first time printed. Perhaps the subjects of them would not greatly interest English readers; yet they are interesting as evidence of Heine's rare intellectual fulness and versatility. Sufficient evidence of that sort, however, is already furnished by the letters in *Lutèce* and that delightful book *De l'Allemagne*. Amongst these posthumous papers will also be found an episode, apparently intended by Heine to have been added to the *Reisebilder*. It is a gem; but out of Heine's own setting it would lose all its sparkle, and I forbear to touch it.

Here, however, are some which I select at haphazard from amongst the many aphorisms on art, literature, and politics which are scattered through this little volume. Some of them seem hardly worth the care with which they have been kept; some are full of felicitous suggestion, and others of condensed satire. I purposely avoid all selection.

"Distinction between Heathenism (Indian, Persian) and Judaism. They all alike contain the conception of an everlasting, indestructible First Being. But according to the Indian and Persian conceptions, this Being exists in the universe, with which it is identical, and wherewith it reveals itself by the law of necessity. The God of the Jews, however, exists outside of the universe, which he has created by an act of his free will."

This and similar observations on the same subject seem hardly worth such careful keeping.

"The Germans embraced Christianity out of elective affinity with the moral principle of Judaism. The Jews were the Germans of the East, and nowadays the Protestants in German countries (Scotland, America, Germany, Holland) are nothing more or less than ancient Oriental Jews."

If I rightly interpret this observation, I cannot but think it profoundly true. It is not very clearly expressed, however, but I read it in connection with a sentence which occurs elsewhere: "Judea, that Egypt of Protestantism!"

"In Germany it is the theologians who are doing away with the *Bon Dieu*. On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens."

"IN CHURCH.

"Pathetic organ-tone! Last dying sigh of Christianity! . . . NECESSITY OF DEISM. He and Louis Philippe—both are necessary. He is the Louis Philippe of heaven. . . . Thought is Nature invisible: Nature is Thought visible. . . . Savigny's elegance of style is like the silvery, shining viscous slime which insects leave on the ground they crawl over. . . . The Gospels reveal to us nothing about the life after death. Moses, too, is silent on the subject. Perhaps the Almighty is by no means pleased by the absolute assurance with which so many good people take for granted the immortality of the soul. Who knows but what, in his fatherly goodness, He may have intended this to be a little surprise for us? . . . DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BENE: of the living one must only speak ill. . . . I read that bore of a book—fell asleep over it—dreamed I was going on reading it—bored myself awake; and all that three times. . . . Servants who have no masters are not for that reason free men: servitude remains in their souls. . . . All Ary Scheffer's pictures show a yearning to be out of this world, without any firm belief in the next. Hazy scepticism! . . . Lessing said 'If Raphael's hand had been cut off, he would still have been a painter.' Similarly we may say of — that if you cut off his head he would still remain a painter. He would go on painting without a head, and without any one remarking that he was without a head. . . . Blaze de Bury examines little authors with a microscope, and great ones with a diminishing glass. Buffon said the style is the man himself. Villemain is the living contradiction of this axiom: his style is pleasing, well-bred, and polished."

The best of these aphorisms and criticisms are too long for quotation. The variety of them is immense. They range over Greek, Indian, Persian, Jewish, German, English, French, literature, history, theology, and art.

Heine's "last thoughts" perhaps they are not. But they are certainly his last published utterances. The book which contains them comes to us from the grave, and will perhaps haunt many of its readers like a ghost. Exorcists and casters-out of devils will doubtless shake their heads at it, and cry anathema over the dead, as they cried anathema over the living. At no few of the poems which fill these hundred and eighty-two pages, good people, who are *not* Pharisees, will nevertheless strike their breasts and exclaim, "We thank thee, O Lord, that we are not even as this sinner!" Yet, while they render such thanksgiving, some of them will perhaps think, with a sigh, "Ah, could we only write even as this sinner!"

Had we but the costly vessel into which he has poured his poison, would we not fill it with our wholesome wine !”

And yet, I fear, their wholesome wine would remain untasted. The vessel and the liquor of poesy cannot be separately fabricated. Heine himself, in one of these hasty aphorisms, affirms that in poetry form is everything, matter nothing. An uncompleted thought, surely ! Matter and form are not two things, but only two conditions of one and the same thing. Matter becomes form,—determines form,—in fact *is* form ; and there is quite as much of art as of nature in it. The analyst who would separate matter from form, whether in art or in nature,

“ Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand,
Fehlt, leider, nur das geistige Band.”

There is a fragment of Goethe's which is not, I think, as well known as almost everything else of his. It is a criticism which he wrote when he was a student at Leipzig, on a Nuremberg poet ; and in it he says (I know not if the definition be his own) that what distinguishes the poet from all other men, is that he is a man with the consciousness of being a man, just as, he adds, Herr —— is a Philistine with the consciousness of being a Philistine. The observation is so true, however, that, but for this conscious possession of human nature, how could Schiller, who was incapable of hurting a mouse, have been capable of conceiving and creating the character of Franz Moor, the parricide ? The poet can, at pleasure, make himself, in turn, hero, patriot, lover, libertine, criminal, &c. But these men cannot make themselves poets. Their poems are the lives they live. Lovers, it must be conceded, have a strong tendency to write verses, but unfortunately their verses are not poetry. And of all men in the world, no man is less of a poet, in the literary and literal sense of the word, than the hero,—the man of action. Why then, since we do not expect Pindaric odes from an Alexander, should we exact from a Pindar the personal courage of a hero ? Whence the customary reproach to poets that they are not, in actual life, the men which they are capable of temporarily becoming in imagination ? Is it not enough for us that their imaginary men improve upon the real ones ? Perhaps no man (not even excepting that most poetic of all heroes, the young Macedonian) has ever been so essentially and completely heroic as the hero that haunts our imagination when we listen to the *Sinfonia Eroica* of Beethoven.

Lord Byron is blamed for having constantly represented himself in his poetry. But between him and Trelawny—the real corsair, whom Byron poeticised—there is this difference : Byron was able to recognise and express what was poetical in the prose of Trelawny's life and character, whilst Trelawny was apparently unable to recognise, certainly unable to express, what was poetical even in the poetry of

Byron's: and the poet stood somewhat low in his opinion for not being actually the vigorous ruffian which his poetry depicted. Who wrote the Book of Job? Had the man of Uz any actual existence? Probably not. Lazarus is a fiction, a parabolic symbol. But Heine is the POET LAZARUS, who wrote the POEM LAZARUS. And that great epic of human suffering which he has given us began long before the actual physical sufferings of his torturing sick-bed. His whole life was passed in poeticising suffering—his own suffering. And he did not turn it into poetry by rhyming Ohs and Ahs, nor by weeping and moaning over it, nor yet by heroically repressing and mastering it,—but by intuitively and continuously contemplating it from a poetical point of view. This is what it behoves us to remember when we think and speak of Heinrich Heine.

This man, be it remembered, was born with an extraordinarily sensuous temperament, a fastidious taste, and an aristocratic impatience of vulgarity, ugliness, and common-place. His natural disposition was towards the romantic, the chivalresque, the distinguished. And with all these instincts, qualities, and desires, Destiny,—a more terrible humorist than himself,—had cast his lot in a city of traders and money-changers,—a Philistia of the Philistines. His intellect craved culture, his taste refinement, his temperament luxury, excitement, freedom from control. And his birth provided him with—a clerkship in a counting-house! His sense of beauty was oppressively strong; his ambition vehement; his vanity sensitive and excessive. His imagination hungered after romantic adventures; and, to the last, his emotion was uncontrollable at the mere sight of a beautiful woman. Well, and his social position,—what was it? That of a Hamburg *Judenjunge*, a German Jew-boy.

I can conceive of no more cruel contrast between a man's life and himself, none more irresistibly provocative of the bitterest spirit of envy and malicious antagonism to the general order of things, in a mind teeming with sumptuous desires, and arrogantly conscious of its superiority. The gift of poetry changed it all into humour. What remained for Heine, but to become the mocking satirist of himself, when he measured the span of his spirit's wings with the authorised Hamburg inch-rule?

Schiller never experienced this antinomy. The *Karlschüler* and the Deserter, the Regimental Surgeon, and the Professor who used to recite the sonorous pathos of his own verse in the *bourgeois* Swabian dialect, would have been, under any conceivable conditions of fate and fortune, precisely what he was—a poet by predilection, and *droit de naissance* rather than *droit de conquête*. But if Heine had entered the world as a wealthy, well-born Christian aristocrat, depend upon it, he would never have written a line of verse—or, if a line of verse, the world would not have recognised it as poetry. He would have

passed his life in realising all that he imagined, but never possessed. It was his destiny, however, to become the permanent representative of the pain which is born of contrast. One great and everlasting form of human suffering found in him its appropriate poet.

Let us not forget that his lyric crown was indeed a crown of thorns. His contemporaries, I think, should deal with him more gently and more generously than he dealt with them. For, in Heinrich Heine, what we have to deal with is neither the malignity of the Jew, nor the envious spite of the Pariah, nor the blasphemous execrations of the wretch who writhes beneath the lash. It is the sanctifying and redeeming power of Poësy, who hath taken upon herself the sorrowfulness and the sinfulness of all these; saving them from the filth and mire of the material world, and uplifting them the glorified forms of them to dwell henceforth with her in her own imperishable dominions.

I have not spoken of Mr. Strodtmann's share in the preparation of this volume. It is, however, very praiseworthy. Whether Heine himself would be better satisfied with his editor than he was with his Creator I know not; but the public, at any rate, has every cause to be well satisfied with Mr. Strodtmann. If his editorship has any fault, it is that of over-generosity to the curious reader. We must not, however, confound the unstinted, and unsuspecting, enthusiasm of the disciple with the irreverent inquisitiveness of vulgar gossips. It is not to expose them to ridicule or hostile comment that the toes and thumbs of popular saints are presented by their priesthood to the gaze of the curious crowd; to those priests there is nothing in such relics which can fail to be admirable. Mr. Strodtmann has moved the bones of Heine with a loving, and indeed a careful hand. His reverential conscientiousness, both as biographer and commentator of the poet, are already well and worthily known. If by some few this last publication of Heine's remains be thought too lavish, by many it will perhaps be thought too reticent. No man can please all men.

R. LYTTON.

MISCHIEVOUS ACTIVITY.

Who hath not seen Seville, according to the Spanish proverb, hath not seen a marvel. The same may be said of an Indian Viceroy's Durbar. The scenic splendour of the pageant constitutes its humblest charm. That might be rivalled or surpassed in other lands; but, except perhaps at an imperial coronation in Moscow, nowhere else can be found so harmonious a combination of the distinctive types of Europe and the East, so vivid a revelation of all that can best symbolise the wonders of comprehensive empire. On one side there is the disciplined might of England, represented by a gathering of picked troops—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—capable, as they stand, of making a victorious promenade throughout the length or breadth of India, though half the country should be in arms against them; on the other, the fantastic pomp of Asia, impersonated in an array of luxurious princes, who, by the lustre of their jewels, the bellicose aspect of their motley followers, the bulk of their elephants, and the costly caparisoning of their horses, convert the act of homage to their common master into an occasion of emulous display, each striving to outshine his peer. In some sense, it is an Oriental edition of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The vast plain all round the city of rendezvous is white with innumerable encampments. Every camp clusters round the flag-staff of a separate authority, and at every staff, save one, the drooped flag denotes subordination to a superior power in the vicinity. A long, broad street of marquees, tenanted by the various members and attachés of the supreme Government, leads up to the palatial mass of canvas forming the vice-regal pavilion. The feudatory chief whose turn may have come to approach the "Lord Saheb's" presence, is greeted at the mouth of the street by a salute of guns in number apportioned to his rank. Up the street his *cortége* slowly moves through lines of British troopers, whose sabres flash welcome in the liquid sunshine. A fanfare of martial music announces his arrival at the entrance of the pavilion; secretaries and aides-de-camp receive him as he alights, and see him doff his shoes; the infantry guard-of-honour presents arms, and so, between two rows of clashing weapons his Highness is conducted to his allotted place in the assembly. The throne under the central canopy is vacant for the Viceroy. Right and left of it, in horse-shoe fashion, chairs are arranged; these for the native potentates, and those for British officers. Behind the latter, and drawn aside, as having no proper status in a purely Eastern ceremony, gleams a small and select *parterre* of English ladies. All present are seated, and a growing

stillness indicates the hour for the Viceroy's advent. All rise as he appears, heralded by a royal salute, and with a brilliant staff around him. Proceeding to the canopy, he stands motionless below it—the whole conclave also standing in silence—until the last of the twenty-one guns, which recognise the majesty of India's absent empress, has ceased its thunder. Then he mounts the throne, and the business of the Durbar begins.

Such was the scene at Umballa, in Upper India, under the sun's declining rays, on the 27th March last. Yet in some respects the spectacle on that occasion presented a striking contrast to the usual routine. A truthful sketch of it appeared shortly afterwards in the *Illustrated London News*. The central personage is, of course, Lord Mayo, and, not far from him, sits Lord Napier of Magdala, both of them bare-headed; below the dais the slipperless figures of half-a-dozen Punjab chieftains, and the bared heads of Sir Donald Macleod, Sir William Mansfield, and Sir Henry Durand are equally familiar to the eye. But who are these, a man and a boy, occupying chairs of equality on the dais with Lord Mayo, their heads covered with the tall black lamb's-wool hat of Persia, and their lower limbs encased in trousers and boots of European pattern? They must be sovereign lords of foreign territory, owing no allegiance to the British Crown. The boy is Abdoolla Jan, a younger son of Shere Ali, of Afghanistan; the man is Shere Ali himself. Shere Ali's past history is legible in his externals. In his air there is all the dignity which royal birth, coupled with a long experience of misfortune, seldom fails to confer; and the habitual melancholy of his passion-ravaged countenance is eloquent with the tale of that domestic grief¹ which four years ago shook his reason with an almost irreparable throe; but the dominant feature is the eye, and its expression cruelty—the practised cruelty of one never known to spare any adversary that might be safely struck. But here, five hundred miles within the British frontier, and parading a precedence co-ordinate with the jealously guarded supremacy of the British Viceroy, how comes Shere Ali here? Fifteen short months ago he was a hopeless fugitive, beaten out of Cabul, beaten out of Candahar, beaten out of Bulkh, and seeking a precarious shelter at Herat. Russia and Persia had alike refused to help him, and the determination of British India to leave him to his fate had been brought home to him by a score of humiliating rebuffs. He appeared sunk in complete and irretrievable ruin. Now his lot is changed indeed. The same English who lately had not an obolus of alms for his destitution are now eagerly courting the honour of his exalted friendship. From grovelling in supplication at their feet he has risen to swagger among them as a patron who can name his own

(1) His favourite son and his full-brother were both killed in hand-to-hand combat with each other at the battle of Kujhbaz, on the 6th June, 1865.

terms for some obligation he has agreed to confer. He has already accepted ten thousand stand of muskets, and £120,000 in hard cash. He is to take back with him to Afghanistan a perfectly equipped battery of siege guns; and he has a prospect of many more supplies of money in the years to come. The gifts merely personal to himself, which in the present Durbar strew the carpet before him in one-and-fifty trays, are valued at £5,000. See, Lord Mayo takes a jewelled sword, and, offering it to him with his own hand, says: "May you be victorious over your enemies, and with this defend your just rights." And listen to the Ameer's reply: "I will also use it against the enemies of the Queen of England." Never was such a metamorphosis. It beats the caprices of a Christmas pantomime in the "transformation-scene." Spectators may rub their eyes and rack their brains for an explanation. Has the new Governor-General reversed the policy of his predecessor? Is the civil war of Afghanistan at an end? Or has Russian aggression proceeded of late with such intolerable increase of menace as to demand an imposing counter-demonstration in India?

Let us take up these hypotheses separately in their order.

And first, Lord Mayo's share in the business. As might have been expected, the Russian press has attributed to him alone the responsibility of initiating a new policy towards Afghanistan. Yet, on the face of things, it was unlikely that a steady official, within three months of his assuming the government, should of his own judgment have decided to undo all previous arrangements, and strike out a fresh path for himself. All doubts on either side of the question may be set at rest by reference to the declaration contained in Lord Lawrence's maiden utterance in the House of Peers on the 19th April last. The words of the late Viceroy are: "I believe that Lord Mayo has done no more than act on the principles I suggested." Moreover, another passage in the same speech shows that the subsidy of £120,000, received by Shere Ali for the maintenance of his army, was in part granted and in part promised by Sir John Lawrence before Lord Mayo's arrival. Clearly, therefore, Sir John Lawrence, and not Lord Mayo, is answerable for our embarkation on a voyage of active alliance with Shere Ali.

This being the case, let us investigate the second theory. Over and over again Sir John Lawrence had announced his solemn determination not to take side either with Shere Ali or any one else in the civil war of Afghanistan. When at last he came forward, consenting to interfere in Afghan affairs, there would be a strong presumption that the war must have already terminated. Nevertheless, Lord Lawrence's own description of the circumstances belies this presumption, and proves that his action was taken irrespective of the condition which had been the *sine quâ non* of all his previous declara-

tions. "Each party," he says, in the explanatory statement addressed to the Lords, "was sufficiently strong to maintain itself against the other, but neither party was strong enough to beat down the other and restore order." And, further on, he expressly affirms that the subsidy was given to the Ameer, "with a view of affording him a chance of recovering his power." Or, to put the case briefly, Shere Ali's rivals were still in the field, and could not be suppressed without extraneous assistance.

Remains the third possibility. Undoubtedly the recent capture and occupation of Samarcand by the Russians, and their reduction of the Ameer of Bokhara to a position in which the retention of nominal sovereignty only made him a more pliant vassal of the Czar, were facts¹ of startling sound to many politicians. But they were not so to the Government of India. Sir John Lawrence's scheme of inactivity had been deliberately framed in full view of these very contingencies. It is incredible that their realisation, a few months perhaps sooner than had been anticipated, could have deflected his plans by a hair's-breadth.

Thus, one after another, the several explanations, which, from their simplicity, most readily occur to an inquirer, have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Shere Ali's sudden exaltation to the pinnacle of British favour continues as strange a mystery as before. A more complex method is needed for the right reading of the riddle. The best that I have been able to excogitate is as follows.

I must begin by reverting to the course of events in Afghanistan during the year 1868. At the commencement of that period the Government of Azim Khan, the usurping Ameer, was acknowledged throughout three-fourths of the kingdom. One province, Bulk, was held for him by his nephew, Abdool Rehman, with a considerable army; and another, Candahar, was administered by his son, Surwur Khan; he himself held his court at Cabul. Herat, the remaining territory, alone stood faithful to Shere Ali. The ill fortune, however, of which Shere Ali had experienced so long and severe a run, was now at its turning-point. In the spring his son, Yakoo Khan, began the new deal by attacking and taking Candahar. Shere Ali followed this lead from Herat, and, after a short pause at Candahar, saw his way to an advance on Cabul. Three previous attempts to recover the capital had been scored against him as ruinous defeats within the last two years; the fourth was launched under better auspices. By this time, in fact, the Afghan people were ripe for a return to their former allegiance. Not that they had forgotten

(1) Samarcand fell, May 2nd, 1868. General Kaufman then advanced towards Bokhara, with the intention of capturing that city also, the metropolis of the Khanate; but when he had accomplished half the distance, he was obliged to hurry back to Samarcand, where a formidable insurrection had broken out in his absence.

aught of their old dislike to Shere Ali, since he was last at Cabul, but that in the interval they had learned to detest his rival far more; any prince of the Barukzye family, whose accession to power would relieve them from the frightful tyranny of Azim Khan, would be more or less of a god-send; and for this purpose Shere Ali seemed as good as another. So the rightful Ameer had really no opposition to contend with. Azim Khan evaded a violent downfall by spontaneously evacuating Cabul, and retiring to Bulkh. After an absence of forty months, Shere Ali found himself resealed in his royal citadel, the Bala Hissar, and repossessed of all his dominions—Bulkh only excepted, where Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman still flew the flag of rebellious defiance. The Ameer backed his luck gallantly. Because the Indian Government had hitherto turned a deaf ear to his innumerable entreaties for arms and money, that was no reason why a fresh trial of the Viceroy's temper might not have a happier result now; at any rate, he had nought to lose and much to win by the venture. Accordingly he again wrote to India, urging the old, old request with unabated pertinacity.

This time the application caught the Governor-General in a mood of more than usual anxiety regarding our future relations with Afghanistan. For his own part Sir John Lawrence still believed that the right thing to do was nothing, or next to nothing. Yet on all sides he felt a pressure to do something. He had braved the impatient taunts of the Anglo-Indian press for nearly five years; but now there were signs of restlessness among his own official advisers. Voices began to be heard in the council-chamber, arguing from the analogy of international custom in Europe that British officers should be deputed as diplomatic agents to the principal cities of Central Asia; a course to which Sir John Lawrence entertained deep-seated objections.¹ He looked to England for guidance, and found cold comfort there. He saw that there existed among some portion of his countrymen at home a craving for action and intervention; but from the stand-point of Simla he had no means of gauging the extent or depth of the sentiment, and his apprehensions magnified its proportions out of all semblance to the reality. He was equally in the dark as to the intentions of the India Office. The Secretary of State's trumpet gave an uncertain sound. Perhaps the

(1) These objections have been often stated. Firstly, whatever we want in the way of political information from such places is already supplied in sufficiency by natives. Secondly, Europeans, conscious of ability and yearning to prove it, have that dangerous tendency to "zeal" which Talleyrand deprecated. Thirdly, white faces, the Christian faith, and her Majesty's uniform, are to the unregulated patriotism and burning fanaticism of Central Asiatics what a red rag is to a bull. And lastly, the person of a British officer embodies so large an emanation of the Government's prestige, that the maintenance or vindication of his dignity and safety may, at any moment, create necessity for war, costly as that of Abyssinia and far more perilous.

very plenitude of Sir Stafford Northcote's trust in the Viceroy's competency to deal with the Afghans as they deserved made him less communicative and explicit than he otherwise would have been ; but, whatever may have been the cause, the instructions sent to India on this topic were unquestionably scanty and timid. And if to this the further fact of significance be added that Sir Henry Rawlinson, the brilliant and powerful champion of all that Sir John Lawrence most disapproved, had recently joined the Home Council, and was already giving unmistakable proof of his active interest in Central Asian business, it will be apparent that there was cause enough for doubt and perplexity. Nevertheless, all these things combined might not have shaken Sir John from his resolution, had he commanded a prospect of retaining in his own hands the control of India's destinies for a further period. But his tenure of office was close on expiration ; and the new Governor-General would be a peer from home, having no personal acquaintance with Asiatics of any shade. There was no knowing to what lengths of *rapprochement* with Afghanistan such a successor might not be borne, especially in the earlier years of his administration, by a natural surrender of his private judgment to the confident clamour of local experience. It was due to Lord Mayo that he should not be left without the stay of a political testament from the outgoing ruler ; and the programme that seemed most likely to secure his abstention from the extremity of evil would be one permitting a certain dalliance with milder forms of the popular infatuation. In fine, Sir John Lawrence concluded that his favourite policy of quiescence was inevitably doomed to modification of some kind, but that he still had it in his power, by a timely concession, to trace beforehand what the modification should be, and so to confine the impending mischief within manageable bounds. Hence it came to pass that he, who had, a score of times, rejected Shere Ali's request for assistance, now inclined to entertaining it. He proposed to his council that the money should be granted. His colleagues accepted the proposal with unanimity. Even at this last moment the Governor-General saw reason for shrinking from decisive action. What he proposed to do touched English relations with Russia, and he was ignorant in what light it might be viewed by the European Governments. Therefore he telegraphed for orders to the Secretary of State in England. The reply he received from Sir Stafford Northcote, whether proceeding from the ductile amiability of the individual minister or from the famous *insouciance* of the same cabinet that created a Reform Bill in ten minutes, showed insufficient appreciation of the interests at stake, and neatly exemplified that laxity of control which most bewilders conscientious subordinates. Mr. Disraeli's Government told¹ Sir John Lawrence

(1) See the Duke of Argyll's speech in the House of Lords, April 19th, 1869.

that he "might pursue his own policy, and that they trusted entirely to his knowledge and judgment." The sequel may be told in Lord Lawrence's own words:—

"Accordingly, I sent him" (Ameer Shere Ali) "something like £60,000, and I told him further that, if this money did not suffice, I would give him a further supply, and would also aid to a certain extent in the maintenance of a standing army. He replied most gratefully, and desired to come down and pay his respects to the British Government, to enter into a treaty with them as his father had done, and to maintain friendly relations with them. It was considered by the Government of India that overtures of this kind ought not to pass unnoticed, and I therefore wrote to the Ameer and told him what were my views—that I was willing to help him still further in a moderate way, that I could not bind myself by any treaty, which would involve obligations on the part of her Majesty's Government to assist him, but that I was willing, from time to time, as circumstances might suggest, and as his own conduct might show that he deserved it, to give him some further assistance hereafter, as I had already done. Things remained in that state until the period of my service as Governor-General came to an end. I then placed on record my reasons for having made this arrangement. I suggested that my successor should act on the same policy, that he should make no treaty or engagement by which we should be bound in any way, directly or indirectly, to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan; but until the Ameer should recover his authority, and consolidate his authority, that we might from time to time assist him."

Two points in Sir John Lawrence's conduct remain to be noticed, before we pass on to Lord Mayo's proceedings. The first is the question whether help to Shere Ali, while his half-brother and great antagonist, Azim Khan, still stood out in arms against him, was compatible with the Indian Government's engagements to abstain from intervention in Afghan affairs. Doubtless it was incompatible. The special circumstances of the crisis may be arrayed to palliate a divergence from Article 2 of the Treaty of 1855, by which England is expressly bound never to interfere in the territories of Afghanistan; but no sophistry can deny or mitigate the outrage done to the pledge, which in Sir John's letter of the 25th of February, 1867, recognising Ufzul Khan as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar, had been voluntarily given to the faction, whose head was Azim Khan. The expressions the Viceroy had then used were—

"Neither men, nor arms, nor money, nor assistance of any kind, have ever been supplied by my Government to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. I propose to continue the same policy for the future. If, unhappily, the struggle for supremacy in Afghanistan has not yet been brought to a close, and hostilities are again renewed, I shall still side with neither party."

This assurance was perhaps forgotten by his Excellency in 1868-9, but Azim Khan and his friends could not have forgotten it. Neither is it likely that the Afghan people, against whom collectively we are wont to level the charge of Punic faith, should have omitted to note an instance in which the plighted word of Great Britain does not

show to advantage. The second point wears an equally unsatisfactory look. It is the language which, after Sir John Lawrence had committed the Government of India to a policy of activity, he employed to describe what he had done. On two occasions—once at a farewell banquet in the Town-hall of Calcutta, and again in his statement to the House of Lords—he spoke as if he had never made the slightest deviation from his principles of neutrality. The explanation appears to be that he was unconsciously deceiving himself far more than he misled his audience. His wishes, hopes, and beliefs, all lying in one direction, he could not bring himself to realise how fast and far he had gone in an exactly opposite quarter. Like an oarsman, he had been looking one way, and rowing another, without noting the distance his boat had travelled.

But while the inception of the new policy must indisputably be laid to Lord Lawrence's charge, the fashion in which it was carried out is another thing. Circumstances, we must remember, denied him the privilege of giving effect to his own designs. Shere Ali did not come to India so soon as had been intended. The necessity of turning round to fight a battle with Abdool Rehman before he could venture to leave Cabul, detained the Ameer in Afghanistan until after Sir John Lawrence had made over the charge of India to Lord Mayo. Had the duty of meeting Shere Ali fallen to the retiring Governor-General, it probably would have been performed in very different style. Lord Mayo's advisers appear not to have discerned the peculiarities of the case they had to encounter. Contentedly approaching it with the stock formula of the Calcutta bureaux, they aimed at making an impressive display of British wealth and power. And in the pursuit of the ceremonial observances to which this idea gave rise, they set great store by the point of dignity to be gained by constraining the Ameer to come all the way to Umballa to find the Viceroy, while the latter merely took that place in the course of his customary journey to the Hills. Gossamer snares of this kind never could have caught or held the vigorous understanding of Sir John Lawrence. Well aware that the Afghans have already a just appreciation of our strength, and that our negotiations with them are not the best of subjects on which to challenge the curiosity of Europe and of Asia, he would have been apt to eschew the drums and spangles of a Durbar as worse than useless. We may imagine that he would have run up to Peshawur, attended only by the two or three members of his staff, whose presence was indispensably needful; that there, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, he would have settled in an hour's personal chat with the Ameer whatever needed settlement; and that then he would have sped back to his head-quarters, treating the whole affair as ordinary business, and making no more fuss about it than he did

about the flying visit which he paid to the Maharaja Scindia, at Gwalior, in November, 1866. Of course it would be unreasonable to expect that, in the very delicate art of putting and keeping an Oriental conference on its true basis, the rare advantages given to Sir John Lawrence by thirty years' familiarity with the languages, the habits of thought, and the past histories of our Asiatic allies, should reappear ready-made in any and every "accident of history"¹ called a Governor-General. Lord Mayo erred on the side of excessive complaisance to his Afghan guest. The principles which, if our national dignity had been considered, would have given the key-note to the Durbar were, firstly, that our previous refusals to help Shere Ali had been altogether right and just; and, secondly, that the interference which we were at last reluctantly exercising in the domestic dissensions of the Barukzye family, sprang less from any regard for the Ameer's individual interests than for the general welfare of the Afghan people. These, in experienced hands, might have been impressed on Shere Ali with a gentle firmness which would have done little violence to his self-love. Nothing of the kind was attempted at Umballa. Shere Ali appears to have been allowed to brag and bluster as only an Afghan can; and his wildest pretensions were received with an obsequiousness which it is humiliating to record. Instead of being decently grateful for benefits to which he had, by desert, no claim whatever, he grumbled aloud that our bounty had been long in coming, and that he had been all but ruined by the delay. Not satisfied with the fortunate recovery of his hereditary possessions, he demanded—and Lord Mayo agreed—that we should call Persia to account for alleged encroachments in the debatable land of Seistan. At the close of the conference, when he was privately shown the draft of a letter of good advice which, it was proposed, he should take back with him to Cabul, he flatly refused to receive the paper unless a clause were inserted, pledging the Indian Government to view with displeasure any infraction of his legitimate authority which his disaffected subjects might afterwards commit in Afghanistan. And this, too, Lord Mayo conceded. The whole tone of the Durbar engenders a suspicion whether the Viceroy may not have been carried off his balance by the phil-Afghan enthusiasm of the dashing young officer who acted as interpreter. A linguist less perfect in Persian than Lieutenant Grey, but untainted by the mania for British intervention in Afghanistan, would perhaps have proved a safer guide.

From the real history of the Umballa Durbar, as I read it, we can now pass on to the consequences.

(1) "Who may be the Ministers of the Queen are the *accidents of history*; what will remain on that enduring page is the policy pursued and its consequences on her realm." —*Mr. Disraeli's Address to the Electors of the County of Buckingham, May 20th, 1865.*

When we remember that Shere Ali at Umballa represented¹ little beyond his own interests, and that the alliance there made was not with the Afghan people, but only with an individual prince, barely able to hold his own ground, much less to be of any service to us, we shall see cause to congratulate the Indian Government on the fortunate turn which events in Afghanistan took at starting. If Shere Ali, on his return to Cabul, had suddenly been dethroned, slain in battle, assassinated, or poisoned—any of which contingencies were clearly on the cards—Lord Mayo would have been obliged either to take another and a deeper plunge into the whirlpool of Afghan politics, by extorting reparation for the cause with which he had identified the British Government's reputation, or else to endure the dangerous laughter of all Asia by shrinking from the vindication of an alliance inaugurated at vast expense and with much flourish of trumpets. The predicament, however, did not arise. Shere Ali's enemies were, for the time, smitten with despondency. Azim Khan and Abdool Rehman retired through Seistan towards Meshhed, in Persia; and Azim Khan's son, Ishakh Khan, evacuated Bulkh, seeking shelter across the Oxus in Bokhara. The Ameer, therefore, before the end of last spring, was once more established as lord of all Afghanistan. The task that lay before him was to consolidate his power within the recovered limits. How he has fared in the undertaking we will inquire presently.

Throughout India the Durbar was interpreted as a slap in the face to Russia. The ill-omened phrase of "the grand game," which, thirty years before, had been in vogue at Calcutta to describe Lord Auckland's unhappy designs for repelling Russian approach by an English occupation of Afghanistan, was now revived in the Anglo-Indian newspapers. The leading journal of Bengal fanned the professional enthusiasm of "the services" by assurances that ere long we should have Political Agents scattered all over Afghanistan, military officers employed in drilling and organising the Ameer's army, and a portion of that army held completely at our disposal as a British contingent: "the grand game," it was said, promised well. Whether these prognostications were in excess of the intentions entertained at the time by Lord Mayo, matters little: they were assuredly fair deductions from his overt acts, and as such they obtained universal credence.

In Persia the result was equally mischievous. The Shah's Government, mindful that the Afghans once overran Persia and held it for seven years, has a traditional jealousy of anything approaching to an aggrandisement of the power of these intractable neighbours. Neither can his Majesty forget that from British championing of

(1) Not a single chief of note accompanied him; his attendants, save two or three, were little better than menials, and, according to the testimony of an eye-witness, "vindicated their nationality by their dirty clothes."

Afghan grievances he has twice reaped war, defeat, and humiliation; and that the same cause still operates to keep him out of Herat, a city which he considers his own by right, and necessary to him for the protection of his border subjects from the raids of the kidnapping Toorkomans. Prepared, therefore, under any circumstances to view with suspicion signs of a fresh alliance between England and Afghanistan, the Shah perceived in the Umballa pageantry special reason for alarm on account of Shere Ali's demand that British assistance should procure the expulsion of the Persians from Seistan. It is not easy to understand how Lord Mayo can have been induced to sympathise with this demand; unless, indeed, he was moved by the purely utilitarian consideration that British interests would be better served by a transfer of the disputed territory from Persian to Afghan possession. The Blue Book recently published by the India Office shows that the Afghan claim rests on nothing more than an occupation of the province for forty-four years, which terminated in 1793, and that at all other times, except for a short interval of independence under local chiefs, Seistan has formed an integral part of the Persian dominions. Shere Ali's pretensions amount, in fact, to a reclamation of the limits of the Afghan kingdom, as they stood under Ahmed Shah and Timour Shah. England cannot enforce that principle against Persia without allowing that it must also hold good against herself, in which case she will have to renounce to Afghanistan all the broad lands of Peshawur, Mooltan, Lahore, and Cashmere. The argument is thus reduced to an absurdity. No wonder that the Persian Government was deeply troubled by Lord Mayo's proceedings, and that it called on the English Cabinet for an explanation. Our diplomatists promptly furnished the reply, that the arrangements effected with Shere Ali in no way militated against Persian interests, and that our Afghan policy generally was not conceived in a spirit hostile to Persia. At the same time Lord Clarendon satisfied himself of Persia's superior right to Seistan, and refused to act on Lord Mayo's suggestion that British pressure should be brought to bear on the Shah in support of the Afghan claim. But both the positive assurance of our friendly feelings and the negative evidence supplied by our abstention from an unjust interference were powerless to disarm Persian apprehensions. The Shah determined to send a special envoy to Cabul who should probe this ugly business to its depths.

Worse however than either the impetus communicated to our countrymen's ambitious longings in India, or the alarm inspired among our allies in Persia, was the offence which the Durbar gave to our great rivals at St. Petersburg. The Russian press unanimously denounced the event as "the first stone of the wall which the Anglo-Indian Government was hastening to build across

the road of the Russians in Central Asia."¹ The *Moscow Gazette* significantly observed that, since the English had chosen to begin intrigue in Afghanistan, the same game was open to Russia in Bokhara; and that although Russia, if let alone by the English, had no desire to menace their possessions, yet, in the event of an Eastern war, Toorkistan would afford her a formidable basis of operations against the Indian empire. The *Golos* (*Voice*) breathed open defiance of England.

"The commercial war," it said, "already being waged between England and Russia, on the northern frontiers of Afghanistan, is not at all unlikely to give way some day to a combat with more sanguinary weapons than weights and measures. In this case, the rifles presented to the Ameer by the Earl of Mayo would stand him in good stead, though, for the matter of that, the Ameer, after taking pounds sterling, is quite as likely as not to try roubles for a change."

Nor was this indignation without a ground-work of reason. The Durbar, among its other effects, had inflamed all the malcontent population of Russia's new conquests in Central Asia with an idea that England might yet be induced to enter the lists and do battle against the Muscovite oppressor. A more unlucky time for the spread of the belief could not have been chosen, for it happened that the nomad hordes of the Kirghiz steppe, about the northern shores of the Caspian and Aral Seas, were in open rebellion, cutting off the communication between Orenburg and Tashkend, and blockading the numerous isolated forts among which the Russian garrison of that enormous desert is dispersed in weak detachments, averaging not more than fifty Cossacks to each post. The insurgents, and those who, like the Khan of Khiva, were in secret league with them, took heart from the retribution they believed to be in store for their embarrassed enemy; and hence, though undesignedly, the demonstration at Umballa inflicted a real injury on Russia.

In another important respect the Durbar occurred at an awkward time. Negotiations had been begun, and were still pending, in London, between the Russian Ambassador and our Foreign Secretary, for the settlement of the long-standing differences arising out of Central Asia's geographical position, by a mutual agreement to recognise the space then separating Russian Toorkistan from our Trans-Indus frontier as a zone of neutral territory, beyond the influence of both Powers alike. Considering the predatory and turbulent disposition of the tribes inhabiting the intermediate region, there must, one would think, always be serious difficulties in the way of either Russia or England binding herself by specific treaty never to stretch a hand in advance of a given line. Wherefore, even if no Durbar had turned up to mar the course of Baron de Brunnow's interviews with Lord Clarendon, little could have been expected from their conferences beyond the exchange of amicable generalities. Yet such generalities are not without a

(1) *Exchange Gazette* of St. Petersburg, 16th April, 1869.

certain value in the maintenance of international amities; and the assurances conveyed to us on this occasion by the Czar's representative would have been all the more acceptable as having originated,¹ not in any nervous questionings on our part, but in a frank move from the opposite side, intended to establish between the two Courts a mutual understanding as to their respective programmes for the disposal of Central Asia. Russia laid her cards on the table, animated, no doubt, to do so by her experience of the absolute and continuous honesty with which the Anglo-Indian Government's declarations of a *laissez-faire* policy had till then been observed. The unexpected intelligence of the meeting at Umballa fell like a shock of wintry water on her cordiality. She shrank back into an attitude of dignified reserve, and the conferences ceased, barren of the useful result they might have borne. In Russian estimation the title of "perfidious Albion," which used to be our reproach among Continental diplomatists, cannot but have gained fresh warrant from the discovery that at the very moment when we were with our London voice professing the neutralisation of Afghanistan to be the goal of our highest and furthest ambition, our hands in India were hard at work doing all we knew to mould the same country to an exclusively English pattern.

There was trouble in Downing Street when the disadvantageous light in which our conduct stood became apparent. Lord Clarendon gave the word that no hasty language could be allowed in Parliament to aggravate the situation, and under his inspiration the Prime Minister, throughout last spring, refused to admit Central Asian affairs to any discussion in the House of Commons. On two separate occasions a private Member (Mr. Eastwick), who attempted to ventilate the question of our relations with that part of the world, was forced to withdraw his motion, in deference to a special appeal from Mr. Gladstone, who, while denying that the Indian Government had commenced an annual subsidy² to the Ameer of Afghanistan, at the same time deprecated a premature debate on the matter, lest it might interfere with the satisfactory progress of the communications

(1) "The *Moscow Gazette* volunteers a disclosure, the accuracy of which it says it can vouch for. . . . Not England, we are told, but Russia, proposed the neutralisation of Afghanistan a short time ago—not England asked Russia for a pledge of pacific intentions, but Russia, seeing England uneasy at the turn of affairs, offered of her own accord to vouchsafe such a guarantee."—*The Times*, Sept. 25th, 1869. Berlin Correspondent's letter.

(2) In this protest against the word "subsidy," as applied to the assistance in arms and money received by Shere Ali, the Premier seems to have taken his cue from the India Office. Already, on the 9th of March, Mr. Grant Duff had repudiated the term, on the ground, apparently, that "no formal conditions were attached to the gifts." But this is mere hair-splitting. There was a *quid pro quo* expected from Shere Ali, and he knew it, and Lord Mayo knew it. Nor they alone, but every man in Asia knew, as well as if it had been stated in the specific language of a public treaty, that thenceforward the Ameer was bound to be our friend, fostering British interests in every way, and keeping a deaf ear turned to the charming of our Russian competitors.

then passing between the English and Russian Cabinets. When, on the 9th July, Mr. Eastwick's motion eventually came to a hearing, the tone of the House must have agreeably disappointed Lord Clarendon's misgivings. Not a word was said inimical to Russia, while much was urged in condemnation of our new alliance with the Ameer. The gist of the mover's long speech was, as might have been expected from his previous connection with the British Mission at Teheran, a plea for closer intimacy with Persia, as a preferable investment for our money and our hopes to any that could be found in Afghanistan. The seconder was Sir Charles Wingfield, than whom no more competent authority on Indian topics has ever sat in Parliament. Sir Charles, with evident advertence to Lord Lawrence's speech in the Upper House, which has been above quoted, tore to pieces the flimsy fallacy that asserted the Umballa Durbar to be no departure from the Indian Government's previous policy: he laid bare the irreconcilable antagonism between the principles pursued up to the year 1868, and those which the Durbar had just inaugurated; and he dwelt with asperity on the suicidal folly of our beginning in Central Asia a course of intrigue against the Russians, which would infallibly elicit from them ceaseless counter-intrigues against ourselves. On behalf of the Ministry the Under Secretary for India made a strikingly able reply. The felicity of Mr. Grant Duff's diction—spirited, terse, and lucid—gave interest and charm to names which the British public generally hears sounded with alien ears, while the copiousness of his matter satisfied the most exacting critics of the thorough mastery he possessed of his recondite subject. The only blot in an otherwise admirable oration was that the speaker over-stated the case committed to him to defend. The paramount duty of soothing the irritation of Russia fettered his thoughts in one direction, and he was led astray in another as well by the glamour of Lord Lawrence's reputation as by his own generous anxiety to see good in measures for which other men than himself were responsible. Only on this supposition can I understand how a statesman of Mr. Grant Duff's calibre was persuaded to accept, amplify, and reissue in bolder form the fiction which Lord Lawrence's oracular dicta had dimly started, as to the meaningless character of our recent intervention in Afghanistan:—

“The Government,” said the Under-Secretary, “did not dream of erecting Shere Ali into a bulwark against Russia, or against anybody else. If any bulwark was wanted in that part of the world, nature had planted bulwarks enough in all conscience, as we once found out to our cost, and as anybody else would soon find out to theirs. What was wanted was a quiet Afghanistan, just as they wanted a quiet Burmah. The Government wanted to be able to use every penny they could scrape together in India for the moral and material development of the country. They wished to stimulate commerce round the whole of the land and sea frontier, and it did not at all suit to have one of their trade gates locked up by a burning house, the cellars of which were known to be full of highly explosive compounds. They wanted Shere Ali to be strong for the suppression of lawless-

ness, and rich, if possible, into the bargain. They wanted him to understand that they did not covet a square inch of his territory, or ask any kind of assistance from him, other than the sort of indirect assistance which a civilised Government must always derive from being known to exercise a pacifying and semi-civilising influence around its own borders. . . . And the fact that Russia had advanced to a point between Samarcand and Bokhara had not induced them to do any one thing which they would not have the strongest motives for doing, if she had never passed a verst beyond the Ural or Orenburg line."

This seems to me a hazardous flight of rhetoric. To test the soundness of its assertions let us glance at the parallel case—so cited by Mr. Grant Duff himself—of our relations with Burmah. Burmah, both in itself and as a stepping-stone to the markets of Western China, is of far more value to our merchants than Afghanistan ever has been, or will be. Insurrections and anarchy may choke the course of trade in Afghanistan, but their counterparts prevail in Burmah, and do much more detriment to our interests. The King of Burmah can point to a clearer title for his authority than Shere Ali possesses, and his past conduct towards his own people and the British Government invests him with an incomparably larger claim upon our regard. If, then, it was for the relief of commerce that we lavished money and arms on Shere Ali, how much greater should be our obligation to supply the Lord of the Golden Foot with the means of enforcing order in Burmah? Yet we have never spared the latter a cownie, and any proposal to help him would move derision both in England and in India. "A quiet Burmah," in fact, is not worth the lifting of a finger; while for "a quiet Afghanistan" we move heaven and earth. Manifestly it cannot be commerce that lends Afghanistan such signal preponderance in our scales. Trade, no doubt, was spoken of to Shere Ali at Umballa; but had trade been all we wanted, his cries for help would have gone unnoticed by us to the end of the chapter.¹ What we did for him was dictated by a very different motive. That motive, notwithstanding Mr. Grant Duff's inability to believe it, incontrovertibly was "the dream of erecting Shere Ali into a bulwark against Russia." By blinking it, we may deceive ourselves; we shall impose on nobody else. The Under Secretary had been nearer the mark on the previous 9th March, when he had defined our gifts as "the expression of a hope that a *strong Government was about to be established* in a long-distracted country." And the less premeditated definition ought not to pass

! (1) Omitting no point of which anything could be made, Mr. Grant Duff also referred to the advantage which a good understanding with the Ameer would give us for checking the raids of the independent mountaineers who separate India from Afghanistan. But this is rather an imaginary advantage. The tribes would not like to be caught between two fires, and are on their guard against such a combination; otherwise they care not a straw for the Cabul Government. Shere Ali himself, who, from a matrimonial connection with one tribe (the Momunds, if I remember rightly) exercises among them some small influence of a personal, not a governmental character, was obliged, both on entering and on leaving India, to pay the clansmen of the Khyber Pass very heavy black-mail for permission to traverse their defile.

into oblivion : for there is a distinct note of warning in its sound ; it reproduces the identical words commonly used to describe the intention, with which, to our shame and sorrow, we once before undertook to interfere in the domestic dissensions of the Afghans. It was precisely this idea, the idea of "*establishing* a friendly power and a *strong Government* in Afghanistan,"¹ that inspired the expedition of 1838 ; and the phrase into which the member for Elgin so naturally slipped is a distinct memento of that evil time. True, there is a vast difference in the methods by which Lord Auckland thirty years ago, and Lord Mayo in these days, have respectively proceeded ; but the fact of their both having sought the same object, throws a startling light on the true bearings and ultimate tendency of the present Viceroy's policy.

However, it must be admitted that the debate of the 9th July had, on the whole, the effect primarily desired by Mr. Grant Duff and the Ministry. One organ of public opinion at Moscow (the *Sovremenni Izvesti*) warned its readers not to be diverted from mistrust of our actual deeds in India by our farcical assertions of innocence in the House of Commons ; but Russia, at large, was for the time mollified and appeased.

Some approach to a better understanding with the Muscovite Government was day by day growing into a political necessity. For while our diplomatists had been smiling, and our ministers, like the lady in *Hamlet*, protesting too much, the local politics of Central Asia had kept the bias imparted to their course by British hands in India, and were developing events calculated to reawaken and intensify any previous suspicion which Russia might have conceived of our designs. The Ameer of Bokhara, who in the summer of 1868 had been compelled to accept terms² of peace from General Kaufman, was troubled with a rebellious son, known to the Russians as Katti Tura, and in India called Abdool Mullik. This young prince, with the blessing of all the priesthood, had taken the leadership of a quasi-national party in Bokhara, comprising the numerous classes whose patriotism or fanaticism spurned accommodation of any kind with the invading infidels from Russia. The south-eastern provinces adjoining Afghanistan had enthusiastically responded to his war-cry ; and, with the help of the well-known guerrilla chief, Sadyk, operating in the north on the new Russian frontier about Samarcand, this modern Absalom had so nearly succeeded in deposing his father that, in November, 1868, General Abramoff had felt constrained to rescue and re-establish the Ameer by force of arms. Then the

(1) Kaye's "War in Afghanistan," vol. i. p. 370.

(2) The terms were—cession of the conquered territory ; payment of £80,000 indemnity ; protection and liberty of trade for all Russian subjects throughout Bokhara ; and limitation of import duties on Russian goods to 2½ per cent. *ad valorem*.

Prince had fled, first to Khiva and afterwards to Merv, labouring hard wherever he went to organise a league of Islam against the renegade Ameer and the accursed Russians. His movements up to this point had mattered nothing to British India. But from Merv he came into the Afghan territory of Bulk, and there converted the asylum afforded him by our friend, Shere Ali, into a lever for raising rebellion across the Oxus among his compatriots and former associates in the Bokhariot territories of Shuhr-i-subz, Sherabad, and Hissar. Not this only, but, for the furtherance of his designs, he freely used the names of Shere Ali and of the British Government as his aiders and abettors. It would be superfluous to observe that the British Government was totally free from any complicity in these intrigues. Whether Shere Ali was equally guiltless is open to doubt. The Ameer of Bokhara had done him grievous injury in the late civil war by siding with his rivals, and the present enterprise afforded him a fair chance of repaying the Oosbeg Durbar in its own coin. Also, perhaps, he may have thought that, although no hint regarding the conduct expected of him in this affair had reached him from his patrons, the English, he could not wrongly interpret their unspoken wishes if he fostered a project avowedly intended to hamper the Russian advance. Be this as it may, the refugee pretender to the throne of Bokhara was allowed to have his own way while he stayed in Bulk; and when, towards the close of last summer, he repaired to Cabul, he was received by Shere Ali with every sign of the most distinguished consideration. The menacing shadow thrown by the conjunction of these hostile forces across the southern border of Bokhara filled Ameer Moozuffer-ood-deen with disquietude. Looking to his Russian allies again for salvation, the Oosbeg monarch determined to send an embassy all the way to St. Petersburg. He placed his fourth and favourite son, a boy of twelve years, at the head of the mission; and he officially avowed to the local Russian commandant that his object was to inform the *Ak Padshah*, or White Emperor, of the danger in which he stood from the English and the Afghans. The *Invalide Russe*, a Government organ, made no secret of the Ameer's declaration. Its authoritative voice proclaimed to all the world that Bokhara had appeared before the Czar's tribunal to accuse the English of kindling war against herself and her Russian protectors. After such an announcement no one can be surprised to find an impartial¹ witness reporting presently from St. Petersburg that "the ill-will with which England is regarded in Russia is slowly but steadily increasing," and that an impression is spreading in the Russian capital "that the complications in Central Asia must lead to a violent collision with the ruler of India." Pretty first-fruits these of our precious intimacy with Shere Ali!

To relieve the morbid state of our relations with the Northern

(1) The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*.

Power, the doctors of diplomacy—a profession as grudgingly honoured by the British public as that of medicine is by healthy youth—again came on the stage. The London conferences between Lord Clarendon and Baron de Brunnow had been adjourned without any definite conclusion; and so, when the happy coincidence arose last autumn that Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and our own Foreign Secretary were both spending their so-called holidays in Germany, the one at Wiesbaden and the other at Baden Baden, what more natural than that the pair should arrange a meeting at an equidistant third point, Heidelberg, and there take up the thread of the unfinished negotiations? In past years it had been England's constant complaint, that while the Czar's Government at St. Petersburg disowned all ideas of further territorial aggrandisement in Central Asia, his Majesty's generals on the spot nevertheless proceeded unchecked to add conquest to conquest, thereby leaving us in helpless perplexity between Russian professions and Russian actions. Now the tables were turned, and the charge of inconsistency pointed against ourselves. Prince Gortschakoff could not get over the wide discrepancy between our pacific sentiments in London and our inimical doings, real or supposed, at Umballa and at Cabul. Lord Clarendon, however, was ready with a remedy. There happened at the time to be in Europe, on leave, a Bengal civil servant, Mr. T. D. Forsyth, who was understood to possess the entire confidence of the Indian Viceroy in respect of Central Asian affairs. It was, therefore, proposed and settled between the two high negotiators that the discussions begun in London and renewed at Heidelberg should be concluded at St. Petersburg, the English side being represented at the Russian capital, not by our ambassador alone, but by Sir Andrew Buchanan, with Mr. Forsyth added as plenipotentiary from Lord Mayo. In the meantime the path of our spokesmen was cleared for them by the despatch of urgent instructions from the Duke of Argyll to Lord Mayo, desiring that strong efforts should be made to induce Shere Ali to abstain from any such exaggeration of the duties of hospitality as might involve Afghanistan in complicity with Abdool Mullik's scheme against the Governments of Bokhara and Russia. Thus all that could be done was done to purge our hands of the dark stain they had unconsciously caught by contact with doubtful company.

The St. Petersburg conference came off in October. Rightly to understand the circumstances which had to be handled, we must remember that the preceding twenty months had wrought a great change in the position not only of Russia and of England towards Bokhara and Afghanistan, but of Bokhara and of Afghanistan towards one another. Formerly Russia had been at war with Bokhara, and Bokhara had been vainly seeking assistance from

England against Russia ; England had been keeping aloof from any responsibility in Afghanistan ; while between the Ameer of Bokhara and the faction headed by Azim Khan, which was then dominant in Afghanistan, a cordial understanding had prevailed. Everything was now reversed. Russia was at peace with Bokhara, and Bokhara was claiming protection from Russia against the supposed hostility of England. England was largely responsible for the conduct of Afghanistan ; while between the Ameer of Bokhara and Shere Ali, the restored ruler of Afghanistan, there was hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. Out of this new combination flowed a clear necessity that Russia, on behalf of her client, Ameer Moozuffer-ood-deen, and England, on behalf of her client, Ameer Shere Ali, should take steps for ensuring a maintenance of the peace between the neighbour kingdoms of Bokhara and Afghanistan. And the first step was to separate the antagonists by a definite boundary. What quickened our interest in this point to the highest degree was, that Russia had affirmed, and we had accepted, the axiom, that in regard to all territory within Bokhariot limits she must hold herself unfettered to act as she in the future might think fit. Hence the arguments at St. Petersburg revolved principally about the question whether Bulk, the province intercepted between the river Oxus on the north and the mountains of Hindoo Khoosh on the south, should be assigned to Afghanistan or to Bokhara. Though held for a score of years past by the Afghans, it has always been a bone of contention for the two states. Eventually Russia accepted the principle of existing possession, recognised the Afghan tenure of Bulk, and contented herself with securing the ferries of the Oxus for Bokhara. With this result the negotiations were brought to a final close ; and nothing, I believe, has since occurred to modify the situation. The end obtained by our representatives seems as much as, under the circumstances, they could have hoped for ; and it may, therefore, be considered creditable to them and satisfactory to England. But obviously it falls far short, I will not say of a settlement of the Central Asian question, which perhaps lies in the limbo of impossibilities, but of that neutralisation of Afghanistan, which, except for the intervention of the unlucky Durbar, might in some form have been accomplished for us at the beginning of the year. Further, we must note that Russia's concessions, if concessions they can be called, are not guaranteed to us by a single stroke of her pen. The agreement effected was purely conversational. Sir Andrew Buchanan read aloud to Prince Gortschakoff, General Miliutin (Minister for War), and M. Stremoukhoff (Chief of the Asiatic Department), the despatch reporting to his own Government the incidents and issue of the conference, and his audience assented verbally to its general correctness ; but this was all. The corresponding despatch which Prince Gortschakoff ad-

dressed to the Russian Ambassador in London, and of which, it was hoped, a copy would have been furnished to Lord Clarendon, proved, on receipt by Baron de Brunnow, to be of a confidential character, not intended for communication to the English Government. I do not presume—indeed, I have not even the wish—to question the good faith of Russia in this transaction. I merely regret the omission of a formality, without which the pledges she has given are, from a diplomatic point of view, incomplete.

Another consideration not to be overlooked is that Russia, while politely deferring to English views in respect of the northern boundary of Afghanistan, has not carried conciliation to the length of relaxing her aggressive efforts in other parts of Central Asia nearer to her present frontier. As for pausing in her southward march, she is rather striding forward with redoubled speed and energy. Quite recently she has sent an expedition across from the Caucasian to the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea to establish a fort in Krasnovodsk Bay, and from thence to construct a caravan road along the ancient bed of the Oxus to a convenient point on the modern river; and this is but the prelude to a campaign against Khiva in the spring. The annexation of Khiva will lead immediately to absorptions of Bokhariot territory higher up the Oxus, so that really we are now in a fair way to see verified an important event which hasty writers have often already anticipated, namely, a Russian occupation of the *tête-de-pont* at Charjooee. Further eastward other signs of movement are not wanting. Against the Afghan principality of Budukshan the Khan of Kokand, Khooda Yar Khan, who is a mere Russian cat's-paw, is said to have been making hostile demonstrations at Kolab: and in Eastern Toorkistan, unless the Attalik Ghazee speedily throws open to Russian trade his own markets and the old commercial communication with China, the independence of his state is threatened with summary extinction. Generally, Russia's policy at the present time appears animated by a resentful determination to meet our recent activity by increased activity of her own. She has entered with a will upon measures of aggression which, except for our step forward, she might have indefinitely postponed. Far from retarding, we have positively accelerated, the appearance of the Cossacks at Charjooee.

Having now seen that in India, in Persia, and above all in Europe, the consequences of the change in our Central Asian plans from quiescence to action are unmingled evil, my readers might fairly expect to find some solid compensation for these misfortunes in an ameliorated condition of Afghanistan. Surely the year cannot have terminated without "a strong Government," or at least its stable foundations, having been built among the Afghans. By this time surely Shere Ali must have done much to consolidate his power; and so the success of our *protégé* shall supply the amends owed us by

fate. We cannot be altogether comfortless. Yet, what are the facts? All the other way, I fear. The official version of late events in Afghanistan is that Shere Ali, penetrated with admiration for the British institutions he saw at work in India, and impelled by a laudable desire to communicate similar benefits to his own countrymen, has been occupied, since his return to Cabul, with introducing reforms in the domestic administration of the kingdom; but that he has prosecuted this task with rather more vigour than caution. The Anglo-Indian press, committed, as it universally is, to approval of Lord Mayo's Central Asian policy, has gladly endorsed the official story; and through the veil of this consentient euphemism the real state of the case has been difficult to discern. To my view there is one point only by which Sheer Ali's prospects have been advanced since last spring; and that he has obtained more, as the saying goes, by good luck than good management. Death has done him the inestimable service of taking away the ex-Ameer, Azim Khan. Shere Ali's history, whatever may be its future course, will never contain a more conspicuous landmark than that which records the removal from his path of his greatest and most formidable rival, Azim Khan. In all other respects the Ameer has lost ground. His "reforms" must be viewed in connection neither with English models nor with any standard of Utopian perfection, but with the customs of the country he practically had in hand. The two branches of administration on which he set to work were the revenue and the army. Hitherto Afghanistan had been parcelled out among governors, each of whom received and used the taxes of his province after his own fashion, and remitted to the central authority only so much balance as he thought it unsafe to withhold. Similarly the army had been nothing more than an assembly of the contingents which, on sound of war, the heads of the various clans severally brought to the royal camp. These federal and feudal arrangements Shere Ali endeavoured to replace by a system of monarchical centralisation. He wanted a standing army of his own; and, still more, he wanted local treasuries of his own, so that the taxes might reach him entire, and the emoluments of the provincial governors take the form of fixed salaries. In fact he renewed, on a scale amplified in proportion to the increase of strength accruing to him from English money and English weapons, the self-same scheme for exalting the kingly power at the expense of the nobility, his indulgence in which, soon after the commencement of his reign, had been a principal cause of his deposition. Of all the unpopular measures among which his former government had suffered shipwreck, not one had damaged him so much as his attempt to commute the fiefs of the aristocracy into cash allowances. He now recurred to it, having, like the Bourbons of the restoration, learned nothing by adversity, and forgotten nothing. As a natural result, conspiracies were secretly

hatched, or his authority openly defied, all over the kingdom. Two of his nephews, who had been detected in a plot at Cabul, he deported into India, where the British Government obligingly undertook for him the jailor-like duty of detaining them under surveillance. But the Ameer's greatest difficulty lay northwards, in Bulkh. His recovery of that unruly province in the spring, when Azim Khan's son, Ishakh Khan, withdrew from it into Bokhara, had never been confirmed by vigorous treatment. Day after day he talked of sending troops there to restore order, but nothing came of all the talk: he saw what ought to be done, but did not do it. His procrastination was intertwined with another folly equally dangerous, of which mention has been already made. He was harbouring and highly honouring a rebellious Oosbeg prince, Abdool Mullik, who aspired to dethrone the Ameer of Bokhara, at the very time when a rebellious Barukzye prince, Ishakh Khan, who aspired to do the same by him in Afghanistan, was a refugee at Bokhara, ready and longing to be used by the Bokhariot Durbar as an instrument of reprisal upon the Afghan Durbar. The Ameer of Bokhara clutched the opportunity, and put at Ishakh Khan's disposal every facility for organising a fresh expedition into Afghanistan. It is even alleged that the undertaking was encouraged, if not actively assisted, by the Russian general at Samarcand. This may or may not be true: it is not unlikely; and, if true, it is an immediate realisation of Sir Charles Wingfield's prophecy in the House of Commons that intervention in Afghan affairs would for England be equivalent to entering on a game of intrigue and counter-intrigue with Russia. Ishakh Khan recrossed the Oxus in August last. Cordially welcomed by the local chiefs, and without any opposition from the royal troops, he repossessed himself of Bulkh. To this hour he remains in undisputed occupation of the province. Indeed it appears an open question whether, when the disappearance of the winter's snows renders military operations again practicable, the Ameer Shere Ali will win back the lost jewel of Bulkh to his crown, or whether Ishakh Khan will add the remainder of Afghanistan to his present conquest. Supposing the latter contingency came really to pass, and that the avenging son of the man whom we helped to destroy in 1868-9 should emerge as ruler of all the Afghans in 1870, where then would be the English ascendancy in Cabul politics for which we have sacrificed so much? In suggesting this awkward question I may be suspected of prejudice. I anticipate the charge by soliciting reference to the facts confessed by the most able organ of the policy I impugn. A correspondent of the *Friend of India*, vouched for by the editor as "a careful observer, who knows the country well, and had some conversation with the Ameer on his late visit to India," employed the following language on the 26th October last to describe the condition of Afghanistan.

"So far as I can judge from the accounts brought me from Cabul, there seems good reason for believing that the Ameer is ruining his own cause. He has money, but he does not pay his troops. One of his regiments has been destroyed to a man, and in Bulk, Ishakh Khan, son of Azim Khan, is gaining ground, and is well supplied with money—some say from Samarcand. If so, it tells a tale. At Candahar there is a rising, and a Sirdar" (chief) "has collected a lakh" (100,000) "of well-armed ruffians, who will probably give the Ameer much trouble. Already they have taken some guns from him, and disposed of the few troops sent against them. There is a storm brewing, and many respectable natives seem to think it not at all improbable that Shere Ali, if he escapes with his life, will soon seek a refuge in our territory. Usulum Khan is about the only faithful Sirdar left him, and he begs the Ameer to pay the troops, and send him to the seat of the war. It is a pity he has not sense enough to pay his soldiers. Even his friends think his reason is failing, or he would not so foolishly persist in alienating his people. I sincerely hope he will maintain his position, and govern the country wisely, but, if native information is worth anything, misfortune is not far off, and that entirely through his own fault."

The same journal, in its issues of the 2nd and 23rd November, admits that Ishakh Khan is complete master of Bulk; that the rebellion at Candahar, mentioned in the above extract, has spread to the neighbourhood of Ghuznee, where it has been strengthened by defections from the Ameer's forces; and that through all Afghanistan a restless and insurrectionary spirit is abroad. Shere Ali is actually reported to have issued an interdict against any mention of Bulk affairs by the gossips of the Cabul bazaar; this, as the reporter justly observes, is "tantamount to gagging the press in a civilised country; and affairs must be threatening before the Ameer could make such a confession of weakness." Finally, the Indian papers of latest date (November 30th) contain a rumour that both in Bulk and at Candahar the powerful voice of the priesthood has now been raised against Shere Ali, excommunicating him from Islam, and preaching a religious war against him. In short, whatever our hopes may tempt us to believe, no glosses can be devised to hide the sharp outlines of the ungainly truth. Our *protégé*, Shere Ali, has not consolidated his power; on the contrary, he has let one-fourth of the kingdom slip through his fingers, and his tenure of the remaining three-fourths hangs by a thread. The "dream of establishing a strong Government in Afghanistan" has not been realised; back through the ivory gate from which it came, it has faded further than ever from our credulous gaze. We have squandered our money, our arms, and our reputation, to no purpose, or rather to our own injury. We have done worse than Moses Primrose at the fair, for whereas his gross of green spectacles was useless merely, our purchase bristles with all that is most objectionable and harmful. Russia irritated into the very course of aggression we wanted to prevent; Persia sullenly augmenting her encroachments towards Seistan and Mekran; India startled from her task of self-improvement by expectation of a "great game" being opened to decide her

destiny; and British influence in Afghanistan staked on the fate of one ungrateful and half-crazy individual who clamours to us for more gold as his only chance of escaping annihilation—these are the out-turn of our Central Asian venture. The more we look at the consequence of the Umballa Durbar, the less will be our toleration for that foolish piece of work. There is nothing now to be done with it, but to take Uncle Toby's advice in a similar case, "Wipe it up, and say no more about it."

In looking out for an alternative mode of procedure, less likely to end in disappointment, we must first resolve what it is we really seek. Is the contact of Russia with the north-west frontier of India a thing to be desired or deprecated? If the welfare of Central Asia is to be considered, we cannot deny that Russian order in place of Oosbeg or Afghan anarchy, and that Christian tolerance in place of Moslem bigotry, would be supreme benefits to that unhappy region. But what is Central Asia to us, what are we to Central Asia? The general cause of humanity, if I may hazard a guess at "the painful riddle of this world," seems to be best served by each nation minding its own business. It is the business of England to civilise India up to a point when the natives can be left to govern themselves. Were we to be interrupted in this mission, and forced to quit the country before our time, the result in India—to say nothing of the shock to England, and, through England, to the inhabited world—would be under any circumstances, long years of war, confusion, and misery, such as befell the denizens of our own island on the departure of the Romans. We, in our turn, might become recipients of the pathetic appeal, "The barbarians drive us into the sea, and the sea drives us back on the barbarians." I believe that we shall be traitors both to ourselves and to the peoples committed to our charge if we regard the progress of Asiatic Russia from any other point of view than the security and benefit of our own empire. In this relation, and in this only, should the "Central Asian Question," as it is called, have any meaning for England.¹ So regarded, the advent of a great European power to our close neighbourhood, occupying the historic path by which all the various conquerors of India, except ourselves, have advanced, and summoning to her standard all the warlike clansmen of the Afghan hills, who look on Hindostan as their natural prey, must assuredly prove a grave inconvenience. I put aside the contingency of a Russian invasion. The public discussion (thanks to Sir Henry Rawlinson) of our dimly apprehended perils has had the good effect of demonstrating that Russia, neither at present nor for

(1) Well said Sir Stafford Northcote, in the House of Commons on the 9th July:—"When he heard that the House was asked to discuss the policy of England in Central Asia, he was tempted to say that the only answer we could give was, that England had no policy in Central Asia. In point of fact, we ought not to have a Central Asian policy. It ought to be an Indian policy. We had enough in our hands with the management of our own interests."

many years to come, can command the means to attempt an open attack. The practical danger consists in the encouragement to insurrection which her proximity will supply to all our discontented subjects in India. These in proportion to the two hundred millions of population are marvellously few, but in proportion to our garrison of sixty thousand soldiers unpleasantly numerous; even while our peace with Russia continues unbroken, they may keep us in perpetual fidget; and in case of war the necessity for watching them may cripple our power for operations in Europe. On the other hand, it is asserted that if we have disaffection in India, Russia has the same in Toorkistan; that the nearer she comes to us the greater will be her embarrassments; and that if she foment troubles within our border we can retaliate by doing the like within hers. This no doubt is true; but in such a game we should be risking gold against her copper; we have infinitely more at stake in India than she has in Toorkistan, and by the loss of a single trick we should be hit harder than she would be by the loss of a hundred. As for commercial considerations, it is Russia's declared object to secure a monopoly of the Central Asian trade by rigidly excluding the superior and cheaper manufactures of England; markets, therefore, which at present under the indigenous rulers are open to us, will be hopelessly closed as soon as they pass within the Russian pale. Only in one respect can I conceive any good accruing to us from further enlargements of the Russian boundary: they operate as a heavy blow and great discouragement to the cause of Islam, not only at the scene of their occurrence, but throughout Asia generally; and, as Mahomedan fanaticism is the main source of our intestine dangers in India, they, to some extent, serve to damp the designs of our domestic enemies. But, on the whole, our interests decidedly demand that India should be separated from Russia for as long a time and by as wide a territorial gap as possible.

Now the question is, What can we do either to prevent the meeting of the two empires, or, if that be impossible, to render their collision innocuous?

Several authorities have proposed that we should lay a plain statement of our difficulties before Russia, and obtain a written guarantee from her never to overstep a certain line of limitation. The distinguished President of the Geographical Society has on more than one occasion announced his confidence in the Czar's intention to leave Afghanistan untouched. But for myself I can give only a qualified adhesion to this belief. Bokhara is intimately connected with Afghanistan; and Russia, who is now virtual mistress of Bokhara, hardly has the power, though she may have the wish, to refrain from contact with men and things south of the Oxus. Omitting, as unproved, the support that Ishakh Khan's invasion of Bulkh is said to have obtained from the Russian authorities at

Samarcand, we know that General Kaufman two years ago took into pay a large body of Afghan soldiers, and that their commandant, who is a prince of the royal Barukzye house, now holds an official position at St. Petersburg. These facts are incompatible with utter isolation from Afghan politics. Indeed I cannot suppress a doubt whether, when Russian troops hold the ferry of the Oxus leading into Bulkh, it will be possible for them long to observe the limit which, under Sir A. Buchanan's negotiations, has just been established for parting Bokhara from Afghanistan. A river is notoriously a bad frontier; incursions from Bulkh will provoke the Russians to cross in pursuit of the offenders; and ultimately the Oosbeg nationality of the inhabitants will afford an argument for their incorporation into the same empire with Bokhara. The imperial boundary cannot, I believe, stop at the Oxus; there is more likelihood of its pausing at the northern foot of the Hindoo Khoosh mountains. Local complications of this kind are almost beyond the Czar's control; and, without a proper allowance for the effect they are certain to exercise, his Majesty's intentions are liable to be misread. Besides, we must bear in mind that diplomacy between the Courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg has been already tried, and has not done much for us. To cap all, it seems unworthy of our ancient nation that Englishmen should cringingly approach any power on earth with a confession of fear and an entreaty for forbearance. Our dignity demands, as our strength warrants, that we should look to ourselves for our own protection.

The independent courses open to our option are of two kinds, those which lie beyond, and those which are contained within, the British frontier. Bright with the attractive glitter of foreign enterprise, the former line has always commanded the larger share of popular favour. Its characteristic principle is the interposition between India and Russia of Governments friendly to ourselves and capable of withstanding our northern rivals. Thirty years ago we pursued this idea so far as to enter on a military occupation of Afghanistan, and to assume a large share in its civil administration. Some say that the experiment, though it then ended in ruin, ought to be repeated with the omission of old blunders and the addition of new precautions. My own belief is that, even though the strategic advantages of a renewed march to Candahar and Herat were clearer than they are, their cost of three and a half millions sterling per annum is more than India can furnish. The scheme, however, is too large for discussion in this place. Moreover, its advocates speak of it rather as a measure of future expediency than of immediate necessity. We may pass on therefore in a practical spirit to the notion now dominant in our national policy, of giving Afghanistan "a strong Government," not in our own person, but in the person of a native ruler subsidised by us. That this notion, as set to work by Lords

Lawrence and Mayo, has hitherto produced nothing but disappointment, cannot be doubted.

"But," it may be objected, "Shere Ali has only had a ten months' trial; he may yet become real master of the country; or, supposing even that he does break down altogether, the failure in his case will be no argument against better luck with the better men who will succeed him on the Cabul throne; one accident ought not to damn a great policy."

I reply, firstly, that the artificial erection of a "strong Government" on foreign soil must, under the most favourable circumstances, be about as arduous a task as it is possible to conceive any nation undertaking; and secondly, that in the national character and customs of the Afghans there are inherent defects which reduce our attempt to a complete impossibility. We all know the homely adage about a silk purse and the material out of which it can't be made. The Afghan nation is an aggregate of separate clans, republican in their internal organisation. Their common saying is that "all Afghans are equal." The authority which the Ameer, the head of the principal clan, nominally exercises over them all comprises, at best, little more than a right to levy a fixed proportion of troops and money from each for the common defence. Governments and sovereigns are changed with inconceivable rapidity.

"He who possesses a little money, and can scatter it amongst the crowd, will soon have a sufficient number of partisans to assist in raising him to power; and though this power is hereditary in Afghanistan, the regular succession to the throne is by no means liked, and is the most uncertain thing possible. The legitimate heir is always obliged to submit the question of sovereignty to an election and the chances of war. . . . In Afghanistan everything that succeeds is legitimate, and in this way success favours the greatest rascal; his crimes or his virtues are of little importance to the people: if he pays well he is their idol; but let his purse get empty, let a reverse of fortune overtake him, he at once becomes an object of contempt and aversion, and is obliged either to expatriate himself or retire into a greater obscurity than that from which he sprung."¹

The Sirdars, or chiefs of clans, are all sovereigns within their respective domains. Jealous, turbulent, and ambitious, they are always impatient to see their prince replaced by another from whom they expect greater advantages. "They will sell their services to the highest bidder; it is indifferent to them whether their friend of to-day is their enemy to-morrow, or whether they have to take arms against their relations or not." Anything for money is their maxim. The common people follow the example of their chiefs.

"They will desert one party and attach themselves to another, without feeling any compunction or incurring the least disgrace. They always welcome, and with enthusiasm, the arrival of a new sovereign; but a reign too long, or a peace too prolonged with their neighbours, is to them insupportable; and when no opportunity presents itself of getting rid of their over-excitement on their foes without, they make war upon one another."

(1) Ferrier's "History of the Afghans," p. 304.

This description is mostly taken from Ferrier ; but Mountstuart Elphinstone says much the same thing, and supplies, in addition, the following anecdote :—

“I once,” he states, “strongly urged to a very intelligent old man of the tribe of Meeankhail, the superiority of a quiet and secure life, under a powerful monarch, to the discord, the alarms, and the blood, which they owed to their present system. The old man replied with great warmth, and thus concluded an indignant harangue against arbitrary power : ‘ We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood, but we never will be content with a master.’ ”¹

What is to be done with fellows of this kidney ? We cannot make the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots. A war of succession, such as Shere Ali has just gone through, is not the exception, but the rule, in Afghanistan. His four predecessors spent their lives in making or meeting insurrections. The normal constitution of the country, since it ceased to be a foot-ball between the Shah of Persia and the Great Mogul of Delhi, is not one strong monarchy, but several weak and antagonistic principalities. Twice only in Afghan history have the discordant tribes been united under a native king of substantial power. And the two soldiers of fortune who achieved this feat were in their way Napoleons, born rulers of mankind, such as are not found in every generation. If out of the present turmoil a second Ahmed Shah or a new Dost Mahomed were to come to the surface, and, by establishing his own supremacy, restore comparative order to the land, such a Government, born of indigenous materials and possessing a vital principle of its own, might perhaps be susceptible of some confirmation at our hands. But even then the hold which an outlay of arms and money might procure for us on Afghanistan, would only be co-extensive with the life of the individual monarch ; when he died we should again be adrift in the periodically recurring deluge. I will not dwell on the moral aspect of the subsidy system, though whether we are justified in giving any Government the means to coerce its subjects without taking some security that our gifts shall not be abused to purposes of oppression and cruelty, is a question well meriting attention. On strictly political grounds it seems to me that we may, at any rate, wait for the avatar in Afghanistan of a hero equal to the occasion. Until he appears, our most elaborate efforts to keep any ruler going who has not strength within himself to keep his legs, must be, to use Mr. Bright’s phrase, “sheer tinkering.”

Afghanistan, however, is not the only kingdom which has attracted attention as a fit locality beyond the British frontier for our operations in search of a breakwater against the tide of Russian progress. “Russia,” says Sir Henry Rawlinson, “could never establish herself at Herat, and keep up her communications with Asterabad, without the co-operation of Persia ; and against that

(1) Elphinstone’s “Account of the Kingdom of Cabul,” p. 174.

co-operation our efforts should be accordingly directed." I have dared to differ from Sir Henry on many points of our Central Asian policy, but in regard to the value of cordial relations with the Shah's Government, I gladly seize an opportunity for expressing humble concurrence with "*il maestro di color che sanno*." The administration of Persia is not a model organism; it is inferior to that of Turkey. Still, Persia is a settled, and, so to speak, civilised state, having representatives resident at the Courts of Europe. She presents a tangible and reasonable personality to our approaches; and Mr. Eastwick is amply justified in declaring that time and money spent at Teheran would be much more to our purpose than if sunk in the chaos of Afghanistan. We are too much given, especially in India, to disparaging Persia as "the mere tool of an aggressive Russia." The late Lord Strangford—ah, that he were back to guide our counsels!—protested against the "brutal levity of thought" involved in this assumption.¹ Persia deserves no such reproach. She is keenly alive to the danger of being caught within the snaky folds of her northern neighbour's fascination. Moreover, as she is quite aware of the sympathy with which England views her determination to shun the fatal embrace, English influence might, and ought to be, supreme at Teheran. If this is not the case at present, the fault is our own. There are many ways in which we might show an increased regard for Persia. Foremost stands the retransfer to the India Office of the control over our Mission which is at present exercised by the Foreign Office. Hear the words of one who, being more eminently fitted than any other man alive to represent British interests at Teheran, resigned the post of Minister as soon as he found himself subordinated to the Foreign Office:—

"Persian diplomacy is essentially an Eastern question, and mainly dependent on considerations of Indian policy. . . . The Indian revenues contribute a sum of £12,000 per annum toward the expenses of the Persian Mission. There is no single element, indeed, of European diplomacy connected with Persia, except the relations of that country with Turkey; and even these relations, referring almost exclusively to frontier grievances, come more naturally under the jurisdiction of Bagdad or of Erzeroum than of Constantinople. It may further be questioned whether the traditions and practice of the Foreign Office, admirably adapted as they are to European diplomacy, are fitted to deal with the peculiarities of Eastern character. . . . It may be doubtful if the duties of the Teheran Mission, reorganised as a powerful machine of Indian defence, could be carried out by an ordinary staff of Foreign Office attachés. At any rate, it would be infinitely better to employ Indian officers, accustomed to the native character, acquainted with the language, and who would look to Persian and Afghan service as their career in life, instead of pining for the luxuries and leisure of Paris and Vienna."

From my own experience I may add that the information on Persian and Perso-Afghan questions, which, under present arrange-

(1) "Selected writings of Viscount Strangford," vol. ii. p. 274.

(2) "Memorandum on the Central Asian Question," by Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson, K.C.B., dated July 20, 1868.

ments, the Viceroy of India derives from our Minister at Teheran, is not what it ought to be. Imperfect information leads to rash and headstrong measures; and until Lord Mayo is put in communication with an Indian officer at Teheran—one of that military-political school of which Sir Henry Durand and Colonel Meade are shining examples—his Excellency will be in a false position. I believe that Mr. Gladstone's speech of the 9th July, ill reported in next morning's papers, contained some assurance that the proposed retransfer of the mission was open to consideration. All who have at heart our preservation from Central Asian difficulties must hope that the ministerial capacity to be convinced will, in the coming session, be developed into positive acceptance of this urgently needed reform.

Now, withdrawing our gaze from outside movements, we have, in conclusion, to see what can be done in the way of defence within our own border. All parties, including the Government, are agreed that our system of railways leading to, and skirting along, the north-west frontier of India must be completed with all speed. Nor will any one deny that, as the contentment of the people is the cheap defence of nations, we should put forth all our industry and ingenuity in order to reconcile the natives, as far as possible, to our alien yoke by mild, firm, and sympathetic administration. These should be the objects with highest claim on our attention. Of subordinate, yet very real, desirability is the proposal that when the long impending redistribution of Indian governments and provinces takes place, Scinde should be detached from the Presidency of Bombay and fused into the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Punjab. As Sir Henry Durand has pithily said:—

“It is anomalous that on so important a frontier we should be liable to have a different policy advocated in Scinde from that pursued at Peshawur; still more anomalous that the military force on the Lower Indus should be under the Commander-in-Chief at Bombay, whilst the troops on the Upper Indus and its affluents are under the Commander-in-Chief in Bengal. One Government, one policy, and one command should watch over the frontier, from the sea-board to Peshawur.”¹

I believe that the only true bulwarks for India are to be found within her own limits. By reconstructing the Teheran mission we may create a useful outwork in Persia; but the firmest of alliances with a foreign Government can never be of equal value to us with the triple line of internal ramparts which we may raise in frontier railways, popular contentment, and uniformity of border organisation. To take a stirring part in Central Asian politics may tickle our national love of adventure, but it fills Russia with increased jealousy of our trade, and with a lively alarm for the political security of Toorkistan; that is, it incites the Czar's generals to accelerated aggression, and so precipitates the very collision we most wish to postpone. If meddling could bring us any gain, we might chance

(1) Minute in the Viceroy's Council, dated 5th October, 1867.

the inconvenience of irritating a great military power ; but when the only gain is a distinct loss, why should busybodies in India be allowed to compromise England's position in the great comity of European nations ? Indian interests themselves demand a system of abstention. Russia in Toorkistan is still a weakly exotic. She has entered on a task which Mons. Grigorieff,¹ one of her highest Asiatic authorities, rightly describes as novel to her experience : governing Oosbeg Mahomedans is decidedly "a big job," and what she will make of it remains to be seen. Dangers anticipated do not always come to pass ; and time, if we will but let it work, may spontaneously relieve us of the Cossack cloud that now overhangs the Indian horizon. Though the worst should happen that can happen, our capacity for meeting it is not bettered by close intimacy with Afghanistan. The dreadful day may come for another European war, in which England and Russia shall be ranged on opposite sides, and then we may find the savage independence of the Afghans a weapon of deadly utility ready to our hands. But meanwhile

"Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget."

We lose nothing by waiting. The Afghans, when wanted, are much more likely to answer our call if, as a rule, we keep aloof from their internal dissensions, and at the right moment appear to pay all parties handsomely, than if we identify ourselves with a particular faction, and in the end approach them with a largesse diminished in proportion to our premature disbursements. I trust that Sir Charles Wingfield and Mr. Eastwick will not allow the next session of Parliament to pass without obtaining from the Government a stoppage of Shere Ali's allowance. It is irritating to think that at a time when the Indian exchequer shows a chronic deficit of two millions, and when wholesale reduction of public expenditure combined with the prospect of increased taxation is spreading discontent and distress throughout the empire, we should be squandering £120,000 on a chimera. The capital of which this sum represents the annual interest is three millions sterling ; it would defray two-thirds of the entire amount required for the construction of the Peshawur railway ; and so appropriated, it might do real, instead of imaginary, service for our defence. What I pray is that England, without lifting her eyes, may withdraw her hand from Central Asia. We cannot too soon revert to Sir John Lawrence's old plan of vigilant quiescence, nor too soon terminate the present policy of activity, which, having been begotten by popular rashness out of a weak administration, is already disavowed by the latter parent, and which is certain, throughout its bastard existence, to lead all connected with it to disaster. The mischief it has already done is enough. J. W. S. WYLLIE.

(1) Letter to the Editor of the *Moskva*, 28th Jan. (9th Feb.), 1867.

ESTATES OF ENDOWMENTS

AS INSTRUMENTS OF INDUSTRIAL AND POLITICAL EDUCATION, CO-OPERATIVE LABOUR, AND ECONOMICAL IMPROVEMENT.

AMONG the work of legislation which, as we are well told, must in the future be much of a constructive kind, is that which relates to public property.¹ The discussions on endowments have been confined to the results of the various methods of applying their income. There is a prior question of not less importance. The owners of property know that there is much to be done—much need of judgment and experience before they come to the business of spending their income. They have first to determine how the property shall be employed so that the income may be actually realised. In managing his estate or capital the proprietor will consider the exigencies of his family, to what extent they may severally be instrumental in rendering that capital or estate profitable, and how far he must obtain external aid or agency; and in looking to the future he will endeavour to give to his children such instruction and experience as will enable them to see clearly the true sources of his wealth, and qualify them to conduct the business in their turn. It does not seem to have occurred to any one that in dealing with public estates, such as endowments, whatever the purposes may be for which the net produce is designed, the method of deriving that produce should be so regulated by the State as to be made of the greatest possible benefit to the greatest number of its people—in a manner, in fact, analogous to that of a private owner seeking by the use and investment of his property as large a benefit both of profit and instruction as it can be made to afford to his family.

It is only necessary to look around us and observe the questions relating to elementary and technical education, and to capital and labour, which constantly arise and demand some solution, to conclude that it is a time in which the nation cannot prudently neglect any means it possesses for qualifying the people for the work and the duties which new conditions of society impose upon them, or for leading to a reconciliation of the interests of those who hold in their hands the accumulations of the past, and of those to whose labour must be owing the productions of the future.

No step in the direction of the latter object is of so much promise as the creation of co-operative associations and industrial partnerships, that give the labourer a direct and perceptible interest in the result of his work. In this, as in other matters of industry and commerce,

(1) "Public Property." See FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, March, 1869, p. 284.

Government can do nothing better than leave the operations of individuals perfectly free, but it is important to be sure that this freedom is real—that it is a freedom, unfettered, as far as it can be, by natural or artificial difficulties or details. Among the natural difficulties, for example, there is ignorance—which the State encounters by promoting and, in some cases, enforcing education; then there is the absence of means of communication by land or sea—which is met by constructing, or granting powers to construct, roads, ports, or havens. Artificial obstacles may be created by protective duties, by laws impeding free association, and other means. In this case the assistance of the State is given by the removal of impediments, and thus clearing the way for the operations of its people—doing for them that which individuals cannot accomplish without the aid of the national power. The legislator perceives that there is a locked-up treasure that cannot be reached without the key which the State alone possesses, and he throws open the closed door.

A large portion of England and Wales consists of public property—property applicable to permanent uses for the benefit or supposed benefit of the people—either of the public at large or various sections of it. The administrators of this property have duties in relation to it, but except in a few special cases, such as glebes occupied by the clergy, or houses appropriated to special officers, they have no private rights beyond that of making the property productive. It is not necessary to repeat that this can only be done by labour, and what the labourer here needs from the State is precisely of the nature of the aid it gives to its members when it establishes schools and constructs roads or railways. The public wants first information and then access—a knowledge of the estates and property which it possesses, where they are to be found, and their value and capacity of improvement, together with access to such estates, in the opportunity of competing on fair terms for their occupation.

First, then, what and where are these public estates? Those under the control of the Commissioners of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues, are not inconsiderable. There are also the estates of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. The great personages interested in the income of these estates, emulating the noble efforts of the Prince Consort in the work of social amelioration, would be sure to concur in every measure which promised to multiply the public benefit accruing from them. But far more extensive are the estates devoted to the promotion of religion and learning, and for the relief of physical evil and want, or appropriated to municipal or parochial purposes. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners describe the estates under their control as “very numerous, and situated in nearly every county” of England and Wales, observing that this “materially adds to the difficulty and expense of management.” The real property

of the several colleges of Oxford and Cambridge dispersed throughout the kingdom, is of very great aggregate value. Then there are the almost innumerable estates held upon charitable uses, of the extent of which there are but few and partial records. Some that are known may afford a notion of the extent of those of which no condensed report has been made. In a return laid before Parliament in 1865,¹ five charitable institutions—four in London, and one in the country—appear to possess among them no less than 43,400 acres of land and 2,300 houses, besides £27,000 a year from other house property, the extent of which is not stated. In another return in 1868,² the parochial charities in the county of Kent appear to be upwards of 13,000 acres. The space which such estates cover in particular localities often astonishes those who have occasion to examine or survey them for any public purpose. Most of the metropolis, from the parish of St. Pancras north of King's Cross to Finsbury Square, is believed to belong to seven or eight charities—Aldenham School, Tunbridge School, the Charterhouse, the Foundling Hospital, Christ's Hospital, and Dulwich College. The southern suburb of London, from Denmark Hill to the Crystal Palace, is also the property of the latter. More than 300 acres of land, a mile from the Thames, abutting on the Kent Road, belongs to a charity in Monmouth, and a large part of South Kensington is dedicated to the maintenance of the poor relations of one Smith. It seems amazing that up to this time the public has not called for some connected view of the situation and extent of all these properties, that it may be at once seen how much of the surface of the kingdom is in public hands, as distinguished from that which is in private ownership. There is no difficulty in gathering full particulars of all these estates if Parliament should require it to be done. It would involve no more than the mechanical labour of a few clerks, and that for the most part temporarily. It is not enough, however, that this information should be collected; it must then be diffused, so that the managers of the estates in every locality may be brought into direct and ready communication with the inhabitants of that locality, as well as with all persons, co-operative bodies, and others, desirous of becoming occupiers or lessees; and that it may be everywhere known that there are such estates open to a competition, in which no political prejudices, no private interests, no personal favour, will be allowed to prevail, and in dealing with which there is no place for any other than the single object of the public good. There is not now in any

(1) Charities, No. 382, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed 19th June, 1865.

(2) Endowed Charities, No. 433, ordered to be printed 5th July, 1868. This is one of many reports, relating to the charities in other countries, the city of London, the city companies, &c.

parish probably one person in a hundred who knows what land in it belongs to public institutions, as distinguished from those of private owners; and when it is vaguely known that a farm or a tenement belongs to a dean and chapter, a college or a hospital, scarcely any one except the actual tenant has any notion by whom, or the terms on which the property is let, or to whom he should address himself concerning it. A simple local machinery should be created that will open the eyes of the people to the elements of national wealth that lie at their doors.

Some department or officer should be charged with the duty, by communication with all the various public bodies that administer or control these estates, of collecting a complete account of their situation, boundaries, and quantities, and the terms on which they are let or otherwise occupied. The gross and net product of every estate not held, as glebe may be, in the personal occupation of the life-tenant, will be thus made known. Of lands and tenements occupied by ministers of religion, schoolmasters, or others, as the remuneration, or part of the remuneration for their duties, it is, of course, sufficient to know the situation and extent. This function might not be foreign to the business of the departments of Woods and Forests, or of Public Works.

The next step is to provide adequate means of disseminating this knowledge in every place where these lands exist. A method of doing this would be the appointment of a Deputy Registrar for every parallel section of about twenty-five square miles, drawn on the map, disregarding parochial boundaries, that any notion in the officer that he is to attend to parochial as distinguished from public interests may be excluded. This local officer might receive from the central office full particulars of the ecclesiastical, collegiate, municipal charity, and other public lands of every kind, within his section or district, with the respective rents, and the terms and duration of every lease and tenancy; information which will be constantly accessible to all inquirers. Let us now consider how the existence of this local registrar, and the system of publicity thus established, may, in the first place, be connected directly and profitably with popular education.

The appointment of Deputy Registrar in every such section of the kingdom may be given to one of the masters of the primary schools within it. So far from there being anything in the work of receiving and communicating accurate information as to all such property which would interfere with the school duties, it would, on the contrary, bring home to master and scholars some of the most important elements of knowledge, and introduce subjects of instruction bearing directly on much of the business of life, and on almost

all the occupations in which the pupils may expect to be employed.¹ The State is thus acting as the intelligent and careful parent who is studious in imparting to his children all the knowledge and experience which he has himself acquired. The instruction which the youth in all the primary schools, night schools, and other places where the teaching is adapted to the intervals of work, may derive in every parish and hamlet, from a careful examination of the public estates, their history and use, is both physical and moral. In the country districts, the masters being furnished with descriptions of the boundaries, may teach the boys to measure and prepare accurate plans of every estate, taking it field by field, and showing the streams, fences, woods, elevations, and other features. Two or three hours of such teaching would be worth a week of drowsy employment on mere abstractions on the benches of the school-room. Next to the external features of the estate, they may be taught to examine the soil, its composition and qualities, its natural capacity for production, the means by which it can be best sustained and improved, and the power of labour to add to its fertility and value; to note the advantages or disadvantages of situation, the means of access for persons or commodities, from the neighbourhood or remoteness of markets or ports; and in this way they will readily be made to understand the origin and nature of rent. Instruction like this will be suggestive of the conditions under which labour becomes more or less profitable, and would assist them in making a judicious choice of their fields of employment. "They like to be good scholars," said the mother of a family, speaking of her children, in the inquiry concerning agricultural labour, "because it helps them to get away." With such teaching, State assistance to emigration would soon cease to be asked for. In the cities and towns such a minute examination and knowledge of all the public property around them may be made still more instructive in the schools. The pupils may be invited to look at the condition of the streets, courts, and alleys, of which many endowments consist, and their fitness for the purposes for which they are designed or used, and compare them with the accommodation which the same space would afford. Photographic and other appliances make it easy at this day to furnish our schools with pictures and plans exhibiting examples of buildings in all parts of the world, and the ingenuity of the youthful artizan may be invited to suggest adaptations of structures to the sites and social and commercial necessities immediately before him. Much of London is little more

(1) In a paper on "Educational Organisation," issued by the Society of Arts, Feb. 4, 1870, a great cause of educational failure is shown to be that the knowledge of the teachers is very much bounded by the four walls of the school, and that "special means must be taken to put the school in regular, active, practical, and influential relation with the home and the field of service."

than a vast encampment. To elevate it to anything like what would be the reasonable ideal of the capital of the British Empire, the seat of its government, and the dwelling-place of three or four millions of its people, three-fourths of it must be rebuilt. The sons of our carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, and other workmen, seeing a group of buildings in Whitechapel or Bethnal Green, containing, say, a chapel, a school, a tavern or two, with a row of shops, with cottages and stables, may be asked to show how the same extent of surface might be occupied by a handsome edifice, in one or more blocks, containing a nobler place of worship, a more commodious school, club and reading rooms, better shops, healthy and pleasant dwellings for double or treble the number of people, together with convenient offices, that would be an ornament instead of a nuisance. They may be taught to calculate the cost of materials, and the quantity of labour of every sort that would be called into exercise by such improvements, and their ultimate result, as well to the charity or institution to whose use the rents are applied as to the public at large. We have here a method of technical education of incalculable value, increasing the practical knowledge, cultivating the taste, and raising the aspirations of the youthful labourer. Selections of the most valuable of the suggestive productions of the schools may be annually made and preserved, and the names of their authors registered, that those who seek for such workmen may know where to find them.

Instruction in economical science will be the almost necessary corollary of these studies. The pupil will discover what is the source of wealth,—that the productive value of everything is in the measure of the judicious labour bestowed upon it. He will perceive the origin and reasons of those arrangements and laws of civilized society by which the fruits of labour are converted into what is called “property.” He will observe the function which capital performs in bringing together and supplying the means of expenditure, whereby the fruits of labour are more or less slowly and gradually won, and will discover the great and suggestive truth contained in the expression of the economist, defining the profits of capital to be nothing more than “the remuneration of abstinence.” He will learn the value of foresight, temperance, and providence. The agricultural labourer, for example, would see that if he and his fellows could lay up or acquire enough to maintain themselves for a year and provide implements and seed, the middleman between themselves and landlord might be dispensed with; and artizans in the building and other trades would be brought up with a knowledge that by such exercise of economy they might, in process of time, undertake works of any magnitude, and that capital, of the tyranny of which they are now led to complain, would become their servant instead of their master.

Other moral teaching would follow. The endowments of the kingdom are intimately blended with its domestic history—with the conceptions in successive ages of private and public duty, and the aspirations for something to better the condition of mankind entertained in different generations, and under varying conditions of thought and progress. The pupils may be taught to compare the earlier with the later efforts of philanthropy—the endowments that preceded with those which followed the Reformation. They will look back on one who, seeing the lives of his poorer neighbours a prey to all the miseries that are caused by ignorance, set apart his fields after his death to support a school for the children of his town or parish; on another who appropriated his farm, that some of the aged poor of his village in future generations might be provided with lodging, or clothing, or food, better than the common lot around him; on another, who perceiving, with a far-off gaze, how greatly the comfort and well-being of the people would be promoted by the exchange of the surplus produce of their labour from one spot to another, directed his estate to be applied in forming a causeway or bridge to facilitate such communication. They will then see how the narrow or limited objects which bounded the vision of a founder, has been expanded by the State, as the means of the foundation and the wants of the people have increased; how that which is at first appropriated for the benefit of a small class or a few privileged persons, becomes in due time, under the guardianship of the public, which knows no favourite, the birthright of all. Following to its ultimate application the net income derived from the public estates around them, they may be led to weigh its actual results, and to reflect on the justice and wisdom of the existing or of other possible employments of property, and dedications of its produce. Far from being a discouragement to endowments, if those who would dedicate their fortunes to the public good have a desire for posthumous fame, they will know that instead of their memory being, in a few years, buried and forgotten, or only resuscitated once in a century in the pages of a blue book, an archæological journal, or perhaps in a bill in chancery, their names will thereafter be companions of the alphabet of the schools, and become household words.

The functions of the local registrar in relation to the public, outside the school, may be of great practical value, without involving any sacrifice of the time devoted to the school business. He may allow all applicants to copy documents or particulars relating to any part of the public estates, depositing the value of the document as security until its re-delivery; he will inform inquirers to whom they may address their applications respecting such estates; and in cases of tenders or proposals by co-operative bodies or others, he will be the medium of forwarding them to the proper trustees, and receiving

and delivering the replies of the latter to the applicants. Distinct evidence of the opportunities thus afforded for promoting co-operative labour, as well as aiding in plans for natural and local improvement; of the manner in which the estates are dealt with by the administering bodies; and their general fairness, impartiality, and regard for the public welfare, will be preserved. It is for the benefit of the objects of every endowment, as well as of the public, that all bargains for the occupation of such estates should be made in "market overt." Such an officer, moreover, will be a great relief in point of expense to the trustees of many institutions having small detached properties in different places.

On the subject of the management of public estates there are now conflicting opinions. Some think that collegiate bodies, corporations, and boards of trustees are so unfitted for the management of real property, that they advocate its sale in all cases; others believe that the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are excellent managers, and set an example to other landlords. The light thrown on all such management by the means suggested will correct any erroneous views on this matter. It will, moreover, effectually protect the estates of endowments from being altogether lost sight of, which has often happened; and of which a signal instance has lately been discovered in the city of London.

An intelligent officer, having under his view, as one estate, all the public lands in his district, and inviting suggestions for every kind of improvement of which the property or site is capable, will often call attention to the advantages which may be gained by the union of adjacent premises for making estates compact, and for constructing new roads or streets; and he may also frequently point out useful additions which may be made to the public lands, where adjacent private property, that would materially add to its convenience or value, may happen to be in the market. Several millions belonging to endowments might be wisely employed in such investments.¹ There is no reason to fear, in a self-governed nation, that the public estates will ever be too extensive. It is natural and just, and a great source of effort, that property in private ownership should be administered as personal and family interests and partialities dictate. Every acre of land that by voluntary action, without arbitrary interference, is withdrawn from private ownership and becomes a part of the public inheritance, being brought under the dominion of the State—the impartial guardian of all alike, and bound to measure its care and solicitude for the welfare of all classes of the people by the measure of their necessities—is something added to the public means of lessening, at least, the vast inequalities of preparation and

(1) See Parliamentary Papers, Printed by order, House of Commons, Feb. 19., 1869, No. 25.

encouragement with which the young set out in the career, and encounter the difficulties of life.

The function of the local registrar may also extend to the commons and unenclosed lands of his district. These, with undefined or doubtful rights of patronage, or easements of different kinds, are often subjects of bitter local contention. The actual facts, material to the consideration of the conflicting claims and of the public interest, might be usefully collected, and would facilitate the determination of such questions on comprehensive grounds. On enclosures the interests of the public and posterity are often very inadequately provided for by the mere compensation of present owners and occupiers. The local registrar may be made of great utility in gathering information concerning all such lands, recording their actual measurement, and the nature of the various rights claimed and exercised upon them. On schemes for enclosure, he may be called upon to state the numbers of the neighbouring population to which the common is accessible, whether any increase may be expected from manufactures, mineral productions, and other causes. In such inquiries the intelligent schoolmaster will know how to engage his pupils, with profit to them as well as to the public.

Such an education will prepare the way for the establishment of co-operative associations for every kind of productive work, and at the same time open a great field to such bodies, by placing them in direct communication with all the administrators of public estates; to the right of becoming tenants and lessees of which, on equal terms with other competitors, the public law should distinctly recognise their right.¹ The system of co-operative labour is obviously capable of development in methods and to an extent which, in its infancy, it is impossible to foresee. Thus, a society undertaking the culture of some of such estates, in the neighbourhood of London or other populous cities, might include in it artisans who, in certain seasons, may transfer their work from town to country, or from country to town, with results in every way wholesome and economical. To be leaders and pioneers in such a movement in the great work of the world is an ambition worthy of the *élite* of our working men; and if the opportunity for such a career be offered, there is no reason to doubt that in every class such men will be found.

THOMAS HARE.

(1) It would be easy to establish a local and summary method of appeal if it should be found necessary.

THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.¹

THE highest honour which can be paid to the greatest of historians is to scrutinise his work with the same impartiality and indifference with which he has himself sifted the evidence furnished by his materials; and all who examine Mr. Freeman's pages must feel that he has raised a very noble monument to his learning and his integrity. These volumes bear witness to his patient and vast research, and to an accuracy which has very seldom been surpassed or equalled. The ground over which he has travelled is thickly strewn with matters of controversy, and possibly on some of these many, after taking fully into account all that is here urged, may yet come to conclusions different from those of the historian. But these differences will turn rather on earlier than on the later portions of the story, while they will never interfere with the gratitude which they must feel towards the writer who has so done his work as to leave for them little or nothing to do. For myself, I confess that on many points I cannot bring myself to accept Mr. Freeman's judgments; and on some of these I purpose now to speak. But nothing that I can say will, with honest and impartial readers, qualify the admiration which they must feel for a history at once vivid, accurate, and, from its own point of view, exhaustive. Indeed, a man must be strangely cold who could fail to read without an intense interest Mr. Freeman's magnificent narrative of the great catastrophe of 1066. The interest excited by it is almost too intense; and our sympathy for the heroic leader of the English may make it difficult to put a right value on that which he achieved or failed to achieve. We may, perhaps, think that the exultation with which Mr. Freeman relates the story of Harold's election and consecration, and of his northern victories, mocks us with brilliant hopes and thrilling sensations which are all to be dashed away almost in the moment in which we are made to feel them. The history of the fatal year in which Eadward died at Westminster, and Harold fell at Senlac, may be regarded as a tragedy than which few, perhaps none, are more terrible and more touching; and Mr. Freeman has related it almost more as a tragic poet than as a historian, if we confine our thoughts to the actual narrative of the events. But if we may think that the brighter scenes of that fearful year are painted in colours too glowing, there can be no

(1) THE HISTORY OF THE NORMAN CONQUEST OF ENGLAND, ITS CAUSES AND ITS RESULTS. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College. Vols. I.—III. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press, 1869.

question as to their splendour; and, as a whole, this portion of Mr. Freeman's history is among the most stirring narratives in the English language. But, beyond this, it has a still higher value, as sweeping away the misconceptions and absurdities which have gathered round the story of this time. Point after point is treated in the appendices of the third volume, which alone would establish Mr. Freeman's title to a place among the first of English historians; and the way in which he has dealt with this part of his work furnishes the strongest presumption that the volumes yet to be published will be even more valuable than those which are already in the reader's hands.

But for the period which goes before the election of Harold, I cannot but think, with the Edinburgh Reviewer, that Mr. Freeman has in some places built up a fabric on an insecure or inadequate foundation, and that, in short, he has made too much of his evidence. It is indeed unnecessary to say, that this evidence is never distorted or suppressed. The scrupulous care with which Mr. Freeman sets forth all that is said on either side in each case is beyond all praise; and this alone raises this history vastly above the work which comes nearest to it in value. Sir Francis Palgrave leaves the reader to search as best he may for the evidence on which his conclusions rest; Mr. Freeman not only saves him a toil for which very few possess either leisure or power, but never leaves him without the means of determining the comparative value of his authorities.

As a constitutional historian, also, Mr. Freeman deserves our confidence not less than our gratitude. The growth of the English people from their original isolated units, until the sovereign of Wessex rose to some sort of pre-eminence or predominance over the rest, has been traced in chapters full of valuable learning. But in spite of all the high-sounding titles which these chieftains of the line of (the historical or mythical) Cerdic assumed, I still venture to think that far less has been made out for the continuous imperial tradition, or even the existence of the English people as a nation, than Mr. Freeman is inclined to gather from the authorities on which he can place the most trust. That the idea of imperial power was present to the minds of some of the sovereigns of Wessex, may be admitted as certain; but it is not less certain that their claims were perpetually set at nought, and the tradition itself broken or lost. It seems scarcely worth while to enlarge on the dignity and prerogatives of the Basileus of Britain, when at no time before the Norman Conquest can it be said that his power was placed on a firm basis, or that the Teutonic and Scandinavian inhabitants of England were capable of acting together as a nation. At best, it remained for the most part a shadowy authority, although it is quite possible, and probably true, that "those titles were assumed in order at once to

claim for the English crown an absolute independence of the Roman Empire, and to assert its right to the same sort of superiority over all the princes of Britain as the emperor exercised, or claimed to exercise, over all the princes of the Continent."¹ Except for a few short periods they remained here little more than pretentious phrases, to which no one gave any heed, and we can scarcely separate the question of the imperial tradition from the other difficulties which beset the narrative down to the final conflict at Senlac, difficulties which, it seems to me, impair the general credibility of the narrative to a much greater degree than Mr. Freeman is inclined to allow. The tradition can scarcely be said to exist amongst a people who almost from the first had become so habituated to frequent changes of masters that they shouted as loudly for the acceptance of William as a few months before they had shouted assent to the election of Harold. The astounding treacheries of Ælfric and Eadric Streone seem to carry us beyond the range of human history; but whatever be the difficulties of the narrative, the issue involved the undoing of the work, such as it was, of Eegberht and of Æthelstan, and the people learnt to pass with an increasing readiness from an English to a Danish lord, or back again from the Dane to the Englishman. The massacre of St. Brice led to the temporary overthrow of the English dynasty; but although on the invasion of 1013 Swend was beaten off from the walls of London, he no sooner returns from a plundering expedition to the west than the men of London yield on the mere threat of the vengeance which would follow their refusal. When a few months later the conqueror died, the English Witan resolved to call back Æthelred, while the Danish seamen offered the crown to Cnut. The death of Æthelred rendered another election necessary. All but the Londoners, we are told, elected Cnut; the Londoners chose Edmund, and the Basileus of Britain is reduced to the allegiance of a single city. Edmund's strength of character, it is true, was such that a new life was breathed into the people, and men who had trembled almost at the sight of the Danes now met them in eager anticipation of victory. But all that even his valour could do was to wrest from his rival the country to the south of the Thames, with East Anglia, Essex, and London, and a phrase which described him as the possessor of the crown of the whole kingdom. The iron-hearted king enjoyed his dignity for a few weeks only, and when he died, as was supposed, by the poison of Eadric, Cnut became the king of all the land. But although under his sway England enjoyed an unbroken peace for eighteen years, the rule of a Danish king could scarcely foster any special feelings of English nationality, while the real benefits conferred by his wise statesmanship were not likely to increase their

(1) Vol. i. p. 146.

reluctance to be governed by a foreign master. In the contests which followed the death of Cnut we are again entangled in the difficulties from which we are rarely free in any part of the history. Harold, the reputed son of Cnut and Ælfgifu of Northampton, was the candidate of the Danes; Harthacnut, the son of Cnut and the Norman Emma, the candidate of the English, was absent in Denmark. The question was settled not on the battle-field, but by the Witan assembled at Oxford. Once more it was determined to divide the land; and plausible conjecture is the only ground of the belief that Harold retained the imperial title which Cnut is said to have yielded to Eadmund Ironside. The unity of the kingdom and of the imperial tradition, whatever it may have been, was again practically broken. This supremacy of Harold, if the fact be established, may be regarded as throwing a ray of light on the seemingly inexplicable transactions attending the death or murder of the Ætheling Ælfred — transactions in which Godwine, the minister and the general of Harthacnut, appears at the least to play into the hands of Harold.¹ The explanation involves this difficulty, that the English emperor exercises judicial rights in the dominions of the under-king, as clearly defined as those of the Federal Government in the several States of the American Union. But the people of Wessex chafed under an arrangement which appeared to turn the scales against their old associations. By his prolonged absence in Denmark Harthacnut roused the wrath of his English Witan, who deliberately forsook him and owned Harold as the king of all the land. The deposed king made vigorous preparations for the invasion of England; but while he was still with his mother, who had taken refuge in Flanders, Harold died, and the ready Witan again elected the man whom a few months before they had flung aside. The second reign of Harthacnut was scarcely less wretched than the first. The trial of Godwine for the murder of the Ætheling Ælfred ended in his acquittal; but when the new force of housecarls, the personal troops of the king, the first germ of a standing army, were attacked and slain by the citizens of Worcester, Earl Godwine, not caring to have the king deposed, prepared to carry out the commands of Harthacnut to take summary vengeance. English Gemots had deposed kings too recently to have much reluctance against the act of deposition as such; but it is at the least a hard necessity that Godwine's cause can be pleaded only by saying that he did the people of the city of Worcester as little mischief as he could. Ten years later he confronted the Confessor with a positive refusal to punish before trial the men of Dover charged with insulting Eustace of Boulogne and slaying his followers.

The sudden death of Harthacnut "led all folk," we are told, to

(1) Vol. i. p. 553, *et seq.*

choose for their king the Ætheling Eadward, who had only a little while before returned from Normandy to take up his abode in England. The experience of the last half century had imparted not much of practical wisdom to the Witan. The natural preference of a man of English to one of Danish lineage might lead them to fix on the son of Æthelred; but the mere hatred of a Danish king from disgust at the misgovernment of the sons of Cnut could be justified only if the long misgovernment of Æthelred had been made a bar to his restoration. If, again, the rule of a genuine Englishman was the thing most of all desired, not much could be reasonably expected from a man half Norman by birth and wholly Norman by training. The great Earl of Wessex, with his pure and resolute patriotism, had two courses before him. If the love of his country forbade him to bring forward the candidate most likely to be a wise and judicious ruler, he might have determined that the banished children of Eadmund Ironside should be brought back at once to become as English as possible, if the king now chosen should turn out un-English or incompetent, or should leave no son to be chosen in his stead. The danger was not slight. A sojourn of twenty years in Normandy had made Eadward so much of a Norman and a Frenchman as to fill him with an intense dislike of the sound of the English language, and with a thorough distaste for the companionship of those who spoke it. The immediate recall of the Ætheling from Hungary would probably insure, during the reign of him who was afterwards called the Confessor, a long sojourn in this country for a prince who, if his tastes should now be foreign, would be a foreigner of a kind not to be regarded with special suspicion and distrust. Every tie which bound England to the Roman emperor and German king was a distinct gain; and if the Ætheling himself should die, his children might before the death of Eadward have reached man's estate, Englishmen in speech, in thought, in education. The foresight of Godwine did not reach so far, and for whatever reasons, twelve years were allowed to pass before a step was proposed which, if taken earlier, would probably have changed the history both of England and of Normandy. It is of course nothing to the purpose to remark, that according to the modern notions the son of Eadmund, the elder brother, was the real heir, and that the Confessor was the heir of the exile in Hungary. Neither the law nor the custom of England took heed to modern ideas of primogeniture in the election of kings. But it was clearly advisable to guard by every possible means against any further transference of the English crown from kings of one race or nation to those of another; and all the possible, even all the obvious, precautions were not taken.

The reign of the incompetent Eadward brings about events well-nigh as perplexing as any which throw so much mystery over the

reign of the incompetent Æthelred. The daughter of Godwine becomes the wife of the king, and receives the praise of Norman chroniclers as having fully imbibed her husband's foreign predilections; yet Eadgyth shares the fall of her father, who fell only because he opposed them. Meanwhile the country was becoming apparently more united. The great earls, who first came into being under Cnut, might appear, at first sight, rather as independent chieftains, and likely founders of independent dynasties; but, in point of fact, they were ministers of the king.¹ They have taken the place of sovereigns who had ruled with more or less of independence, and are, in short, magistrates whose power, as coming from the king and the Witan, is evidence that the whole country was being gradually brought under the dominion of one law. This tendency to union showed itself even in changes which made the way easier for the introduction of a more systematic feudalism by the Norman conqueror. Royal writs, not confirmed by the Gemot of the people, make grants of land which could not all come from the private estates of the sovereign, and which show that the Folkland was coming to be regarded as the land of the king. At the same time Eadward's foreign tastes were working in another direction. English sees were gradually occupied by Norman prelates, who came with feelings of servility to the Holy See altogether beyond the measure congenial to Englishmen. It seems that the patriotic party would do little more to counteract the new influence than to secure some of the sees for churchmen who, as Lotharingians, would be able to speak a Teutonic as well as a Roman dialect. But the Lotharingians were imbued, not less than the Normans, with exaggerated notions of Papal supremacy, and the new elements of disunion introduced into the country thus received no inconsiderable strength.

If we turn to the history of the house of Godwine in this reign, we see that we are dealing with men whose motives, with the evidence at our command, we can scarcely fathom or comprehend. The abduction of the Abbess of Leominster is punished by the outlawry of Swegen. But when Swegen, returning with Osgod Clapa, is forgiven by the king, Harold refuses to yield up any part of his brother's earldom. When Swegen returns a second time, after a murder for which it seems impossible to divine a motive, Harold acquiesces quietly in his restoration. A bishop could cross the sea to bring back a wanton murderer, when no punishment seemed too severe for the man who had invaded the sanctity of the cloister. The influence which could thus bring back a criminal of so deep a dye could not avail to prevent the banishment of Godwine for no crime at all. Norman after Norman had crossed the sea to exercise power in England, or to eat the fat of the land; and the more developed

(1) Vol. i. p. 470, &c.

feudalism, which would draw an impassable line between eorl and ceorl and regard the idea of equal justice for both as an absurd and impracticable folly, must itself suffice to exasperate national animosities, and set the court of England against the country. The court was, in fact, divided against itself. The Norman favourites of Eadward found themselves in direct antagonism with his English ministers, and the visit of Eustace of Boulogne served as the spark to kindle the smouldering embers. The death of one of his followers, who had grossly injured a citizen of Dover, roused the wrath of the Frenchman. To his claim for redress, Eadward replied by a prompt order issued to Godwine to inflict on Dover the vengeance which Harthacnut had decreed against the men of Worcester. It might fairly be pleaded that the years which had since passed had made Godwine a wiser man, and that he now saw his duty more clearly than when he was bidden to avenge the death of the house-carls. Godwine rightly urged that the men of Dover should first be tried. He might have insisted that a sudden tumult could not possibly justify any sovereign in deliberately treating the people of a whole town or district as foreign enemies. To this demand of Godwine the king replied by summoning a meeting of the Witan at Gloucester, to discuss, it would seem, not the iniquities of the men of Dover, but the misdoings of the house of Godwine. Swegen and Harold, if we follow the story, had made up their quarrel, and united their men with those of their father at Beverstone, whilst Eadward's men were assembled at Gloucester under Siward, Leofric, and Ralph. Not content with one acquittal, Godwine expressed his readiness to prove his innocence of all complicity in the death of the Ætheling Ælfred by a second compurgation. Eadward refused to accept it, and Godwine retorted by insisting on the surrender of Eustace and his followers, under threat of war in case of refusal. This last issue was prevented by the intervention of Leofric, who pleaded for the adjournment of the Gemot to London. But no sooner had the Witan assembled in that city than they proceeded at once to renew the outlawry against Swegen. No new crime had been committed since his restoration; yet no voice was raised in his defence. It was clear that the English were passing through one of those capricious moods which give to their character at this time the appearance of marvellous and inexplicable fickleness. Alarmed at the treatment of Swegen, Godwine refused to appear unless hostages were given for his safe conduct. The Witan retorted by outlawing him and his whole house. Godwine, Swegen, and Harold all fled; but it is again perplexing to find the action of the brothers just the reverse of that which we should expect from them. Swegen, the murderer, departed peacefully with his father to the court of the Count of Flanders; Harold and Leofwine, pursued by the peace-making Bishop Ealdred, made the best of

their way to Bristol, and took refuge with Diarmid, King of Dublin and Leinster, to prepare for a forcible invasion of England on the earliest opportunity. The great earl, who a few weeks before had been at the head of a large army at Beverstone, has none on his side in London. Ealdred, though present, is silent, and Leofric offers no mediation. Godwine had, indeed, a considerable force from his own earldom stationed at his house in Southwark; and if we are told that he now shrank from civil war, the answer is that he had not shrunk from the threat of it when he demanded the surrender of Eustace and his men. If it be urged that he was content for the time to yield because he foresaw his speedy restoration, it may be asked what ground he could have for such a belief beyond the possibility that the tide of popular opinion, which was now drifting him to the sea, might hereafter bring him again to the haven. Meanwhile appearances pointed ominously in another direction. Eadward was left alone with his Norman favourites. The acquiescence of Eadgyth in her husband's foreign inclinations had not saved her from being shut up in the nunnery of Wherwell, and William of Normandy himself had come to spy out the land, in the hope, perhaps, of so entangling English affairs as to make his own election to the crown not flagrantly improbable. For the present he was to be disappointed. The people speedily began to regret the loss of the banished earls. The Welsh King Gruffydd passed his borders and harried English lands, and Godwine, resolved to turn the popular temper to his own advantage, set sail from Flanders, whilst Harold and Leofwine, embarking at Dublin, made a descent on the coast of Somerset. In an engagement which must be called a battle, a large number of thegns and their followers fell at Porlock; but their reasons for resisting the sons of their own earl can only be guessed at. With an abundance of booty and of captives (to be sold, it would seem, to the Irish slave-traders), Harold departed, and at last joined his father's fleet off Portland. It is not wonderful that the men of the south Saxon coasts should take up the cause of Godwine with eager protestations that they would live and die with him; but the tide had indeed turned, and London was now as strongly in his favour as the last Gemot held in that city had been against him. Eadward had his housecarls drawn up on the northern bank of the Thames; but their zeal in his service had waxed cold, and the king's rejection of Godwine's claim for restoration as much disheartened them as it strengthened the resolution of Godwine's supporters. When at length it was known that Eadward had consented to refer the whole question to a Gemot, his Norman favourites felt that it was their turn to fly from the coming wrath. The worst offenders thus passing sentence on themselves, it remained for the Witan to restore the house of Godwine to their honours and possessions, to decree the outlawry

of Robert of Jumièges and his accomplices in the evil work of "stirring up strife between Earl Godwine and the king, and judging unjust judgments for the people." In Robert's place, Stigand, Bishop of Winchester, was advanced to the primacy, and another link was added to the twisted chain of pretended wrongs which William was patiently weaving together in Normandy. Years passed before Stigand could obtain the pallium from Rome, and when he obtained it, it was from a man who was afterwards cast aside as an antipope and a heretic. The growing ecclesiastical opinion of the day was thus turned against him, and Harold himself was led by it to assume towards his firm political friend an attitude not altogether consistent with high heroic character.

Meanwhile years were passing. Godwine was dead, and Eadward had no son who could be submitted to the Witan as his successor. Harold became earl of the West Saxons in his father's place, and his brother Tostig was named ruler of the Northumbrian earldom on the death of Siward. But the same Gemot which appointed Tostig banished the East Anglian earl Ælfgar for reasons which are barely more than hinted at. Whatever may have been the misdeeds of Ælfgar before his sentence, they were certainly surpassed by those which he committed after it. Following the example of Godwine and Harold in resolving to effect a restoration by force of arms, he went beyond them in allying himself with the Welsh king Gruffydd and sacking the city of Hereford. Shrinking from an open conflict with Harold and his army, Gruffydd fled, and Ælfgar on his submission was straightway restored to his earldom. But whatever might be the lot of others, everything tended to raise Harold still higher, and to point him out after the death of the Ætheling Eadward as the only man whom the English people could wisely choose for their king. Had the Ætheling lived, the whole weight of Harold's ability ought not to have turned the scales in his favour, if for this reason only, that the Norman William could scarcely have laid claim to the crown against the son of Eadmund Ironside. This, however, might not be. The danger was now becoming imminent; and the memory of the long and wretched minority of Æthelred would alone have sufficed to turn away men's minds from the child Eadgar, even if by the law and custom of England he could urge any title to the crown. The part which Harold had to play in the last years of the Confessor was difficult enough. He had to counteract the schemes of a man who asserted that Eadward himself had promised to make him his heir, and that Harold in his turn had sworn to do all in his power to secure the succession for him. He had to avoid giving unnecessary offence to the growing ultramontan-ism of the clergy, and arraying the powers of the Church on the side of a rival who well knew how to turn everything to his purpose. He had further to cherish and strengthen the feeling of English

nationality, so far as it might be said to exist at all, and to encourage even insular prejudices, if these were not likely to tell against him. His conduct seems to bear some tokens of these accommodations to his needs and interests. The English people had never shown any special enthusiasm for the discipline and rule of the regular clergy; and thus, while Eadward was building his monastery at Westminster, both inclination and policy led Harold to establish a body of secular canons, each with his own separate abode, in his great foundation of Waltham. But while he thus showed that the spirit of the foreign ecclesiastics, and of their overlord the Pope, was not his own spirit, he could not summon courage to invite Stigand to consecrate his church, or to place the crown on his head, when the people of England had chosen him to be their king.

Thus, then, to a period which brings us almost to the eve of the Norman Conquest, we see scarcely a sign of any real national unity. But instead of this the course of events seems shaped by an astonishing capriciousness on the part of the people, while the chief actors in the drama seem influenced by motives which it appears impossible to realise or to understand; the imperial tradition remains throughout little more than a name, while schemes utterly antagonistic to the imperial idea may be said to have turned the scale in favour of the Norman invader. So frequent, again, are the contradictions and difficulties in the story, that we are driven at the least to suspend our judgment, if not to refuse credit to large portions of it, and among these to some things on which Mr. Freeman either expresses no definite judgment, or which he seems inclined to regard as trustworthy. Most prominent, perhaps, among these suspicious narratives is the story of the Confessor's vision and discourse on his death-bed. The legend (to which I cannot think that the Edinburgh Reviewer gave too hard a name when he spoke of it as impudent) bears in some part so strong a resemblance to the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, that we might be forgiven if we set it down to conscious borrowing. But the point on which I must lay stress here is not so much that Mr. Freeman gives too much credit to the tale, as that having rejected its main features, he still seems to accept certain other incidents which tell against Stigand. For the prophecy itself, Mr. Freeman says plainly that though a Prometheus after the fact of the fight at Senlac might well put into Eadward's mouth a prophecy of the conquest of England, he could not put into his mouth a prophecy in honour of Henry II.¹ "Either, then," he adds, "the passage is a later interpolation, of which the editor gives no hint, or else Eadward really uttered some allegory, quoted some proverb, or, as Stigand thought, simply talked nonsense, on which people began to put a meaning forty years later." But if this be so, no room is left for the comments on Stigand's alleged hardness of heart.

(1) Vol. iii. p. 13.

"Stigand leaned over the king's bed and whispered in the ear of Earl Harold that all this prophetic talk was but the babbling of an old man worn out by sickness. The primate, stout-hearted Englishman as we know him, was, we may well believe, a hard and worldly man, and his experience of men of his own calling, his familiarity with what others looked on as miracle and prophecy, may well have made him less inclined to superstition than to unbelief."

Surely if we are to reject the prophecy itself as an impossibility, the whole authority of the story is gone; and it is little worth while to make guesses on its probable origin. In any case, Stigand simply spoke from the dictates of common sense and common honesty; on what grounds, then, are we to take these words of his (if he ever uttered them) as betokening worldliness or hardness of heart?

Against the words which Eadward is said to have heard from the lips of the two monks in his vision, no such plea of impossibility can be urged. They convey a picture of the condition of the nation at the time, which may or may not be true. The gist of what they say is that the rulers of the country, all who hold the highest places in the realm, whether as churchmen or laymen, are utterly corrupt, and in the eye of God are "ministers of the fiend." The general tone of this portion of Mr. Freeman's narrative seems to imply that the Confessor did not, on his death-bed, slander his countrymen; but if such was the real state of things, Mr. Freeman is scarcely justified in saying elsewhere—

"A land which had not lost its ancient character of the Isle of Saints—a land which had so lately boasted of a king like Eadward and an earl like Leofric,—a land which was still illustrated by the virtues of the holy Wulfstan,—a land where so many minsters were rising in increased stateliness, and where the wealth of the Church was daily added to,—a land whose earls and bishops, and sons of every degree pressed year after year to worship and to offer at the tombs of the apostles; a land like this was branded as a land which needed to be again gathered into the true fold."¹

Mr. Freeman is eloquent on the wrong done to Harold by all who have slandered him as an usurper. Such calumny cannot be too strongly condemned: yet his deep feelings and impassioned language have led him, as it seems to me, into some exaggerations, when he speaks of Harold's coronation, and tells us how the king "bowed his head, and the imperial diadem of Britain was placed by the hand of Ealdred on the head of the king of the Angles and Saxons, the emperor of the isle of Albion,"² and again when he says, "If there ever was a lawful ruler in this world, such of a truth was Harold, king of the English and lord of the Isle of Britain—king not by the mouldering title of a worn-out dynasty, not by the gold of the trafficker or the steel of the invader, but by the noblest title by which one man can claim to rule over his fellows, the free choice of a free people." There is something mournful in this parade of high-sounding names, which had seldom denoted actual facts, and which at this time were almost more hollow than ever. Harold's title was per-

(1) Vol. iii. p. 284.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 46.

fectly good—he was king by law and by right: but now, as before, there was no united English people or nation. Mr. Freeman has shown that the forms of the constitution were not at fault, and that they were carefully observed. “There can be no doubt,” he says, “that the Witan of Northumberland, no less than the Witan of the rest of England, had concurred in the election of Harold,” but he holds that wherever a Gemot was held, some part of the country was placed at a disadvantage, and that in a Gemot held in London it was the Northumbrians who thus suffered. Still the fact remained that “a most important step, a step affecting the whole kingdom, a step likely to be in many ways repugnant to Northumbrian feeling, a step to which Northumberland had practically not been a consenting party, had been taken by a part of England in the name of the whole. By that step the mass of the Northumbrian people refused to be bound.”¹ I do not see how the conclusion can be avoided that at this time the English nation was not yet in existence, and that eloquent panegyrics on Harold as *Imperator alterius orbis* can but impart a more melancholy tinge to a narrative already gloomy and sombre enough. This thorough want of cohesion seems to go far to prove that the Teutonic and Scandinavian inhabitants of England had never yet attained the organisation of a nation, and that if at certain times there had been appearances of such organisation, these had been either germs nipped in the bud, or the premature flower of a forced plant. But the fact of this disorganisation is fully recognised by Mr. Freeman. The personal bravery of the English at Senlac can never be questioned; but the result shows that “everything depended on the presence of some one competent man to seize the post of command at the right moment.”² The time during which Harold may be said to have been in possession of the Northumbrian realm is bounded to a few days, nor is there any ground for thinking that Eadwinc and Morkere ever gave up that notion of a divided kingdom on which they were bent with an invincible passion of selfishness.³ They had refused to help Harold after the fight of Stamford Bridge; they abandoned Eadgar after the catastrophe of Senlac. Well may Mr. Freeman say that “an united England might yet have resisted, but for a divided England there was no hope. A people who could not agree under any leader of their own race, became of necessity the prey of the stranger.” The surrender of Dover without the striking of a single blow excites in him as much amazement as indignation; but surely it may be taken as the outcome of that temper of mind which frequent change of masters had made habitual to the English. This is the gist of Mr. Freeman’s explanation of their readiness to accept William. “Men were living who could remember how an earlier foreign invader had been changed into an English king, into a king who had won his place among the

(1) Vol. iii. p. 58.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 507.(3) *Ib.*, p. 531.

noblest of England's native worthies."¹ But this temper makes us think with considerable indifference about the "mighty voice of an assembled people"² which, raised in the church of Westminster to express assent to William's election, frightened the Norman guards outside, and led to fire and tumult. It detracts, I think, also from the estimate which we are to set, if not on Harold, yet on the age in which he lived. I cannot bring myself to look on the history of the years preceding the catastrophe of Senlac as "the history of a great man and of a great time."³ I cannot think that he exhibited consummate power either as a statesman or as a general. Mr. Freeman relates, of course, the story of Gyrth's counsel respecting the conduct of the Hastings campaign. How far he gives credit to it, he does not say, but he speaks of the advice as "wise, though cruel, policy," in which "we can discover a subtlety of intellect fitted to grapple with that of William himself."⁴ It seems to follow that the mind of Harold was not fitted to grapple with that of William, and that thus Harold fell short, in one respect at least, in the qualities of a first-rate general. But, in fact, there was nothing cruel in the advice, if it ever was given. It does not follow that compensation might not, in some way or other, be made to those who were thus to be turned out of house and home for the general good of the people; but if the policy would have had the effect which Gyrth is said to have anticipated from it, we cannot doubt that a general like the Duke of Wellington would have adopted it, and that Harold was wrong for failing so to do. Mr. Freeman adds, seemingly as the account of what he thinks really took place:—

"All who heard the counsel of Gyrth cried out that it was good, and prayed the king to follow it. But Harold answered that he would never play the coward's part, that he would never let his friends go forth to face danger on his behalf while he himself, from whatever cause, drew back from facing it. And he added words which show how the wise and experienced ruler, the chosen and anointed king, had cast aside whatever needed to be cast aside in the fiery exile who had once harried the coast of Porlock. 'Never,' said Harold, 'will I burn an English village or an English house; never will I harm the lands and the goods of any Englishman. How can I do hurt to the folk who are put under me to govern? How can I plunder and harass those whom I would fain see thrive under my rule?' Truly, when we read words like these, we feel that it is something to be of the blood and the speech of the men who chose Harold for their King, and who died around his standard."⁵

Assuredly they make us esteem the man, but they can scarcely raise our opinion of the statesman. In following Gyrth's counsel he would emphatically have been playing the part, not of the coward, but of the truly courageous leader; in placing a desert between William and the goal of his journey, he would have been doing to Englishmen no hurt, but the truest kindness. But whether the counsel was ever given, or this reply ever uttered, is a point on which I say

(1) Vol. iii. p. 549.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 560.(3) *Ib.*, p. 576.(4) *Ib.*, p. 436.(5) *Ib.*, p. 437.

nothing. I do not of course presume to write as a military critic, nor have I the slightest wish to impugn the soundness of Harold's judgment in choosing his position at Senlac, and in the orders which he issued for the conduct of the battle. I fully believe that here Harold deserves all that Mr. Freeman has said of him, and that his tactics, if they had been steadily adhered to, must have been successful; but if we take the story of the time as it has been related, and as Mr. Freeman gives it, it proves either the inability of Harold to cope with the difficulties surrounding him, or the impossibility of spurring to sufficient exertion and long-continued effort tribes who were not yet cemented into a nation. A people which at such a time could for whatever reason leave its coasts unguarded, when they possessed a fleet more than able to cope with that of the invader, can scarcely furnish adequate material for the empire of a Basileus.

To the character of Harold's adversary Mr. Freeman has in one respect done throughout more than justice. This may, perhaps, be caused in part by his anxiety not to depreciate, or even to appear to depreciate, such great qualities as he may have possessed. No one who reads his pages can ever accuse him even of the thought. But among the duties of the historian, one of his first is to call everything by its right name; and although he is not bound to preach sermons, he yet is scarcely justified in ascribing devotion, piety, or religion, to a man of whom we have almost in the same breath to speak as Mr. Freeman speaks of William. Nothing throughout his history is more admirable and more forcible than the pages in which Mr. Freeman sums up the policy of William, of Lanfranc, and of Hildebrand. Space forbids me to quote a passage which I would gladly give in full. I must content myself with saying that he has exhibited in the clearest light a fact which has not been sufficiently brought out even by Dean Milman:—

“The appeal of William to the Papal Court created a precedent by which the Papal Court might claim the disposal of all the crowns in Christendom. The voice of Hildebrand conquered. . . . Every help that the religious arts of the age could give was bestowed on the man who craved a blessing on the removal of his neighbour's land-mark. . . . The name had not yet been heard; but in truth it was now that the first crusade was preached, and it was preached by the voice of Rome against the liberties of England.”

The conclusion is, that the whole scheme of William was throughout a tissue of fraud, falsehood, and iniquity, without the faintest colouring of real right. In this godless scheme William strove to cheat Harold, and succeeded; but he was at the same time outwitted by one more subtle and far-seeing than himself:—“It was a policy worthy of one greater than William himself to make even William, for once in his life, the instrument of purposes yet more daring, yet more far-sighted than his own. On the steps of the Papal chair, and there alone, had William and Lanfranc to cope with an intellect

loftier and more subtle than even theirs.”¹ This, however, is to assume that Lanfranc’s vision was bounded to a few months or years. I believe that William was outwitted by his envoy, who was himself a soldier in the great army led on to victory under Hildebrand. The carrying out of this scheme was the great work of a man who “never shrank from force or fraud, from wrong or bloodshed or oppression, whenever they seemed to him the straightest paths to accomplish his purpose.” Have we not a contradiction in terms when we read that in William’s character, “among all its darker features, a certain regard to the first principles of morality, a distinct element of the fear of God, was never wholly wanting?” How is it possible to speak of a man as having the slightest fear of God, or the slightest regard to a moral rule of action, if he *never* shrank from any iniquity, whenever it seemed that his interests would be furthered by committing it? With Mr. Freeman’s condemnation of the wholesale lying, the subtleties, the subterfuges, the tortuous craft which marked the whole of William’s conduct towards the man whom he chose to style an usurper, I heartily go along; but then I am bound to think that such conduct marks perhaps the lowest stage of depravity which the human heart can reach—just that stage, in short, in which there remains absolutely no fear of God before a man’s eyes. But when I read that this man, so steeped in iniquity, “from his youth up, layman and prince as he was, set a model to priests and prelates,” I am simply at a loss to attach any meaning to the words, unless I am to suppose that the model was that of the whited sepulchre, and William’s “devotion to religion”² a piety of that sort which Mr. Rawlinson eulogises in Tiglathpileser.³

I have touched only on a few points on which, in the interests of that truth which Mr. Freeman prizes above all things, I have felt bound to speak with the utmost plainness. In the compass of a few pages it is impossible to enter upon those portions of the subject in which I agree with his conclusions as heartily as I admire and value his learning and appreciate his honesty. I would gladly have dwelt on his masterly analysis of the evidence relating to the hostages which are said to have been given by Eadward to William, to the oath by which Harold is asserted to have bound himself to William, to the fight at Stamford Bridge, and its bearing on the decisive struggle at Hastings. But to do so is unnecessary. There is no need to praise that of which the excellence must be acknowledged by all.

GEORGE W. COX.

(1) Vol. iii. p. 285.

(2) *Ib.*, p. 269.

(3) “Ancient Eastern Monarchies,” vol. ii. p. 323.

NOTES ON ALBERT DURER.

THE instinct of posterity may be said to have divided great artists into two classes. Of great artists, there is one class whose life and work are such as to provoke literary comment, and concerning whom posterity is fruitful of written inquiry and discussion. There is another class whose work does not so stimulate the criticism of posterity, but is rather such as to be accepted and enjoyed in silence. The work done by the latter class, concerning which posterity finds little to say, may be either more or less admirable than that done by the former class, concerning which posterity finds much to say. The question is not of comparative excellence, but of difference in kind between two things which may be equally excellent—between the art which, fulfilling its own being completely, commands enjoyment and applause as a finished thing of beauty and there an end, and the art which does not end with its own perfection, does not appease the imagination in delighting it, but leads it along ulterior paths by a chain of associated suggestion, by signs, such as irresistibly stir the curiosity, of special influences affecting its author, and special feelings animating him. The great painters of Venice, with their sunny tranquillity, their genius for the untroubled production of the serene and finished things of beauty (Tintoretto being here excluded), may stand as a good instance of the class of men whose work delights and appeases at once—commands admiration, that is, without provoking comment. Of the other class, whose work, by holding out the clue to a chain of ulterior question and suggestion, does provoke comment, inquiry, curiosity, literary discussion, there can be no better instance than Albert Dürer. From the days of Melanchthon, Neudörfer, Camerarius, his contemporaries and survivors, literature has been busy with the name of Dürer of Nürnberg. The far-reaching and enigmatic significance of much of his work, its intimate and yet obscure relations with the history and thought of his time and country, the fame of his personal character, of his personal beauty, of something in him both of godlike gentleness and godlike grace, “between an Olympian Jove and an image of our Saviour,” the reputed unhappiness of his life—all these things, more even than his proper or technical pre-eminence as an artist, have earned for him a great abundance of biography and illustration. Two contributions to Dürer literature have in recent months been made in our own country, and have served to refresh English interest in the subject.¹ It is no part of my purpose, in the remarks that follow,

(1) “Albrecht Dürer of Nürnberg,” by Mrs. C. Heaton, London, Macmillan, 1869; “Albert Dürer and his Works,” by William B. Scott, London, Longmans, 1869.

to attempt any criticism of the work either of Mrs. Heaton or of Mr. W. B. Scott. Readers interested in the subject have no doubt read both books for themselves, and have rendered due gratitude to the patient and affectionate industry of the one, the clear insight and energetic conciseness of the other. What I here propose, with the reader's leave, to do, is to note down a few special points with reference to the character and critical interpretation of Dürer's work, such as, I conceive, may help towards a just estimate of his genius as a whole.

An impression of melancholy, of ominous gravity and gloom, is what Dürer's greatest works have left on the minds of most students and admirers of his who have recorded their impression, and whose study and admiration have penetrated further than to the varieties of technical perfection which he exhibits. In spite of the bright and honest power of enjoying certain things which he constantly displays, he has yet seemed, upon the whole, as a prophet whose prophecy is of disaster; a riddler who riddles of calamity. Into the origin and grounds of such melancholy posterity has searched, but has searched, I think, rather hastily. One circumstance in his life, of a kind to engender melancholy, happens to have been recorded in emphatic terms by a friend and contemporary. A miserly and uncongenial wife—this has been the affliction upon which many commentators have relied to account for whatever was dark in Dürer's imagination, whatever may have been untoward in his life, and even also for his death. Now without adopting Scheffer's foolishly and sentimentally mystic reading (in his novel of "An Artist's Married Life") of the relations of Dürer and Agnes, or the other and paradoxical reading by which Mr. H. F. Holt (in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1866 and 1867) entirely reverses the received idea of those relations—without adopting either of these, I think it is easy to guess that the influence of Agnes as a cause of gloom to her husband has been heavily overrated. Our chief authority for the harsh view of Agnes' character is in a letter written by Pirkheimer to Tschertte two years after Dürer's death. Pending that interval, it is clear that Pirkheimer, disliking Agnes from the first, had quarreled with her about the disposal of her husband's effects. When he petulantly writes of her as a "bad woman," whose niggard spirit had driven her husband to his grave with vexation and overwork, allowance must be made for the private grievance of a man at all times vehement and outspoken. On the other hand, that Mr. Holt greatly overdrives the lenient view of the matter in calling Agnes "the partner of Dürer's early struggles, his faithful and affectionate wife," is plain, I think, from the simple consideration that Pirkheimer, who had always disliked and disparaged her, was always nevertheless a close friend of her husband's. Now between the husband of a "faithful and affectionate wife," who has all his heart and con-

fidence, and the friend who dislikes and disparages that wife, close friendship will not endure. The common-sense view of the matter is rather that taken by Dr. von Eye (a writer upon the whole judicious and even excellent)—the view that Dürer had in Agnes nothing better nor worse than a housewife who carried the virtues of a housewife to excess. In the cities north of the Alps, no very high type of womanhood had by this time been developed. A member of a Nürnberg guild in the fifteenth century, chancing like Albert Dürer to have been born with a noble genius, a spirit to strike the very stars, was not likely to seek, and was certain not to find, a woman in his native city with whom he could share that comradeship of the mind and spirit which is our modern ideal of marriage. The older, sunnier, richer, freer, and more impassioned culture of the Italian cities brought forth early a higher type of womanhood. Such a culture had long ago brought forth the Portinari whom Dante enthroned above the cherubim; had even now brought forth the Gioconda whose smile haunted the dreams of Lionardo; and would to-morrow bring forth the Pescara to whom the spirit of Buonarroti did homage. But in German cities a different type, a careful, superstitious, homely-featured, homely-minded, "home-baked" type, good to rear the children, scold the apprentices, keep the purse-strings and keep them tight, was all that had hitherto been developed. Not seeking for more than this, a German citizen, even of Dürer's stamp, would feel the lack of more than this less keenly than we can quite realise to-day. It is likely that the experience which Dürer gained, ten years after his marriage, of the sunnier and more impassioned culture of Venice, may have suggested regretful contrasts in this as in other matters. It is very likely that with his princely "magnificencia" of disposition, and his exceeding appetite for pretty things, artistic furniture and curiosities, he may have suffered from the tradeswomanly housewifery of Agnes. But it is not likely, I think, that any peculiar bitterness, or the intolerable gall of comparing his own misery with the happiness of another, was there to darken his temper and shorten his days.

And even had it been so, the knowledge of this would not give us the key to Dürer's character as an artist. It is usually an error to conclude directly, either from the complexion of a man's life to the complexion of his art, or from that of his art to that of his life. Such a painter—Correggio for instance—shall live poor, neglected, dejected, and yet paint pictures that seem positively to glow and throb with enjoyment. The ideas of a man are so different from his acts and circumstances, that which goes on within himself and in his imagination, and finds expression in his art, so distinct from that which goes on between himself and his neighbours, and finds expression in his life, that the one sometimes affords almost no clue to the other. The clue to that which goes on within an artist's

imagination, to that complexion of his thoughts which makes itself visible in his art, is not generally to be sought by posterity in the personal circumstances of his career and character. It is rather to be sought (1) in the ideas which he has inherited by tradition from his teachers in art, and (2) in the ideas, circumstances, occupations, and aspect of the national or collective life about him. These, I think it may be shown, are the two main elements that pass into and occupy the imagination of an artist, and always in some form or other get reproduced in his art. It is these that literature, in the case of an artist whose work provokes literary comment, may with most advantage set itself to study.

For the art ideas which Dürer, beginning to work in the last years of the fifteenth century, inherited by tradition from his teachers :— they were briefly of this kind. Since artistic production had been active in South or Upper Germany, such activity had been in the service of religion alone. No picture was a picture only, but a religious offering. Pictures were painted in praise, and offered in propitiation, of this or that patron saint or martyr. The religion and the thought of Upper Germany during the latter middle age were of anything but a cheerful cast. Political disaster and physical visitations had come to darken and terrify the minds of men. Twice the black plague had come to devastate the earth, and fill men's minds with the instant terror of death and doom. The sense of guilt and calamity, the ever-present dread and realisation of the power of Satan and his servants, turned all thoughts towards the awful and repulsive phases of the Christian faith. The earthly agonies by which saints had won access to heaven became the favourite subjects of art. Martyrdoms and decapitations were set up in churches—scenes of cruelty and bloodshed realised with the most unflinching detail. It was the special business of the artist to excite hatred against the judges and executioners of the faithful by making them hideous, by forcing into their features the strongest expression of ferocity or obtuse and snarling malignity. On the other hand, it was his business to exhibit in the suffering faithful those qualities which were understood to possess the exclusive favour of Heaven—physical inanition, that is, the evidences of maceration and neglect, the aspect of starved humility and squalid resignation. Thus the vices of the persecutors and the virtues of their victims tended to make them alike pictorially repulsive. A certain element of softness remained in the worship of Mary and her Son. While masters like the elder Holbein, Burgkmair, Wohlgemuth, and their predecessors at Augsburg and Nürnberg, had been filling church apses and chapels to order with scenes of torture and persecution, Hübsch Martin Schöngauer, at Colmar, although no creator of ideal beauty, had found the source of a certain pathetic pleasantness for his engravings in his variations upon the theme of the divine motherhood; had put

real feeling into the faces of his *Maries*—*Maries*, it need not be said, of the plain-featured, *hausbacken* type, of which I have already spoken. For a human or mitigating element, scenes of the life of Mary, set in the costumes and surroundings of German burgher life (a sort of half-way between the opulent surroundings in which they had been set by the Van Eycks and the squalid surroundings in which they were afterwards to be set by Rembrandt); for the rest, crucifixions, martyrdoms, and flagellations; ascetic ecstasies, visions of saints, visions inspired by the terrors of the time, dances of death, allegories of the devil, ugly images of disaster—these were the traditional materials of art for the painter and the engraver at the time when Dürer began to look about him.

The ideas and circumstances of the collective life of his country were of a still darker cast. It was the darkest period of all German history. The name and authority of the Empire had lost their efficacy; there was scarcely a single principle of cohesion at work against a hundred principles of disintegration. Politics were the mere jarring of contending powers. The empire, the electoral body, the States, the princely and knightly orders, the free cities, and the peasantry, were all pulling in different ways—all scrambling each for his own. It was absolute anarchy. And upon anarchy followed murder, rapine, and terror. The old usages of Feudright and Fistright gave every man the power of falling upon his private enemy. A Habsburg emperor, personally popular, chivalrous, not destitute of great ideas, could yet achieve nothing. Kaiser Max rode about the country from diet to diet, seeking to concert measures with the electors and the Estates, proclaiming and seeking to enforce the Landpeace, holding diets at Worms, diets at Augsburg, diets at Mainz, diets everywhere, and that everywhere went through their deliberations in vain. The princes made war upon the cities, and the knights on both. The imperial levies came to nothing. The peasantry in Elsass and the Rhineland rose in terrified and terrifying outbreaks, and banded themselves together to burn and plunder; above all, to put to death all Jews. Jews and witches filled the minds of the people with panic. And at the gates of the empire stood the object of a darker panic still—the ravaging Turk, of whose ravages the empire had had bitter proof before now. Kaiser Max was always going to lead his levies against the Turk, but never did so lead them, preferring to get them shattered in fruitless descents upon the Venetian territory. Dominicans overran the empire, urging the sale of indulgences, and urging the levy of a universal tax of which the Pope should administer the proceeds in defence of Christendom against the Turk. But the Pope administered the proceeds for his own purposes; the Turk stood at the door; panic raged with anarchy; and the souls of men trembled.

For an art tradition, then, at the time when Dürer practised art,

there was the ascetic tradition of the religious art of Upper Germany, the tradition which gave the artist for his sole materials the incidents of the Christian story, and the lives and deaths—especially the deaths—of saints; and which bade him so treat these materials as to excite in the spectator the utmost enthusiasm on behalf of the authors and martyrs of Christianity, the utmost indignation against their persecutors. For the political and social aspects of the collective life about him, there was anarchy within and terror from without, there was war of every man against his neighbour, there was the recollection and the foreboding of pestilence, there was dissolution of the bonds that hold men together, there were perils of the soul and the body, death and change were in the air. No wonder if the colours of Dürer's imagination were dark. If the art-tradition of Upper Germany had been a joyous tradition, as the art-tradition of Italy by this time had become, so that the artist naturally dwelt by instinct not upon the terrible and hostile elements, but upon the tender and friendly and loveable elements in the world about him, then it might have been possible for Dürer still to shirk the dark side of things, and to work, despite of pains temporal and spiritual, in the sunnier and sweeter spirit of the Italian schools. Or again, if Dürer had been more exclusively and entirely an artist, and less of an intent pictorial moralist and thinker, his own instincts might have led him to see that the sweet and sunny side of things was the side capable of producing the most delightful results in art. He might have worked out for himself in Germany the change which the classical revival, and the old, bright, and impassioned culture of the Italian centres had already worked out in Italy. But his real character, as I have said, is less that of an artist in the stricter sense than that of an intent pictorial moralist and thinker—the great pictorial moralist and thinker of Germany in the days while Germany still brooded upon the restless firstlings of her moral and mental revolution, still teemed with obscure forebodings of that which was soon to change the lives and creeds of half the West. And thus, with artistic precedent on the one hand urging him towards images of martyrdom, torture, or fleshless distortion and deformity, and the bias of his intellect on the other, urging him towards reflections sorrowful or menacing—as the reflections of great intellects at all times, but most of all at such times, are apt to be—we see him provided at the outset with quite sufficient sources (without taking account of Agnes Frey) of gloom, austerity, and terror in his art. The sunny or joyous side of things is thus not the side which naturally from the outset occupies him. It is further remarkable that the one Italian artist whose work may probably have influenced Dürer from the beginning—I mean Andrea Mantegna—was of all Italian artists, between Orgagna and Michelangelo, the least sunny-minded and least given to joyousness in his art, the most given to painfulness and austerity. All that we know

positively of the relations of Dürer to Mantegna is that Dürer, in his thirty-sixth year, on his return from Venice, was going to pay a visit to Mantegna (then seventy-six), but that Mantegna died before the visit could be paid. But I think there is no doubt that Dürer in his youth must have seen engraved or other work of Mantegna, and so have been early subject not to the softer but to the sterner aspect of the classical revival of Italy. I think it is impossible not to see the influence of that phase of classicism which is peculiarly Mantegna's—an intense perception of the majesty of firm-knit upstanding manhood, and a noble vigour, erring on the side of statuesque rigidity, in the expression of this; I think it is impossible not to see the influence of this in the firmly-planted, strongly-upstanding, sometimes (according to northern exaggeration) straddling, swaggering, swash-buckling manhood of so many of Dürer's figures—captains, standard-bearers, St. Georges, Roman soldiers, or what not. He may have further caught from Mantegna that peculiar facial expression of noble strenuousness and animated, almost impassioned austerity in endurance, which he sometimes gives to his martyrs (*e.g.*, the hairy St. Sebastian), and which was certainly unknown to German art before him.

Entering with such predispositions as these upon the practice of his art, the young Dürer—the gentlest and most beautiful of men, with his perfect nobility as well as perfect form of feature, his long hair about his shoulders, his look of steadfast and wistful tenderness, as shown in the engraved portrait of 1494—begins by producing work of anything but a joyous character. He at once carries his art of engraving to a greater perfection than any of his predecessors; but his designs—not all, but many of them—are full of terror and spiritual nightmare. Strange shapes of lust and death hover before his eyes. In one early plate a hideous naked “wild man” seizes a shrieking woman. In another a fiend blows into the ear of a sleeper with a pair of bellows, and conjures up the vision of a smooth-limbed temptress, who points to the emblematic apple. In another, Death peeps mockingly from behind a tree at a richly-dressed lover and his lady as they walk in the garden. In another, Death, with a sword, draws near the bedside of a naked girl having a flower and a fan in either hand. In another, a jealous nymph brandishes a bough in threat of vengeance against the loves of a satyr with another nymph. But it is not the mere generalities of lust and death, commonplaces of evil, that Dürer illustrates. All the specific and historic plagues of Germany in his time are reflected in his work. He illustrates the new malady of the time with a frontispiece to a certain poem by Dr. Alsenius. How profound was always his realisation of the squalor of the pestilence-stricken may be seen in the woodcut of “The Beggar” and the plate of “John and Peter Healing the Lame,” in the Little Passion on copper. The terror of the Turk, the terror of witchcraft, he

shows us both. From the Crusades downwards the Turk had been the favourite bugbear and ideal villain of the Christian imagination. With Dürer it is more so than ever, in view of the increased peril of Christendom now that Huniades and Matthias Corvinus have left no successor. The origin of Dürer's family in Bohemia, where the Turkish terror was most imminent, may also have had to do with it. All his life he conceived of all tyrants and evil judges as Turks, and set great turbans on their heads. Persecuting high-priests and potentates who preside at martyrdoms are thus dealt with. In the small plate known as the "Three Peasants," one of the figures is a Turk (by his turban). He looks grimly on while the old peasant leans upon his old sword, and preaches submission to the younger peasant bearing a basket of eggs; and we foresee that the eggs will be for the Turk. Again, the other plate, known as "The Turk and his Wife," is, I think, a foreboding of captivity; the wife is of a German type, and this is her infidel captor, who marches before her with bow and arrow in his hand. There is another plate called "The Cannon," done in the year 1518, after the terror of the Moslem had reached its height under the furious Selim, which M. Michelet rightly, I conceive, regards also as an emblem of invasion and ravage. Then the plague of witchcraft, the terror which produced Sprenger and the "Hexenhammer." A hag rides backwards upon a goat, pursued by the levin from above, and with tumbling cupids on the ground beneath her. Four naked women stand and colloque over some deed without a name in a chamber upon the floor of which are a death's head and thigh bone, while at the door there peers in a fiend from the nether hell. The terror of the peasant risings may possibly, I think, be reflected in the problematical large engraving with the superscription, "Ercules," in which a knight and damsel, as it appears, have been fallen on and overcome by "wild men." The plague of cut-throat soldiers, laired landsknechts, owning no law and no master, straddling, swaggering, swash-buckling knaves, is reflected in designs like that called the "Six Captains." There was one terror, the terror of religious obscurantism; one plague, the plague of the Dominicans, dogs of the inquisition, sellers of spiritual immunity, sycophants and delators, Tetzels and Pfeffercorns, which reached its height about the middle of Dürer's career, and which indeed could not find place in his art. But I have said enough to show that of the nightmare character of gloom and ominousness which belongs to most of his early and to some of his later inventions, the foundation is to be sought first in the art tradition, and next in the historical ideas and circumstances of his time. The bias that Dürer's mind had received is further marked by the fact that his first great artistic series, done when he was twenty-seven, was a series of designs for the vision of St. John the Divine, the famous set of the "Apocalipsis, cū figuris."

There, however little opportunity for clear form or completeness of work conceived in the classical or plastic spirit, was large enough opportunity for terror and mystery—the shapes of an untranquil sleep, the clashing wings of angels wrestling amid the clouds with the powers of evil, the slaying of the third part of men, the seven-headed dragon, the wrath of heaven and writhings of the accursed.

But of these immense and terrible inventions, and the noble power and simplicity of hand with which they are done, it is neither within my power nor my purpose to speak here. I wish only to point out what seem to have been the leading ideas in Dürer's imagination up to the time when his power attained its climax. Thus far, we have noted chiefly ideas of public evil, of disasters both spiritual and temporal. We should also notice the idea of individual sin and self-abasement; if, that is, the commentators are right who see in the figure of the Prodigal Son the likeness of Dürer himself. But again, I think the same likeness is to be recognised in the figure of St. John, in the Apocalypse design of the Seven Lamps and Seven Candlesticks. And if so, we should have to attribute to him also ideas of rapt initiation, of admission to the secret counsels of Heaven. That he had some such sense as this of his own genius and mission is probable enough. In any case he had from other sources his moments, and not a few moments, of rapt enjoyment and consolation in the midst of so much terror. The beauties of his Franconian landscape of castled hill-summit and wooded hill-spur, of narrow valley and winding river, had penetrated and enchanted his imagination. He had combined this with another landscape (seen or dreamed I know not where) of lake or estuary, and low mountains, landlocked, with promontory trending behind promontory, wooded often to the water-side, so that one wonders whether there be indeed any outlet upon a further sea or no, until one perceives some sloop or galleon at her moorings and concludes she must have sailed in from somewhere. Such landscapes as these he loved all his life to draw, varying them with inconceivable fancy, and rendering them with an inimitable union of richness and simplicity, spreading them peacefully beneath the celestial warfare of the Apocalypse, or at the feet of the great vision of Temperance, or for a scene where should be enacted some saintly or classic fable, the calling of St. Eustachius or the rape of Amydone. And besides his delight in the beauty of landscapes, rivers, lakes, mountains, woods, trees, and cliffs, Dürer had a great delight in grotesque or eccentric objects of all sorts. In his boyhood there had been born at Nürnberg a pig with two bodies, eight legs, and one head. This he drew, no doubt with an eye to hints for future fiends and Satans; but I think he enjoyed it, as he enjoyed drawing a rhinoceros from hearsay or imagination years later, giving it the ears and tail of a sow, plating its legs with armadillo scales and its body with a coat of armour ribbed and articulated as if by human art; or just as he

went into ecstasies over the treasures from the New World exhibited at Aachen in 1523. He loved all animals. I think he would have shared Luther's abhorrence of field sports. Of his noble horses and dogs the reader does not need to be reminded; but besides these, in the exquisitely finished animals of the "Adam and Eve" he has given us a most tender version of Isaiah's and Virgil's ideal reign of animal fraternity; and his rabbits, in the "Madonna with Rabbits," are conceived in a spirit of the happiest zoological comedy. Then he dearly loved babies and flowers. And he must have enjoyed studying the grave puckered faces and robust figures of his brother burghers for the honest people or saints in his Biblical designs. But above all other consolations must have been the consolation of his homely, fertile, fully-realised faith and delight in the great divinities of the Christian artist—the one source of beauty there had been amid the ugliness of the early German art—Christ the child and the mother of Christ. With him the prescriptive themes of religion became a matter of exquisite feeling, a source of inventions as endless, although not as gracious, as Rafael's. The grace of those Madonnas that were inspired by the past of Greece and the present of Italy his Madonnas have not. Such grace was rather connected in his mind with evil; he was not incapable of it, but he chose to reserve it for Eve or the alluring Venus. But with his homely type he knows how to play upon all the tenderest chords of motherhood. In the austere and repulsive scenes of the Christian story, he will be as ascetic, indignant, violent as you will. But if you want to have him at his happiest, set him to work upon incidents of the divine maternity—joys of Mary with her Son. Everybody, however, knows the great Biblical sets of works, both in wood and copper, that occupied the mature powers of Dürer between his return from Venice and the year 1512—occupied them, that is to say, not exclusively, but in conjunction with a few of the old sort of direful visions, emblems of disaster and warnings of death, illustrated, many of them, with grave didactic doggerel of his own, as thus,

"Kein ding hilfft für den zeitlichen Todt:
Darum dienen Gott frö und spott,"

and so on for a long while.

Of all warnings of death and retribution for evil that Dürer ever invented, that which he invented and perfected in the year 1513 is the most wonderful and has been the most misunderstood. To me, at least, it seems certain (and I am glad to see Mr. Scott is on this side) that Mr. H. F. Holt has been right in seeing in the glorious plate known as the "Knight and Death," or "The Christian Knight," the original of the Nemesis often mentioned by Dürer himself, and not otherwise capable of identification. All sorts of eloquent interpretations, proceeding on the assumption that the hero of this piece is a good and not a bad hero, have been hitherto current.

The reader is probably familiar with one of the worst ; I mean that which is contained in Fouqué's romance of "Sintram,"—Sintram and his faithful hound Skovmark (so Fouqué dubs the dog in the design) passing *by night* through the fatal valley, encountering, despising, and putting to naught the temptations of Death and the Devil. Again, the letter "S" in the corner has caused the knight to be taken for Franz von Sickingen, and the design to be regarded as done by Dürer in honour of the great Rhenish champion of the reform. Apart from difference of feature, this is absurd ; because when this plate was printed, the reform as yet was not, and Sickingen would have been for Dürer simply one of the most lawless and notorious of the robber knights of the time. But, although it is not Sickingen, neither can we tell who it is by name—for Mr. Holt's conjecture of Sparnecker seems too adventurous—this design does, I think, certainly represent one of the lawless robber knights of the time about to pay his debt to Nemesis. This is not a good knight seeing and slighting Death and the Devil ; it is a bad knight who sees them not although they are upon him. Dürer and we can see them, but the rider is blind. Man, horse, and hound, are blind alike. Except where religious prescription compels Dürer to make Jews, judges, and executioners hideous, he is too great an artist to express his hostility by a degrading representation of its object. He sets before us the knight with his noble horse and patient hound exactly as they might be, with an entire impartiality of mind as well as with a richness and rightness, a firmness and subtlety of engraver's work that have not been rivalled before or since. The work is wholly splendid in execution and effect—one feels how splendid it is long before one begins to ask what it means. Ask me what it means, and I think it means that this rider is a rogue, that he will die and the Devil will catch him. That is a rough way of expressing the meaning of an epic and splendid design like this ; but is surely true, so far as it goes. The weird jauntiness of Death as he rides across the knight's path and holds up his hour-glass does not promise as though he would be baffled. It is a triumphant and not a baffled malignity that looks out from the pig-face of the Devil. The pig-Devil wields a spear that is not obtuse or frustrate, like his spear in the great woodcut of the "Harrowing of Hell," where he is baffled. The smile on the face of the knight is cynically determined rather than nobly resolute. Besides, an armed knight would almost certainly not have been chosen by Dürer for a type of noble resolution and defiance of the powers of evil. Dürer nowhere even shows an enjoyment such as is shown by Cranach, and others of his time, of the movement and pageantry of the tournament, the crashing of the spear-forest in knightly mêlée. Of all disturbers of the Land-peace and violators of law, the order of knighthood were in those

days the most inveterate. They were at war with the princes on the one hand, and the free cities on the other. Only the year before the publication of this engraving, as it so happens, two famous knights had made a famous raid upon the merchants of Nürnberg as they travelled under escort of the men of Bamberg. It was on the 18th of May, 1512, between Forchheim and Neuss, that Selbitz and Götz von Berlichingen made that very raid which has been immortalised in Goethe's play. I have no doubt that this plate of Dürer's, published in the next year, was a commemoration and a protest, done in the far-reaching, noble, enigmatical, and infinitely suggestive manner of the highest art, by the most illustrious citizen of Nürnberg, on the occasion of this outrage against his city. I think it is one of the few cases in which an allegorical design of the highest kind is susceptible, up to a certain point, of definite interpretation. The hundred beautifully done details and accessories of such a design are scarcely susceptible of definite interpretation. Their very excellence is that they suggest different thoughts to different minds, that they cover a multitude of possible meanings, and stir the inner chambers of the spirit with imaginative suggestions, half-formed reminiscences of thought and emotion, that cannot be fully realised and transposed into language. In the power of doing this resides the crucial difference between small and great imaginative or emblematic work, between the allegory that is cold and common-place and the allegory that is pregnant and inspired. That which is cold and common-place will be clear at first sight, that which is pregnant and inspired will be dark for a long while, and in part dark even to the end. The great error of most students is that they will not be satisfied unless they have fully realised an artist's meaning, and expressed it in precise propositions, complete with subject, predicate, and copula. The attempt to express in precise propositions the meaning of a design like the "Melencolia" (to take another great work of Dürer's at this time) is of necessity a futile one. Mr. Holt, to whom we ought to be grateful for setting us right with reference to the Nemesis, as well as for some valuable suggestions with reference to the "Great Fortune," or "Temperance" as it should probably be called, is in this case (I would say it with deference) the most peccant and perverse of all commentators. He flies in the face of what is clearly the dominant impression and character of the plate, and denies that it is "Melancholy" at all. He says that this strong and strongly yearning genius,—genius of Toil, genius of Study, genius of Thought, Science, Patience,—he says that she figures forth Truth under the form of Agnes Frey; that Truth is happy and the cause of happiness, that "Melencolia I" stands for "Melancholy, depart," and that the bat thus bears on his scroll his own order of dismissal. He says that Dürer, at this time in possession of prosperity and renown, intended here to express "gratitude for the fortunate situa-

tion in which he was placed." This will not do. Whatever the meaning of the figure or word "I," the sentiment of this mystery is a sentiment of sadness rather than of joy. The geometrical, astrological, meteoric symbols, the plane, saw, and compasses, the crucible and magic numbers, the mill-stone, ladder, hour-glass, and bell, the winged child learning to draw—all these may be turned into a thousand meanings; but I do not think that anything but sadness can be got out of them. It is not the ignoble sadness of despair, but the patient sadness of indomitable determination. It is not the vanity of earthly as opposed to heavenly knowledge,—the idea of such separation and contrast of knowledges would not have occurred to Dürer. It is scarcely indeed the *vanity* of knowledge in any sense, but rather the mournful steadfastness of learning, yearning, and striving that is here symbolised. This genius is resting for a while now, but will begin work again soon, without exultation as without despair. She does not seek for present joy; her eye is on the future, and the future is dark; but she will fulfil her being, whatever the event. Nothing can be more opposed in spirit than this is to a book of which the name might lead us to look in it for affinity of spirit—Cornelius Agrippa's "Vanity of the Sciences," written a few years later. Cornelius Agrippa, imagining himself to have exhausted all knowledges, and piqued at a certain worldly unsuccess, writes like a cynical and affected ecclesiast of the Renaissance to prove "that nothing is so pestilent unto man as knowledge." "All sciences," says he (I quote from the English translation of 1569), "are nothing els but the ordinances and opinions of men, so noysome as profitable, so pestilent as holsome, so ill as good, in no part perfecte, but doubtful and full of error and contention: and that this is true, we will now declare it, passage from one to one, throughout all the doctrines of Sciences." And so he goes on, with a copious scholastic and rhetorical ingenuity, to contend that all knowledges, from geometry to necromancy alike, are both fallacious, and capable of being put to ill uses. The reader will agree with me that this spirit is not the spirit of Dürer's "Melencolia," that to call her Truth in the likeness of Agnes Frey is almost as good a comment on her as this. But, in fact, the right way to treat a design like the "Melencolia" is to receive its imaginative impression without striving after verbal comment or precise interpretation.

We have now—in a manner of necessity much too summary, and passing by at every step matters of suggestion almost infinite—arrived at the climax of Dürer's career, and gained a glimpse of the spirit in which he then worked. After this point there comes a change over that spirit. Whether it is from slackening of the pulses through advance of years, or from something clearer, calmer, healthier in the air about him, Dürer's work (I speak all along of his engraved work) does from this time show less of the stern and stormy melancholy, and none of the feverish and nightmare-haunted

mysticism, that we have traced in the work of his earlier manhood. Much of his work from this time on is serene, and some of it quite joyous. Among writers who have dealt with the subject, both Von Eye and Michelet notice this, and both attribute it to changes in the intellectual atmosphere of the world in which Dürer lived. M. Michelet is naturally always apt to carry the historical method too far in interpreting art; he attributes both to Dürer and to Michelangelo historical ideas concerning the events of their times such as could only be entertained by a posterity in possession of the issue. But it need not be doubted that the spirit of Dürer did find animation and encouragement from the intellectual movement which bore him along with it at the time of which we speak. There was a real brightening of the intellectual, although there was none of the political, atmosphere. The first voices of free laughter and emancipated mirth had lately made themselves heard. The heavy spiritual burden had been shaken. The "Eulenspiegel" and the "Reineke Fuchs" had first set folks laughing at their spiritual incubus of the priesthood. Then came Erasmus, with his "Praise of Folly." Then came Ulrich von Hutten, and the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," striking the shrewdest blow of all against the kingdom of darkness. This book appeared the next year after the "Melencolia." The third year after the "Melencolia" was the year of the Wittenberg theses; the reform had begun, the human spirit had risen, men began to give thanks that they had been born. Brother Martin went shouting his sturdy hymns, and bidding defiance to the Pope and the Inquisition. What sort of interest Dürer took in Brother Martin and his doings may be gathered from the noble outburst on the occasion of his disappearance into the castle of Wartburg, which all the biographers quote from Dürer's Netherland journal. One would like to attribute Dürer's fondness for St. Jerome, whom he was never tired of designing in copper-plate, woodcut, and etching, to the sympathy with the theological predilection of Erasmus for that Father, were it not that the early Venetian artists had been just as fond of him too. Both Von Eye and Michelet hold that in the two St. Christophers of the year 1521, Dürer symbolises the rescue of Christian truth which he saw in the reform, that St. Christopher stands for and sums up the reformers and Christian humanists, Luther, Erasmus, Melanchthon. There is not, however, sufficient difference in spirit between these Christophers and two done in earlier years on wood to make this opinion quite tenable. But it does seem as if the initiative of the humanists and reformers had in truth given Dürer new heart for the handling of the old Christian subjects at which he had worked so long and so lovingly. Nowhere in his work, not even in the great series dedicated to the Virgin in 1511, is there any composition so full of tender *allègresse*, so joyously alive with fruit and flowers, the lily of the valley and the grape, with smiles and wings and the dancing and choral piping of angel

children, as is the exquisite "Celebration" of 1518. From this date and onwards come the noblest and happiest designs of saints and apostles—the eight patron saints of Austria, the St. Anthony with the lovely landscape, besides the great paintings of the Evangelists now in Munich. For detailed instances, however, of this happier spirit there is here no space. Only we have, it seems, to think of Dürer, in the last ten years of his life, as free in the main from those images of sin, awe, terror, calamity, and evil deformity that had haunted him from boyhood to middle age; as rejoicing in the joys of the Virgin and sharing the meditations of the saints without the sense of spiritual oppression or the shame of alliance with powers of corruption and falsehood; as toiling always in no ignoble spirit of dejection, but in the indomitable spirit of his own "*Melencolia*," with the rainbow shining steadfastly for hope, let the comet glare as it might for terror; toiling at his little book (*püchle* he calls it, sc. *Büchlein*) of Geometry, his book of Fortification, his book of Human Proportion; toiling at his great designs, the huge Triumphal Car, and the too huge Triumphal Arch, in glorification of Kaiser Max in his grave; at his noble saints and happy Maries; at the portraits of his friends and the friends of the human spirit—the portrait of Pirkheimer, the portrait of Erasmus, the portrait of Melanchthon, the portrait of Frederick of Saxony, the portraits of Muffel and Varnbühler, his own portrait. This is how we have to think of him in regard of his inner or art life. How we have to think of him in regard of his outward or social life is more doubtful, and for posterity is of less moment. His portraits certainly show no change of expression at all corresponding to the change that came over his art, no change in the direction of greater radiance or contentment. Between the face of Dürer in his prime—"half Christ and half Olympian Jove"—and his face at fifty, as painted by Vincidore during the Netherland journey, there is already a great change of the contrary sort. The beard is shorn closer, and there is more of outlooking defiance and less of wistful earnest tenderness in the regard. And again, between this and Dürer's own profile of himself in the year before his death, there is still further change. Both beard and long hair are gone now, and the expression is burdened, old, and almost broken. What of disappointment with the result of his travels to the Court of Dame Margaret, what of trials at home, what of public concern for the fate of Germany, the world, and the faith, in the hands of the young Charles V., what of the wear and tear of an incessant and almost inconceivable industry, what of taking thought for the morrow, and what of natural ageing, may have worked together to this end, we cannot tell. But we can tell, and may be glad to know, that notwithstanding any or all of these, the last thoughts to which Albert Dürer gave expression in his art were brighter and not darker than the first.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IN WHICH IT IS PROVED THAT GOOD COMPANY DOES NOT ALWAYS MAKE
A PLEASANT DINNER.

WE return to the vicarage, for the moment the head-quarters of our principal personages.

Mr. Blackadder had insisted on Alexander and Arnaud dining with him, and prevailed on Mr. and Mrs. Cosie with Mr. Marjoram to join the party.

Arnaud walked up from Foxden to the parsonage with Mr. Blackadder, his sister, and Susan; Mrs. Rowley and Alexander bringing up the rear.

"Arnaud is looking very ill," said Mrs. Rowley; "don't you think so?"

"Like many young men of extraordinary physical strength, he overtaxes it," said Alexander. "Few men could have done what he did just now with the colours, and with a strong breeze blowing."

"It was not to display his strength," said Mrs. Rowley; "but the embroidery was done by the girls, and it would not have been seen if he had not spread it to the wind. But the effort struck me as hysterical. I am uneasy about him; he has been living too much in solitude; I wish we could coax him out of it."

"You have all been doing too much and suffering too much," said Alexander. "Why, you yourself—there is no other woman in England capable of the exertion I have seen you make to-day, intellectual too as well as physical, and immediately after having had a hair's-breadth escape with your life. I hope you are going to have a little quiet now."

"Well, now that I am burned out, you know, I have got as little to do as the vowels in Wales, as my father used to say, until I get a roof of my own over my head again, which I hope to have now in a few days."

"I am glad to hear you are to be castled so soon."

"Thank you for the word—if any woman ought to live in a fortress, I ought; but I was going to say that if Fanny was a little better, and able to bear a short journey, I would take her to Exeter to have some better medical advice than is to be had here. I know perfectly well you did not come down to stay any time with me, even if I had a house to receive you."

"I must leave this to-morrow. I am going abroad for a fortnight or thereabouts."

"There it is! Business, I engage, not relaxation! Do you ever intend to sit down under that fig-tree of yours, as Woodville drew you?"

"I answer like an Irishman with another question—When do you intend to set up your rest on the banks of that pretty lake where I first met you?"

"Oh, that villa of mine! I had no idea you ever heard of it. When I dreamed of it as a green girl, I knew nothing of Rowleys and Upjohns—nothing of the ups and downs of life."

She heaved a little sigh, not a very sorrowful one, and added—"But you have not told me where you are going."

"I wonder you don't guess," said Alexander.

"Not to Orta, surely! Nobody ever had business there. Oh, now I have it—you are going to join Woodville and Miss Cateran."

"Well, I am. I have had a second letter from her, written from the same place."

"Pooh, pooh—she has just found a mare's-nest," said Mrs. Rowley.

"I can't help thinking so myself," said Alexander; "and if there was nothing else to take me abroad, and to that part of the world, I should hardly go on the faith of Miss Cateran's assurances, positive as they are. It seems almost inconceivable that Woodville, gullible as he is, should not recognise under any possible disguise the very man he has taken a long journey expressly to meet."

"And incredible, too," added Mrs. Rowley, "that Mr. Sandford, having invited Woodville to meet him, should shun recognition by him when they have met. But is not this Arnaud coming towards us? It surely is—he has fallen behind the rest to join us."

The evening was so advanced, and the lane so shady, that it was growing hard to distinguish objects at any distance. But Mrs. Rowley was right. It was Arnaud, and just as she spoke he stopped and sat down on a stone under an aged tree by the road-side.

"You see how done up he is," said the widow. "I wish you could prevail on him to go abroad with you. Perhaps he will when you tell him where you are going."

In the profound stillness of the autumn evening Arnaud heard the last words distinctly, and being almost invisible in the deep shadow, his voice, not as strong as usual, was more like a moan out of the trunk of the tree as he answered—

"He is not going far enough to have my company. He will not see the southern cross over his head before he comes back, or the pole-star twinkling on the horizon."

"I should think not," said Alexander, laughing; "but I hope to see the stars that shine over the place where you and I first became acquainted. You must come along with me; you will wield your little trident with more vigour for taking a few weeks' recreation."

"Come out of your ambush," said Mrs. Rowley, "and let us talk as we go along, or we shall be late."

Arnaud rose and came out into the road, but looked bewildered, as if he had not understood what had been said.

"You won't allow me to revisit Bobbio alone," resumed Alexander, thinking he had not made himself intelligible at first.

"What have you got to do at Bobbio?" replied Arnaud, in the bow-wow manner of a watch-dog lying in the sun, and too lazy to get up and bark like himself.

"Nothing of extraordinary importance," said Alexander, with a smile; "only I am promised the pleasure of meeting the eminent gentleman whom gods call Sandford, and men, Moffat."

In an instant the expression of Arnaud's face was so wild, and at the same time so ghastly, that Mrs. Rowley, who had been closely observing him, was frightened.

"Come along," she repeatedly nervously to Alexander.

She saw that some mysterious screw was loose, but it was no time then to investigate where the machine was out of order. Alexander followed her, but Arnaud neither spoke nor stirred. Mrs. Rowley again called to him over her shoulder, but he only answered impatiently, bidding her go on in the same hollow and growling tone.

"How very strange his manner is!" said Mrs. Rowley, after she had proceeded a few yards; "it is utterly beyond my comprehension; there must be fever on him. The very name of Bobbio seemed to give him pain, and the mention of Mr. Sandford threw him quite off his centre. What connection can there possibly be between Bobbio and Sandford?—if *I* were to turn pale at the name, there would be some reason for it. There is no use in waiting for him; he will not dine with us."

"If he goes home and to bed," said Alexander, "it will be the best thing he can do."

"You little know what kind of a home he has to go to," said Mrs. Rowley; "but for to-night we must leave him to himself, or we should only increase his excitement."

They proceeded side by side at a smart pace, while Arnaud, when they were lost to sight, sat down again on the rock, the picture of dismay. The fears that distracted him were such as neither the quick perception of friendship, nor the still quicker sagacity of love, could possibly have comprehended. Arnaud alone knew the solution of his own wretchedness. He had not to go back to Paris to recall the dreaded features of the man whom Alexander spoke of so lightly. Nor had he Mrs. Rowley's difficulty of connecting that ubiquitous personage with the scenes of his childhood, or imagining what might be his object or errand there.

The dinner, you may presume, was not lively. Indeed, if Mr. Blackadder had been a merrier man, and his sister not been one of the dreariest daughters of John Knox—a woman who, without being actually bitter, made a raw cold atmosphere round about her, like

one of the mists of her native hills—the party could not have been pleasant under the circumstances. Arnaud's default made a terrible chasm; neither of the Rowley girls appeared, and the anxiety of Mrs. Rowley about them all put her out of tune for society.

Had even Mrs. Cosie been present Alexander would at least have had something comfortable to contemplate; but her place—no small one—was vacant too. She had borne up beautifully at the review: but when the excitement of that event was past, she quite broke down, poor dear old woman, between the fate of the Meadows and the exertion of making herself what she called fit to be seen at a dinner-party. It ended, by the joint advice of her daughters, in her getting into bed, instead of into her tremendous yellow satin dress with crimson peonies, in which it had been her deliberate purpose to appear at the vicarage.

It was in vain that sometimes Alexander and sometimes Mr. Marjoram made an effort to throw off the wet blanket with a joke as fresh as the morning or as old as the flood. At length poor Mrs. Rowley could stand it, or sit it, no more. She rose and went to her daughters, entreating the company to excuse her desertion.

Her back was no sooner turned than Mrs. Dunlop gave the finishing touch to the day's entertainment, by "hoping and trusting nothing would befall that gude young man fro' the islands. There was no accounting for feelings, but ever since she sat down to meat she felt preceesely as she once did, money years ago, at a party of thretteen—you mind, Malcolm, the dinner I allude to?"

"I do," said her brother, with a smile. "But, Mary, my dear, I mind also that no member of that party died in the course of the year, as one ought to have done, you know."

"Vera true, Malcolm," replied his sister; "naeboddy preceesely died; but Willie Buchanan—wilful Willie we always ca'd him—met a vera bad accident, that would have killed any mon living but himsel."

As it would not have been easy to exceed this, Mrs. Dunlop acting on the old rule for social success, here left the gentlemen and followed Mrs. Rowley. The sitting was short over the bottle. The curate's wine was not of a quality to make the tea-pot jealous.

"How do you feel?" said Alexander to Marjoram, as they crossed the hall. "I expect a collision on my way to town in the morning."

"Don't get killed at all events, following Willie Buchanan's example," said his partner.

"We travel together, I suppose?" said Marjoram.

"Well—I don't know about that. I rather think I shall not be able to start so early. I have some business to transact."

"With Mr. Cosie, of course?" said Marjoram maliciously, giving Alexander a little dig in the ribs.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN WHICH A YOUNG LADY IS LEFT ALONE IN DISTRESS.

THE following day brought so many movements with it that the mere bustle made things less dismal, as a fresh breeze springing up scatters a fog, and lets in a few streaks of sunshine to cheer the landscape.

Mr. Marjoram had bid farewell to Mrs. Rowley the night before, and now his sisters came up from the village to take their leave of her. She lamented the untoward events which had prevented her from seeing more of those excellent women, and hoped before long to have them with her again, "when she had a house to receive them, where there would be no greater fire than the one in the kitchen." It is pleasant to relate that, in spite of croaking and railway regulations, the Marjorams got safe home. The great questions debated during the journey were, what brought Mr. Alexander down so suddenly, why he remained behind, and if he was going to take a certain step, why he didn't take it at once. Miss Mary thought he was perhaps taking it that very moment, and Miss Prim was afraid he was too fond of money, like other people, and was going to wait until the widow came into all her own again.

"That may be Next-never-come-tide," said Mary; "and besides, though she is not as rich as she ought to be, she is not badly off as it is."

"And then he is off to the Continent, it seems, to-morrow or next day, and nobody knows for what."

"Oh, our sly brother there could tell us, if he liked."

Marjoram shook his head.

"Our brother there," said Prim, "never tells us anything, who's going to be married, or what anybody has, or what's going to happen, or anything about anybody. Now do you, Thomas?"

Marjoram nodded.

"I think he's asleep," said Mary.

"That's always the way," said Miss Prim crossly; but she was asleep, before long, herself.

Meanwhile more important personages were on the move likewise. Fanny Rowley made a seasonable rally, and was so much better that her mother felt she might safely take her to Exeter, availing herself of Mr. Alexander's escort. Mrs. Dunlop thought this very rash; but Mrs. Rowley did not care a pin what Mrs. Dunlop thought. She did not even hesitate to avow that, beside getting the best advice for her daughter, the destitute state of her wardrobe was an additional reason for her journey. Mrs. Dunlop glanced very intelligibly at

the famous black velvet, as if Mrs. Rowley was to go on wearing Mrs. Cosie's old gown till Christmas.

It looked a little cruel, certainly, in the widow to leave poor Susan at Mrs. Dunlop's mercy, when she was extricating herself; and, in truth, Mrs. Rowley, had she not been so much occupied with her other daughter and Arnaud, could have hardly helped observing that Susan looked almost as suffering as her sister; in reality Susan had gone through more than any one, for she had been within an ace of actually perishing in the flames. Alexander thought he could perceive something of the same distress which Mrs. Rowley saw clearly enough in the case of Arnaud, and the symptoms being so like, he drew the natural inference that there was a common disorder, admitting of a very simple explanation.

This would not account for what was most singular in Arnaud's demeanour the previous evening; but it furnished reason enough for his unwillingness to travel, and so far it eased Alexander's mind respecting him. As to Mrs. Rowley, she was evidently not so uneasy on his account as she had been the night before. He had been seen returning to his hermitage, and she knew he had friends enough to look after him during her absence. Besides, Mr. Buchan, the village doctor (doctor by courtesy—apothecary, in fact), had been at the vicarage that morning, and had promised her to make a point of seeing Arnaud in the course of the day. She had then only to give her final instructions to secure having her house in complete order to receive her on a day which she named:

Alexander and Mr. Cosie were standing together while this was going on, and exchanged smiles at the characteristic precision as well as the stately tone with which her orders were given. To a very critical ear the latter was perhaps pitched a note too high for the present moderate scale of her fortunes, and as far as Alexander could gather from what he overheard, he was disposed to fear she was also launching out into greater expense than was prudent; but Mr. Cosie assured him that it was not so, for no property in the country was improving like hers. In two or three years, at the same rate, she would be mistress of a clear two thousand a year.

"That will do," said Alexander; "she may make a pretty good figure with that in a country like this."

"A solid fee-simple estate that nobody can deprive her of," continued Cosie. "I don't think she ever realised to herself what a good thing it is as long as she was only a cottager."

"You can see the fee-simple in her face this morning," said Alexander, with a smile so far from being satirical that it was evident he did not think the face less attractive for the fee-simple expression.

At the same moment a nod from the great lady herself intimated to him that she was ready to start. The carriage was waiting, with

Fanny already deposited in it, and Susan standing at the door communing with her sister to the last.

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Dunlop," said the widow; "a thousand thanks for your kindness; and a thousand to you, Mr. Blackadder. I shall never forget your hospitality and goodness. Good-bye everybody; and take good care of our friend on the island."

To this last injunction Susan's voice alone made no response.

"Really, I wish she was coming with us," said Mrs. Rowley as they drove away. "She looks pale and miserable, and no wonder."

"Mamma," said Fanny, "don't be uneasy. Susan is not going to stay long with Mrs. Dunlop."

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Rowley.

"No," said Fanny. "She has just told me that she intends to go to the house to-morrow, and take one of the Cosies with her. All the arrangements will be made much better, she thinks, if she is on the spot."

"Perhaps so," said the widow drily; "but I think she might have mentioned it to me. You see, Mr. Alexander, what independent young ladies I have to deal with."

They separated at Exeter. Alexander hastened to London, and crossed the sea the next day. Nothing urges a man faster on his path than the sense of a mystery to be unravelled at the end of his journey. When he put together the positiveness of Miss Cateran's statements with the extraordinary way in which the mention of Mr. Sandford affected Arnaud, though on the whole he still inclined to belief in a mare's-nest, it was not without a grain of suspicion that there might be something in it.

With this spur in his flank, few suns rose and set between his "Good evening" to the Rowleys and his "Good morning" to his friends in Piedmont.

Miss Fanny Rowley was a little economical of the truth in the grounds she assigned for her sister's intention to shift her quarters. The whole truth was, though perhaps even Fanny did not know quite the whole of it, that Susan was infinitely more uneasy than any one about the state Arnaud was in.

The circumstance that terrified her most was his desolate situation in case of his being attacked by any serious malady. Mrs. Rowley had not quite overlooked this, but she did not realise it as her daughter did. And yet, what was to be done? What was most to be desired was what Arnaud would most surely refuse to acquiesce in. The next best thing seemed to poor Susan, since she could not dry up the cruel sea that ran between them, to be to fix herself at least in sight of his abode and as near it as possible. The vicarage answered neither condition; the manor-house answered both, with the advantage, too, that the doctor's residence would be nearer, as well as all the resources to be had in the town. These were the

considerations that chiefly determined Susan Rowley, though that which her sister mentioned had some little weight also.

The widow indeed was herself not more anxious to be suitably and speedily housed than her daughters were. The repairs, as we formerly mentioned, had been made at their joint expense; but Mrs. Rowley would not allow them to contribute a shilling to the fitting-up and furnishing.

Early in these memoirs it was mentioned that the Oakham house was too large for the property which Mrs. Rowley inherited with it, having been originally built to correspond with a greater estate, which was subsequently divided; but it was fortunately just the sort of mansion which it was possible to leave in partial decadence without offence to the eye or the taste. The part which needed repair most was just that which it would have been a sin not to have left as it was. As finishing would have spoiled Mr. Woodville's Centaur, so complete renovation would have spoiled Oakham. Its dilapidation was the decay in which, as Byron says, "beauty lingers." There were considerations of mercy, too, as well as pleas for the picturesque. To have restored the roof, or built up the fissures of the ivied walls, at least on the west side, would not only have destroyed the valerians and snapdragons, with twenty other parasites of ruin, but have been death, or at least exile, to all the birds which had been settled in every crevice for a hundred years—a good prescriptive title, if birds have any rights at all. Time was running fast enough of itself against the feathered occupants, without the help of masons and carpenters; but as the house had been built in the most solid way, they might well reckon on another century's possession, if they were only let alone. The problem the Rowleys had to solve was to put one half of the venerable building into habitable order without destroying its harmony with the ruinous condition of the other. And they were tolerably successful. When the work was completed as it now was, except in minor details, the only observable contrast was like that of robust old age with tottering but still erect decrepitude, as you may have seen a son hale and hearty at sixty supporting a sire with twenty additional years on his shoulders.

It was well all this had been done before the present crisis came, and Susan Rowley's thoughts had other employment than overseeing architects. A whole bevy of Mrs. Dunlops would not have made her soul so sad as it was that morning, when, after her mother and sister were gone, she hastened to the village with two objects—one to press Mr. Buchan not to delay his visit, the other to secure the society and help of one of the Cosies. The Cosies were always good at need. The only difficulty arose from the competition among so many kind-hearted girls. There was never such pushing before between Dorothy and Margery, the foremost candidates, until at last they drew lots, and Dorothy was the favourite of fortune.

At Mr. Buchan's house Susan found to her satisfaction that he had already gone to the island, as he had promised Mrs. Rowley to do. So far, then, her heart was lighter; but her relief was of short duration, for close to the vicarage she met Mr. Buchan returning. He had seen his patient, who had certainly fever on him, but the doctor hoped to nip it in the bud with the medicines he had administered. To-morrow he would see him again.

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Susan. "But suppose he is worse to-night?"

The doctor thought that was not likely, and said he had found a careful woman attending him, the wife of one of the islanders whose hut was hard by.

"I heartily wish we had him on this side," continued Mr. Buchan, "but he would not hear of it. He refuses to believe his illness serious, and talks of setting out in a day or two on some very distant journey."

"Did he say where?"

"No; but he pointed to the ground, and at first I misunderstood him—he looked so very ill; but I found he only meant the other side of the globe."

"Yes, yes, that was what he meant," said Susan. It was spoken more to herself than to Mr. Buchan.

Early the next day Susan took up her new quarters; Mr. Blackadder, to whom she freely mentioned her reasons, highly approving of them, as did Mr. Buchan also.

There was a ridge of high rocks close to the mansion, from the summit of which the purple island was better seen than from any other point of the coast, that side of it where the hut stood exactly fronting the spectator. A zigzag of easy ascent led to the top, and then dropped more abruptly to the beach at the same place where Mrs. Upjohn's picnic party had landed, as the reader will probably recollect. There were always a few boats lying there, looking for occasional employment. Susan had often been on this eminence for the sake of the prospect from it, little thinking of the use it was to be in her present grief, from the opportunity it afforded of communication with the island by signals. Mr. Buchan could not go backwards and forwards more than once in the day, and what was the poor fisherman's wife to do in case of any emergency only too easily imagined? Consulting with her affectionate friend, Miss Rowley hit on a simple plan of telegraphic communication—a flag exhibited by day from a pole before Arnaud's door, and after dusk a candle or a lighted faggot. By this means, and having a constant look-out kept from the cliffs, Susan would be immediately apprised should the nurse require help, or any new crisis take place. Even thus the arrival of succour must be miserably slow, but there was nothing better to be done. All the measures the sorrowful girl could take

she took with prudence and promptitude. A horse stood saddled to convey information to Mr. Buchan, and one of Arnaud's own men, who was in the coast-guard service, undertook with alacrity the duty of keeping a look-out by night.

"By daylight," said the good Dorothy, "you must leave the watch to me. I'll take all I shall want with me in a basket."

"We will divide the employment between us, my dear," said Susan.

"I only thought," said her friend, "that you must have enough to do in getting the house in order."

"It will be a relief to me to have a walk now and then, and sit on the rocks. After all, there is not half so much to be done in the house as mamma fancies."

"Give me something to do at once," said Dorothy; "remember, it was not to be idle I came here."

Susan gave her Mrs. Rowley's room to settle. There was a great deal to be done there, and it was for that very reason Susan assigned it to her. No sooner was Miss Cosie at work than Susan flew to her observatory. It was just the hour when she knew Mr. Buchan would be going over, and her intention was to wait for his return and run down to meet him by the steep descent we have mentioned. It was a calm silvery day in October. Distant objects are often wonderfully distinct in that grey autumnal atmosphere. With the help of a small glass all the external details of Arnaud's dwelling were perfectly visible. His door stood wide open; Susan could even see his glazed hat hanging on the wall, and under it either his gun or it might be his volunteer's sword. Now and then she could perceive a form moving to and fro in the hut; once it came to the door, and stood there for a few moments. No doubt it was the woman who had that dear life in her charge—that life for which Susan would have given her own. Little could that poor woman have dreamed that the post of danger she occupied by the bed of a man in a malignant fever made her an object of envy in the eyes of a lady like Miss Rowley. Yet it was so. It made Susan wild to think of the treasure that depended on the care of a solitary hireling, though ever so intelligent and trustworthy.

"Oh, my poor dear neglected and forsaken Arnaud!" she cried, and burst into a torrent of tears.

She wiped them in an instant, and it was to see Mr. Buchan half way across the little channel. In her distraction she had not noticed his arrival at the beach below her. He had attached his pony to a tree that was near. Susan could hear the animal cropping the herbage about him, the day was so still.

As soon as Susan saw him afloat again, palpitating with anxiety she descended the cliffs to meet him on his landing.

Too truly had she concluded that the reason why he had remained

so short a time in the hut was not that the patient was better, but that at present there was nothing new to be done. The fever was established, and would run its course. There was no increase of dangerous symptoms; it was probably infectious, but the nurse was fearless, and it was a grain of comfort to poor Susan to hear she was also a person not without experience in attending the sick, and was besides devoted to Arnaud.

Mr. Buchan's anticipations were fulfilled. Several days elapsed without change; no flag was displayed by day, no torch kindled by night. It was the solstice of the fever. The malady stood still; but what was there to still the bosom throbbing with solicitude and love? To add care to care, there came a letter from Exeter with the news that Fanny had suffered slightly by her journey, and that Mrs. Rowley's return would be delayed.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN WHICH THE TRAVELS ARE RELATED OF MR. WOODVILLE AND MISS CATERAN.

THE spell which the winking philosopher exercised over Mr. Woodville must have been of wonderful power, to make him recant his vows, registered at the shrine of Santo Giulio, against Alpine adventure for the remainder of his days; and there must have been other influences at work, hardly less strong, to induce him, not only to go mountaineering again, but to take two ladies along with him. One of these fair ones, however, Mrs. Naworth, was only included to matronise the other; for the artist was so far from relishing her company, that he took a decided aversion to her before he set out. It was no great wonder. Mrs. Naworth was a very different person from Miss Cateran, though a member of the same Tyburnian coterie. She was a widow, and comely enough, for the matter of that, save that she had such very thin lips that she must have found it hard to bite them when she was out of sorts, which (to do her justice) she seldom was, when she had everything her own way; but this, unluckily, not being easy in a party of three (one being Mr. Woodville, who liked to have his way, too), Mrs. Naworth had often occasion to bite her thin lips upon the journey, or, at least, try to do it. We know Mr. Woodville's peculiarities already, and that taking things easily and coolly was not his strong point. In short, Miss Cateran had a hard card to play between her travelling companions, and was never so hard pushed in her life to make things smooth; for though she had always a drop of oil about her for a creaking

hinge or to make a rusty key turn in a lock, the key and the hinge were sometimes too rusty, and Letitia's drop of oil was applied in vain.

But as our concern is more with the latter part of the tour than the beginning, we must skim very rapidly over a multitude of incidents which, though in themselves amusing, would needlessly retard our progress.

The Falcon, at Berne, was the rendezvous which Mr. Sandford had given the artist; but that gentleman had not even been heard of there, which surprised Mr. Woodville much more, you may suppose, than it did Miss Cateran. Mrs. Naworth (for we must give a touch or two of that lady), who had been against going to Berne, declared "she knew perfectly well Mr. Sandford would not keep his engagement." The artist's back was up in a moment, and, to punish her, he announced his intention of waiting two or three days for the missing gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville!—really—wait at this stupid place!" exclaimed the widow.

"Stupid place!" he replied. "Why, you have only seen the bears once."

Mrs. Naworth bit her lip really this time.

Miss Cateran never was more at a loss; for she relished the idea of staying at Berne as little as the widow, and at the same time she feared that her friend's opposition would make Woodville stop for a week.

Having all the air of paying no attention whatever to Mrs. Naworth, she said quietly, as if addressing herself exclusively to the artist—

"Yes; I suppose we must wait—unless we could leave a letter for your friend, and tell him where to follow us."

"You think that would do," said Woodville, who was growing pliable as wax in Letitia's hands.

"Indeed, I think it would," she answered, with every appearance of being as anxious about the meeting as he was.

"Where would you propose to go?"

"What should you say to Lucerne?"

Woodville assented before Mrs. Naworth had time to do mischief by expressing her satisfaction, as she was wild to go up the Rigi. We need not say that this was an excursion which the artist left the ladies to take by themselves. He waited for them at the Swan, at Lucerne, growing more impatient every moment at his friend's default.

"What can have happened to him? What can the reason be?" he said ruefully to Miss Cateran, when she rejoined him.

"The poor gentleman must have been taken ill," she replied feelingly, though never in her life more inclined to laugh.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"Let me think," said Letitia. You would have sworn that no other thought but the success of the Swiss Hamlet Association occupied her whole soul.

"Really," she said, after time enough for considering a question of life and death, "I don't think we could do better than leave another letter behind us here, and then move about and see what is to be seen. Suppose we go to Interlachen."

He agreed, or submitted; and in this way Miss Cateran managed to accomplish all the usual aims of the tourist in Switzerland. Mr. Woodville, hopeless now of effecting his own special object, suffered her to lead him wherever she pleased, only bristling up when Mrs. Naworth presumed to hint a longing to scale some Alp or another, no matter how insignificant. Then he was terribly morose, and told such stories of wolves, and avalanches, and the lammergeyer, that he made the ladies (or at least one of them) quake in their shoes, and scarcely dare to raise their eyes above the line of perpetual snow.

But they had mountains enough in all conscience; for Letitia, left to do what she pleased, decided on crossing the St. Gothard, after which, and the usual round of the Lakes (except Little Orta, which Woodville would not hear of), they came to Turin; and it was there that the idea (pregnant with results of which she little dreamed) occurred to Miss Cateran of paying Mrs. Rowley's valleys a visit, as they were so near.

Here commenced the really pleasant part of the tour, at least to two of the party. Mrs. Naworth caught a bad cold, and was left behind to take care of herself, which Miss Cateran knew she could do very well. She and the bachelor went off together in the most unfeeling spirits, and enjoyed themselves like grasshoppers. The weather was lovely, though autumn was so far advanced; and it was probably during those delicious days, and in this sequestered scenery, that the idea of a companionship not to end with the tour developed itself from what was only a blossom in Paris into a full-blown flower.

They reached old Bobbio, making a bagatelle of the badness of the road, which was no better than it had been a dozen years before.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy jolted saints!" cried Woodville, in such spirits as to make a jest of his hardships.

Miss Cateran, on her part, sat down to the sorriest of dinners in the poorest of little inns, and never once turned up her nose at the fare.

As to the intrinsic dulness of the place, it was of no consequence, as it was not dull to its visitors. The duller it was, in the sense of being quiet, they liked it the more, in the humour they were in. It was so nice to have it all to themselves. Woodville sketched; the lady sat by him with a book, or strolled about, never far off, to gather a flower, or pick up the last of the strawberries.

One day it occurred to the artist to sketch the scene of the catastrophe which Alexander had witnessed so long ago, but not so long that the memory of his gallantry on the occasion had ceased to live in the valley. Almost the only change since that epoch was, that patches of brushwood had grown up here and there, and promised in time to conceal entirely the unsightly scar made by the landslip. The peasants pointed to the place where the old minister's chalet had stood, and showed how the stream had been forced out of its former channel by the *débris* of the fallen mountain. There was a striking view of the whole scene from a break in the pine-wood that hung over the little inn of the village.

"There can't be a better point of view than this," said Woodville, opening his sketch-book.

"Shall I read to you, while you draw?" said the lady.

"By all means. What book have you got?"

"Oh, Shakespeare, of course. You know it was the only book you brought, except that odd volume of Rabelais which you keep all to yourself."

"Ah, that perfidious Sandford!" cried Woodville; "if he is not ill, which I greatly fear, he has forgotten all about the 'Abbey of Theleme.' It can't be helped—*vogue-la-galère*—read me *Love's Labour Lost*. That was another source of his fine inspirations."

Letitia read a bit; but in truth the book was only to "give herself a countenance," as the French say—anything or nothing sufficed to take off her attention.

"Those men at work down there," she said, "will come into your sketch beautifully."

"I see no men."

"Yonder, under the spot where they told us the clergyman's house stood. You can hear their tools."

"Yes, yes; I see them now."

"There are several. The brushwood hides them sometimes, and there seems to be a man directing them."

"I see him, with sandy hair and complexion to match. He is just the figure I want in the foreground."

"I wonder what they are doing."

"Little matter to you and me," said the artist; "but if you are curious, here is somebody who will inform you. From his dress I conclude he is the minister, or barbe, as they call him."

Woodville's conjecture was right. The clergyman's object in approaching them was to introduce himself, as was his wont, to all who wandered near his pastoral abode, and offer them such hospitalities as it afforded. The names of Rowley and Arnaud soon established a cordial acquaintanceship. The minister sat down on the moss between the travellers, and there was plenty of matter for

an interesting half-hour's conversation, which was carried on in French.

Such particulars as we know already from the letter which Mr. Arnaud received after the demise of his aged relative, it would be superfluous to repeat here; nor need we state either how much the thirst of knowledge inherited by Miss Cateran from a remote ancestress was stimulated by the tale of the box.

"With that box," said Woodville, "the secret of Mr. Arnaud's birth is buried for ever."

"Until the great day," said the barbe, "when all that is hidden shall be brought to light."

"After all," said Miss Cateran, addressing the minister, "I don't see why it should be absolutely necessary to wait quite so long as that, it is only buried under a certain depth of rubbish; and that reminds me, sir, to ask you what those workmen are doing yonder, near the very spot, I believe, which we are talking of."

The pastor in reply pointed with his finger, and called her attention to the man with the red or sandy hair, whom she had already noticed.

"The overseer, is he not?" said Letitia.

"Not a mere overseer, madam, for the work is at his own expense; he is a Mr. Prince, a benevolent gentleman, who came here about ten days since to lay out a considerable sum in giving employment to our poor people. We suggested several undertakings; but he decided himself on what he is now doing—restoring the stream to its original channel."

"And will that be of much use to you?" said Woodville.

"Not much use certainly," said the minister; "but we must let him have his way, as he is giving work and spending his money."

"He might as well spend it on something useful," said Miss Cateran; "why does not he dig for that box, for instance?"

The minister had no answer to that, and soon retired, hoping the travellers would do his wife, who was their countrywoman, the favour of taking tea with her—an invitation which Letitia graciously accepted.

The artist went on drawing; the lady sat beside him ruminating.

"What are you pondering so demurely?" said Woodville.

"I'm thinking of going down to-morrow to where they are working, and having a chat with this Mr. Prince."

"He won't change his plans for you. If you only knew that sort of man as well as I do!"

"No harm to try," said Letitia.

They took tea at the pastor's, and Miss Cateran, unspoiled by London life and lobster suppers, enjoyed herself at that frugal meal, beneath that lowly roof, in that rude sequestered valley, more than

any of her English friends could have believed. In the course of the evening, she had a private chat with the minister's wife, a shrewder person than her husband, who assured her that Mr. Prince's operations would do the village positive harm.

"Why doesn't he dig for that box?" repeated Letitia.

"My private opinion is," said the other lady, "that he has some other object beside that which he avows. He may be a very good man, but if he is, his countenance belies him."

This was a fresh stimulus to the purpose which Miss Cateran had already formed; so next day, when Woodville was again at his sketch, she left him, and made her way down the slope towards the place where the peasants were working, but the descent suddenly became too steep for her, and she was obliged to halt just when she was within little more than fifty yards of them, and could distinctly hear their voices. She sat down to watch their proceedings, as she could do no more. Soon one workman and then another noticed and saluted her with a touch of his hat or his bonnet. Not so their employer, though he presently seated himself right opposite to her, and after a single stare, pulled something out of his pocket which he began to eat. The sun was in her favour, so that she could see his face and person pretty distinctly, and what had fallen from the pastor's wife led her to observe him with attention.

In a moment she jumped up, as if she had inadvertently sat down on a wasps' nest, or an ant-hill, clambered up the hill in breathless excitement, and ran back so fast to where she had left Woodville, that she was out of breath when she arrived.

"What is the matter?" he cried; "was Mr. Prince going to eat you?"

"Wait a moment, I can't speak yet."

"Take your time," said the artist, laying down his pencil.

"You will hardly believe me," she said, as soon as she was able to articulate, "when I tell you who that man is."

"No friend, I presume, or you would not have run away so fast."

"A friend of *yours*, at all events—the very man you have been ranging all Switzerland over to find."

"Oh, Letitia, how can you talk such wild nonsense?"

"Fact, fact, fact! my good sir."

"You forget it is not the 1st of April, fair lady," said Woodville, resuming his drawing.

"Well, but you are provoking," she cried; "you take a long journey expressly to meet this Mr. Sandford, and when I assure you that he is actually here and within a stone's throw, you grow on a sudden indifferent about it, and tell me I am a goose for running to tell you; I believe I was, indeed."

"Now don't be vexed, *mia cara*," said the artist soothingly, and

putting up his things, "he shall be Sandford, or any one you please—at least, until I see him with my own eyes."

"I have a great mind not to go with you; you take it so coolly."

But she did go, nevertheless; and Woodville said, as they went along, in a tone with something of a coo in it—

"What if I own that I am less eager about it than I was when we set out, or even until within the last few happy days."

"I suppose that tale is to match mine," said Letitia, sparkling up and colouring just enough to show that girls don't always leave their blushes behind them at thirty.

But this dovecot tone only lasted until they gained the point overlooking the works from which Miss Cateran had already made her observations. Directly Woodville obtained a full view of the gentleman in dispute, he laughed outright, and exclaimed,—

"Sandford! that man Sandford! why he has neither his hair, nor his complexion, nor his stoop—he is just as like Sandford as I am."

"He is not like him, just because he is himself," said Letitia sharply.

"Why this man's hair is sandy, and Mr. Sandford's is black, touched with silver; besides, Sandford wore no whiskers."

"He has let them grow; he has got Mr. Sandford's eyes, nose, and mouth, the same face, and the same head; what do such minor matters as hair and complexion signify?"

"Only," said Woodville, "that the same man can't be both olive and sandy, and have both red hair and black hair."

"I am not so sure of that," said the lady, very much annoyed at finding that the details were so much against her.

"Besides, he can see us as well as we see him, and you observe recognises neither of us."

"Perhaps he has his reasons; if it is not himself, it must be his brother."

"That's like what the wolf said to the lamb—if it was not you, it was your father; besides, who told you that he has a brother? To be sure, Alexander had a crotchet on that subject; but you never concurred with him."

This last observation shut Miss Cateran up, as Mrs. Upjohn would have expressed it.

"I suppose I am wrong, Sir Artist," she said, after a pause, with well-affected submission; but so positive was she that she was right, that she wrote that very day the first letter which Alexander received from her.

With Woodville she now scrupulously avoided the subject, but she had several more chats with the minister's wife, whose suspicions had been growing stronger every day. She had picked up a number of scraps of information about the philanthropist's conduct in the house where he lodged, all leading to inferences adverse to his

respectability; and, what was more, she told Letitia that she firmly believed it was really the box he was searching for, under the impression that it contained money or jewels.

"How did he know of its existence?" said Letitia.

"Anybody in the village could have told him. My husband was not as reserved as he should have been on such a subject."

"Does your husband believe it contains money?"

"No; but as soon as it got abroad that it contained something of value, the peasantry would have it that it could only be gold."

"His proceedings ought to be narrowly watched," said Miss Cateran. "Your husband ought to be on the *qui vive*."

"Oh," said the pastor's wife with a smile, "there are sharper eyes on him than my poor dear husband's. I have already taken care of that."

It was after this conversation that Miss Cateran wrote again to Mr. Alexander, more positively than before, assuring him, without going into particulars, that the pretended Mr. Prince was undoubtedly one of the two notorious brothers, and promising to keep Mr. Woodville at Turin until he had time to join them. Letitia would have given her eyes to have stayed at Bobbio and seen the business out; but she saw that Mr. Woodville had got enough of the place, and prudently husbanded her influence to detain him at Turin, where there was at least an opera, such as it was, and rather better eating.

CHAPTER L.

IN WHICH MR. ALEXANDER REVISITS BOBBIO AT A TRAGICAL CRISIS,
AND MRS. ROWLEY'S CONCERN IN THE IRON BOX IS BROUGHT TO
LIGHT.

"MISS CATERAN has hoaxed you beautifully!" cried Woodville, as he shook hands with his friend at Trombetta's, in Turin.

"I forgive her with all my heart if she has," replied the solicitor, laughing. "I am so glad to see both her and you."

"Well, but you must not stay with us a moment. Go and satisfy yourself; I hope Mr. Sandford will recognise *you*—he ignored me altogether. We shall await your return here."

Mrs. Naworth, who was now recovered, chafed again at this new delay, being now bent on visiting Genoa because it was out of the question. As to the Vaudois country, when she heard of its meagre fare and rough accommodation, she congratulated herself on having escaped it; but that did not prevent her from making several bitter little speeches on the way in which she had been deserted.

The end of the same day found the lady's attorney at the end of his journey. He walked up the long wild valley from La Tour, alternately recalling his impressions of the scenery, and ruminating on the strange details which Miss Cateran had found time to give him. The minister's wife had written to her two days before, and told her that the workmen in Mr. Prince's pay had already come upon what were evidently rafters and other traces of a building ; so that Alexander could hardly have timed his journey better. The day was still and sombre, not one to make a solemn man gay, nor yet to make a gay man exactly solemn ; yet Alexander, revolving all the extraordinary particulars of Mrs. Rowley's misfortunes, and remembering his recent interview with Arnaud and the singular way in which he had been affected by the mention of Sandford's name in connection with the abode of his infancy, could not, with all his native buoyancy of spirits, avoid falling into a mood unusual with him, but in perfect harmony with the pensiveness of the day. So cheerful and airy was he naturally, that his disposition led him often even to toy with serious subjects, when forced upon him, as a kitten plays with the sad leaves of autumn ; but there was nothing of this in the cast of his meditations on the present evening, as he drew near Bobbio, but rather a foreshadowing of the dismal event which he came almost to witness.

It was almost dark, and the bats were darting to and fro as he entered the village, which would have been profoundly silent only that here and there at the door of one or two of the lowly dwellings a knot of peasants stood confabulating in whispers, as if discussing some mysterious or distressing subject. They paid little attention to him, and he proceeded to the little inn. At first nobody appeared, but the mistress came at last, and excused her neglect by informing him that an event had occurred that very morning which had thrown the whole commune into confusion.

"I thought something unpleasant had happened," he said, "from what I observed in the street ; I hope it has been nothing very bad ?"

"A terrible thing, sir," she answered ; "a good charitable gentleman, who was spending his riches in employing our poor peasantry, was killed by the fall of a mass of stones and rubbish where they were working !"

"Mr. Prince !" said Alexander, with great emotion.

"Yes, sir ; Mr. Prince, a countryman of yours."

"Terrible that, indeed," said Alexander.

The woman then told him that the remains were lying in a house not far off—the same in which he had lodged—and were to be buried the following day.

Alexander desired a room to be prepared for him, and then asked

whether he might be allowed to see the body, as he had reason to fear that he had some knowledge of the deceased.

There was no difficulty about it. The woman lighted a lantern,—for it was now pitch-dark,—and conducted him to the place, which was but at a short distance.

She entered, as if the house was familiar to her, and treading reverently and speaking hardly above her breath, she opened a door on the ground-floor, and showed him in. The room was dimly lighted by a single neglected and wavering candle, and in the middle, on a low pallet or stretcher, lay the dismal sight he came to see, and he could have imagined no spectacle more ghastly, or which it required more courage or less superstition to behold without shuddering, for though the features were unmutilated, the eyes were unclosed, and their stony glare (faint and fluttering as the light was), spoke at once of the evil life the man had lived and the violent death that ended it.

Alexander, after he had stood for some moments mute and horror-stricken, took the lamp out of his guide's hand, and approached the pallet. The woman remained standing as far off as she could, but still continued to talk.

"His poor head, you see, escaped injury; it was only his body that was crushed."

Alexander made no reply. A single glance was enough to satisfy him that one of the Moffats lay stark and stiff before him. Which of them it was he was unable to decide.

"I hope the poor gentleman was not your friend," said the woman, with feeling, seeing how much Alexander was moved as he turned away and handed her back the lantern.

"Not a friend—hardly perhaps an acquaintance," he answered shortly, and returned to the inn.

The ensuing morning early he repaired to the pastor's house, where he heard not only the confirmation in detail of the account he had already received, but other important facts besides, which as yet were only known to the minister, his wife, and the syndic of the place.

The manner of the catastrophe was so remarkable, that the simple pastor of a community where reason was still a long way in arrear of faith, might well have been excused for seeing the *digitus Dei* expressly in it.

"This wretched man was in search of a box of money or jewels, was he not?" said Alexander. "I learned so much at Turin from my friend Miss Cateran."

"That lady and my wife were right all along," said the minister frankly. "I found it hard to believe in such an amount of hypocrisy and wickedness."

"I am not surprised," said Alexander. "But did he come at what he wanted? for that is now perhaps the main point."

"Oh, he did, Mr. Alexander, to his sorrow; for it pleased the Almighty to make his guilt the instrument of his punishment. It happened this way:—There was a mass or a wall of rubbish, as it were the wall of this room, or rather the side of a new railway cutting; there were rafters and fragments of furniture, that belonged no doubt to the old manse, projecting here and there through the stones and gravel—some say a corner of the box itself was visible, and that the wretched man was just about to snatch it—at all events, he was standing close under the mass, when it suddenly detached itself and fell, crushing him so fearfully that life was extinct before he was extricated. The box was found right upon his chest, one corner driven into it as with a sledge. His head was the only part of his body that escaped mutilation."

"To enable me to recognise his features," said Alexander, "as those of a notorious malefactor, who has at length in this signal manner expiated a life of crime and profligacy."

The minister then took Alexander to the syndic, in whose custody the box was, as well as the papers and other things found on the person of the deceased. The box was a small oblong one of iron, tinned. It was half eaten with rust, the lock was smashed, and it was another miracle that its contents, only papers, had escaped destruction. The papers were taken out and read in the presence of the three gentlemen.

The nature and effect of them, both with relation to Mr. Arnaud and Mrs. Rowley, were precisely what the reader has been led to anticipate. They filled Alexander with strong and conflicting emotions.

Among the articles found were a pair of false whiskers and one or two phials with dyes and washes, probably some of the miscellaneous assortment which we have already seen in the chambers of those more than double-dyed villains, the Messrs. Leonard.

Among the papers were several which removed all doubt on the question of identity, and cleared up other dark matters besides. One was the following letter, which the deceased had received only the day before his death, or rather, his execution:—

"DEAR ARCHIE,—

"If you want more cash, you must have it; but what you had from good Mrs. U. ought to pay the labour of those beggarly Waldenses for a twelvemonth. But get the case, whatever it costs. Don't come back without it; or, by all the primroses of Primrose Hill, I'll cut your acquaintance. It is well worth a thousand pounds to us, and we shall get it either from one party or the other as sure

as God's in Gloucester. The widow is no fool, whatever the missionary may be. However, you only get the case and the papers, and leave it to me to bring them to market. Mrs. U. has absconded, but her husband is always a sure mark.

"Yours, according to your behaviour,
"OLD N."

The syndic, or magistrate, of the village, at first, demurred to placing the casket and other things in Alexander's hands; but as soon as he stated who he was, and how intimately he was connected with all the parties, to say nothing of his personal claims to more than mere respect, no objection was made to his taking everything with him. As to the documents, he promised to have them copied at Turin, and to deposit either the copies or the originals with the proper authorities there.

He then bade a kind adieu to the pastor and his less simple wife, and left the village with a still more thoughtful face than he entered it, and a heavier weight on his spirits. More than once, thinking of Arnaud, he exclaimed to himself on his long walk, "Noble-minded fellow! he must have known that these papers existed. Now I understand the distraction which I took to be love."

"The box! the box!" exclaimed Letitia, as Alexander entered with it in his hand.

"Gold or jewels?" cried Mrs. Naworth.

"I see by your countenance," said Woodville, "that the contents, whatever they may be, are not of a pleasing nature; but who is Mr. Prince? Let us know that first, to put Miss Cateran out of pain."

Alexander was in no hurry to answer; he placed the crushed and rust-eaten box on the table, drew a chair, and sat down, while the rest gathered round him, like an eager circle to hear a ghost-story.

"Miss Cateran was right," he said at length, regarding Woodville gravely.

It was like a thunder-stroke to the artist.

"God bless me," he cried, "you don't mean to say——"

"Not *your* friend, Woodville, but his brother—one of the Moffats. No doubt about it."

Woodville was speechless.

"I hope he is in custody," said Letitia.

"An officer has him in his grasp," replied Alexander, "who never yet let innocent or guilty out of his hands—he is no more."

As soon as he had told the story, he said, after a pause,—

"Much as you have been surprised and pained by what I have told you, what I have still to say, with the papers in this box to vouch for it, will affect you more. I mean you, Miss Cateran, and my friend, Woodville, who are both Mrs. Rowley's friends."

Letitia turned pale as death.

"Mrs. Rowley!" cried Woodville, "how can they affect her in any way?"

"In two ways, and seriously; she has found a brother and lost an estate. Arnaud is her brother, the proofs are here."

Miss Cateran burst into tears.

"To think," she exclaimed, sobbing, "that I have been instrumental a second time in ruining her."

"Not at all," said Alexander kindly; "on the contrary, your sagacity and that of the pastor's wife have been of the greatest service, by preventing those documents from falling into dishonest hands. The discovery was made by Mrs. Rowley's enemies, not her friends; it was made by Mrs. Upjohn, or with her money. I have documents here to prove that, too."

"I only wish," cried Woodville, knuckling the table in his customary fashion, "the caitiff's neck had been broken before he grubbed up such a questionable treasure."

"In remembering what Mrs. Rowley loses," said Alexander, "those who know her as well as we do ought not to forget what she gains."

"Oh, Mr. Alexander," said Letitia, trying to dry her eyes, "that is poor comfort for me; she could have done very well without a brother, who is only discovered to reduce her to beggary." And she burst again into a passion of tears, which even Woodville found it difficult to restrain.

"I suppose it will kill her," said Mrs. Naworth.

"You don't know the lady you speak of," said the artist sharply.

"I know," rejoined the widow, "if I was in her place, I would rather have the estate without the brother, than the brother at the cost of the estate."

"That's because you are Mrs. Naworth, not Mrs. Rowley," retorted Woodville.

It was just, but Alexander would not have made such a savage speech to a lady on any provocation.

The ladies having withdrawn, Letitia to dry her eyes, and her friend to recover from the stroke she had just got, the artist said, with strong feeling,—

"It is I who ought to reproach myself with having helped Mrs. Rowley's enemies, not that poor girl."

"Pooh, you were simply deceived," said Alexander, "and you need not be overwhelmed with shame, for it was by an accomplished master of the art."

"I was duped in Paris by one brother, and at Bobbio by another. That poor girl detected the impostor the moment she laid her eyes on him."

"Miss Ceteran," said Alexander, "has not only a good head on her shoulders, but what is better, a good heart under her stomacher, and therefore I congratulate my old friend cordially on having won her affections."

"Now this is too bad," cried Woodville, "to anticipate what I had made up my mind to confide to you. What led you to suspect it?"

"As to that," replied Alexander, with a smile, "I had a shrewd suspicion of it from the day I saw you in Paris in your new *robe-de-chambre*."

"And you," said the detected artist, to have a bit of revenge, "have you no lady in your eye with a good head and a good heart to match it? Do you know we—come, I mean Letitia and I—have often talked of Mrs. Rowley for you."

"Ah!" said Alexander, without betraying the slightest emotion, whether he experienced any or not, "what would my old mother say if I were to think of such a thing, especially after what has just occurred?"

"I am sorry to hear," said Woodville, with his measureless credulity, "that the old lady is so devoted to Mammon."

The very next moment Alexander had his finger on his friend's eye again. Moffat himself could not have done it better.

"We travel together, I hope," said the artist.

"My business abroad is not yet done," said Alexander, "I promised a friend of mine to engage an Italian architect to build a house for him, and I must go to Milan about it."

"A very good place," said Woodville.

"Perhaps you could help my friend to a design," said Alexander.

"Where is he going to build?"

"On one of the lakes."

"A lake! oh, I have the very thing you want, a design I made for unfortunate Mrs. Rowley in the days of auld lang syne. I must have shown it to you at the time."

"I forget," said the Jesuitical solicitor.

The artist found it after a short hunt in his portfolio, and made his friend a present of it, saying, as he put it up in an envelope,—

"Poor lady, she was on her high horse in those days; I suggested a cottage, but nothing would do but a villa, with a portico, and terraces, and all that sort of thing."

"She was always hopeful and aspiring," said Alexander, and at the same moment Miss Ceteran returned just in time to receive his parting compliments before he left Turin with the box, having now only the easiest part of his business abroad to transact.

MARMION SAVAGE.

A SHORT LETTER TO SOME LADIES.

As the subject of the following letter is one of public interest, and of great importance, perhaps no apology is needed for its insertion here. It was meant to explain why the writer was unable to comply with the request which had been made, that he would join the supporters of the Ladies' Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

IN spite of my admiration for the moral courage of the women who have come forward in this matter, I cannot help regarding the action which they are now taking as particularly deplorable. The first manifesto of the Association was eminently calculated to give a certain ground for the presumptuous notion, current among men of the world, that resort to declamatory *a priori* methods is the incurable vice of women when they come to political subjects; very fortunately this inference was speedily overthrown by the masterly letter of Miss Garrett. The second manifesto, which you have been good enough to forward, seems to me to be even less persuasive than the first. In this the Association ceases to care whether such Acts effectually stop the ravages of disease or not; even if they could be proved capable of doing this, "we should still," you say, "declare them worthy of our strongest reprobation." It is therefore quite superfluous for one who like myself is examining the reasons for joining or for withstanding your action, to consider the evidence for the efficiency of the Acts in checking disease. What then are the faults which the Association finds with these Acts? Not that they are inoperative, for it would reprobate them just as strongly if they were proved capable of stamping out the disease. What then? "*That remoter causes of sin have been disregarded.*" On this principle you might have opposed the Act abolishing the Slave Trade, because there was no attempt to abolish slavery.

"*Resistance to authority given under these Acts is punished.*" The English Parliament has certainly brought to a pitch of wonderful perfection the art of legislation which is no legislation; but a clause added to each of our laws that people might please themselves whether they obeyed it or not would still be a novelty.

"*The tending of the sick is undertaken out of no compassion for them, but that their companions in vice shall be rendered safe from infection.*" I question this imputation of motives, but even if it be as you say, so long as the sick are tended and cured, then for this at any rate we may fairly rejoice. And it will surely be something of a paradox for the Association, out of compassion for them, to suppress this tending of the sick.

"*A standing army and a long term of military service have been*

assumed necessary." The bad policy involved in the maintenance of a standing army can be no reason why we should not discuss a question affecting the health of soldiers on its own merits. There are persons who believe it a great misfortune to a nation to have a standing army of clergy, pledged and paid to resist new truths, but these persons would probably not object to examine on its merits such a question, for example, as that of clerical celibacy. Again, supposing the national military system to be a grievous blunder, that can be no good reason why we should resist a humane and otherwise expedient measure for lessening disease. Would cruelty to a horse not be cruelty, and ought it not to be punishable as such, if the horse happened to belong to a cavalry regiment? It can hardly be an answer to those who defend these Acts on the ground that they are beneficial to the brutalised creatures affected by them and to the health of new generations, to say that a standing army is a bad thing. Surely nobody thought it wrong to help to alleviate the sufferings of our troops during the winter campaign in the Crimea, simply because he held the war against Russia to be a criminal blunder.

You assert that these Acts "*indirectly admit prostitution to be a necessity.*" It is truer to say that they recognise it as a fact. There is no more ground for charging the framers and advocates of these Acts with a belief in the necessity of prostitution, than there is for bringing the same charge against the surgeon who treats the diseases incident to it. Whether necessary or not, prostitution does actually confront us, and like any other evil of our social condition, has to be dealt with in one way or another. Do the various Acts for promoting the health of towns, indirectly admit the necessity of uncovered cesspools, over-crowded lodging-houses, and so forth? Prostitution is at present so widespread and deep-rooted that it is practically for our generation just as if it were a necessity.

"*This admission,*" you say finally, "*we resist with all the strength of our belief in the sanctity of pure and faithful love, and in the progress of the human race.*" Surely these sound the very windiest words I have heard for many a day. We others believe in the progress of the human race, too, but only on condition of enlightened and strenuous effort on the part of persons of superior character and opportunity; and though this effort to prevent the redemption of a portion of an unborn generation from a deadly disease may be strenuous, its enlightenment strikes us as questionable. To sacrifice the health and vigour of unborn creatures to the "rights" of harlotry to spread disease without interference, is a doubtful contribution towards the progress of the race. As to the sanctity of pure and faithful love, a time may come when such words will describe the relations of all men and women as truly as they describe those of

a very great many among them now. But can you seriously think that the Satyr is on the very point of parting company with man? Remembering the stupendous tardiness with which each moral transformation in the history of mankind has been brought about, can you seriously think that this passion, most savage and untamable of all, is suddenly in our generation going to accept the yoke once for all, and clothe itself in your robe of pure and faithful love? If you do not mean forthwith, in how long a time? Twenty, thirty, fifty, years? But during all these years one generation after another has been tormented and enfeebled by the vices of its ancestors.

I confess this talk about pure and faithful love seems to me the most shocking mockery, when we remember that these Acts affect the very dregs of the population—the lowest kind of prostitute on the one hand, and on the other the most vicious of the common soldiers. A great proportion of these unfortunate beings, male and female, have found their way out of the agricultural districts, and have undergone the ordeal of our squirearchic system, which, like the mill of God, doth grind exceeding small. If you will read the reports of the condition of the agricultural gangs, or of the serfs on the estates of pious evangelical noblemen and others in Dorsetshire, you will see that the chances of pure and faithful love for the class out of whom so many common soldiers and garrison harlots come, are not considerable. Reluctance to admit that so many human creatures are irreclaimably brutalised in their natures by influences at work from the first moment of susceptibility is natural, but it is a strange reason why we should refuse not only to mitigate the sufferings which the poor wretches, with characters for which they are partially responsible, bring on themselves, but also to stretch out a hand to stay the plague from innocent offspring.

This sentimental persistence in treating permanently brutalised natures as if they still retained infinite capabilities for virtue, is one of the worst faults of some of the best people now living. The salutary punishment of flogging, for example, for the atrocious outrages of men upon the persons of their wives, is earnestly resisted because it would degrade the offender. People insist on shutting their eyes to the existence among us of masses of men and women who are virtually in the condition of barbarians, and whose practices can only be repressed by the same wisely coercive methods which have always been essential to raise a barbarous community into a civilised state. How long are we to go on sacrificing the future with all its hopes to this most cruel tenderness for the worst elements of the present?

The “contrition” which the members of the Association so honourably avow will not, we may trust, be merely official, but will be of a personal and proselytising kind. The state of the question

calls for more than corporate remorse. For my own part, I believe there is no more effective cause of the misconduct of vicious women in this country than the misconduct of virtuous ones. For one thing, English ladies are conspicuous over all the world for the sour, merciless, and indiscriminating austerity with which they repulse the efforts of a woman who has once gone wrong to set herself socially right again. In the second place, English households of the middle and upper classes, and for this the mistresses are mainly responsible, are conspicuous for the barrier of cold, harsh, and emphatically inhuman reserve which cuts off anything like that friendly, considerate, sympathetic intercourse which ought to mark every family relation. The truth is that domestic service is not counted a family relation. We are not ashamed to have human beings in the kitchen on much the same footing as the horse in the stable and the dog in the kennel, only they are as horses and dogs with cooking and other two-handed qualities. If it is demoralising to masters and mistresses, and especially to the young of a house, to have constantly by their side and under the same roof, persons to whom they recognise no obligation beyond those of payment of a small wage and the use, not by any means invariable, of a certain frigid politeness of speech, what can we say of the effect in the mind of the servant—who after all must be a human being or else she would get no wages—of a life which is physically laborious, and in which the labour is relieved by no friendly and gracious recognition? Has no member of the Association ever seen the stout son of the house lounging over the newspaper, while the housemaid is toiling up two or three flights of stairs with heavy burdens? And the mistress haggling over a couple of pounds increase of a servant's wages one hour, and squandering fifty in personal finery the next? So long as these things are, so long as service is interpreted in this brutal sense, and relegated to a caste, instead of being performed by the members of the family, either born or informally received in some sort into it, so long there will be many women in a dense population who will deliberately prefer prostitution as a trade, without trying domestic service whose conditions they know by hearsay, and many others who will drift into it after trying this service and finding it as cheerless a life as life can be. And how many recruits does this doleful host receive from the great band of seamstresses? For eleven hours close work, often fourteen in spite of dressmakers and of the inspector, a girl well-paid receives eighteenpence, more or less. So long as this goes on, it is morally impossible for prostitution to be other than a necessity. And on the whole, it is perhaps not so very much more degrading and soul-destroying and fundamentally immoral, to wear away a life in pandering to the coarse appetite of one sex than in pandering to

the ignoble and monstrous vanity of the other. You speak of the "practical contempt for womanhood" displayed by the legislature in these Acts. This practical contempt for womanhood may be seen every hour of every day in its supreme form in the leaden inconsiderateness of nine ladies out of ten for their dressmakers, domestic servants, nurses, and dependents generally.

It is for women, for courageous women like those of whom your Association is composed, to spread and realise such an idea of the family and of all forms of service and of the moral obligation against indifference which they instantly erect, that on this most dangerous of all sides the approach to the pit may be fenced off. This, however, and all other action dictated by the contrition of which you speak, so far as it cuts off the roots and sources of the evil, must be prospective. It cannot redeem those who are already fully committed to courses and, what is still more, to a habit of mind, which nothing short of a directly miraculous interposition of divine grace could change. For those who are not thus irretrievably committed, restoration to health is a first condition of any rise from degradation, and the influence of the Acts against which you protest is to promote this sanatory condition of the case. That influence may be nugatory. You are estopped from pleading this, because your opposition would be confessedly as strong, whatever the evidence might lead us to conclude as to the sanatory effect of the Acts. The most competent persons are of opinion that the effect of such regulations is to check disease. If this be so, I am unable to see anything in the moral and political considerations which you adduce, to make one wish well to your action ; it involves a continuance of what is the worst kind of cruelty to animals, because the sufferers from that indifference of the legislature which you are agitating for are human beings, and the worst sufferers of all the absolutely innocent.

JOHN MORLEY.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

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THE IRISH LAND BILL OF 1870.

“Ma disse: Taci e lascia volger gli anni.”—*Paradiso* ix. 4.

IRELAND has waited long for justice and generosity from the English people and Government; but she has not waited in vain, since waiting has brought its reward in a policy far more complete than could have been expected at an earlier period. True, timely compromise would have done something and smoothed the way for more. But the alleviation could have been but transitory, and might have encouraged that shallow philosophy and ignoble tone, even yet apparent, which have proved the bane of English statesmanship towards Ireland. In the Imperial Parliament there is little risk that extreme views on either side shall be adopted; but considerable danger that views, moderate but thorough, may not be carried out to their legitimate consequences, with that unflinching logic which, in great social exigencies, is the only practical wisdom. With some advantages an age of transition, like our own, has one grave peril, an undue leaning towards a deceptive finality. Society can, under some circumstances, afford to wait and accept very faulty measures of reform; under other circumstances to offer such is to perpetuate discontent and to encourage revolutionary schemes. The condition and attitude of the Irish people brings their land-problem under the latter and not the former head, and in the genuine acceptance of this fact by England lies the hope of its real settlement, honourable to herself, and advantageous to Ireland. That settlement can only be real which fully recognises Irish history, Irish principles, and Irish facts. It must, no less, accept the duty of embracing the true interests of all classes, and not one alone, however numerous that may be; and of future generations, as well as of the existing population. The land-law of Ireland has proved so unjust and mischievous, that

the absolute reversal of claims based on it may seem justifiable. But a new injustice could only prove a new impolicy, and would be so esteemed by all who are convinced that moral influences must largely supplement legislative reform, and that both will flourish best if planted in the subsisting, though regenerated, social life of Ireland.

Such a spirit, thorough, just, and conciliating, retrospective and prospective, pervades the recent settlement of the first branch of the Irish problem. The Act which, last Session, disestablished and disendowed the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches in Ireland, is already thus regarded by not a few within their precincts, and will be so more and more. Besides its special value, that settlement has greatly facilitated the treatment of the residuary problem. The British public evinced by it their clear determination to institute a searching reform conceived from the Irish point of view, and their confidence in a government that added to the will the capacity to act justly and wisely. The passage of the Irish Church Act through the legislature, proved that party interests, mere parliamentary tactics, and partial views, must yield to a nation's demand for justice and wise government. That measure also inspired confidence that the statesmanlike genius and courage which gave it birth, would not be found wanting for the second great reform. In my judgment this expectation has been largely fulfilled by the Irish Land Bill. The inherent difficulties of the land question are, probably, not greater than those of the church question were. But the facts of the former are less familiar to the British public, its principles less readily apprehensible by them; while, even in Ireland, the views of those most competent and best disposed, are often marked by prejudice, and differ greatly among themselves. It ought not, therefore, to create wonder, if the first draft of the Land Bill should, more than the earlier measure, stand in need of careful revision. In a spirit, then, of sincere respect and grateful admiration, but by no means of indiscriminate panegyric, I would endeavour, on one hand, to examine the principles on which the Irish land question can be settled; on the other, to consider how far the proposed settlement recognises, how far it falls short of these.

I.

The Irish land question pre-eminently involves the three requisites of every political problem of the first order: a noble destination, a grave situation, and a great constructive effort. To understand and weigh them is essential for the real solution of that problem. A few words may therefore be fitly devoted to each.

Until quite recently the essentially social character of the land reforms needed in Ireland have not been appreciated, and is, even yet, imperfectly comprehended. How else interpret the incessant

repetition of well-worn economic notions—population in excess, unrestrained competition, free bargaining, and so forth—still paraded as furnishing the only reasons why a problem exists, and the only measures for solving it? From such superficial notions proceed halting and pretended solutions, incapable of destroying existing evils, since they ignore their character and sources. The difficulty ought not to be great of discerning the unsoundness, as applied to Irish facts, of purely economic doctrines drawn from the English type, perhaps the offspring of metaphysical abstraction, and so unreal even for England. Yet the controversy on that head, ably maintained during an entire generation by Mr. Joseph Kay, Mr. J. S. Mill and others, was notoriously powerless to alter the English land policy in Ireland. This was only accomplished when continued and increasing disturbance of public tranquillity aroused the British public to the hollowness of current theories. The situation dethroned economic philosophy—at least, what passed for such—and opened the door to convictions based on respect for social tradition and the study of social fact. I think this view cannot be too strongly insisted upon, as affording the surest guarantee against a twofold pressing danger—that of making insufficient provision to meet the deepest mischiefs of the social situation in Ireland; that, again, of anticipating their sudden disappearance. The best corrective for such mistakes lies in the conviction that inherited social tendencies long survive the special causes which produced them, accompanied by an intelligent study of the contrasts between Irish and British history. Although such a review cannot be attempted here,¹ some of the chief conclusions which it enforces must be briefly noticed, since they are essential for the appreciation of the Irish Land Bill.

Law, institutions, public opinion, not things of yesterday, but the growth of ages, have all combined to place the English tenant-farmer in a position the very opposite of that of the Irish agricultural occupier.² This observation can be verified even by comparing the last three centuries, but much more decisively when the history of remoter ages is studied as it deserves. To speak in the way even well-informed writers speak of English agricultural tenure as resting simply on contract, is wholly incorrect and misleading. Adam Smith truly described that tenure as being unique in kind; characterised, that is, by a high degree of *practical* stability, the result of public opinion supplying the place of formal agreement. In his view, the yearly tenancy, prevalent as now in England, was

(1) The writer may be allowed to refer to a publication where he has attempted such a review, entitled "History, Principle, and Fact in relation to the Irish Question." 1870. William Ridgway, Piccadilly, London.

(2) Mr. Finlason's valuable "History of the Law of Tenures of Land in England and Ireland," 1870, exhibits this contrast, from the historico-legal point of view, more completely than any other book with which I am acquainted.

not the *real* tenure; and one that if subsisting by itself, far from favouring, must have prevented the wonderful improvement in agriculture apparent even at that period. Into that unexampled relation of landlord and tenant there largely entered two great elements—custom and equity. Since Adam Smith wrote, the progress of scientific farming in England has been sustained by the same potent influences. Originally springing from public opinion, created in no small degree during the ages often styled “dark,” and fortified by a sense of mutual interest, these customary relations and equitable views have largely received the sanction of actual law. This has been especially the case within the last quarter of a century, dating from the abolition of the Corn-laws, which roused both proprietors and farmers to the necessity for enterprise and outlay, and, therefore, of increased security. The legislature did little to create such security;¹ but the courts of justice did a great deal by sanctioning modern customs of agriculture. Unfettered by formal definitions, they applied old principles to meet new wants, liberalising ancient customary laws by an infusion of commercial and equitable ideas.² Besides contract then, in truth far more than that, the real English tenure involves an element of legal compulsion which, by guaranteeing the security of industry, has greatly encouraged the accumulation of agricultural capital, and, above all, favoured its equitable distribution and employment for the benefit of society. But this legal element is itself only the exponent of influences deeply rooted in the English land system which, in older times, engendered formal proprietary rights, in more modern, fostered a public opinion favourable to the permanence of the occupier. Of the first, the most conspicuous example exists in the perpetual copyhold tenure, estimated to embrace a fifth of English soil acquired by the descendants of servile tenants at will, through customs upheld by judicial decisions. In a less special sphere, the Roman law, so wisely equitable to improving tenants, so favourable, in view of public policy as well as personal justice, to the principles of continuous occupation, was largely incorporated into the judge-made common law of England.³ The feudal *régime* itself, during its real ascendancy, tended in the same direction. The essential character of a military society, and the necessity for mutual aid and support between the lords of the soil and its cultivators, even of the inferior classes, encouraged the acquisition by the cultivators of fixed

(1) Yet the House of Commons twice passed Mr. Pusey's Tenants' Compensation for Improvements Bill.

(2) See the evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Mr. Pusey's Bill, Parliamentary Paper, 1848—9; and Mr. Dixon's work on the Law of the Farm.

(3) See Mr. Finlason's book cited above, and Güterbock, “Henricus de Bracton und sein Verhältniss zum Römischen Rechte.” Berlin, 1862.

interests in the land through gift and inheritance. These influences have largely survived, and though their origin be forgotten, have helped to maintain, in England, practical relations between landlord and tenant quite opposed to the commercial ideas and habits of a later epoch.

We see, therefore, the cumulative influence of public opinion and law in consolidating and elevating the condition of the English tenant-farmer. It is no exaggeration to say that whatever freedom of contract, whatever power of equal bargaining, he may in our day enjoy, is due far more to these than to his possession of capital, to the size of farms, or other economic elements so often exclusively insisted on. Now turning to the Irish agricultural occupier, we find, indeed, that such outward advantages are deficient. But we also discover a social inequality, and practical impossibility of free bargaining, which springs from legal conditions, and moral causes, that lie deep in the history and political structure of Ireland. A consideration of these, however brief, is essential for comprehending the situation and forecasting legislative reform. That judicial interposition in England, so favourable to the tenant, has been almost entirely wanting in Ireland. The reasons for its absence are various. In some cases insecurity of tenure has cut away the very facts which form the groundwork of custom; in others, adherence to the letter, rather than comprehension of the spirit of English law, has characterised the decisions of the Irish bench, composed, until quite recent times, of men themselves imbued with the narrowness of ascendancy-government, and unwilling or incompetent to take wide and just views of the land question. Under the first head falls the singular fact that even the usual English tillage customs are hardly recognised in Ireland, accustomed too generally to the makeshifts of precarious tenure. The second class of cases is illustrated in the denial of justice by the courts to yearly tenants whose farms and habitations were created, paid for, or inherited, with the express or tacit concurrence of the landowner, or under the sanction of established and general custom, or local usages. Unhappily the inaction of courts of justice was too well emulated by the activity of the legislature, which, for more than a century, and even long after the abolition of the worst penal laws, enacted a code of ejectment and gave powers intended, and only too well calculated, to fortify the position of the landlord and weaken that of the tenant. The Incumbered Estates Act of 1849, and the Landlord and Tenant Act of 1860, are the latest, and we may hope the last, exemplifications of this unjust and disastrous policy. Strange as it may seem, they were passed without any regard even to the very moderate recommendations in favour of the Irish tenantry made by the Irish proprietors who constituted the well-known Devon

Commission, and reported in 1845 on the occupation and tenure of land in Ireland.

The legal conditions which so greatly depressed the position of the Irish tenant-farmer are, however, less important than the social and moral influences that really produced the former. Here again in Ireland we meet the distorted image and mere semblance of relations, almost peculiar to English society, nor even there deserving of unqualified admiration. English agriculture has been fostered by the general harmony between the resident local aristocracy and the farming classes; extensive estates going hand-in-hand with large farms; the vast progress of manufactures and commercial industry creating and diffusing capital, while an ancient Poor Law system gave aid to the labourer, and indirectly benefited the farmer as an employer of labour. Irish agriculture reposed on a social system of large proprietors, generally devoid of sympathy with the people, deficient in capital and knowledge, condemned therefore, whether absentees or residents, to ignoble sloth or mischievous action; on the other hand, on small cultivators artificially multiplied, and deprived of all motive to exertion and prudence, many of them being little raised above the condition of labourers, yet denied, alike with that class, all public aid in sickness or distress. Here again, in recent times, the course of events, and growth of ideas have aggravated the social and moral difficulties of the Irish tenant-farmer. The potato-famine of 1846-7, the ensuing emigration, and great reduction in number of the smallest class of farms promised a facile solution only too congenial to popular tendencies in England. There too the cotemporaneous abolition of the Corn-laws seemed to consecrate a purely negative policy, and to proclaim a rupture with past traditions as the only and all-sufficient condition of social progress. Economic ideas were brought prominently forward; direct social reconstruction was placed far in the background. These dispositions and mental attitude were seized on, and have been fostered by adherents of the Anglo-Irish proprietary school, in some cases themselves proprietors or agents of such. The essence of their shallow and disastrous philosophy, so-styled, lay in two leading views, only too faithfully reflected in the legislation and practice of the last quarter of a century: first, political economy, good for the rich and powerful, uncalled for, even noxious, for the poor and humble; secondly, spurious industrialism grafted on the old feudal stock. The former found its appropriate expression in public sales, amounting in value to nearly forty millions sterling and embracing probably one-sixth of Ireland, of what has been, expressively and justly, called "the right to confiscate tenants' improvements." The latter tendency, less noticed, but even more mischievous, is illustrated in those transactions, the true character of which may be described by the

remark (slightly altered) of Mr. Goldwin Smith,—“a people cannot be expected to love and reverence oppression, because it is reduced to contract and called law.”¹

II.

The legitimate conclusion from the foregoing facts is, that Irish land-reform must not merely remedy specific mischiefs, but be a work of reconstruction, laying the basis of a social renovation. Such a work of progress will, I conceive, be best accomplished by recognising facts, fortifying the best traditions, and developing, with suitable amendments, the latent germs of peace and order. This view alone can meet present need, and guarantee future well-being, by combining all the forces existing for good in Irish society. That it is in no wise chimerical appears, I think, from two simple, incontestable considerations. First, in spite of grievous defects in the ostensible law, an Irish unwritten law of usage and tradition has grown up, mitigating, at least, the evils of arbitrary eviction and capricious rise of rent; secondly, where, as in Ulster, this result has been brought about by the force of public opinion, the comparative prosperity of all classes, and the peace of the country, have been to a high degree ensured.² Unhappily in the other three provinces the tenant's protection has been less mutual good feeling than personal fear. Yet, even there, numerous examples of well-managed estates prove that respect for Irish agricultural traditions is perfectly compatible with the legitimate exercise of proprietary rights. The existing mischief springs from a land-law which shields and encourages the practice of harsh landlords. The remedy, therefore, would naturally be sought primarily in legal reform, calculated not simply to redress wrong, but to prevent injustice, and to erect into a moral standard recognised principles of custom and equity, as exemplified in the practice of just and humane proprietors. The problem, I conceive, is to accom-

(1) “Consigned to a statute book,” *Irish History and Character*, p. 70. Extreme cases of this sort are already familiar to the British public. Two well-authenticated examples of such dealings will be found at pp. 46 and 66 of the “Reports from Poor-Law Inspectors in Ireland as to the existing Relations between Landlord and Tenant,” 1870. I have myself seen several such documents, and there is good reason to believe that they have been extensively used. It is, however, very difficult to obtain proof of their nature, or even existence (see the remarks of Dr. Brodie, p. 42 of his Report).

(2) Mr. Justice Morris, in his recent charge, observed as follows: “Since I had the honour of presiding in this court, I have gone the northern circuits on four successive occasions, and from this circumstance it occurred to me to compare the relative condition of those northern counties, and I find that in the county Antrim, with a population of 368,000 persons, there are only 264 of the constabulary; while in the county of Tipperary, with a population of only 223,000, there are 1,141 constabulary. The county of Down, with a population of over 300,000, has a police force of 269, and in the county Armagh, with a population almost equal to that of Tipperary, the peace is preserved by 191 constabulary. These three northern counties, containing a population not far short of a million, are protected by 726 constabulary, while the county of Tipperary, with a population of under a quarter of a million, has a constabulary force amounting to 1,141.”

plish this end effectually, yet with the minimum of interference; and here lies its main difficulty.

The extremes are represented by the advocates of fixity of tenure, and of mere freedom of contract. The first meets one difficulty, but creates another; the second really denies the existence of any problem. Fixity of tenure, as distinguished from practical continuity of occupation and security for industry, must either issue in a virtual confiscation and transfer of property, or be stopped short of that result by a system of direct State intervention and compulsion, difficult any where, and certainly foreign to the ideas and institutions prevailing in these countries, even in Ireland. Freedom of contract, in any just sense, has never existed in Ireland, and cannot be improvised. If the Irish problem is to be solved, if Ireland's land-tenure is to be reformed, yet not revolutionised, reason, experience, and analogy indicate the necessity of recognising as the basis of that reform, the actual *status-tenancy* of the mass of Irish occupiers. Such recognition is not inconsistent with encouraging the gradual introduction of that basis of modern industry, contract. But the justice, and even the success of such a policy requires that it should rest upon encouragement only, and not compulsion, and that adequate provision be made for continued protection to the tenant. Reform, where thorough, can never be immediate. If strict regard to this fundamental truth in social philosophy be needful as regards the interests of the landowner, much more must it be so as regards those of the occupier, whose position, everywhere, has an inherent weakness, founded on human nature augmented by historic influences, and in no country in so high a degree as in Ireland.

The land-reform needed in Ireland, though in one sense special and exceptional, is, in another and much deeper sense, general and normal; consisting in the just and liberal adaptation to her very peculiar circumstances of principles recognised by the Roman law, by every modern European code, and largely sanctioned by the jurisprudence and practice of England. It is further observable that such an application of these principles has been foreshadowed and its wisdom vindicated by a century of British legislation in India.¹ This long and most instructive experiment proves, on one hand, the futility of forcing on unprepared populations the modern industrial type, as embodied in contract; on the other hand, the justice and social efficacy of accepting an hereditary *status-tenure* as the basis of reform. It is even worthy of remark, that at least two of the great types of Indian settlements offer no inconsiderable analogy with Irish circumstances. The *Zemindáree* settlement is based upon the landlord and tenant relations which prevail in Bengal and the North-

(1) See the essays of Mr. George Campbell and the Honourable Judge West (a Bombay civilian), and a paper by the writer, entitled "Ancient Tenures and Modern Land Legislation in British India." Ridgway.

west provinces, and directly sanctions rights of continuous occupancy, subject only to the payment of a customary and fair rent. The Ryotwáree settlements of Bombay and Madras, where the Government is the immediate landlord, give the cultivators leases for thirty-one years, with the right of renewal on equitable terms.

Fixity of tenure, though I conceive inadmissible as a general and compulsory solution of the Irish land problem, constitutes nevertheless a real and important element of it: indirectly, as furnishing a goal towards which landlord and tenant law reform must, to be successful, approximate; directly, as suggesting the gradual creation of a farmer-proprietary. Space does not allow of my tracing the growth of this last idea from the valuable continental investigations of Mr. J. S. Mill and Mr. Joseph Kay, to the statesmanlike proposal of Mr. Bright for aiding its realisation by lending the credit of the State to assist Irish occupiers to purchase their farms, as Irish owners have long been assisted to improve their estates. Neither is it possible here to refute economic objections, or prove the singular political importance of such a policy, in a country circumstanced like Ireland. I must, however, refer to the practical contradiction of the alleged danger of subdivision of small properties afforded by the example of Prussia during the last half century;¹ and to the example of France² and Belgium,³ as illustrating the way in which even grave imperfections in the relations of landlord and tenant are, in practice, largely compensated for, where facilities for acquiring the ownership of land in moderate quantities, are afforded to the farming population.

III.

The social scope of the land-reform, vindicated by history and enforced by the Irish situation, therefore, renders the work pre-eminently one of construction. The distinguishing feature of the bill of 1870 consists in its recognition of this truth. For the first time in English history, Irish fact is made the basis of land-legislation, and the wants of Irish society are studied as a whole.

(1) See the returns ordered by the Government of Prussia, at the instance of the Prussian House of Lords, in Dr. Meitzen's official work, "*Der Boden und die Landwirthschaftlichen Verhältnisse des Preussischen Staates*," vol. i., pp. 488—510 (Berlin, 1868). Copies of this work have been presented by the Prussian Government to the libraries of the Houses of Commons and Lords.

(2) See the remarks of Mr. Cliffe Leslie in the Cobden Club volume, p. 349, on this point.

(3) The letters of Mr. Mure (who follows closely in Lord Dufferin's track) have been referred to as a triumphant refutation of the reality and advantages of peasant proprietorship in Belgium. The argument of both these writers, founded on the extensive prevalence in that country of relations of landlord and tenant, involving short leases with high and increasing rents, appears to me based on a total misconception. They entirely overlook the fact that the law does not check this practice by giving the tenant rights of compensation for improvements. The essay of M. de Laveleye on Belgium, in the Cobden Club volume, deserves attentive perusal.

The social relations affecting the land of Ireland are here marshalled under a few conceptions, as simple as the real complexity of the case would allow, as varied as the claims of justice and policy require. The grounds of this conviction will now be stated, in reference to the broad features of the legislation proposed by Mr. Gladstone and his ministerial colleagues. Such a review, may, I hope, fortify public opinion against yielding to extreme propositions on either side, yet in favour of such alterations as are expedient and harmonise with the spirit of the measure.

This appreciation will be assisted by a brief review of previous governmental proposals. The bills introduced in 1852 by Sir Joseph Napier, as Lord Derby's Irish Attorney-General, had the great merit, among others, of sanctioning retrospective claims—a feature, however, which then prevented their passing. The Acts of 1860 greatly simplified the law in favour of Irish landlords, yet offered none but illusory benefits to Irish tenants. Mr. Fortescue's bill of 1866 was a decided advance, since it proposed a simple and effective machinery for securing to tenants a liberal interest in their improvements. Though its scope, judged from our present point of view, seems narrow—as neither recognising retrospective improvements, nor any right of occupancy—it substantially adopted what were then the demands of the most advanced Irish Liberals, represented by a gentleman as intelligent, courageous, and disinterested as the late Mr. J. B. Dillon, M.P. for Tipperary. The subsequent rapid growth of public opinion in Ireland was evinced by the bill which Lord Mayo introduced in 1867. Defective and illusory in many ways, it nevertheless affirmed the important principle of the compulsory intervention of a competent tribunal between landlord and tenant, as one justified and called for by the circumstances of Ireland.

From all these proposals the Land Bill submitted in 1870 stands out in bold relief. Its main provisions are deducible from a few leading principles, themselves the expression of a few broad facts of Irish history and society. Detailed criticism being here impossible, I shall only refer to those features of the Bill which possess the greatest interest and importance.

First. The social claims of the Irish tenant-farmer are raised to the highest rank; and even the economic conditions are invested with a new dignity, as being dictated both by justice and public policy. In other words, the Bill fences round with a strong legal wall the ancestral homes of the Irish people, and guards their honest industry from capricious dispossession and unjust impoverishment. These social and economic views are clearly written on the face of the Bill. Distinct, yet closely connected, they both fall under one fundamental conception, that the great mass of the Irish tenantry have held, and must long continue to hold, by *status*, and not, in any real and just

sense, by contract. This truth is expressed, on the one hand, by recognising the tenant's goodwill, or occupancy-right, on the other, by reversing the feudal presumption which confiscated, in favour of the lord of the soil, the tenant's improvements. The Bill has thus a two-fold aim, the ensuring to the industrious cultivator a continuous possession, and a reasonable enjoyment of the fruits of his capital, skill, and labour. Two ways, however, of securing these ends were open—one direct, the other indirect. The first must have involved an interference wholly at variance with British ideas and habits, and of difficult application.¹ Fixity of tenure at fair rents, determined by periodical valuations, attracts by its uniformity and apparent simplicity; but would have been regarded by the landowners as confiscation, and felt by all to be revolutionary. The almost inevitable condition of such a settlement—an immediate raising of rent in many if not all parts of Ireland—was, I think, hardly contemplated by its popular advocates.²

The Government have chosen, wisely I think, the other or circuitous road, which seeks the same goal by *indirect* means. The Bill is manifestly framed with a view to *practically* ensuring continuity of possession and security for industry, and not simply guaranteeing the tenant against pecuniary loss in event of his forced dispossession, or an unjust rise of rent. Its value as a real settlement must depend on the extent to which the means proposed are adequate to the end sought. I shall briefly examine this question under the succeeding heads, one relating to the recognition of subsisting arrangements, the other to the protection of tenancies to be created subsequent to the passing of the Bill into law.

Secondly. The proposed measure treats those subsisting tenancies which need special protection from the law, as constituting one of two kinds. The first sort embraces such as have been regulated by customs, not legalised, yet more or less respected in practice; the second, those which have enjoyed no protection but that afforded by a sense of equity in the better, and of fear in the worst sort of landlords. Although not susceptible of any exact localisation, each of these domains of custom and equity has a predominant local circumscription; one in the Province of Ulster, the other in the remaining three provinces. Both are partially subject to a distinct *régime*, that of contract, but this does not exclude, rather blends with, and is largely modified by them; a feature also recognised by the Bill.

(1) See the remarks of Mr. Campbell on "Indian Settlements," confirmed by the recent statement of Mr. Maine, also the remarks of Judge Longfield on "Valuations." (Cobden Club Essays).

(2) The more thoughtful and moderate writers never proposed an *absolute* fixity of tenure, but one largely qualified in favour of the landowner. These views are clearly stated and ably advocated by Mr. Campbell (the Irish Land), and Mr. John George M'Carthy (Irish Land Questions).

The Ulster tenant-right (clause 1) receives that legal sanction to which Irish fact¹ and English² analogy justly entitle it, and the Bill, most wisely I think, simply describes the custom without attempting a rigorous definition. This provision, read in connection with the the penalties on eviction subdivided into more classes. Contracts, though made before the Act, which exclude compensation for improvements, should, I conceive, be liable to correction by the Court on important "Equities clause" (14),—intended I conceive to abrogate or modify, as justice may require, extravagant claims and harsh restrictions,—will doubtless receive from the Courts a fair and liberal interpretation, sufficiently uniform, yet varying with the facts of each case. The description of Ulster tenant-right should, however, refer, not merely to compensation, but to the transmission of the tenant's holding, which, though not amounting to "fixity of tenure," gives a valuable sanction to practical continuity of occupation. The local value of Ulster tenant-right varies so much that the tenant, I think, should have the *option* of claiming under that custom, or under the eviction and compensation clauses. With regard to customs out of Ulster, the Bill is, I think, less satisfactory. Facts seem to show that wherever such usages of compensation and sale exist—and they have spread much of late years—they approximate closely to Ulster tenant-right. Less solidly planted, and more easily disregarded by landlords, they differ from that in degree more than in kind. I do not therefore see any sufficient reason for treating such usages in a different way from that of the northern province, as proposed by the Bill (clause 2).

Next, as regards the class of tenants who do not hold by a customary tenure. Their claims are provided for (clauses 3 to 10) on equitable principles, founded on two considerations,—distinct, yet in the Ulster tenant-right indissolubly combined, goodwill, or occupancy-interest, and compensation for improvements. The provisions of the Bill on these heads seem to me in the main just and liberal, though requiring improvement in details. The occupation clause 3 might

(1) It seems to me absurd to treat this part of the Bill as a revival of religious ascendancy, since "Protestant Ulster," so called, numbered at the census of 1861 a population of 966,613 Catholics to 947,067 Protestants; or to tax it with partiality, since the same end is sought for the entire of Ireland, the means only varying with the history and actual circumstances of particular districts.

(2) Copyhold tenures based on manorial usages of the most various kinds, originally regulated by stewards, whose functions closely resembled those of the Ulster land-agents; next agricultural customs securing compensation for tillages, manuring, amending the soil, drainage, &c., &c. The writer studied these customs some years ago in several English counties, and in the evidence before Mr. Pusey's Select Committee, with the legal cases reported. Of these last two struck him as being very important in reference to Ulster tenant-right, viz., *Mousley v. Ludlam*, 21 *Law Journal*, N. S. Q. B. p. 64, which was a case of drainage under a custom (Derbyshire) *done without the knowledge or assent of the landlord*; and *Hutton v. Warren*, 1 M. and W., p. 466, which decided that agricultural customs attached to *leasehold* interests unless expressly excluded by the lease.

with advantage be kept distinct from the improvement clause 4, and special grounds (clause 4, paragraph 2). It seems doubtful whether mere lapse of time should affect the tenant's claim for the actual value of permanent improvements, especially reclamation and building (clause 4, last paragraph). I think also that the benefits of the Act might be justly and wisely extended to cases of parties recently evicted or noticed to quit, at least where they have been allowed to remain in possession. The Bill contains two most important provisions, one creating a *prima facie* presumption in favour of the improvements having been made by the tenant or his predecessors, (clause 5);¹ the other giving him an equitable claim to compensation when he has bought his holding with the express or implied consent of his landlord (clause 6). The Bill further provides, that while ejectment for non-payment of rent shall, ordinarily, be treated as the default of the tenant, and, therefore, as disentitling him to claim for disturbance by the landlord; yet this rule may be reversed by the Court, on special grounds, including, I presume, exorbitancy in the rent. This clause, however, is confined by the Bill to *subsisting* tenancies (clause 8).

Thirdly. What protection does the Bill provide for the future, that is to say, as regards tenancies created subsequent to the passing of the Act? The problem is urgent, yet not easy,—namely, to combine, as far as practicable, the principle of free contract with that degree of protection, which the past has necessitated and which cannot be suddenly discarded, against capricious eviction and inequitable conditions, as to rent or otherwise. The attachment of Irish occupiers to their land is so strong, and the necessity of living by agriculture so universal, that tenants would often deem very rigorous terms preferable to the most liberal compensation following eviction. No change but a very gradual one in the tenant's present unfree condition can take place, and this fact the Bill clearly recognises. Future, no less than subsisting tenancies from year to year, or for a term of less than thirty-one years, will be protected by the penalty on eviction and the compensation for improvements. Leaseholders holding for thirty-one years, and upwards, will also be entitled to claim compensation in respect of buildings and reclamations. But the Bill goes much beyond this, for it expressly annuls contracts framed to deprive the tenant of the penalty on eviction, or compensation for improvements, or to interfere with his making suitable improvements (clauses 3 and 4, see also clauses 2, 55, and 64). To this extent the Bill *directly* regulates the conditions of future contracts. But it does not apply to future tenancies the important control,

(1) This is simply the legal statement of an unquestionable fact vouched for by the Devon Commissioners a quarter of a century ago, and but partially modified since that time.

before explained (pp. 387, 388), with reference to an unjust rent in the case of tenancies subsisting when the Act comes into force. Serious objections, doubtless, exist to any general system of valuing rents, or to authorising tenants to free themselves easily from their contracts; but for the reason stated above, I fear that, for a considerable time to come, the anxiety of occupiers to retain their farms will unavoidably prevail over mere financial considerations, which only operate in case of the tenant being evicted or quitting his farm. The extension of the eighth clause to *future* tenancies would simply give to the Court, in cases of ejectment for non-payment of rent, a discretionary power of considering the terms even of future contracts; a discretion which would be justly exercised in none but very clear and exceptional cases of oppression.

The sixteenth clause authorises the landlord to tender a term of not less than thirty-one years, *upon such terms as the Court may think reasonable*, and the tenant refusing the same, though dispossessed by the landlord during such term, would forfeit his claim to the penalty on eviction, retaining however that to compensation for improvements. It is only just to state that the important condition in favour of the tenant, printed in italics, is superadded by the Bill of 1870 to a corresponding clause in the Bill of 1866, which embodied the then views of the most advanced Irish liberals. Still the clause seems to be objectionable. Fair leases for, at least, thirty-one years, renewable on just terms, are, indeed, very desirable; but, inasmuch as landlords are not compellable to grant such leases, the justice or policy of, even indirectly, forcing tenants to accept them, is at least very questionable. The just and wise course, I conceive, is to place the tenant in such a position that he can contract with tolerable freedom,¹ and to remove all impediments, direct and indirect, to granting and accepting beneficial leases, whether these spring from deficiency of power, or excessive charges, fiscal or professional.

The local machinery of Quarter Sessions seems wisely chosen, nor do I apprehend that excessive litigation which some prophesy.

Though trusting and believing that the measure introduced by Mr. Gladstone will, when amended, produce most beneficial effects, I cannot ignore the possibility that it *may* not prove a complete and final settlement. Much must depend on one point; will the landlords of Ireland accept the measure in its spirit, or only in its letter? If, reading it literally, they act as if evictions were now legalized on condition of paying a penalty and compensation, then a state of things would surely arise worse even than before, and such as no mere coercion could grapple with. What Irish tenants want is, undisturbed possession at a fair rent, and on fair conditions, with

(1) The abolition of Distress, strongly urged by Judge Longfield and Mr. Pim, would strengthen the position of respectable tenants when competing for land.

security for honest industry.¹ To meet that want *practically*, is the real scope of the Bill. I earnestly hope that it will be so interpreted by the mass of Irish landowners. To accept the actual situation in good faith, may cost them severe effort, and considerable sacrifice. But the sacrifice is more apparent than real, and the effort is indispensable for their own good and the peace of the country. Let us hope, then, that conformity by the landowners to the spirit of the measure will be, where not willingly accorded, enforced by a liberal interpretation of the Courts, and upheld by virtue of a moral standard, now first sanctioned by the law, and fostered by the growing power of public opinion in Great Britain and in Ireland.

It cannot unhappily now be doubted that a powerful effort will be made by the Tory party, first in the House of Commons, next in the House of Lords, to mutilate, neutralize, and in effect destroy, all that is most distinctive and valuable in Mr. Gladstone's Bill. Their grand object is the virtual denial of Ireland's past, as a living factor in the present, and a powerful agent in the future. The concerted attempt will be made under the most plausible garb, through the channel most accessible to British sympathies, the grand idol of certain political economists, "freedom of contract!" If this party prevails, —and they, be it noted, and their tools, are the chief clamourers for coercion,—the result will be disastrous in the extreme, for with even one more year of agitation, no man can foresee what may happen in Ireland.²

Unavoidable limitations, to my great regret, prevent such a reference to the provisions intended to facilitate the purchase of their farms by occupying tenants, as their social and political importance deserves. I regret the brevity of my remarks on this head the more, because it has excited less attention than it would have received but for the enforced absence of that true friend and benefactor of Ireland, whose name is, with justice, chiefly associated with the plan. Its neglect is, I fear, also due to the comparative indifference which too often attends conceptions that promise no benefit sufficiently obvious and immediate to excite the imagination. What such a plan, if carried out from the foundation of the Encumbered Estates Court³

(1) See some striking testimony on this head in the valuable reports from Poor Law Inspectors in Ireland, as to the existing relations between Landlord and Tenant. Particularly; pp. 100, 120, 139, 153.

(2) The animus and views of the Irish Tory party are plainly disclosed in a recent production entitled, "Facts and Observations on the Irish Land Question, collected and arranged by the direction and under the supervision of The Irish Land Owners' Committee," 1870. Strange to say, this document, a mere *réchauffé* of well-worn fallacies, and distorted or suppositious facts, has no publisher's name upon it. Those who fear the truth may well hide their light, and prefer private circulation to public sale. I notice this pamphlet with reluctance; but it is too characteristic of the party and their unvarying tactics to be passed over in silence.

(3) The exact amount of Irish land sold with Parliamentary title since 1849, is returned at £38,036,403 2s. 5d.

might have effected, it is not difficult now to see, at least for minds whom a puerile attachment to economic metaphysics and national prejudice have not deprived of the power to see and appreciate facts. Mr. Bright's lamented illness ought therefore to furnish additional incentives to promote the object for which he has laboured so earnestly, and succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the ministerial Bill. The scheme propounded (Part 2nd) strikes me as needing amendment, in reference to the machinery. The great objects to be kept in view are; expedition in completing the purchase, and a system of *local* registry of title for small properties. The first of these objects might I think be attained by adapting, at all events to smaller transactions, the present Irish system of purchase and conveyance for railway purposes (14 & 15 Vict. c. 70, and 25 & 26 Vict. c. 97), under the Board of Works, remitting the distribution of the money to the Landed Estates Court.¹

A few words should be said as to the results that must flow from the land reform of 1870, if, as we trust, it come out in its final shape an Act worthy to be deemed a real settlement. Two such aspects deserve deep consideration; I mean its effects on the labouring classes, and on the public of Ireland.

The admirable provisions in the Bill for promoting allotments with cottages for agricultural labourers, furnish proof of the solicitude justly felt by the ministry for that very large, deserving, and much neglected class. Their greatest need—that of decent and comfortable homes—will thus be directly met; while the impulse given to Irish industry by security of tenure must indirectly supply their other great want—that of steady and continuous employment.²

The late Mr. O'Connell observed,³ in words of deep and mournful truth, "One of the great mischiefs in Ireland, I think, is that it seems to be taken for granted that man is a nuisance." This is the notion which, preached up and down through the length and breadth of the empire; preached one time openly, oftener insidiously under the garb of a false and shallow philosophy; preached by the authors of elaborate treatises, and books in green and gold written for the drawing-room tables of Belgravia; and, worst of all, preached by a

(1) I must, though with much regret, observe that grave complaints are made by the public of the great expense, and still more the long delay, which now occur in passing estates through this court. The subject demands a careful and public investigation both as to the causes and the remedies.

(2) See the valuable "Reports from Poor Law Inspectors on the Wages of Agricultural Labourers in Ireland," 1870. Several testify strongly to the discouragement of cottages by the landlord (see pp. 11, 12, 30, &c.) I may be allowed to refer to the ninth of my "Letters," mentioned before, which is devoted to the Irish Poor Law System. Union-rating, I trust, is sure to come soon. The odious and impolitic quarter-acre clause is totally inconsistent with the Bill, which allows *half* an acre as a mere *labourer's* allotment.

(3) See his evidence before the Devon Commission.

half-informed and ill-disposed press, has poisoned the English mind against Ireland, and ended, most unhappily, by alienating from sympathy with England a large portion of the Irish people. Such ever has been the fatal logic of facts, unforeseen by the authors of social wrong and even of social error. Yet wrong may be nobly atoned for, and error dispelled by truth. The English nation feel and acknowledge this, and when interested and ignorant misrepresentation has passed away, their change of spirit will not be lost, but gratefully acknowledged and felt by a nation so generous and justice-loving as the people of Ireland. It is this effect of moral reconciliation—not immediate, yet certain to come—which, far before any material results, must crown the noble reform in the land-tenure of Ireland, conceived and executed by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright.

Their work, as I believe, belongs to a very high order of statesmanship. In details, in applications of principles even, it may, and I trust will, be improved. To panegyrisé its authors would be presumptuous; to help them according to the measure of power, is a duty. In that hope the present essay has been written, as a contribution, the result of twenty years' study, to a social problem, the solution of which eminently requires the thinker and the statesman "to liberate themselves from mere passing influences, by contemplating the past that sustains them, and the future they prepare."¹

HENRY DIX HUTTON.

NOTE.—Since the above article was written, I have had the advantage of perusing the amendments proposed by the Chief Secretary for Ireland on behalf of the Government, which were laid before the House on the 17th March. It is right to mention that several criticisms no longer apply to the Bill as amended. The following changes, in matters of principle, deserve particular mention—viz. (clause 1), the omission of all *definition* of the Ulster Tenant Right, the Courts being left entirely free to decide on the nature and extent of the custom, as proved by evidence; (clause 3), the more minute sub-division of the scale of penalties for eviction, and complete separation of the claims in respect of occupancy and improvements; lastly, the abandonment of the 16th clause, which authorised the landlord to deprive the tenant of his claim in respect of occupancy by tendering a lease approved by the Court.

H. D. H.

(1) Auguste Comte, "Appel aux Conservateurs," p. 37.

MICHAEL OBRENOVITCH, PRINCE OF SERVIA.

MICHAEL OBRENOVITCH was called to the throne of Servia while yet in his teens, in 1840. His father was the peasant hero, Milosch, who had succeeded his rival Karageorge, driven from the country by the Turks. Milosch, on coming into power, proved as great a tyrant as his predecessor, and so was forced to abdicate in favour of Milan, his son, who dying at once, was again succeeded by Michael, the subject of our memoir. Michael, the youth, was governed rather than advised by his councillors; he dissatisfied his subjects, who revolted, and when the prince put himself at the head of his troops to suppress the rebellion, his weapon broke in his hand, his soldiers disbanded; and though the Turks offered to take him into the fortress of Belgrade, from which he might have bombarded the rebellious city, he wisely chose to retire into Austria in 1842. Again did the nation choose the son of a peasant hero: this time it was Alexander Karageorgevitch, who for some years governed the country with ability. He was, however accused of too great subserviency to Turkey and Austria, and he too was compelled to abdicate in 1858. The Skouptchina, or national assembly, now summoned old Milosch from his retirement at Belgrade, and he ruled rather more than a year, and dying, left the throne to his son Michael, who now a mature man of about forty, and with the unfortunate experience of his youth to guide him, was again proclaimed Prince of Servia, "Obrenovitch the Third by the Grace of God, and by the will of the Servian people, in accordance with the Imperial Hattischeriff of 1830, and of the law of 1859, regulating the succession, hereditary Prince of Servia."

Servia is but a province of a once great Slavonian nation, whose glories were extinguished on the fatal field of Kossova in 1389, when she sank under the Moslem wave of invasion, which rolled onwards to the walls of Vienna. Her modern history is comprised within the lifetime of many now living, and for that I must refer my readers to Ranke. I propose to give something of that part of her history which is contained in the reign of her last murdered Prince, and which scarcely occupies a decade.

The established religion of Servia is the orthodox Greek faith, though several other religions, such as the Jewish and Protestant, are recognised and even subsidised by Government, and the most perfect toleration prevails, with one exception, which I shall presently

mention. The population of Servia is, roughly speaking, a million, ethnologically it is Slavonian, and this fact is of even more political importance than the question of religion, inasmuch as Servia forms a Slavonic nucleus in the midst of a vast Slave population, owning allegiance to two heterogeneous empires, the Austrian and Turkish, neither of which are patterns of stable government. The number of Slavonians surrounding the Servian nucleus has been variously estimated, for owing to despotic jealousy, anything like accuracy is impossible, but we may point out that Austrian Croatia, Bosnia, Dalmatia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, are all Slavonian, while Bulgaria and Roumelia are largely Slavonized.

The people of Servia are peasant proprietors, with abundance of land at their disposal. In the early days of their independence they, like the rest of Europe, were under the feudal system, but their nobles were destroyed by the Moslem invasion, or apostatized and took service under the Crescent; this native aristocracy was succeeded by the Dahis, an order of Turks affiliated with the Jannisaries, who governed districts as military commanders, collected tribute, and lived on the peasantry. The fearful cruelties of these men drove a singularly quiet unarmed peasantry to despair, and finally caused the liberation of the country under peasant heroes. When old Milosch lived, his most distinguished followers wished to take the place of the Dahis, and strange it is that Milosch did not seek to strengthen his dynasty in the orthodox fashion, by surrounding his throne with barons to keep the people in order; but the old hero was of a jealous temperament, and liked to have no great lord near him, so he turned a deaf ear to all such proposals, and he ruled the nation long enough to teach the peasantry that they could get on tolerably well without these landlords; when once the new régime was established, any attempt at creating families by primogeniture and entail would have met with strenuous opposition.

The Servian peasant is said to be in as happy a position as any man in Europe, for land is plentiful and the soil rich. The country is varied by hills and mountains covered with magnificent forests, most wastefully devastated. The oak forests afford, at a certain season of the year, an unlimited supply of acorns for the vast herd of swine, which are the main wealth of Servia, and which are exported by thousands to Vienna and other cities in large floating styes, towed by steamers up the Danube. Around every village is a considerable space of cleared land, devoted to maize and other cereals, and belonging to each house is an orchard full of plum trees, from which is distilled *slivovitsa*, a strong spirit, the delight of the peasant.

No one can accuse the Servian of working too hard; his church takes care of that. She ordains that out of the three hundred and

sixty-five days of the year, one third at least shall be devoted to religion, not of the dismal type of the Scottish Calvinists, but of a joyous, half Pagan character, where the devotee attends a sensuous religious ceremony in the morning, in honour of some saint (the successor of some jolly god of his heathen forefathers), and in his gay holiday costume drinks slivovitz, sings heroic ballads to the accompaniment of the national fiddle, the guzla, and dances off the alcoholic vapours in the Kolo, where young men and maidens, mingled with those no longer young, form vast circles, their hands in each others girdles. The peasant grumbles now and then at the taxes imposed by Government. He has but to yoke his oxen, and carry into the nearest town a few cartloads of wood cut in the communal forest, and his year's taxes are cleared off. From time to time, when extra taxation is essential, the Turk is called in to assist the Government, not in the form of a Turkish tax-gatherer, God forbid, but the turban is shaken before the peasant's eyes, as the red flag of the Spanish picador before the bull, and the traditions of ruined homes, of ravished women, and children baptized in derision in boiling water, raise a patriotic enthusiasm, and money is freely given for an anticipated crusade. The peasant's dress is probably copied from his enemy the Turk; it is of the Zouave form, though the material is a coarse woollen fabric of a sombre colour, his head-dress is a fez. The women of the villages are, like their lords, eastern in their costume, the heads of the maidens are covered with coins, and they affect bright colours and tasteful patterns.

When travelling the peasant sticks into his girdle a brace of pistols and a long knife, and slings over his shoulders a gun of ancient fabric, and ornamented stock. Substitute a bow and arrow for the gun and pistol, and the Servian of to-day is almost the counterpart of the ancient Anglo-Saxon franklin, whose property was largely invested in swine fed in the forests of old England.

In the country life of Servia there exists a singular custom termed the *zadrooga* or family association, in which several families live together, having all things in common, and directed by elders under a house father. The custom of forbidding girls to inherit land, has its origin, it is said, in these *zadroogas*, for if they inherited, they would on marrying carry their portion into another family, thus spoiling the association. During the Turkish occupation, the *zadrooga* was a great protection to the peasantry, for a few marauding Turks would bully or plunder a single family, but would hesitate to outrage a family club.

The *zadrooga* is still recognised and favoured by the law, inasmuch as it is necessary for the proper cultivation of the land, for no hired labourers are, as a rule, to be had; but these co-operative associations make the want of hired labour unfelt. Each separate family is

required by law to give a son to the conscription ; but in a zadrooga two or three families are allowed to furnish but one man.

Another singular custom is that of *probratimstvo*, the alliance of two individuals by mutual oaths to brotherhood and co-operation in the affairs of life. Two men will thus, like David and Jonathan, swear to preserve an eternal friendship, or two women, in like manner ; but sometimes a young man and woman, whose alliance however is strictly fraternal, rarely, if ever, ending in marriage. Indeed I was told that a sort of horror is felt at the idea of a man marrying his "*posestrima*," inasmuch as she is his adopted sister.

The national costume has been discarded by the townsmen, who wear hats, coats, and trousers like our own, and are in every respect highly civilised, having many of the learned professions among them. The Servian ladies are charming, their beauty is incontestable, and, wiser than their lords, they adhere for the most part to the most graceful and becoming costume in Europe, antiquated as it undoubtedly is. Their head-dress consists of a small fez on the crown of the head, richly decorated with seed pearl ; round this is wound a mass of dark hair in a plait, forming a glorious crown, as beautiful as the occipital swelling, termed a *chignon*, is hideous.

The far-famed Servian jacket fits close to the body, it is open in front, lined with sable, and tastefully embroidered with gold ; the sleeves are wide, the material dark crimson or black velvet. My friend, Madame Markievitch, wears this elegant costume, and she is a picture for an artist ; but alas, her pretty daughter, who has been educated at Vienna, absolutely refuses to wear the dress, she says it is "*barbarisch*," and so she, like others of her age, disfigures herself in civilised fashion. The constitution of Belgrade society is thoroughly democratic, and yet there is a marked distinction between the well-to-do citizens and the peasantry. The latter are not looked down upon ; but, like all "*territorial democracies*," they are conservative of their ancient ways, and cling to their Asiatic garb. No idea of classes seems as yet to have entered the heads of any Servians.¹

The country is admirably adapted for game and wild animals, but owing to the absence of all game laws, and the universal possession of arms amongst the peasantry, the game is scarce. Wolves, bears, and deer stray across the frontier from time to time, from countries where the peasantry are not to be trusted with arms ; but these wild

(1) I once asked a senator where I could buy an umbrella ? "My brother sells excellent umbrellas," was the answer, "come to his shop and I will introduce you." Accordingly we went, and I found the shopkeeper a very well-bred man, in whom had he been a Marquis I should have, doubtless, detected signs of noble birth. I had some difficulty in explaining the radical difference between senators and shopkeepers in England to my friend, who could not see the advantages we derive from our social ranks and mutual envy, worship, or contempt.

beasts are shot down at once ; even the roe can scarcely gain a footing in the woods. The beaver still exists on the Danube, but as solitary and shy as the otter. On the western part of the country the Morava and other streams are sluggish and abound with silvris, carp, and other coarse fish ; while those on the eastern part, the Drina and its tributaries are clear and rapid, and contain the usual *Salmonidæ*, as the huchen, grayling, and trout.

The Servians have lately been accused, even in our House of Commons, of religious intolerance towards the Jews. The Jews are allowed to live in all Servian towns, and there are numbers of them in Belgrade ; but they are rigidly excluded from villages and country districts. With this very important exception all Jews of Servia enjoy precisely the same rights as any other citizens. In each municipality Jews are to be found. In the tribunal of Commerce there is a Hebrew. It appears to me that the intolerance shown to this race in the country is social rather than religious. The eastern Jew is exclusive and repellent. During the war of independence, though even the gypsies took up arms, the Jews did not. No Jew has shown the slightest patriotism in Servia. But, worse than all, whenever the Jew settles in Eastern Europe, he becomes a centre of demoralisation, for his favourite trades are usury and dram-selling.¹ It is a curious subject for speculation how far the persecution of the Jews drove them into base trades, and is responsible for the revolting modes of livelihood so many of them still choose. But let us return to our Servians.

Prince Michael was full of ambitious and patriotic schemes for the improvement of his country. He was apt to *drive* his people into civilised practices, and more than once bitterly complained to me of their heart-breaking apathy and indolence. He had inherited from his father vast and ill-gotten wealth, and this he used for the good of his country with no sparing hand. He was bent upon improving the breed of horses, and kept a magnificent *harras*, full of choice animals, Arabs, English and Hungarian ; but nothing could move the Servians in this way. Old Milosch always dismounted to fight, and nearly every Servian does the same. The Arab loves his horse, the Servian his pig ; such are national characteristics. The prince's horses were kept to no avail, his agricultural implements were despised ; the Servians preferred to walk in the paths of their forefathers. Had

(1) Mr. Boner, in writing of Transylvania, says, " when a Jew settles in a village you may be quite sure that the demoralisation of the population will soon follow." Careful observers in Bohemia and Galicia have expressed the same opinion. There, too, the public-houses are leased wholly by Jews ; they give credit, with interest, for the gin the peasant has not the money to pay for, thus putting it always within his reach ; unable to resist temptation, he gets more and more involved, till at last the inexorable usurio creditor seizes on his cattle and his estate. Besides this, the presence of the Jew in country places is harmful, because he is the general receiver of stolen goods.

the country been blessed with an aristocracy, no doubt progress would have been made, capital would have accumulated, Servian nobles would have figured at Vienna and Paris, and the joyous well-fed peasantry might, in time, have rivalled our own in ingeniously rearing families on twelve shillings a week, with meat at ninepence a pound. The fact is, that traditional habits are not broken through in a day, nor yet in a generation; the elder and middle-aged men were reared as warriors, and warriors don't like work; but the Government have laid the foundation of a better state of things, in educating the rising generation; a task in which they have had every assistance from the people. Servia has now a very complete system of education, and there is almost the same thirst for knowledge as among the Greeks.

Soon after the prince was established on the throne, he found in his foreign policy more than enough to occupy his time, while he contrived to rule his principality by nothing more nor less than absolute despotism. The members of the senate were practically chosen by himself; his ministers were also of his own choosing; and these appointed the prefects and governed the country, the prince being responsible to an armed people. The Skouptchina or House of Commons, elected by manhood-suffrage, was summoned perhaps once in three or four years to confirm the ordinances of the senate, and the popular assembly deliberated in the presence of the prince's little army of five thousand men. A modified Code Napoléon was the basis of Servian legislation.

The people tacitly acquiesced in this state of things for one simple reason, *they were in the presence of the enemy*; they considered their country a camp, the population an army, and their sovereign the commander-in-chief; and yet, from time to time, the military yoke galled them, and there were ominous mutterings. One damnable Austrian institution flourished in the country at the time of my visit in 1864, and this was *espionage*, which hung like a nightmare over Servian homes and poisoned social intercourse.

A domestic episode occurred about 1863, which will illustrate the nature of the prince's government. His spies were bound to prove their utility, and so a certain ex-senator and two natchalniks or district governors, and several smaller individuals, forty persons in all, were accused of conspiring to dethrone the prince. They were at once seized, and many of them loaded with irons, and closely imprisoned long before they were tried. The court of first instance at Semendria tried them, and the judges, finding that the whole matter resolved itself into tittle-tattle, reported by spies and police agents, remanded the prisoners again and again. At last, pressure being applied to the judges, and new laws passed by a servile senate to intimidate them, they, after three months' hesitation, found the

accused guilty of minor offences, under the head of sedition, but acquitted them of high treason,—the fact being that at the worst the accused had criticised some of the public measures of the prince, and, amongst other things, had said that “much of the public money had been wasted in a late quasi-diplomatic mission of the princess to London.” This finding of the judges gave great umbrage to the Government, meantime the prisoners appealed to the Supreme Court at Belgrade. This court fully acquitted them, not only of the major, but of the minor offence. The prisoners were released.

On this the prince convoked his senate, and framed a law the like of which must be searched for in the archives of the darkest despotisms; it was for judging judges. A tribunal *ad hoc* was named and the judges summoned to appear before it. This tribunal was composed of four senators chosen by the prince, and three judges of the civil department of the court, appointed by the minister of justice. Though the new law sanctioning this court was not declared retroactive, it was made so in this instance. It was passed just a week after the acquittal of the prisoners. We may pause to observe that the majority of the members of the new *Tribunal ad hoc* were not lawyers, and were instructed to decide not according to law but their own consciences,—in other words, according to the wish of the prince. Is it possible, then, that any judges of respectability would not sooner resign than fulfil their functions with such a court hanging over their heads? Hence the judges of the Supreme Court were all the more cruelly treated, inasmuch as they had not the option of resigning, never dreaming but in trying the prisoners they would be allowed to proceed according to law. It only remains to say that the trial of the judges by the prince's tribunal was short and satisfactory to his feelings. They were condemned to three years' imprisonment and two years' deprivation of civil rights. A sentence easy to pass, simple to read, but involving the ruin of the most learned men in the principality, and the pauperism of their families, for few of these functionaries had any resource but their pay.

The politics of Eastern Europe were troubled during the first years of the Prince's second advent to the throne. Wallachia and Moldavia were struggling desperately against the influence of Turkey, Austria, and England, to consolidate themselves into a nation under the name of Roumania. The Slavonian Christians were exasperated beyond endurance by the cruelties of Turkish governors, and the savage mountaineers of Montenegro were waging a fierce but unequal war against their still more barbarous Turkish foes. The Ottoman Porte, relieved of all dread of Russian aggression since the Crimean war, began to govern their Christian subjects in their own way, and massacres, such as that at Damascus, were thought necessary as an

intimidation. Our Ambassador, Sir Henry Bulwer, was busy impressing on his consuls the necessity of supporting the Turks in their despatches, and some ludicrous contradictions ensued in consequence in the Blue Books. Gortchakoff issued a manifesto, addressed to the European Powers, calling their attention to the sad condition of the Christians under Turkish rule. It may readily be supposed that the position of the Servian Government was peculiarly delicate in this crisis. Though they had acquired autonomy, and rejoiced in self-government, still they were not secure. By treaty right the Sultan occupied seven of their fortresses; and contrary to treaty right, under these fortresses were Turkish populations, the males of which were also available to reinforce the garrisons. There was an evident disposition on the part of the Turks to re-absorb the principality, and now that Russia had been snubbed, and Austria and England were fast friends, the moment seemed opportune. The latter by governmental representations in Parliament had secured for Turkey a loan by which she had effectually conquered Montenegro. Italy sympathised deeply with the suffering populations of the Turkish Adriatic coast, and a number of sympathisers were prepared to join the insurgents in 1862, but that they were afraid of British cruisers, which they had been told were to act against them. Indeed, instructions had been sent by Earl Russell to the British naval Commander-in-Chief, "to transmit any information of this kind which he may receive to the authorities of the points menaced, or supposed to be menaced, and to commanders of men-of-war of the country in peril from such attack." These extraordinary instructions were afterwards modified. It is probable that the British admiral indignantly remonstrated against being enrolled amongst the Austrian and Turkish police.

The suffering populations looked yearningly towards the Servians; and amongst the latter there were not wanting ardent sympathisers, who called loudly to their government to lead them on against the Moslem, who were torturing their brothers. But the risk was too great; they felt they would have to do with the disciplined troops of Turkey, armed with the most modern weapons as they had been by the English loan, and secretly supported by Austria. So the prince and his government contrived to hold his people well in hand, feeling that their autonomy was too precious to be risked; nevertheless, they gave shelter to political refugees, ever the most deadly offence to despots, and the mutual relations between the principality and the suzerain were grievously "strained."

In June, 1862, the attention of all Europe was turned to Turkish affairs by a startling occurrence. On the 7th the telegraph flashed the news that "*the Turks were bombarding Belgrade.*" At this distance of time one may venture to cull the most probable version

of the affair from various conflicting accounts, all of which I read at the time, but I learned more from eye-witnesses on the spot some months afterwards, from both philo-Turks and miso-Turks.

One Sunday, the 15th June, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a Servian boy was killed while drawing water at a fountain in the city, by two Turkish soldiers. These latter were seized by a number of Servian pandours or gendarmes, who began to take them to the fortress to deliver them up and lay a complaint before the Turkish Governor. While passing a Turkish police-station several muskets were thrust out of the wall (recently pierced for musketry), and the Servian gendarmes were killed. No more sparks were needed to fall on the explosive material contained in a city where two peoples had for months past longed to fly at each other's throats. Certain old gates, with towers of solid masonry, and other points of vantage were at once seized by the armed people, and an attack on the Turkish police-station commenced. It was soon discovered that this was largely manned, and, moreover, that most of the women and children had been previously taken from the Turkish quarter into the fortress. A very pretty fight ensued of a fierce and irregular kind, and some gallant deeds were done on both sides. From a small round tower, which could scarcely contain half-a-dozen men, some good Turkish marksmen did considerable mischief amongst the Servian patriots. A brave Montenegrin, after carefully reconnoitring the ground, suddenly rushed out of cover, climbed like a cat to the top of the tower, some fifteen feet, and bursting through the roof fell amongst the astonished Turks, pent up in a small space, and with his yataghan stabbed to death every one of them. "Unfortunately," added my informant, "one of the victims was a woman."

The street fighting continued all that Sunday afternoon and night, and the evacuated Turkish quarter was pillaged; meantime the foreign consuls were active as mediators. Mr. Longworth, the British consul-general, was especially distinguished by a fearless exposure of himself to the flying and ricochetting bullets during his visits to the Turkish governor of the fortress, and to his urgent representations is it mainly due that Achir Pasha was prevailed upon to order his soldiers to cease firing, on condition that the Servians on their side not only ceased their fire but raised the blockade of the 300 Turkish soldiers surrounded in the police-station, who were to be permitted peacefully to retire with their arms into the fortress. After all, terms were not difficult to make with the Servians, whose chief city was all this while lying under the guns of a strong Turkish fortress. Forthwith all the Servian authorities, accompanied by the consular body, put themselves at the head of these Turkish troops, and marched to the fortress between two lines of Servian soldiers. Now again, the truce was nearly broken by some

irregular firing just as the cortége reached the fortress, under which two Servians fell. The Turkish soldiers, however, were, with this exception, peaceably delivered over to the garrison. During the rest of the day the city in some measure recovered its tranquillity, for these people of Belgrade had learned, by use and custom, to live under the guns of a Turkish fortress. On the day following the fight, Tuesday, the shops were opened as usual, and everything promised tranquillity. About eight o'clock a large funeral of the soldiers killed the previous day was to take place.

At this moment, messengers bearing a flag of truce arrived from the Pasha, requesting the immediate presence of the consuls. The latter were assembled by Mr. Garashanin, the Prime Minister, and they all proceeded in a body to the fortress. Ere they arrived, however, a fire of shot and shell was opened from the fortress upon the city, and the Turkish messengers were killed by the exasperated people.

The scene that followed may be imagined. A general "stampede" of women and children ensued, some by boats crossing to Semlin, others retreating to the village of Toptchidéré, about a mile off, and still more hiding themselves in the cellars. The people of the city began to throw up barricades, and kept up a galling fire on the gunners. A sortie from the garrison was bravely repulsed, the Turkish colonel being killed.

It so happened that the Prince was absent at Schabatz, but the Princess was at home, and a witness of the outrage. He arrived, however, before the bombardment had ceased.

At the instance of the Austrian consul, who wished to remove some Austrians, and after five or six hours of intermittent bombardment, the Pasha consented to a truce of six hours. Again did the consuls exert themselves to put an end to this monstrous conflict; the French consul-general, it is said, gave himself up as a hostage to the Turks, making himself responsible for the Servians, while Mr. Longworth, on behalf of the Turks, became a hostage to the Servians. A tent was pitched for the Frenchman on the glacis of the fortress, and another in front of the Serbian redoubts. It is said that M. Tastu, on his part, with difficulty restrained the Pasha from opening fire at midnight, with the idea that the Servians were about to make a night attack. Meantime, peasants to the number of 20,000 marched into Belgrade, a motley crowd of admirable material for street fighting, but armed with firelocks of every possible calibre, and of various forms and sizes, which had done good service in the wars of independence, but were doubtless a little the worse for wear. Meantime, most of the consuls signed an indignant remonstrance to the Pasha; the name of the Austrian consul does not appear on this document, but Mr. Longworth, yielding to his feelings of indigna-

tion, imprudently placed his name first on the list, which act called upon him, as I was informed by a Servian senator, a severe reprimand from Sir Henry Bulwer, who bade him not to forget the policy of his government, and to support the Turks.

Space does not allow me to enter into the tedious diplomatic conflict, or to examine into the mutual recriminations that followed. The partizans of Turkey declared that the Prince had contrived the whole thing to bring odium on the Turks, and called attention to his absence at Schabatz. That theory may be laid aside as incredible, for the absence of His Highness was by no means unusual; he had left his wife in the city, and no sort of precautions, either in the movement of armed men, or the removal of valuables had been taken by him or his people. On the other hand, the Servians loudly declare that the thing was planned beforehand by the Turks and Austrians, and it is certainly a remarkable fact that the Austrian post office was removed the day before. Other suspicious movements are alleged, which it is needless to mention. Perhaps the most probable cause of all lies in the fact that Achir Pasba was a civilian in command of armed men, and such functionaries are apt to take panics, and become infected with a sort of spurious military passion, just as happened in Jamaica under a panic-stricken governor, and we all know that no passion is so cruel as a panic. As Kinglake says when speaking of the Paris massacre of 1851, "According to its nature, and the circumstances in which it is placed, a creature struck by terror may either lie trembling in a state of abject prostration, or else may be convulsed with hysteric energy; and when terror seizes upon man or beast in this last way, it is the fiercest and most blind of all passions."

Had the Prince provoked the bombardment by clever and unscrupulous manœuvres, whatever might be said of his morality, every one would allow that his success was complete in arousing a wide-spread sympathy for his cause throughout Europe, and damaging the character of the Turks at a time when Europe had scarcely recovered from the disgust occasioned by the bloody massacres of Syria. We heard of course much about the horrors of the bombardment of a city full of men, women, and children, and our imaginations were exercised, and our sympathy aroused at the bloody carnage; but here is the greatest marvel of all. A few lives were certainly lost on both sides by the small arms; the cannons and mortars scarcely did any execution. The roof of the cathedral suffered severely, several large holes were made in the roofs of houses, and everybody was terribly alarmed, but the killed and wounded from the bombardment were few indeed. The Turkish partizans say "after all no one was hurt;" the Servians may be excused for dwelling on the "horrors" of the bombardment, and making the most of it, but when I pressed them

for the returns they acknowledged that few were killed. I saw myself some 9-inch shells in the Prince's garden, but I believe that throughout the bombardment *very few shells had exploded*. The fact is that the Turks had not looked after the fortress for years; it was full of old stores, most of which were worthless. Immediately afterwards vessels were sent up the Danube to replenish the fortress with new war material of the latest kind.

The Servian question was now raised to the dignity of a first-class difficulty. The Prince and his ministers made the most of their grievance, which they managed admirably. Though Serbia was placed by treaty under the guarantee of the Great Powers, and precluded from having an army of any size, which indeed she was unable to support, it had nevertheless always been her aim and her pride to have an armed population. This idea had sunk deep into the souls of the peasantry. In the days of their bondage no Servian had been allowed to bear arms, and big men were kicked by vapouring Turkish boys, whose insults they durst not resent; but the war of liberation had filled each peasant's heart with a warrior's pride, and no Servian since the days of Kara George was ever seen without arms, or would ever endure the slightest insult from the Moslem. But what were these peasants' arms? Just the rude and imperfect weapons a peasantry might be supposed to have, of all sorts of calibre, of all sorts of worthlessness. The Prince now determined not to raise an army but to arm his people. He had no difficulty in raising an extra poll tax, and he freely gave from his own privy purse. A large order for arms reached Birmingham, but our Government nipped it in the bud. The Prince next sent to Russia and purchased some hundred thousand muskets. His next task was to get them into Serbia, in spite of Austrians, Turks, and English, the functionaries of which powers were jealously watching his movements. It was determined to bring them as quietly as possible through Wallachia to Giurgevo, then up the Danube, and so slip them into the first Servian territory. Couza was then Prince of Roumania, and was full of sympathy, as were his people, for the Servian cause. The muskets were carefully packed on some hundreds of bullock waggons, and began their slow and toilsome march over the soft soil of the Wallachian plains towards Giurgevo. As might have been expected they had scarcely achieved half of their journey when one of the waggons broke down, and the covered load, bursting through its fastenings, was exposed to view. The long line of heavily laden carts had already raised suspicions, even among that incurious peasantry, but now the report reached the city, and was brought in categorical form to the British consul-general, who forthwith proceeded to the palace and demanded an audience of the Prince. The consul gravely charged His Highness with a breach of international good faith and grave dereliction

towards Her Majesty's august ally the Sultan, his suzerain lord. The Prince expressed the most unbounded astonishment, and demanded what it was all about. He then heard the story of the convoy of muskets actually passing through his territory, and expressed such utter incredulity that the consul-general was fain to leave him. Perplexed beyond measure, the consul mounted his horse and rode to the village where the alleged break-down had occurred. His doubts were at once set at rest, there was the broken cart, there were the exposed muskets of Russian manufacture, and there was a long train of waggons obviously laden with arms. Again did the Englishman ride to the palace, again did he see the Prince, and tell him all he had discovered. Calmly and imperturbably did His Highness listen to the story, and then told the astonished official that it was obviously true there was a convoy of arms proceeding to Servia, and that he sincerely hoped the Prince of that country would receive them safely; and this was all the consul could get in the way of satisfaction. We may suppose that the Prince would get a severe lecture from Lord Russell.¹

About this time Prince Michael, abandoning strict official etiquette, wrote a remonstrance to Earl Russell, in which he says—"Faithful to the laws of loyalty, I did not hesitate, my Lord, to express the quite natural impulse of my people in favour of their brothers of Herzegovine and Bosnia, and even to make sacrifices painful to my heart, solely with the object of not failing in my duties of loyalty to the Suzerain. Can the Government of Her Majesty the Queen leave this country a prey to a continual panic, and at the mercy of the simplest accident, of the purest chance?" Earl Russell, in his reply, coolly assumes that the Servians are in the wrong. "It appears," he says, "that an attack was made by the Servians on the gates of the town occupied by the Turks in virtue of ancient usage and recent treaties." "Your Highness assumes merit for not having joined in the insurrection of the Herzegovina. Your Highness deserves the credit of having, in that respect, shown regard to the objects of good faith."

The people of Servia were of course intensely irritated against England and Austria, and showed their anger in various ways.²

(1) When Commissioners were appointed by the Powers to mediate between Turkey and Servia as to the nature and extent of the neutral territory between the fortress and the city, Earl Russell actually appointed an English officer *as an impartial mediator*, who was then receiving £1,000 a year from the Sultan for superintending some military establishments at Constantinople.

(2) In the year 1858 Mr. Fonblanque, the British consul-general, was grossly assaulted by some Turkish soldiers whilst walking near the fortress. Some young Servians rescued him from the fate of Stephen, for he had already received some heavy blows from huge stones. The British Government conferred a medal on the youth who had been foremost in the rescue, of which he was intensely proud, but now, in the year 1862, this same Servian sent the medal back to the consul, with a letter, in which he says,

Throughout the Blue-book one is struck by the partizan tone of Sir H. Bulwer's and Earl Russell's dispatches. They wrote like advocates who had lost their temper. "All those Powers must be aware," writes the latter, "that there exists a conspiracy, scarcely concealed, in all the provinces of European Turkey to throw off the yoke of the Sublime Porte, and substitute for it some kind of anarchy." He might have said some *other* kind of anarchy, seeing that he was speaking of a Power engaged in sundry massacres, and listening to the dictation of each foreign Government. But what if there had been a universal conspiracy against the Turkish despotism? Is it an English duty to help to crush down the aspirations of peoples who would be free? Again in writing to Lord Napier, "Your Excellency will state (to the Russian Government) that it is evident that Servia provoked the recent conflict at Belgrade, and that the murder of a Servian or a Turk was merely the occasion and pretext for an assault long premeditated." "Her Majesty's Government are well aware that the sympathies of Russia for the Christians in the East are very strong, but if the Christians rob and murder and break their promises, they ought to forfeit the support of a Christian Government." To which Gortchakoff replies, that Russian sympathies are not based on identity of creed, "but on the broader basis of humanity common to all Christians." What he contended for was the necessity for the complete removal of Christian disabilities, "for as long as the horrible feeling existed, that under Mahomedan rule, not only were the lives and property of Christians endangered, but the honour of their wives and children was not safe from outrage, so long would the peace of the Empire be disturbed by the natural efforts of the oppressed to throw off the yoke of the oppressors." One great bugbear that seems to have haunted Earl Russell, was the possibility of a republic being established somewhere on the Danube. Were it proposed to make a republic of Great Britain or any of her dependencies, I can quite understand how an English monarchist would strive with might and main to prevent such a consummation, but I cannot see why or how a British statesman should use the power and influence with which he is entrusted to frustrate the aims of a foreign population towards a higher form of political life. Suppose the Danubian Slavonians did wish for a republic and what then? Is it Lord Russell's mission to thwart these people? "They aimed at independence," he says; "They were at the same time conscious that the independence of Servia as a separate state would be a mere name. Therefore they aspired to form one of a great confederacy of the Danube, which, "but I see now by the daily dealings of your government that this decoration is nothing better but a sham; for if your government seems to reward on the one hand services rendered to humanity, the same government is acting quite contrary to all principles of humanity by assisting and protecting the barbarians who are oppressing us. I feel it does not become me to wear any longer the said medal on my breast."

under republican forms, was to rise from the ruins of surrounding Empires. Turkey was not indifferent to this danger, Austria was not indifferent to it; Russia ought not be indifferent to it," and Earl Russell was not indifferent to it. One has scarcely the patience to read these professorial lectures about "democracy" and "constitutional monarchy,"—the latter form of government being highly approved of by his Lordship, as if all foreign nations were bound slavishly to copy a very illogical compromise; a mere disguise of republicanism.

The Prince was determined at all hazards to get rid of the Turkish fortresses, and as a means towards this end, to make the nation an armed camp. Hemmed in as Servia is, the task he set himself was no light one, as there was no seaport and no water communication that was not commanded by his enemies, nevertheless he achieved his task. Two years after the bombardment I visited the remote old capital of Kraguevatz, and, as a friend, was shown everything. Here the Prince had established a foundry which was in full work, and I saw to my astonishment large workshops filled with Belgian workmen busily casting rifled field artillery, and turning out admirably finished breech-loading rifles. I marvelled at the vast quantity of war material concentrated in this remote mountain stronghold. Vast piles of shot and shell, big brass guns in all stages were everywhere seen, while the incessant noise of steam engines and hammers made one feel as if suddenly transported to Birmingham. No place could be more admirably adapted for an arsenal. Rich copper and iron mines were close at hand, while forests of valuable timber surrounded the town. The stocks of the muskets were made of walnut wood.

Here was Prince Michael's *chancellerie*, here were his diplomatic arguments in course of preparation. I suggested the inscription on the main building "*aide toi et Dieu t'aidera*, for that was the motto Servia had taken to heart.

I really thought the Servians might be pardoned if they felt bitterly determined to get rid of garrisons of Asiatics, whose feats at Damascus as well as at Belgrade were very fresh in their recollection. They may be excused (by all but our Foreign Office) if they thought less of "solemn treaties" framed by the Great Powers, than of the honour and safety of their wives and children. One of my correspondents, writing from Belgrade in 1864, says "it is all very well to tell us we are under the guarantee of the Great Powers, it is well to say keep quiet and fear nothing, but a great fear has siezed upon us and will never leave us; it destroys our commerce, it deprives us of security, it destroys our repose, it kills us by inches, and as long as we have to live under Turkish cannon we shall never be satisfied." The letter was as usual filled with the bitterest complaints against those decorous personages in London who, with their

families safe in England, were scolding these discontented people for their bad behaviour.

During the year 1866, the Servian mind was gravely disquieted by the war of Prussia and Italy against Austria. It was thought impossible that the contest would be confined to those three Powers, but that France would intervene, to be followed by Russia and probably England. Their malady now changed from Turkophobia to Russophobia, for they confidently expected that the Colossus of the North, to whose good offices they are greatly indebted, but whose favours they tremblingly receive, would at once occupy Roumania, and then ? Here I would remark that of all notions that ever enter the heads of such politicians as Mr. Layard, the most baseless of all is that the Eastern Christians have any love for Russia. True it is that she takes an enormous amount of pains to ingratiate herself, and her efforts produce certain fruit, they doubtless keep alive a certain amount of hope which takes the form of secret sedition, her emissaries accept her gold and do her work, but her greatest allies are tyrannical pashas and mischievous diplomatists, who cannot recognise the slow but irresistible natural changes amongst populations, and whose futile efforts to chain natural forces by the cords of antiquated systems do but irritate the people, and drive them in despair into the arms of Russia. After the decisive victories of Prussia the terror passed, and the Prince, supported by the people, doubled his exertions towards arming and organizing his population. In answer to diplomatic "interpellations" his bold reply was, that he had no aggressive ambition, all he asked for was the evacuation of the fortresses ; but he had been determined to arm his people, and he had armed them, so that in any future redistribution of the territory of Eastern Europe, the voice of 200,000 *armed* men would be listened to with more respect and attention than the supplications of a million unarmed peasants.

In 1867 things were changed, the weight of England no longer weighed in the balance on the side of Turkey. There had been, of course, no declared change of policy, but the movements of the Foreign Office, essentially secret to the outward world, are immensely influenced by the personal character and sympathies of its chief. Now, it will be remembered that a Tory Government had come into power, an event that had hitherto been the reverse of favourable to the aspirations of any struggling and oppressed people ; but the Tory Foreign Minister was Lord Stanley, who seemed somewhat out of place in that cabinet, and he had uttered a sentiment in a speech at Lynn which gave hopes to the Christians of Turkey, who only asked of England the favour of being let alone, about the last boon that Lord Russell would grant them. Lord Stanley had said, "I do not understand, except it be from the influence of old diplo-

matic traditions, the determination of our older statesmen to stand by the Turkish rule, whether right or wrong. I think we are making for ourselves enemies of races which will very soon become in Eastern countries dominant races; and I think we are keeping back countries, by whose improvement we, as the great traders of the world, should be the great gainers, and that we are doing this for no earthly advantage, either present or prospective."

In the early part of the year things had come to a crisis. The enthusiasm of the Servians had reached that limit beyond which it is impossible for a Government to restrain its subjects. There is little doubt that they had sent their emissaries into all the discontented states of European Turkey, and probably had distributed spare arms; it is certain that very menacing symptoms appeared in the contiguous countries, and equally certain is it that the Servians meant mischief if the Turks would not evacuate the fortresses. About fifty batteries of rifled guns had now been turned out of the arsenal at Kraguevatz. Besides about 300,000 rifled muskets they had prepared 20,000 choice breech-loading weapons. There was a crowd of peasant officers at Belgrade and Kraguevatz busily learning the more practical parts of military science; all the students at the University were armed and drilled; a vast number of European Slavonian medical students offered themselves to the Minister of War. A remarkable sympathy was expressed (by telegrams and otherwise) by enthusiastic Slavonian associations in different parts of Europe.

This state of tension endured some months, until, mainly, I believe, by the changed policy of our Foreign Office, from the Conservatism of Earl Russell to the Radicalism of Lord Stanley, the Sultan consented to garrison his fortresses by Christian and Servian troops. Every possible diplomatic sedative was applied to the wounded pride of Turkey, and the Prince of Servia went so far as to present himself personally to the Sultan to do homage to his Suzerain at Constantinople.

The advantage of this to the Turks was doubtful. It is true that the Prince appeared at Court, but he was followed by crowds of Croats, Montenegrins, Bosnians, and Greeks, who were as well informed of his diplomatic victory as any of the ministers; and the loud greetings, the frenzy of enthusiasm with which he was hailed at every step of his progress, could hardly have been palatable to Moslem pride. On his return in safety to Servia, he was accorded by the spontaneous action of the people the greatest welcome that Servia had seen since the days of Lazar. The fortresses were at last completely evacuated. Not a single Turk polluted her free soil, and her flag waved from each fortress. The people gave themselves up to a delirium of joy, a very carnival of merry-making ensued for several days, for surely a great national triumph had been achieved.

There was, however, treason hatching of a dark depraved character,

having its roots mainly in personal jealousy. Prince Karageorgevitch, who, in 1858, had been exiled from the country, had never lost hopes of a recall. As years glided on, however, this elderly savage (over sixty) began to lose all patience and to plot. From his residence in Pesth, and in connivance with a party in Servia, he determined to remove Prince Michael from his path.

About a mile from Belgrade, and near the village of Topjidéré, there is an old summer-house, once the residence of Prince Milosch, surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds, a favourite resort of the gentlefolks of Belgrade on Sundays and fête days. Here very regularly on a summer afternoon Prince Michael used to come and walk, in very dismal, princely state, usually alone, with an aide-de-camp a few paces off. On the afternoon of the 10th June, 1868, the Prince, with his cousin, Madame Anka, her daughter, and an aged aunt, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, were taking a quiet promenade in the park at Topjidéré, a large wooded enclosure full of game.

Although this place was considered a private pleasure-ground, belonging to the Prince, any well-dressed, respectable person was allowed to enter it at any time, but on this occasion the gatekeeper had received instructions from certain individuals, not to allow any one to enter after the Prince. He, with the ladies and his suite, went as usual along a wooded path which led to an open glade, from which there is a magnificent view, where he was accustomed almost daily to sit and contemplate the scene. Just before he reached this spot, rarely if ever intruded on by strangers, he met three individuals in European costume, who saluted him by doffing their hats, which salute he coldly returned and passed on. One moment afterwards the crack of pistols was heard, and the Prince fell. One of the villains then drawing a big knife fell upon the Prince—already dead with three balls in him—and furiously stabbed, cut and hacked him, until his features, disgustingly mutilated, were no longer recognisable. The other two assassins attacked the two ladies, the aide-de-camp, and servant, with the intention probably of removing all witnesses of their crime. Madame Anka was killed almost instantaneously with the Prince. Her daughter, the aide-de-camp, and the servant, were all more or less gravely wounded, but managed, nevertheless, to escape. The aunt of the Prince being a woman of great age and very feeble, had lingered a good way behind, and so escaped the notice of the murderers. The young lady, grievously wounded, fled shrieking to the gate of the park, and met some peasants with their carts. These at once gave the alarm, and from them the story, in one form or another, travelled from mouth to mouth with almost telegraphic rapidity, and spread far and wide, quicker and broader, through the population, losing nothing of horror in its transit. There were at Topjidéré, only a few hundred yards from the spot, and within sound of the fire-arms, the consuls of Eng-

land and France, and Mr. Garashanin, the venerable Prime Minister. These at once rushed to the spot to learn the truth, and no sooner did the latter see the dead body of the Prince, with that of Madame Anka lying by his side, than at once the old man (a veteran in Asiatic intrigues involving such events) had taken his measures. He sprang on his horse, galloped madly into Belgrade, called the garrison to arms, occupied every important post, set the police at work to arrest anybody at all suspicious, and summoned the ministry. There was a faint attempt to arouse the people against "the tyrant," but the instigators were immediately seized; in short, owing to the marvellously rapid action of Garashanin, the only part of the conspiracy which succeeded was the murder, all other measures were paralysed, and before noon of the following day, not only had the three actual assassins been arrested, but a host of suspected people besides.

It is very doubtful what would have happened had it not been for these prompt measures; it is certain that the Prince had a host of enemies. The affair of the judges was enough to have disgusted and alienated all right-thinking men, and there were in Belgrade many who, though guiltless of all conspiracy, would have welcomed any change of government. On the other hand, the Prince's foreign policy had won many hearts. He had pertinaciously insisted on the evacuation of the fortresses, and armed the people in defiance of Turkey; Austria, and England; his labours had just been crowned with success, and Servia stood forth armed to the teeth, victorious and respected, with not a Turk polluting her soil.

The crime was calculated to plunge the country into anarchy. The Prince's marriage-bed had been sterile, and there had been suggestions of a divorce and another marriage. Nothing was definitely arranged with regard to the succession, and the sovereignty, declared hereditary, was now to become elective under circumstances singularly calculated to produce disorder. There were at least two "princely" families in the field, and there were the Turks ever ready to interfere. The widowed Princess, residing at Vienna, was summoned to be Regent, and she most wisely, without a trace of coquetry, declined the proffered honour. Meantime a provisional regency was named, consisting of the president of the senate, the president of the court of capitation, and the minister of justice, and these published a proclamation announcing the throne vacant, and summoning the Skouptchina, or national assembly, to meet at the end of another month to elect a prince. At that time, a comparatively young man, M. Blaznavath, of whom men spoke highly, was minister of war. It occurred to him that the regency had made a blunder, that they ought at once to have chosen and proclaimed their future sovereign, taking the law of primogeniture as their guide, whereas they had given a month to unquiet spirits to concoct intrigues which might seriously injure the commonwealth.

M. Blaznavath lost no time in making representations, but boldly took upon himself a responsibility from which ordinary men would have shrunk. He secretly and swiftly prepared a proclamation inviting the army to recognise the nephew of the late Prince, the young Milan Obrenovitch, as their legitimate Prince. Fortunately, this youth was the nearest male relative in the order of succession to his uncle, and would probably have been chosen in any case, and still more fortunately his name was received with enthusiasm in every town and village. When the Skouptchina assembled, they had merely to give in their adhesion to the popular voice. The triumvirate elected to govern during the minority of the boy Prince, consisted of MM. Blaznavath, J. Ristitch, whose diplomatic skill had so largely contributed to the evacuation of the fortresses, and J. Gavrilovitch, a much-respected literary senator.

The object of the scoundrel who instigated the crime was utterly defeated. He was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment, and his family placed under a ban, being declared incompetent hereafter to succeed to the crown, whilst the immediate conspirators perished on the scaffold. But good came out of evil. A wise and strong party who would have shrunk with horror from any violent measures against the Prince, were determined to take advantage of his death to put an end to personal government, and to establish ministerial responsibility.

Since the advent of the present youthful Prince I am informed that a genuine liberty is being safely established, and still the whole nation pursues its policy of universal armament and frequent drill. The conterminous provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are held down firmly in the grip of Turkey; pure unmitigated repression, accompanied in many instances by horrible cruelty, is the policy of this Asiatic government. Bulgaria, being for the most part a country of plains, is held under the terror of such fortresses as Vidin and Schumla, which contain large garrisons. Besides these, the Turks have lately planted colonies of savage Circassians, who rob and outrage the Christians with almost entire impunity. And what is the aim of the Servians? Their policy is neither tortuous nor doubtful. They are as firmly convinced of the approaching disintegration of Turkey, as of the decomposition of a dead body, and are confident that their youthful state is the strongest and most promising commonwealth of any likely to take the place of the Asiatic despotism that for four hundred years has cursed these fair regions, and they are prepared to gather together the Slavonian provinces which surround them. The tradition of our Foreign Office is to maintain "the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire," and there are English statesmen who think it a wise and becoming rôle for the "mother of free nations" to crush the noble aspirations of these regenerated nationalities.

HUMPHRY SANDWITH.

VAUVENARGUES.

ONE of the most important phases of French thought in the great century of its illumination is only thoroughly intelligible on condition that in studying it we keep constantly in mind the eloquence, force, and genius of Pascal. He was the greatest and most influential representative of that way of viewing human nature and its circumstances, which it was one of the characteristic glories of the eighteenth century to have rebelled against and rejected. More than a hundred years after the publication of the *Pensées*, Condorcet thought it worth while to prepare a new edition of them with annotations protesting, not without a certain unwonted deference of tone, against Pascal's doctrine of the base and desperate estate of man. Voltaire also had them reprinted with notes of his own written in the same spirit of vivacious deprecation, which we may be sure would have been even more vivacious if Voltaire had not remembered that he was speaking of the mightiest of the enemies of the Jesuits. Apart from formal and specific dissents like these, all the writers who had drunk most deeply of the spirit of the eighteenth century lived in a constant ferment of revolt against the clear-witted and vigorous thinker of the century before, who had clothed mere theological mysteries with the force and importance of strongly entrenched propositions in a consistent philosophy.

The resplendent fervour of Bossuet's declamations upon the nothingness of kings, the pitifulness of mortal aims, the crushing ever-ready grip of the hand of God upon the purpose and faculty of man, rather filled the mind with exaltation than really depressed or humiliated it. From Bossuet to Pascal is to pass from the solemn splendour of the church to the chill of the crypt. Besides, Bossuet's attitude was professional in the first place, and it was purely theological in the second; so the main stream of thought flowed away and aside from him. To Pascal it was felt necessary that there should be reply and vindication, whether in the shape of deliberate and published formulas or in the reasoned convictions of the individual intelligence working privately; and a syllabus of the leading articles of the French creed of the eighteenth century would consist largely of the contradictions of the main propositions of Pascal. The old theological idea of the fall was hard to endure, but the idea of the fall was clenched by such general laws of human nature as this, that "men are so necessarily mad, that it would be to be mad by a new form of madness not to be mad;" that man is nothing but masquerading, lying, and hypocrisy, both in what

concerns himself and in respect of others, wishing not to have the truth told to himself, and shrinking from telling it to anybody else;¹ that the will, the imagination, the disorders of the body, the thousand concealed infirmities of the intelligence, conspire to reduce our discovery of justice and truth to a process of haphazard, in which we more often miss the mark than hit.² Pleasure, ambition, industry, are only means of distracting men from the otherwise unavoidable contemplation of their own misery. How speak of the dignity of the race and its history, when a grain of sand in Cromwell's bladder altered the destinies of a kingdom, and if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the whole surface of the earth would be different? Imagine, in a word, "a number of men in chains and all condemned to death, some of them each day being butchered in sight of the others, while those who remain watch their own condition in that of their fellows, and eyeing one another in anguish and without hope, wait their turn; such is the situation of man."³

It was hardly possible to push the tragical side of the verities of life beyond this, and there was soon an instinctive reaction towards realities. The sensations with their conditions of pleasure no less than of pain; the intelligence with its energetic aptitudes for the discovery of protective and fruitful knowledge; the affections with their large capacities for giving and receiving delight; the spontaneous inner impulse towards action and endurance in the face of outer circumstances;—all these things reassured men and restored in theory to them with ample interest what in practice they had never lost, a rational faith and exultation in their own faculties, both of finding out truth and of feeling a very substantial degree of happiness. On this side too, as on the other, speculation went to its extreme limit. The hapless and despairing wretches of Pascal were transformed by the votaries of perfectibility into bright beings not any lower than the angels. Between the two extremes there was one great moralist who knew how to hold a just balance, perceiving that language is the expression of relations and proportions, that when we speak of virtue and genius we mean qualities that compared with these of mediocre souls deserve these high names, that greatness and happiness are relative terms, and that there is nothing to be said of the estate of man except relatively. This moralist was Vauvenargues.

Vauvenargues was born of a good Provençal stock at Aix, in the year 1715. He had scarcely any of that kind of education which is usually performed in school-classes, and he was never able to read either Latin or Greek. Such slight knowledge as he ever got of the famous writers among the ancients was through translations. Of English literature, though its influence and that of our institutions were then becoming paramount in France, and though he had a parti-

(1) *Pensées*, i. v. 8.

(2) i. vi. 16.

(3) i. vii. 6.

cular esteem for the English character, he knew only the writings of Locke and Pope, and the "Paradise Lost."¹ Vauvenargues must be added to the list of thinkers and writers whose personal history shows, what men of letters are in a conspiracy to make us forget, that for sober, healthy, and robust meditation upon human nature and life, active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of the many affairs of their daily life is a better preparation than any amount of studious, meditative seclusion. He is also one of the many who show that a weakly constitution of body is not incompatible with fine and energetic qualities of mind, even if it be not actually friendly to them. Nor was feeble health any disqualification for the profession of arms. As arms and the church were the only alternatives for persons of noble birth, Vauvenargues, choosing the former, became a subaltern in the King's Own Regiment at the age of twenty (1735). Here in time he saw active service; for in 1740 the death of Charles VI. threw all Europe into confusion, and the French Government, falling in with the prodigious designs of the Marshal Belle-Isle and his brother, took sides against Maria Theresa, and supported the claims of the unhappy Elector of Bavaria, afterwards the Emperor Charles VII. The disasters which fell upon France in consequence are well known. The forces despatched to Bavaria and Bohemia, after the brief triumph of the capture of Prague, were gradually overwhelmed without a single great battle, and it was considered a signal piece of good fortune when in the winter of 1742-3 Belle-Isle succeeded, with a loss of half his men, in leading, by a long circuit, in the view of the enemy, and amid the horrors of famine and intense frost, some thirteen thousand away from Prague. The King's Regiment took part in the Bohemian campaign and in this frightful march which closed it; Vauvenargues with the rest.

To physical sufferings during two winters was added the distress of losing a comrade to whom he was deeply attached, and who had perished in the spring of '42 under the hardships of the war. The *éloge* in which Vauvenargues commemorates the virtues and the pitiful fate of his friend is too deeply marked with the florid and declamatory style of youth to be pleasing to a more ripened taste.² He complained that nobody who had read it observed that it was *touching*, not remembering that even the most tender feeling fails to touch us, when it has found stiff and turgid expression. Delicacy and warmth of affection were prominent characteristics in Vauvenargues. Perhaps if his life had been passed in less severe circumstances, this fine susceptibility might have become fanciful and morbid. As it was, he loved his friends with a certain patient

(1) M. Gilbert's edition of the Works and Correspondence of Vauvenargues (2 vols. Paris: Furne, 1857), ii. 133.

(2) *Eloge de P. H. de Seytres. Œuvres.*, i. 141—150.

sweetness and equanimity, in which there was never the faintest tinge of fretfulness, caprice, exacting vanity, or any of those other vices which reveal in men that excessive consciousness of their own personality which is at the root of most of the obstacles in the way of an even and humane life. His nature had such depth and quality that the perpetual untowardness of circumstance left no evil print upon him; he was made not sour, but patient and wise by hardships, and there is perhaps no surer sign of noble temper.

The sufferings and disorder of war were not his only trials. He was beset throughout the whole of his short life with the sordid and humiliating embarrassments of narrow means. His letters to Saint Vincens, the most intimate of his friends, disclose the straits to which he was driven. The nature of these straits is an old story all over the world, and Vauvenargues did the same things that young men in want of money have generally done. Among other usurers to whom he had recourse, he tells his friend of a certain archdeacon, who appears to have had a rather unprofessional expertness in the arts of mammon; he probably thought that the rate of interest should bear a direct proportion to the ecclesiastical rank and the piety of the money-lender, and that if a Jew got sixty per cent. it would be too derogatory to the dignity of a Christian to take less than twice as much.¹ It cannot be said that Vauvenargues passed along these miry ways without some defilement. He bethinks him on one occasion that a rich neighbour has daughters. "Why should I not undertake to marry one of them within two years with a reasonable dowry, if he would lend me the money I want, and provided I should not have repaid it by the time fixed?"² We must make allowance for the youth of the writer and for a different view of marriage and its significance from our own. Even then there remains something to regret. Poverty, wrote Vauvenargues, in a maxim smacking unwontedly of commonplace, cannot debase strong souls, any more than riches can elevate low souls.³ This depends. If poverty means pinching and fretting need of money, it may not debase the soul in any vital sense, but it is very likely to wear away a very priceless kind of delicacy in a man's estimate of human relations and their import.

Vauvenargues has told us what he found the life of the camp. Luxurious and indolent living, neglected duties, discontented sighing after the delights of Paris, the exaltation of rank and mediocrity, and an insolent contempt for merit; these were the characteristics of the men in high military place. The lower officers, meantime, were overwhelmed by an expenditure that the luxury of their superiors introduced and encouraged; and they were speedily driven to retire by the disorder of their affairs or by the impossibility of promotion,

(1) ii. 233.

(2) ii. 233. See too p. 267.

(3) No. 579, i. 455.

because men of spirit could not long endure the sight of flagrant injustice, and because those who labour for fame cannot tie themselves to a condition where there is nothing to be gathered but shame and humiliation.¹

To these considerations of an extravagant expenditure and the absence of every chance of promotion was added in the case of Vauvenargues the still more powerful drawback of irretrievably broken health. The winter-march from Prague to Egra had sown fatal seed. His legs had been frostbitten, and before they could be cured he was seized with small pox, which left him disfigured and almost blind. So, after a service of nine years, he quitted military life (1744). He vainly solicited employment as a diplomatist. The career was not yet open to the talents, and in the memorial which Vauvenargues drew up he dwelt less on his conduct than on his birth, being careful to show that he had an authentic ancestor who was Governor of Hyères in the early part of the fourteenth century.² But the only road to employment lay through the court. The claims even of birth counted for nothing unless they were backed by favour among the ignoble creatures who haunted Versailles. For success it was essential to be not only high-born, but a parasite as well. "Permit me to assure you, sir," Vauvenargues wrote courageously to Amelot, then the minister, "that it is this moral impossibility for a gentleman with only zeal to commend him of ever reaching the King his master, which causes the discouragement that is observed among the nobility of the provinces, and which extinguishes all ambition."³ Amelot, to oblige Voltaire, eager as usual in good offices for his friend, answered the letters which Vauvenargues wrote, and promised to lay his name before the King as soon as a favourable opportunity should present itself.⁴

Vauvenargues was probably enough of the man of the world to take fair words of this sort at their value, and he had enough of qualities that do not belong to the man of the world to enable him to confront the disappointment with cheerful fortitude. "Misfortune itself," he had once written, "has its charms in great extremities; for this opposition of fortune raises a courageous mind, and makes it collect all its forces that before were unemployed: it is in indolence and littleness that virtue suffers, when a timid prudence prevents it from rising in flight and forces it to creep along in bonds."⁵ He was true to the counsel which he had thus given years before, and with the consciousness that death was rapidly approaching, and that all hope of advancement in the ordinary way was at an end, even if there were any chance of his life, he persevered in his project of going to Paris, there to earn the fame which

(1) *Reflexions sur divers Sujets*, i. 104.

(2) ii. 249.

(3) ii. 265.

(4) ii. 266.

(5) *Conseils à un Jeune Homme*, i. 124.

he instinctively felt that he had it in him to achieve. Neither scantiness of means nor the vehement protests of friends and relations, who are always the worst foes to superior character on critical occasions, could detain him in the obscurity of Provence; and in 1745 he took up his quarters in Paris in a humble house near the School of Medicine. Literature had not yet acquired that importance in France which it was so soon to obtain. The Encyclopædia was still unconceived, and the momentous work which that famous design was to accomplish, of organising the philosophers and men of letters into an army with banners, was still unexecuted. Voltaire, indeed, had risen, if not to the full height of his reputation, yet high enough both to command the admiration of people of quality and to be the recognised chief of the new school of literature and thought. Voltaire had been struck by a letter which Vauvenargues, then unknown to him, had sent containing a criticism in which Corneille was disadvantageously compared with Racine. Coming from a young officer, the member of a profession which Voltaire frankly described as "very noble, in truth, but slightly barbarous," this criticism was peculiarly striking. He replied with many compliments, and thought it worth while to point out with a good deal of pains the injustice which the young critic had done to the great author of *Cinna*. "It is the part of a man like you," he said admirably, "to have preferences but no exclusions."¹ The correspondence thus begun was kept up with ever-growing warmth and mutual respect. "If you had been born a few years earlier," Voltaire wrote to him, "my works would be worth all the more for it; but at any rate, even at the close of my career, you confirm me in the path that you pursue."²

The personal impression was as fascinating as that which had been conveyed by Vauvenargues's letters. Voltaire took every opportunity to visit his unfortunate friend, then every day drawing nearer to the grave. Men of humbler stature were equally attracted. "It was at this time," says the light-hearted Marmontel, "that I first saw at home the man who had a charm for me beyond all the rest of the world, the good, the virtuous, the wise Vauvenargues. Cruelly used by nature in his body, he was in soul one of her rarest masterpieces. I seemed to see in him Fénélon weak and suffering. I could make a good book of his conversations if I had had a chance of collecting them. You see some traces of it in the selection that he has left of his thoughts and meditations. But all eloquent and full of feeling as he is in his writings, he was even more so still in his conversation."³ Marmontel was full of grief when Vauvenargues died, and in the epistle to Voltaire expressed his sorrow in

(1) ii. 252.

(2) ii. 272.

(3) *Memoires de Marmontel*, vol. i. 189.

some fair lines, containing the happy phrase applied to Vauvenargues, *ce cœur stoïque et tendre*.¹

In religious sentiment Vauvenargues was out of the groove of his time. That is to say, he was not unsusceptible of it. Accepting no dogmas, so far as we can judge, and complying with no observances, very faint and doubtful as to even the fundamentals, God, immortality, and the like, he never partook of the furious and bitter antipathy of the best men of that century against the Church, its creeds, and its book. There is a *Meditation on the Faith*, including a Prayer, among his writings; and there can be little doubt, in spite of Condorcet's incredible account of the circumstances of its composition, that it is the expression of what was at the time a sincere feeling.² It is, however, rather the straining and ecstatic rhapsody of one who ardently seeks faith, than the calm and devout assurance of him who already possesses it. Vauvenargues was religious by temperament, but he could not resist the intellectual influences of the period. The one fact delivered him from dogma and superstition, and the other from scoffing and harsh unspirituality. He saw that apart from the question of the truth or falsehood of its historic basis, there was a balance to be struck between the consolations and the afflictions of the faith.³ Practically he was content to leave this balance unstruck, and to pass by on the other side. Scarcely any of his maxims concern religion. One of them is worth quoting, where he says, "The strength or weakness of our belief depends more on our courage than our light; not all those who mock at auguries have more intellect than those who believe in them."⁴

The end came in the spring of 1747, when Vauvenargues was no more than thirty-two. Perhaps in spite of his physical miseries, these two years in Paris were the least unhappy time in his life. He was in the great centre where the fame which he longed for was earned and liberally awarded. A year of intercourse with so full and wide and brilliant a mind as Voltaire's, must have been more to one so appreciative of mental greatness as Vauvenargues than many years of intercourse with subalterns in the Regiment of the King. With death, now known to be very near at hand, he had made his account before. "To execute great things," he had written in a maxim which gained the lively praise of Voltaire, "a man must live as though he never had to die." This mood was common among the Greeks and Romans; but the religion which Europe accepted in the time of its deepest corruption and depravation, as has been noticed by more than one writer, retained the mark of its dismal

(1) The reader of Marmontel's *Memoirs* will remember the extraordinary and grotesque circumstances under which a younger brother of Mirabeau (*l'ami des hommes*) appealed to the memory of Vauvenargues. See Vol. i. 256—260.

(2) *Œuvres*, i. 225—32.

(3) *Letter to Saint Vincens*, ii. 146.

(4) No. 318.

origin nowhere so strongly as in the distorted prominence which it gave in the minds of its votaries to the dissolution of the body. It was one of the first conditions of the Revival of Reason that the dreary *memento mori* and its hateful emblems should be deliberately effaced. The license of Parisian life in the eighteenth century was not admirable; but even a gay and dissolute creature like Marmontel was surely not much worse morally, as he was incontestably less hideous æsthetically, than a monk of La Trappe. "The thought of death," said Vauvenargues, "leads us astray, because it makes us forget to live." He did not understand living in the sense which the dissolute attach to it. The libertinism of his regiment called no severe rebuke from him, but his meditative temper drew him away from it even in his youth. It is not impossible that if his days had not been cut short, he might have impressed Parisian society with ideas and a sentiment that would have left all its cheerfulness and yet prevented that laxity which so fatally weakened it. Turgot, the only other conspicuous man who could have resisted the license of the time, had probably too much of that austerity which is in the fibre of so many great characters, to make any moral counsels he might have given widely effective. Vauvenargues was sufficiently free from all taint of the pedagogue or the preacher to have dispelled the sophisms of license, less by argument than by the gracious attraction of virtue in his own character. The stock moralist, like the commonplace orator of the pulpit, fails to touch the hearts of men or to affect their lives, for lack of delicacy, of sympathy, and of freshness; he attempts to compensate for this by excess of emphasis, and that more often disgusts than persuades. Vauvenargues, on the other hand, is remarkable for delicacy and half-reserved tenderness; everything he has said is coloured and warmed with feeling for the infirmities of men. He writes not merely as an analytical outsider. Hence, unlike most moralists, he is no satirist. He had borne the burdens. "The looker-on," runs one of his maxims, "softly lying in a carpeted room, inveighs against the soldier, who passes winter nights on the river's edge, and keeps watch in silence over the safety of the land."¹ Vauvenargues had been something very different from the safe and sheltered critic of other men's battles, and this is the secret of the hold which his words have upon us. They are real, with the reality that can only come from two sources; from high poetic imagination, which Vauvenargues did not possess, or else from experience of life acting on and strengthening a friendly nature. "The cause of most books of morality," he says, "being so insipid is, that their authors are not sincere; is that, being feeble echoes of one another, they could not venture to publish their own real maxims and private sentiments."² One of the secrets of his own freedom

(1) No. 223.

(2) No. 300.

from this ordinary insipidity of moralists, was his freedom also from their pretentiousness and insincerity.

Besides these positive merits, he had the negative distinction of never being emphatic. His sayings are nearly always moderate and persuasive, alike in sentiment and in phrase. Sometimes they are almost tentative in the diffidence of their turn. Compared with him La Rochefoucauld's manner is hard, and that of La Bruyère sententious. In the moralist who aspires to move and win men by their best side, instead of their worst, to which the appeal is so usually made, the absence of this hardness and the presence of a certain lambency and play even in the exposition of truths of perfect assurance, are essential conditions of psychagogic virtue. In religion the law does not hold, and the contagion of fanaticism is usually most rapidly spread by a rigorous and cheerless example.

We may notice in passing that Vauvenargues has *les défauts de ses qualités*, and that with his aversion to emphasis was bound up a certain inability to appreciate even grandeur and originality if they were too strongly and boldly marked. "It is easy to criticise an author," he has said, "but hard to appreciate him."¹ This was never more unfortunately proved than in the remarks of Vauvenargues himself upon the great Molière. There is almost a difficulty in forgiving a writer who can say that "La Bruyère, animated with nearly the same genius, painted the crookedness of men with as much truth and as much force as Molière; but I believe that there is more eloquence and more elevation to be found in La Bruyère's images."² Without at all undervaluing La Bruyère, one of the acutest and finest of writers, we may ask if this is not an incredible piece of criticism? Quite as unhappy is the preference given to Racine over Molière, not merely for the conclusion arrived at, but for the reasons on which it is founded. Molière's subjects, we read, are low, his language negligent and incorrect, his characters bizarre and eccentric. Racine on the other hand takes sublime themes, presents us with noble types, and writes with elegance and simplicity. It is not enough to concede to Racine the glory of art, while giving to Molière or Corneille the glory of genius. "When people speak of the art of Racine, the art which puts things in their place; which characterises men, their passions, manners, genius; which banishes obscurities, superfluities, false brilliances; which paints nature with fire, sublimity, and grace; what can we think of such art as this, except that it is the genius of extraordinary men, and the origin of those rules that writers without genius embrace with so much zeal and so little success?"³ And it is certainly true that the art of Racine implied genius. The defect of the criticism lies as usual in a failure

(1) No. 264.

(2) *Reflexions Critiques sur Quelques Poètes*, i. 237.

(3) i. 248.

to see that there is glory enough in both; in the art of highly-finished composition and presentation, and in the art of bold and striking creation. Yet Vauvenargues was able to see the secret of the popularity of Molière, and the foundation of the common opinion that no other dramatist had carried his own kind of art so far as Molière had carried his; "the reason is, I fancy, that he is more natural than any of the others, and this is an important lesson for everybody who wishes to write."¹ He did not see how nearly everything went in this concession, that Molière was above all natural. With equal truth of perception he condemned the affectation of grandeur lent by the French tragedians to classical personages who were in truth simple and natural, as the principal defect of the national drama, and the common rock on which their poets made shipwreck.² Let us, however, rejoice for the sake of the critical reputation of Vauvenargues that he was unable to read Shakespeare. One for whom Molière is too eccentric, grotesque, inelegant, is not likely to do much justice to the mightiest but most irregular of all dramatists.

A man's prepossessions in dramatic poetry, supposing him to be cultivated enough to have any prepossessions, furnish the most certain clue that we can get to the spirit in which he inwardly regards character and conduct. The uniform and reasoned preference which Vauvenargues had for Racine over Molière and Corneille, was only the transfer to art of that balanced, moderate, normal, and emphatically harmonious temper which he brought to the survey of human nature. Excess was a condition of thought, feeling, and speech, that in every form was disagreeable to him; alike in the gloom of Pascal's reveries, and in the inflation of speech of some of the heroes of Corneille. He failed to relish even Montaigne as he ought to have done, because his method was too prolix, his scepticism too universal, his egoism too manifest, and because he did not produce complete and artistic wholes.³

Reasonableness is the strongest mark in his thinking. Perhaps this was what the elder Mirabeau meant when he wrote to Vauvenargues, who was his cousin, "You have the English genius to perfection," and what Vauvenargues meant when he wrote of himself to Mirabeau, "Nobody in the world has a mind less French than I."⁴ These international comparisons are among the least fruitful of literary amusements, even when they happen not to be extremely misleading, as when, for example, Voltaire called Locke the English Pascal, a description which can only be true on condition that the qualifying adjective is meant to strip Pascal of most of his characteristic traits. And if we compare Vauvenargues with any of our

(1) i. 238.

(2) i. 243.

(3) *Œuvres*, i. 275.

(4) *Correspondence*, ii. 131 and 207.

English aphoristic writers, there is not resemblance enough to make the contrast instructive. The obvious truth is that in this department our literature is particularly weak, while French literature is particularly strong in it. With the exception of Bacon, we have no writer of apophthegms of the first order; and the difference between Bacon as a moralist and Pascal or Vauvenargues is the difference between Polonius's famous discourse to Laertes and the soliloquy of Hamlet. His precepts refer rather to external conduct and worldly fortune, than to the inner composition of character, or to the "wide, grey, lampless" depths of human destiny. We find the same national characteristic, though on an infinitely lower level, in Franklin's oracular saws. Among the French sages a psychological element is predominant, as well as an occasional transcendent loftiness of feeling not to be found in Bacon's wisest maxims, and which from his point of view in their composition we could not expect to find there. We seek in vain amid the positivity of Bacon, or the quaint and timorous paradox of Browne, or the acute sobriety of Shaftesbury, for any of that poetic pensiveness which is strong in Vauvenargues and reaches tragic heights in Pascal.¹ Addison may have the delicacy of Vauvenargues, but it is a delicacy that wants the stir and warmth of feeling. It seems as if with English writers poetic sentiment naturally sought expression in poetic forms, while the Frenchmen of nearly corresponding temperament were restrained within the limits of prose by reason of the vigorously prescribed stateliness and stiffness of their verse at that time. A man in this country with the quality of Vauvenargues, with his delicacy, tenderness, elevation, would have composed lyrics. We have undoubtedly lost much by the laxity and irregularity of our verse, but as undoubtedly we owe to its freedom some of the most perfect and delightful of the minor figures that adorn the noble gallery of English poets.

It would be an error to explain the superiority of the great French moralists by supposing in them a fancy and imagination too defective for poetic art. It was the circumstances of the national literature during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which made Vauvenargues, for instance, a composer of aphorisms rather than a moral poet like Pope. Let us remember some of his own most discriminating words. "Who has more imagination," he asks, "than Bossuet, Montaigne, Descartes, Pascal, all of them great philosophers? Who more judgment and wisdom than Racine, Boileau, La Fontaine, Molière, all of them poets full of genius? *It is not*

(1) Long-winded and tortuous and difficult to seize as Shaftesbury is as a whole, in detached sentences he shows marked aphoristic quality, *e. g.*, "The most ingenious way of becoming foolish is by a system;" "The liker anything is to wisdom, if it be not plainly the thing itself, the more directly it becomes its opposite," &c.

true, then, that the ruling qualities exclude the others; on the contrary, they suppose them. I should be much surprised if a great poet were without vivid lights on philosophy, at any rate moral philosophy, and it will very seldom happen for a true philosopher to be totally devoid of imagination." With imagination in the highest sense Vauvenargues was not largely endowed, but he had as much as is essential to reveal to one that the hard and sober-judging faculty is not the single, nor even the main element, in a wise and full intelligence. "All my philosophy," he wrote to Mirabeau, when only four or five and twenty years old, an age when the intellect is usually most exigent of supremacy, "all my philosophy has its source in my heart."

In the same spirit he had well said that there is more cleverness in the world than greatness of soul, more people with talent than with lofty character.³ Hence some of the most peculiarly characteristic and impressive of his aphorisms; that famous one, for instance, *Great thoughts come from the heart*, and the rest which hang upon the same idea. "Virtuous instinct has no need of reason, but supplies it." "Reason misleads us more often than nature." "Reason does not know the interests of the heart." "Perhaps we owe to the passions the greatest advantages of the intellect." Sayings which are only true on condition that instinct and nature and passion have been already moulded under the influence of reason; just as this other saying, which won the warm admiration of Voltaire, "Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives," is only true on condition that by magnanimity we understand a mood not out of accord with the loftiest kind of prudence. But in the eighteenth century reason and prudence were words current in their lower and narrower sense, and thus one coming, like Vauvenargues, to see this lowness and narrowness, sought to invest ideas and terms that in fact only involved modifications of these with a significance of direct antagonism. Magnanimity was contrasted inimically with prudence, and instinct and nature were made to thrust from their throne reason and reflection. Carried to its limit, this tendency developed the speculative and social excesses of the great sentimental school. In Vauvenargues it was only the moderate, just, and most seasonable protest of a fine observer against the supremacy among ideals of a narrow, deliberative, and calculating spirit. His exaltation of virtuous instinct over reason is in a curious way parallel to Burke's memorable exaltation over reason of prejudice. "Prejudice," said Burke, "previously engages the mind in a steady course of wisdom and virtue, and does not leave the man hesitating in the moment of decision, sceptical, puzzled, and unresolved. Prejudice renders a man's virtue his habit, and not a series of unconnected acts; through just prejudice his duty becomes a part of his nature."⁴

(1) No. 278 (i. 411).

(2) *Buonaiuti*, ii. 116.

i. 87.

(4) *Reflections on French Revolution*, Works (ed. 1842), i. 414.

What Burke designated as prejudice Vauvenargues less philosophically styled virtuous instinct; each meant precisely the same thing, though the difference of phrase implied a different view of its origin and growth; and the opposite of each of them was the same—namely, a sophisticated and over-refining intelligence narrowed to the consideration of particular circumstances. Translated into the modern equivalent, the heart, nature, instinct, of Vauvenargues mean *character*. He insisted upon spontaneous impulse as a condition of all greatest thought and action. Men think and work on the highest level when they move without conscious and deliberate strain after virtue—when, in other words, their habitual motives, aims, methods, their character, in short, naturally draw them into the region of what is virtuous. All this has ceased to be new to our generation, but a hundred and thirty years ago, and indeed much nearer to us than that, the key to all nobleness was thought to be found only by cool balancing and prudential calculation. A book like “*Clarissa Harlowe*” shows us this prudential and calculating temper underneath a varnish of sentimentalism and fine feelings, an incongruous and extremely displeasing combination, particularly characteristic of certain sets and circles in that many-sided century. One of the distinctions of Vauvenargues is, that exaltation of sentiment did not with him cloak a substantial adherence to a low prudence, nor to that fragment of reason which has so constantly usurped the name and place of the whole. He eschewed the too common compromise which the sentimentalist makes with reflection and calculation, and it was this which saved him from being a sentimentalist.

That doctrine of the predominance of the heart over the head, which has brought forth so many pernicious and destructive phantasies in the history of social thought, represented in his case no more than a reaction against the great detractors of humanity. Rochefoucauld had surveyed mankind exclusively from the point of view of their vain and egoistic propensities, and his aphorisms are profoundly true of all persons in whom these propensities are habitually supreme, and of all the world in so far as these propensities happen to influence them. Pascal, on the other hand, leaving the affections and inclinations of man very much on one side, had directed all his efforts to showing the pitiful feebleness and incurable helplessness of man in the sphere of the understanding. Vauvenargues is thus confronted by two sinister pictures of humanity—the one of its moral meanness and littleness, the other of its intellectual poverty and impotency. He turned away from both of them, and found in magnanimous and unsophisticated feeling, of which he was conscious in himself and observant in others, a compensation alike for the selfishness of some men and the intellectual limitations of all men, which was ample enough to restore the human

self-respect that Pascal and Rochefoucauld had done their best to weaken. The truth in the disparagement was indisputable so far as it went. It was not a kind of truth, however, on which it is good for the world much to dwell, and it is the thinkers like Vauvenargues who build up and inspire high resolve. "Scarcely any maxim," runs one of his own, "is true in all respects."¹ We must take them in pairs to find out the mean truth; and to understand the ways of men, so far as words about men can help us, we must read with appreciation not only Vauvenargues, who said that great thoughts come from the heart, but La Rochefoucauld, who called the intelligence the dupe of the heart, and Pascal, who saw only desperate creatures, miserably perishing before one another's eyes in the black dungeon of the universe. Yet it is the observer in the spirit of Vauvenargues of whom we must always say that he hath chosen the better part. Vauvenargues's own estimate was sound. "The Duke of La Rochefoucauld seized to perfection the weak side of human nature; may be he knew its strength too; and only contested the merit of so many splendid actions in order to unmask false wisdom. Whatever his design, the effect seems to me mischievous; his book, filled with delicate invective against hypocrisy, even to this day turns men away from virtue, by persuading them that it is never genuine."² Or, as he put it elsewhere, without express personal reference, "You must arouse in men the feeling of their prudence and strength, if you would raise their character; those who only apply themselves to bring out the absurdities and weaknesses of mankind enlighten the judgment of the public far less than they deprave its inclination."³ This principle was implied in Goethe's excellent saying, that if you would improve a man it is best to begin by persuading him that he is already that which you would have him to be.

To talk in this way was to bring men out from the pits which cynicism on the one side and asceticism on the other had dug so deep for them, back to the warm precincts of the cheerful day. The cynic and the ascetic had each looked at life through a microscope, exaggerating blemishes, distorting proportions, filling the eye with ugly and disgusting illusions.⁴ The maxims of Vauvenargues were a plea for a return to a healthy and normal sense of relations. "These philosophers," he cried, "are men, yet they do not speak in human language; they change all the ideas of things, and misuse all their terms."⁵ These are some of the most direct of his retorts upon Pascal and La Rochefoucauld:—

(1) No. 111.

(2) *Œuvres*, ii. 74.

(3) No. 285.

(4) "A man may as well pretend to cure himself of love by viewing his mistress through the artificial medium of a microscope or prospect, and beholding there the coarseness of her skin and monstrous disproportion of her features, as hope to excite or moderate any passion by the artificial arguments of a Seneca or an Epictetus."—Hume's *Essays* (xviii.), *The Sceptic*.

(5) i. 163.

"I have always felt it to be absurd for philosophers to forge a Virtue that is incompatible with the nature of humanity, and then after having pretended this, to declare coldly that there is no virtue. If they are speaking of the phantom of their imagination, they may of course abandon or destroy it as they please, for they invented it; but true virtue, which they cannot be brought to call by this name, because it is not in conformity with their definitions; which is the work of nature and not their own, and which consists mainly in goodness and vigour of soul, that does not depend on their fancies, and will last for ever with characters that cannot be effaced."

"The body has its graces, the intellect its talents; is the heart then to have nothing but vices? And must man, who is capable of reason, be incapable of virtue?"

"We are susceptible of friendship, justice, humanity, compassion, and reason. O my friends, what then is virtue?"

"Disgust is no mark of health, nor is appetite a disorder; quite the reverse. Thus we think of the body, but we judge the soul on other principles. We suppose that a strong soul is one that is exempt from passions, and as youth is more active and ardent than later age, we look on it as a time of fever, and place the strength of man in his decay."¹

Vauvenargues showed his genuine healthiness not more by this rejection of the fatal doctrine of the incurable frenzy of man, than by his freedom from the boisterous and stupid transcendental optimism which has too many votaries in our time. He would not have men told that they were miserable earth-gnomes, the slaves of a black destiny, but he still placed them a good deal lower than the angels. For instance, "We are too inattentive or too much occupied with ourselves, to get to the bottom of one another's characters; whoever has watched masks at a ball dance together in a friendly manner and join hands without knowing who the others are, to part the moment afterwards never to meet again nor to regret, can form some idea of the world."² But then, as he said elsewhere, "We can be perfectly aware of our imperfection, without being humiliated by the sight. One of the noblest qualities of our nature is our being able so easily to dispense with greater perfection."³ In all this we mark the large and rational humaneness of the new time, a tolerant and kindly and elevating estimate of men.

Let us note that Vauvenargues is almost entirely free from that favourite trick of the aphoristic person, which consists in forming a series of sentences, the predicates being various qualifications of extravagance, vanity, and folly, and the subject being

(1) Nos. 296—7—8, 148.

(2) No. 330.

(3) Nos. 462—3.

Woman. He resists this besetting temptation of the modern speaker of apophthegms to identify woman and fool. On the one or two occasions in which he begins a maxim with the fatal words, *Les femmes*, he is as little profound as other people who persist in thinking of men and women as two different species. "Women," for example, "have ordinarily more vanity than temperament, and more temperament than virtue,"—which is fairly true of all human beings, and in so far as it is true, describes men just as exactly, and no more, as it describes women. In truth, Vauvenargues felt too seriously about conduct and character to go far in this direction. Now and again he is content with a mere smartness, as when he says, "Il y a de fort bonnes gens qui ne peuvent se désennuyer qu'aux dépens de la société." But such a mood is not common. He is usually grave, and not seldom profoundly weighty ; as for example :—

"People teach children to fear and obey ; the avarice, pride, or timidity of the fathers, teach their children economy, arrogance, or submission. We stir them up to be yet more and more copyists, which they are only too disposed to be, as it is ; nobody thinks of making them original, hardy, independent."

"If instead of dulling the vivacity of children, people did their best to raise the impulsiveness and movement of their characters, what might we not expect from a fine natural temper ?"

Again, "The moderation of the weak is mediocrity."

"What is arrogance in the weak is elevation in the strong ; as the strength of a sick man is frenzy, and that of the whole is vigour."

"To speak imprudently and to speak boldly is nearly always the same thing ; but we may speak without prudence and still speak what is right ; and it is a mistake to fancy that a man has a shallow intelligence because the boldness of his character or the liveliness of his temper may have drawn from him, in spite of himself, some dangerous truth."

"It is a great sign of mediocrity always to praise moderately."

If we reproach the eighteenth century with its coarseness, artificiality, shallowness, because it produced such men as the rather brutish Duclos, we ought to remember that it was also the century of Vauvenargues, one of the most tender, spiritual, lofty, and delicately sober of all moralists.

EDITOR.

TRANSLATION OF THE "ATTIS" OF CATULLUS.

LXIII.

THORO' stormy water Attis on a vessel of hurry borne
When he gained the wood, the Phrygian, with a foot of agility,
When he near'd the leafy forest, dark sanctuary divine ;
By unearthly fury frenzied, a bewildered agony,
With a flint of edge he shatter'd to the ground his humanity.
Then aghast to see the lost limbs, the deform'd inutility,
While still the gory dabble did anew the soil pollute,
With a snowy palm the woman took affrayed a taborine.
Taborine, the trump that hails thee, Cybele, thy initiant.
Then a dainty finger heaving to the tremulous hide o' the bull,
He began this invocation to the company, spirit-awed.

"To the groves, ye sexless eunuchs, in assembly to Cybele,
Lost sheep that err rebellious to the lady Dindymene ;
Ye, who all awing for exile in a country of aliens,
My unearthly rule obeying to be with me, my retinue,
Could aby the surly salt seas' mid inexorability,
Could in utter hate to lewdness your sex dishabilitate ;

Let a gong clash glad emotion, set a giddy fury to roam,
All slow delay be banish'd, thither hie ye thither away
To the Phrygian home, the wild wood, to the sanctuary divine ;

Where rings the noisy cymbal, taborines are in echoing,
On a curved oat the Phrygian deep pipeth a melody,
With a fury toss the Maenads clad in ivies a frolic head,
To a barbarous ululation the religious orgy wakes,
Where fleets across the silence Cybele's holy family ;
Thither hie we, so beseems us ; to a mazy measure away."

Thus as Attis, a woman, Attis, not a woman, urg'd the rest,
On a sudden yell'd in huddling agitation every tongue,
Taborines give airy murmur, give a clangorous echo gongs,
With a rush the brotherhood hastens to the woods, the bosom of Ide.
Then in agony, breathless, errant, flush'd wearily, cometh on
Taborine behind him, Attis, thoro' leafy glooms a guide,
As a restive heifer yields not to the cumbrous onerous yoke.
Thither hie the votaress eunuchs with an emulous alacrity.

Now faintly sickly plodding to the goddess's holy shrine,
 They took the rest which easeth long toil, nor ate withal.
 Slow sleep descends on eyelids ready drowsily to decline,
 In a soft repose departeth the devout spirit-agony.

When awoke the sun, the golden, that his eyes heaven-orient
 Scann'd lustrous air, the rude seas, earth's massy solidity,
 When he smote the shadowy twilight with his healthy team sublime,
 Then arous'd was Attis ; o'er him sleep hastily fled away
 To Pasithea's arms immortal with a tremulous hovering.

But awaked from his reposing, the delirious anguish o'er,
 When as Attis' heart recalled him to the past solitarily,
 Saw clearly where he stood, what, an annihilate apathy,
 With a soul that heaved within him, to the water he fled again.
 Then as o'er the waste of ocean with a rainy eye he gazed
 To the land of home he murmur'd miserable a soliloquy.

"Mother-home of all affection, dear home, my nativity,
 Whom in anguish I deserting, as in hatred a runaway
 From a master, hither have hurried to the lonely woods of Ide,
 To be with the snows, the wild beasts, in a wintery domicile,
 To be near each savage houser that a surly fury provokes,
 What horizon, O beloved, may attain to thee anywhere ?

Yet an eyeless orb is yearning ineffectually to thee.
 For a little ere returneth the delirious hour again.

Shall a homeless Attis hie him to the groves uninhabited ?
 Shall he leave a country, wealth, friends ? bid a sire, a mother, adieu ?
 The palaestra lost, the forum, the gymnasium, the course ?
 O unhappy, fall a-weeping, thou unhappy soul, for aye.

For is honour of any semblance, any beauty but of it I ?
 Who, a woman here, in order was a man, a youth, a boy.
 To the sinewy ring a fam'd flow'r, the gymnasium's applause.
 With a throng about the portal, with a populace in the gate,
 With a flowery coronal hanging upon every column of home,
 When anew my chamber open'd, as awoke the sunny morn.

O am I to live the god's slave ? feodary be to Cybele ?
 Or a Maenad I, an eunuch ? or a part of a body slain ?
 Or am I to range the green tracts upon Ida snowy-chill ?
 Be beneath the stately caverns colonnaded of Asia ?
 Be with hind that haunts the covert, or in hursts that house the
 boar ?

Woe, woe, the deed accomplish'd ! woe, woe, the shame to me ! "

From rosy lips ascending when approached the gusty cry
 To celestial ears recording such a message inly borne,
 Cybele, the thong relaxing from a lion-haled yoke,
 Said, aleft the goad addressing to the foe that awes the flocks—

“Come, a service; haste, my brave one; let a fury the madman arm,
 Let a fury, a frenzy prick him to return to the wood again,
 This is he my hest declineth, the unheedy, the runaway.

From an angry tail refuse not to abide the sinewy stroke,
 To a roar let all the region echo answer everywhere,
 On a nervy neck be tossing that uneasy tawny mane.”

So in ire she spake, adjusting disunitedly then her yoke
 At his own rebuke the lion doth his heart to a fury spur,
 With a step, a roar, a bursting unarrested of any brake.
 But anear the foamy places when he came, to the frothy beach,
 When he saw the sexless Attis by the seas' level opaline,
 Then he rushed upon him; affrighted to the wintery wood he flew,
 Cybele's for aye, for all years, in her order a votaress.

Holy deity, great Cybele, holy lady Dindymene,
 Be to me afar for ever that inordinate agony.
 O another hound to madness, O another hurry to rage!

ROBINSON ELLIS.

SONNET.

A MARK IN TIME.

I SEE a fair young couple in a wood,
 And as they go, one bends to take a flower,
 That so may be embalmed their happy hour,
 And in another day, a kindred mood,
 Haply together, or in solitude,
 Recovered what the teeth of Time devour,
 The joy, the bloom, and the illusive power,
 Wherewith by their young blood they are endued
 To move all enviable, framed in May,
 And of an aspect sisterly with Truth:
 Yet seek they with Time's laughing things to wed:
 Who will be prompted on some pallid day
 To lift the hueless flower and show that dead,
 Even such, and by this token, is their youth.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE PRACTICAL LAWS OF DECORATIVE ART.¹

SOME of you, I fear, may think that there is a certain presumption in the choice of the subject upon which I am to-night to address you. The Practical Laws of Decorative Art,—these are matters upon which your own professors or teachers may probably have instructed you, and this with the weight of an experience and an authority to which a stranger and an amateur cannot pretend. It might have seemed better to select one among the class of topics more frequently made the subjects of such addresses as that which I have been honoured with the request to give:—either to lay before you some large and theoretical view of the Fine Arts generally, or to point out the powerful commercial or national reasons which render the systematic study of Decorative Art desirable in England.

These, it may naturally be said, are more legitimate topics for one who, like myself, is only a student in art, and barely versed in some of the most elementary forms of designing, than the practical laws of decoration. I shall hope that, when I presently define these, you will acquit me of rash interference with the lessons of technical teaching which you have here the benefit of receiving. But, before I enter upon this part of my subject, I should like to give some prefatory words to the reasons which have led me to avoid choosing one of those topics of address which I have just named, as they have some bearing on that view of art upon which the remarks are founded which I propose to address to you. The national and commercial importance of improving our manufactures in point of taste has been very often dwelt upon of late, and set forth with great clearness, especially by several of our scientific and commercial countrymen who have been on the Continent, and have returned much impressed with the beautiful things which they saw abroad. Hence there is less reason why these powerful motives to study should be urged upon you;—to which I may add another, namely, that in the reports which have been made on the subject, among much that is true and valuable, it seems to me not difficult to trace something of that spirit of over-admiration for things foreign which is often found alternating with over-admiration for things English. I say this with some diffidence; yet I am unwilling to omit the criticism, because, having travelled rather frequently on the Continent, and with special interest always upon this very point, I have become aware how limited—how very limited—is the area of Europe

(1) A lecture delivered at the School of Design, Cambridge, Dec. 6, 1869.

within which good taste in applied art is now to be found ; and because it seems to me also, that the existence of it has hitherto depended in considerable measure upon the absence of that spread of steam-machinery which is the special pride of our own scientific and commercial classes. This ground of superior taste, if it really be one, the continental races are not likely to retain ; the diffusion of machine-manufactures (if such a phrase be lawful) being, of course, inevitable. Will this then, you may ask, be the death of taste and all that you are striving after ? He should be a bold prophet who would profess scientific prevision or attempt to dogmatise here. It appears to me, however, not improbable that this result will not be the final one. The first strong impulse to machine-made industries, by an inevitable rule, is followed by deadness to taste and art :—when this impulse has been exhausted, men, by one of those reactions which are the law of life and of progress, seem to return to the desire for things of beauty :—and it is precisely at this stage that systematic teaching is of most importance. This and similar schools are thus certainly in their right place, and doing an invaluable work for the country, whether it be foreign educated competition which we have to guard against, or whether it be to renew amongst our own countrymen, after their honourable and triumphant devotion to the Useful, what you will agree with me is not less honourable or necessary,—the love of the Beautiful.

In regard to that other frequent subject of discourse—large and theoretical views upon art—I have also some words to add ; and the more so, because the opinion to which the study of art for many years has led me, is one which may be of some value to you, if it be true ; and is also, more or less, in opposition to the opinions advocated by many able writers and speakers in England and abroad. There are many such theories about the fine arts ; theories of the true and the beautiful, of fancy and imagination, of real and ideal ; whilst others turn upon the moral effects of art upon the artist and the spectator, and others, again, upon the necessity and closeness of the connection between the art of any country and its civilisation in other respects. I hope that I do not undervalue these theories, many of which, as any of you who may be acquainted with them will possibly already agree, are too profound and subtle for an ordinary man to master : they represent, perhaps, in a self-contradictory manner, certain great principles and sentiments which underlie the fine arts, and our judgments upon them ; they have been often set forth with great learning or great eloquence ; and it is probable that, without acquaintance with them, we may have insight and refinement of taste (whether as producers or as enjoyers of art), but that we shall fail in breadth and balance of judgment ; like all half-educated people, we shall have enthusiasm, but not sanity.

Yet, the more I have studied art, the more I have felt how far away, practically, these theories lie from works of art as we see them in galleries and exhibitions; how far away, also, from the mode in which the artists themselves are in the habit of thinking of their work. Irrefutable in the study, they are almost unmeaning in the studio. Art, if I may use a rather abstruse but very convenient word, seems to me in truth, a much more *concrete* thing than those who (like myself) approach it only as students, not as practitioners, are in the habit of thinking. The abstract principles and sentiments (I use both words, because true art, as a distinguished predecessor of mine in this place has remarked, is a matter of the heart not less than of the head), the abstract principles and sentiments are indeed there all the while, but they are as it were in the background—behind the scenes; they appear rarely to occur in practice to artist or to spectator; they are unconscious guides, unperceived limitations. They cannot be set aside, yet they also can hardly be brought into intimate relation with our common work and ways. Art, in short, has much in it of the temporary and the shifting; it must bend to the exigencies, even to the fashions of the day; it represents the free play of the individual mind; it is also on all sides closely hemmed in by material conditions.

Such considerations lead to this, that whilst we study art as a whole, or in any one of its main groups, those larger views which people call the "philosophy of art," are essential to our rightly comprehending the subject, yet it is very difficult and hazardous to apply them to the detailed judgment of the art of our own time, and that they will have little influence over the artist himself.¹ He, as we know, generally works on in a sort of unconscious way; he does what is good without knowing how or why; all that he has observed in detail, all that his mind has received from the sight of nature or from the study of great masters, passes into his hand and his eye, but he can no more analyse it than the tree can decide to what atmospheric currents or geological changes in the soil it owes its foliage. All truly vital processes, all lines of really valuable action, not in art only, but in our lives generally, are more or less of this unconscious order; when the right hand knows what the left is doing, at any rate when it dwells and theorises upon it, we are pretty sure to be going wrong, or acting with less than our best strength. And it confirms this view, that those artists who have been conspicuous for working upon theory—whether their theory was a

(1) The criticism of contemporary art, it may be added, whether written or spoken, is thus reduced to narrow limits, and can hardly do more than point out which are the best works before us, without attempting to give them their real place in the art of the world:—it tends to become more and more the simple expression of the critic's personal likings; and this (I fear), generally, in direct proportion to the frequency of his appeals to scientific theory.

moral one, or a historical, or even an artistic theory—have rarely been conspicuous for doing their own work well, or making a mark upon their generation.

I take the liberty of presuming to offer you counsel upon this point, because, even in my own experience, I have seen, and daily see, so much faculty wasted or enfeebled through the theories in obedience to which some artists pursue their art. There is something naturally attractive in such theories, especially to young men conscious of intellectual power; it is self-satisfactory to be "looking at our art in a large way," and the like: they have also been set forth by men of great power and eloquence. If I have made my meaning clear, you will see that these lines of thought have their place, that they are of the highest regulative value, by an unconscious and general operation; what I here contend is that they cannot safely be made the guides for practice. The larger the law, the more it will mislead us if we have not grasped it truly, or if the law itself—as must, alas! generally be the case—is of only approximate truth. And the nature of art is itself such, so composite, so technical, so involved in the immediate and the temporary, that even the truest general laws, thoroughly comprehended, would give the artist little light in modelling his bust, colouring his landscape, or designing his pattern.

Are there, then, no available laws of art? some one will perhaps say; are we mere handicraftsmen, working from hand to mouth? Far from this, my friends. There are several such laws; from the simplest rules with which the child's first lesson is accompanied, to those larger and deeper ordinances which depend, at bottom, upon the philosophy of art; laws upon the observance of which, conscious or unconscious, all really good art has been founded from the beginning. But these rules, being practical, are closely connected with each art; they are, or should be, amongst what our neighbours in France call "the mysteries of the studio;" and it is hence with diffidence and unwillingness, as I remarked at the beginning, that a mere student of art like myself can venture to speak of them to those who, like yourselves, in different degrees, are going through a practical training as artists. These rules, however, omitting such as are purely technical, despite the many eloquent volumes and columns about art which we read in our day, are very few, and spring uniformly from certain principles intelligible to common sense, without special or professional familiarity with art. Taken together, the knowledge of them forms a great part of that dark and disputed faculty, good taste; and I hope to show you presently how those questions of taste which, as such, are generally treated as personal predilections, amenable to no definite reason, are really solved with ease by reference to these few simple rules. Certain of them are

also to be traced historically from the early civilisations of the world downwards; and, on these accounts, they lie partially within the range of an outsider like myself. I therefore propose, during the remaining time allotted to this lecture, to examine a few of these rules, especially those referring to the applied or decorative arts, with some notice of the errors into which neglect of them often leads artists. Yet, in so doing, I wish rather to be regarded by you as one who gives hints and suggestions, than as attempting to dictate a code, or to draw up a philosophy of the practicable.

My first business is to define our subject, and to ascertain the aim of this form of art. When we have done this, a hundred specious perplexities and grounds for fine writing disappear at once, and one is amazed to find how soon, in this as in many other matters, all that is essential may be stated.

Decorative art has been sometimes used to mean all art which forms an integral portion of some larger whole, and cannot be separated from it; as the sculptures of the Parthenon at Athens, or the frescoes of Michel Angelo in the Sistine Chapel within the Vatican. I do not propose to employ the term in this larger sense, which, like other similar enlargements of common terms, deviates inconveniently and confusingly from ordinary usage. It is true that a large portion of the best art of the world, down to the sixteenth century, was so far "decorative" that it was meant to be placed in a religious building, or (in some rarer cases) formed part of the fixed ornamentation of a public structure or dwelling-house—as the paintings of the "Variegated Porch" at Athens, or the frescoes by Raphael in the Farnesian Palace at Rome. But this peculiar appropriation of art went on simultaneously with much of the purely decorative order; and, whether to the advantage of art or not, arose itself from a variety of external or accidental causes with which we are not now concerned—the religious exigencies from which all early painting and sculpture seem to have sprung, the climate of Italy and Egypt, the slow development of oil-painting, and the like. Besides, although from some points of view, though certainly not from all, it was a gain to art that such works as those to which I have made allusion should be seen in connection with the buildings where they were placed; yet I think that if we transport ourselves in imagination to Athens or to Rome, we shall find that we should examine the masterpieces of Phidias or of Raphael quite independently of their local surroundings, and that their main appeal to us would rest on themselves—on the story which they set forth, on the beauty and sublimity, the mastery of form and colour, with which they tell it—not on their decorative quality as parts of a larger whole.

After separating thus the subject on which I am to address you

from analogous matter, I will now briefly try to define, first, the aim of all the Fine Arts, and then the special aim of Decorative Art. Such a definition will, I think, serve to clear up much of the obscurity in which the subject has been wrapped, and free us from those brilliant but confusing theories which, by making art correspond in some degree to the whole sphere of human life, render it very difficult to judge it accurately. Of course, in a large sense, the object of art, like that of science, is to further the cause of human improvement; but art, like science, does this in her own special way; and the artist or student, as I have already observed, will find little furtherance for this ultimate aim except by considering the immediate circumstances, not the remote purpose.

The great purpose, then, of art, looking at it thus as art, I define to be to give pleasure of a high and enduring kind;—not directly to teach the individual, not to express the national mind, not to be a mere amusement or pastime; but to please us in a peculiar and elevated way of its own, by addressing our intellects and our emotions. This is its speciality—in this it differs from other forms of human energy; it is by keeping strictly to this that it will not only accomplish its own aim, but that further aim which it shares in common with them, with the most efficiency.

Philosophy teaches us, and law restrains us; and both of these have our direct moral improvement as their aim. But science and the fine arts (poetry and music being here, of course, included) have a different mission. There is a sense, no doubt, in which to make a human creature better—even one only, and ever so little better—is the very highest aim of anything that a man can do. Yet it seems to me not less certain that, looking at these mighty instruments of human progress from their own point of view, direct improvement of this nature is only the subsidiary end of art and science. However tempting it may be, we shall only confuse and injure ourselves if we mix up questions of morality with these subjects. Shakspeare would have written less splendid plays had he asked himself every moment how far delineating Othello or Caliban was in the interests of religion. Adam Smith would have failed to create a science, had he blended his inquiry into the laws of wealth with reflections how badly most people employ it. Titian would not have coloured so brilliantly, had he coloured with a high moral purpose. And the result would have been, that each man would have done less service to the hearts of his fellow-creatures, as well as less to their eyes or their intellects.

To sum up. Science adds to our knowledge and our material advance in life, and this has a reflex action upon our spiritual well-being. Art brings us a peculiar and otherwise unattainable form of pleasure; and this, also, has a reflex action upon our spiritual well-

being.¹ Yet the aim of art is towards the greater pleasure of mankind; as that of the other is—in words which may nowhere be more fitly employed than within this city—*ad majorem hominum utilitatem*.

Now, if we quit the ground common to all the fine arts, and inquire what is the special kind of pleasure reserved for decorative art, we may, I think, define it, in its strictness, as pleasure remotely or unconsciously appealing to the intellect or the emotions; from which, by various steps, it rises into that more advanced type which sculpture and painting, as such, aim at; thus blending with and losing itself in them. For the line between the arts, sharply drawn as to their methods, is never sharply drawn as to their ends; and decorative art has forms (the Greek vases, for example, or Wedgwood's exquisite work) which almost pass into fine art proper; as it, in turn, has certain phases (as amongst the later Venetian painters, or, in a different way, some of the popularity-hunters of our own time) which have very little higher aim about them. But this definition—pleasure only remotely or unconsciously appealing to the intellect or the emotions—may, I think, be accepted as our starting-point. What practical rules will, then, flow from it, to direct or to warn us?

Taking the most general first, we shall have the rule which may be termed that of *Material or Constructive Propriety*. The more intellectual an art, the more independent it is, and the reverse. From this we deduce that, in decoration, our ornament must obviously spring from the necessities of the position; that it must follow the exigencies of the article decorated, from a palace wall to a cottage salt-cellar; placing itself always, as it were, in a subordinate position, and taking especial care never to efface the proper object of what it decorates. This, as you see, is rather a principle of limitation than of inspiration; it enables us rather to perceive what we should avoid, than what we should do; it is a principle of moderation and reserve. Thus, taking earthenware as one great field for decoration from the earliest ages, we now may feel why the Greeks, our great masters in propriety, so carefully preserve the form of their vases. The material

(1) For brevity's sake, I here omit considerations upon the artist's choice of his subject, which is, of course, the point at which art and morality are linked. In many cases (as for example the religious art of Greece or the middle ages) this point was predetermined for the artist, being that indeed which gave occasion to the development of the art and its chief employment for several centuries. Where the choice is free, we may observe, (1) that we may, theoretically, conceive that the greatest technical master of his art might have produced nothing which healthy human feeling could tolerate; (2) that, in practice, great technical mastery has been almost uniformly allied with the most refining and elevating (and hence the most morally improving) choice of subject. It is, I apprehend, only when calmly and cautiously approached from this side that the curious question, whether the good artist or poet is also the good man, can be treated with a probability of valuable results.

rendered it easy to obtain beauty of form, and they thus took every care to retain the greatest amount of this, admitting only that degree of variety which was consistent with it. I believe I may say that, among the thousands of their earthenware vessels which have descended to us, one can hardly find a grotesque shape adopted for the sake of grotesqueness; hardly ever even a square or angular form. If you consider how earthenware is made, the principle of this latter peculiarity—a principle, like most of those obeyed by the Greeks in their art, equally refined and homely—becomes evident at once. Earthenware is turned on a wheel, and hence that rule of propriety to the material which I am trying to illustrate forbade the use of a form which was less perfectly to be reached, and which deviated from the nature of the material. A similar reason appears to have dictated the extreme sobriety of colouring, and simplicity in the choice of subject, which not less characterise their vases. It was not that they were unacquainted with brilliant pigments, or with such subjects as we see on modern china—landscapes, wreaths of flowers, and the like. But the Greeks felt that, beautiful as these ornaments might be in themselves, or in their place, they were apt to interfere with the decorative character of vase-painting; that they distract the eye from the pure form, which, as I have said, was legitimately the first consideration in a fictile object; and that they cannot well be arranged without looking rather like a picture upon a vase, than a specimen of vase-painting.

Turn now to modern decorative art in this sphere. We find at once that these simple principles of propriety have disappeared. So far from that adherence to the form as the first law (because the law most closely connected with the material), it is difficult to find a form, beautiful in itself, in any eminent or exquisite degree, among the thousands of costly vases produced by Chelsea or Sèvres, Dresden or Vienna. On the contrary, the ambition of the makers seems always to have been to produce, not new forms of appropriate beauty, but new forms anyhow, and at any price. Mark at once the bad results of forsaking the rule of propriety—simple and ludicrous as I have no doubt it would be regarded if you or I could preach it in those sumptuous national establishments. Not only is the eye constantly offended by unpleasing shapes, disguised or exaggerated perhaps by the monstrous gilt metal frameworks on which auctioneers and dealers dwell with singular and special devotion, but in many cases it is impossible to discover, without close examination, for what purpose the piece of work is intended—a silly disguise of which, I need hardly say, the Greeks are wholly innocent. You are sure to have bad art, as a rule, when a thing tries to look like some other thing—not exactly because it is a deception (on which more hereafter), but because the rule of constructive propriety is thus broken.

A similar criticism, to complete the parallel, may be made in a few words upon the colour-decorations of modern European china. Here it is the pride of the artist to contradict that rule of subordination which (as part of the larger law of propriety), is fundamental to decorative art. He tries to paint a group, or a landscape, not as a decoration, but as a picture: to give it independent merit, and make you admire it, not as the ornament of a jug, but as a work of fine art. And the result uniformly is, something which a true artist, or a man trained in fine art, looks at with a smile or a shrug, and which he feels to be truly worse (as progressively receding from true principle) the more perfectly it is executed. Yet modern taste is such, that I am bound to admit the Sèvres artist is wise in his generation. I have known £2,000, or nearly that sum, given for a vase, whose principal decoration was a sea-piece by Morin which, as a piece of legitimate water-colour work, would have been dear at half-a-crown; and I have bought for £2 a vase of the very best Greek execution, decorated with a group from Sophocles' great play of *Œdipus*, which the art of Flaxman himself could have hardly rivalled.

This branch of art is so important and so typical, that you, as students of decoration, will perhaps excuse me if I venture into further details on the subject. It will seem a kind of "teapot-war," I dare say, to those whom I should call the uninitiated; but you at least will recognise the force of the saying, "Nothing is little in the arts." Every one has heard of the famous dispute between what is called *Realism* and *Idealism* in art, and of that other question which surveys the same ground from a somewhat different point of view, and deals with the (supposed) modern passion for nature, and the true and accurate rendering of nature, whether as a whole, as in a landscape, or in detail, as it appears in the decorative art with which we are now engaged. Into the main issues involved in these disputes I need not here enter; but I may try to give a reason why floral decoration, as such, which forms so very large a portion of modern ornament—whether in earthenware, architecture, papers for walls, carpets, or book-illustration—was admitted by the Greeks in so sparing and subdued a manner. And if here I enter upon a subject which must form a large portion of your studies, and happen to dissent from the rules or the practice of your school, you will, I hope, allow me the benefit of those excuses which I pleaded at the beginning of this lecture.

Remembering that with the great question as to the importance of the love of nature, and the expression of that love in art, we are not concerned, let us ask why, in purely decorative work, the true rendering of natural detail is so rare amongst that race to whom we look, and hardly ever look in vain, for lessons of propriety in art?

The Greeks, especially those of the Asiatic Colonies in early times, and the Athenians later, had so fine and true an instinct by nature, and then appear to have cultivated it so accurately,—they were at once so practical and yet so poetical in all their art,—that one can really almost turn to their work as an unerring guide in relation to all these questions of propriety: they seem to have the spontaneous infallibility of natural law. Let me guard myself here from the charge of one-sided admiration. The Greeks do not exhaust all the possible subjects of art; they lived too early for a hundred ideas and sentiments to which modern life has given birth; they did not even possess all our methods in art, nor did they attempt to meet all our material requirements. Alluring as may be the attempt to reproduce their art, whether in poetry or the arts of design, whether pure (as in the paintings of David, or blended with mediæval colours, as in some of the artists and poets of our own day and country), it is an attempt which, by its very nature, will never reach a really fruitful or vital success: if we cannot turn our own age into beauty (to put the thing in a brief phrase), we fail as artists:—and it is only those who can do this, as a Keats or a Tennyson in poetry, a Turner or a Flaxman in art, who are capable of occasionally revivifying for us some subject drawn directly from the fair ancient world which has so long since passed into dreamland. But the general method on which the Greeks worked,—the principles of propriety which they followed,—the taste which they showed,—these are the models that should guide us, the eternal rules—eternal, not because they are Greek, but because they are of all time; because they are more completely strong and sane, yet also more completely imaginative and tender, than any other. One instinct, then, under which the Greeks rejected a close imitation of natural detail in their ornament, I take to have been this, that we cannot imitate it without soon quitting that symmetry which is of the essence of decoration; that it presently, if so treated (as in modern china, or carpets, or book-illustrations), either becomes too realistic, and looks like an actual wreath placed round or on the material, or turns into a picture, and appeals to us as *free art*, not as *decorative art*. Another ground, of wider application (because it refers to art generally), lies in the great principle of proportioning the degree of pains put into our work, and of closeness in reproduction, to the worthiness of the subject,—to its intellectual or emotional importance. Now human life (including religious representations) is of so much higher value in this respect than any other object which art can handle, that everything else is carefully subordinated to it in all good art.¹ Thus the patterns on the best

(1) It may be thought that the figure-subjects on the Greek vases exceed the limits of pure decorative art, if defined as that which only makes an unconscious appeal to our higher faculties. Certainly they approach these limits; but (1) these decorations appear

vases, though touched with an exquisiteness of hand enough to drive any artist but a Dürer to despair, are always, intentionally, *freely* touched, and never exhibit that faultless and feelingless mechanical accuracy which is the glory,—and the death,—of our decorative system. The illustrative details of the scene are less studied than the pose and attitudes of the figures; and though the *features* (in accordance with an instinct of Greek art) are not highly studied, yet the outline and character of the head has always received the greatest attention. One might expect that subjects of religious or human interest, treated in this skilful way, would carry us beyond the proper sphere of decorative art; but no! that reverence for law which the Greeks felt more strongly than any other race does not fail them. However important the subject may be, it is always kept in subordination to the general form of the vase, which, as expressing the deepest constructive propriety towards the material, uniformly preserves its pre-eminence.

Is it not singular to trace this perfect propriety? and was I not justified in comparing it to the unerring operations of natural law and instinct? Even more should we feel the marvellous gifts of the Greeks in this respect if we took their works in the larger regions of art as our study. The same union of the freest imagination with the strictest law governs their work, from a pot two inches high to a temple, from an engraved gem invisible without the microscope to a colossal statue. But it must be enough that I should indicate here some outlines of a subject which it would take not one, but many evenings, to treat in its fulness.

It will now, perhaps, be clear to you if I put this regulative law of Propriety into a simpler phrase, "Let ornament be ornament." This definition is a mere play of words unless we clearly keep in view the limitations which it implies, and the purposes which it points out. But, having tried to establish some of these, I may briefly note a few more applications of the principle. One, which is frequently neglected, is, that decorative borders to books, wall-papers, earthenware, and the like should be treated simply as patterns, without shading,—for shading expresses *independence of the surface decorated*; that though natural forms may be cautiously followed in detail (as the shapes of leaves), yet the arrangement must be symmetrical; there must be nothing to suggest structure or tangibility. These rules (which are often alluded to by writers on art, but not often grounded upon principle, as rules of "abstract" or "conventional" treatment) will exclude many modern and some mediæval decorations: carpets or paper covered with flowers like nature, pictures impressed

to have been mainly placed on vases meant for display, not for use; (2) the figures are treated always in an abstract manner, and (so far as we can form an opinion of Greek painting) did not compete with it in colour, or finish, or force of effect.

on the covers of books, borders after the German fashion, imitating woodwork with interlaced lines—in fact, every specially German form of art should be received by the student with the greatest reserve, no race, capable of art at all,¹ having departed so widely and so tastelessly from the laws of propriety and of beauty, or approached the arts of design (architecture included) in so inartistic a spirit.²

After speaking thus of the Germans, it is fair to point out that in a peculiarly Italian style of decoration, and that even as practised by some of the greatest artists—the arabesque—serious lapses from the law of propriety to the style have been frequent. The introduction of “military instruments,” or of instruments of music, with that of natural objects directly imitated, breaks through the rule that in ornament we are to trace everywhere a pattern, not a tangible thing: whilst by a further (though a more tasteful) transgression, we find among the famous arabesques of Raphael’s *Loggie* beautiful little pictures, framed, as it were, among the grotesque foliage and twisting curves common to the style.

It is under this head of propriety that we may, perhaps, bring those imitations of one material by another against which Mr. Ruskin has waged an eloquent but unsuccessful war. There is, no doubt, as he argues, a kind of moral impropriety in the deception by which deal for instance is made to look like oak, or plaster like marble; yet I think it is only by a kind of conscious metaphor that we can denounce these imitations as insincere; nor, again, can we lay serious stress upon the argument which ascribes to such work a morally hurtful influence over the workman; nobly anxious as the distinguished writer to whom I have alluded is, that the workman’s personal interests shall be promoted by all public patronage of art. In accordance with the general line of thought here followed, it seems to me safer to rest our opposition to such deceptive imitations upon reasons of art itself;—arguing that we again quit the proper office of ornament when we try to reproduce nature, with all

(1) Except perhaps the Spanish, if pure Spaniards are to be considered as capable of art in any general sense. So far as my observation has gone, they have done nothing good except under the direct influence of foreigners—the French in the thirteenth century, the Moors rather later, then the Italians and Flemings. Velasquez appears to be their one great exception, and he no doubt is a giant; yet great part of his gigantic power in painting was wasted upon national subjects of such little interest that one wonders he was content to paint them.

(2) It is very singular that, whilst German literature probably shows more prodigality of sentiment than any other, and whilst German music stands absolutely alone in its expression of that which we may conveniently sum up as “innerness,” German fine art should be almost devoid of these qualities. Two or three early half-Flemish or Swabian masters, with the great Dürer, almost exhaust the list; to which not one of the painters of recent times, so far as I am aware, can be added. This is one of many lessons how unsafe it is to rely upon the community between the arts in framing general theories or philosophical histories of the subject.

her accidents, by graining of oak, enamelling of slate as marble, and the like. We are imitating instead of inventing; trying to create a surface, not to decorate a surface. Hence our work, to try it by another test (beside this inherent offence against propriety), is also deficient in enduring effect. The partial defacement of a painted pattern does not destroy it as decoration, whilst any removal of our false film of marble or oak ruins the effect by ruining the illusion. But true ornament, in uniformity with its essential nature, is never illusory.

Another converse error of common occurrence may also be noted; that by which, in place of ambitiously raising ornament to art, we reduce works of fine art to ornament. A familiar example of this may be found in the bronze-figure work, often good of its kind, which is used, especially in France, to decorate furniture: cabinets, beds, and clocks, being particularly subject to this "morbid condition" in that country. If a bronze figure is good for anything, no eye of proper feeling can bear to see it treated as the appendage to a time-piece; it requires our sole attention: if, on the other hand, it be a mere "ornamental" piece of casting, we have then the more serious error that an intellectual art has been lowered to meet quite a different purpose, and this without truly accomplishing it.

The error in question is, however, exhibited most copiously and most fatally in architecture, and it becomes here of such great importance that, even if not strictly falling within my subject, I hope, as a student of that art and of sculpture from childhood, I may be allowed a short digression. Our own age, even within the limits of our own country, is wont to assert a sort of claim to be remembered by posterity on various grounds: it has invented the electric telegraph, it has made Manchester, it has produced university reform, it has tried to satisfy Ireland. But beside these uncontrollable claims to remembrance, it will probably be alive in the eyes of posterity most visibly and most solidly in the enormous number of new buildings which it threatens to leave:—

bona, mediocria, mala plura,

as the line says,—though I for one, looking at the many admirable structures which cover the land, and recalling such names as Cockerell and Basevi in former years, Butterfield, Burgess, Waterhouse, Bodley, and several more in our own, would confine the epithet "bad" to a simple numerical majority. At any rate, we bid fair to be remembered as an architectural generation. Now amongst the oldest, most powerful, and most legitimate means by which architecture reaches its effect as a fine art, is the employment of figure sculpture. This has naturally led to an immense recourse to sculpture in our new buildings, and whether we look to public

edifices (as the Houses of Parliament, the new Government Offices, and the University of London) or to those of more private character, as the endless churches either newly built or restored, we everywhere find the freest expenditure upon this item. This expenditure, in truth, in some of the instances which I have specified, has been so lavish and so shamefully wasted, that I for one, as a humble but punctual taxpayer, have been often tempted to memorialise Mr. Gladstone, as the great hero sent to cleanse the land from abuses of all sorts and sizes, against it. Letting alone certain other obvious reasons, one amply sufficient reason why I have not done so is, that I should undoubtedly be assured that the able and conscientious architects, "men of the highest standing in their noble profession" (and such, no question, they are), regarded these crowds of kings and warriors and philosophers as essential to the effect of their designs. But, however able the architects may be, I hope that I may without presumption remark that they have rarely shown equal ability in regard to the sister art which they call in to aid their own inventions. Among the three fine arts of design, sculpture (I speak, of course, of figure sculpture) is at once the most difficult and the most directly intellectual. It follows at once from this—follows irresistibly—that it should be rarely employed, and employed to give the highest point of effect. Although, looking at a building as a whole, we may regard its sculpture as part of its ornament, yet the sculpture itself is, by the very conditions of the art, the most removed from the merely ornamental. It is a contradiction to first principles, and hence sure to be followed by ruinously bad effect, to employ it profusely, and to employ it decoratively. In sculpture there is absolutely no middle way between the good and the bad: it is a success or a failure. The most powerful means of giving beauty, it is hence also the most dangerous. A figure is in itself an appeal to the mind; when, therefore, we discover a mere piece of ornament instead, we experience an anti-climax; the effect of it is not simply neutral, it is positively injurious to that of the building.

Now, in support of the criticism which I have ventured to make upon the practice of our architects, need I do more than ask you to look at, or to recall to your minds, any one of our recent specimens of elaborate building. Where a felicitous want of funds has limited the decoration, we may see but one or two figures: in other cases, from the middle ages downwards, the architect has generally designed as if all the good sculptors of the world had been together at his command, and this with their ability miraculously enlarged. We see altar-screens framed to hold fifty standing figures together; porches planned to lodge more angels than there are stars in the sky; niches and pinnacles and pedestals between every window. What has been the result? If all the sculptors of the world

had been at command, they could not possibly have devised varied and characteristic designs for this vast army of holy personages; the task is simply an impossible one.¹ And as, from the difficulty of the art, it has been rare to find more than two or three efficient sculptors in a whole century, this immense mass of figures has been almost uniformly executed by artists wholly incapable of informing the stone with life or character. Hence such displays of carving as we see, from Rheims itself, of all Gothic cathedrals the most lovely, to the palace at Westminster—putting aside their interest, not as art but as archæology—are simply curiosity traps for the uneducated spectator; or, at the best, present only a pleasing complexity of lines. As pieces of art, speaking to the heart or head, I confidently affirm that the architectural figure-sculptures of Europe, for many centuries have, as a rule, been dead and valueless—Gothic, renaissance, or modern, they are costly specimens of the fatal effects which follow when we desert the material and elementary conditions of the art, and try to make one species of beauty do the work of another.

Let me add a few words in reference to my allusions to the Gothic sculpture, which, I am aware, are in direct opposition to the opinion now so frequently expressed in regard to it. So far as the employment of that style for modern architecture is concerned, I may honestly claim to have advocated it to the best of my powers; it seems to me not only the best style for us, but the one which has also by far the strongest claims to be the true style—whether on practical or on theoretical grounds. But the same study which has led me to this result—in which you, I hope, will agree—has led me also to the conviction that—unlike what occurred in ancient Greece—the development of sculpture during the middle ages was inferior, was very far inferior, to that of architecture. Here and there, no doubt, we may find a work which—the associations of antiquity or religious feeling apart—has true merit as sculpture. Here and there, also, and a little less unfrequently, we may see works which seem to predict the creation of a really good and genuine school. But this promise was never realised; as some one said of the early German paintings, we see the flower, but where is the fruit? In the vast majority of cases—including very much of the early Italian sculpture, including our own at Wells, including such a monument as the “Well of Moses,” at Dijon—everything is misunderstood. The laws of propriety to the material, laws with which the Greeks were familiar, seem to have been almost altogether forgotten and

(1) It is a significant proof of the above assertion that, even with the much-extended opportunities of painting, men like Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci were unable to give individuality to the group of the Apostles. Goethe (generally but a poor and partial critic of art) has some good remarks upon this point in that book where he appears to greater advantage than almost anywhere else, the two charming and admirably translated volumes of “*Eckermann's Conversations*.”

unfelt; what little truth there is to art, arises from the imitation of painting; what little truth there is to nature, lies mainly in rendering her accidents, not her essentials, or is found in half-grotesque designs on so small a scale, that even mediæval ignorance, of form could not make very palpable errors. Of that ignorance when a life-size scale (the real test of art) is attempted, I need hardly speak, nor need I trouble students of art with such trivial defences as that a religious feeling prevented the sculptors from studying the human figure, or from dwelling upon the vanity and corruption of the flesh. But, even if the knowledge, carried to a Phidian point, were added, you should observe that the sculpture would have generally gained little, so deep was the fundamental ignorance how to use it. All sculpture, also, is no sculpture. The quantity required, and that often of single unconnected figures, goes wholly beyond the power of the art, limited strictly in proportion to its intensity; and (without analysing technical details) it is obvious that no true effect could be obtained where figures of all sizes were crowded on one plane, or clustered over each others' heads round porches and ceilings, like bees at swarming-time. Even the commonest precautions for preservation were neglected; and we find that Europe was begged over for years to raise funds that were spent in placing costly groups in situations the most exposed to accidental injury from passers-by, or from the sure destruction of a European climate. I wish I had a photograph of Rheims Cathedral by me. It is the loveliest church in the world—the Parthenon, I have often thought as I stood before its towering front, equally severe and graceful, of the pointed Gothic style. Yet I know few buildings which more completely prove how radically inferior in art the mediæval sculpture was to the mediæval architecture. Common sense, and constructive or material propriety,—dignity and beauty (if one asks more of sculpture than a “graceful embarrassment to the eye”) are violated in every part of the porches and the central façade; and (were the carving as true to art as it generally is the reverse) the crowning proof of misunderstanding is, that it would be one's wish, not in a complimentary metaphor, but in strict reality, that such a population of delicate creatures could be glazed in from the weather.

I am not insensible to the charm of sentiment which may, undoubtedly, be traced in this and in some of the better mediæval sculptures. But I shall have spoken to little purpose if I have not made you feel that mere sentiment, as such, however charming, is of no more worth than the most lifeless mechanical dexterity, unless it is properly embodied by the art which it is to animate. Good intentions unrealised are of no more avail in art than in morality. The Gothic sentiment, united with the Gothic execution, no more produces sculpture, than fine feeling expressed in prose produces

rhymes and stanzas—than a sense of melody in the mind is equivalent to one of Beethoven's symphonies. Art means expressing certain thoughts or feelings efficiently, and according to certain definite material conditions; and unless we have all this, we are no nearer art than the child is to the moon which he is crying for.

Now, to conclude this long digression,—it is a most unfortunate thing that the more or less intelligent reanimation of mediæval architecture which we have seen in England should have been accompanied by a reproduction of mediæval sculpture. Doubly and more than doubly unfortunate I call it; for not only are our modern buildings disfigured by a crowd of beings in crumpled folds, innocent of anatomy, and inexpressive in form, but the peculiar early sentiment, the *naïveté* of Gothic times (such as it was) being irrecoverably gone, the enormous majority of these figures lose the one genuine interest of their originals; they are an eyesore to all familiar with good work, and lower the popular standard of sculpture, already low enough. But these are not their sole evil results. Bad in themselves, I venture to say that the modern figures of the Palace of Westminster, the chapel at Windsor, or the screen in Ely Cathedral¹—with those, only a shade better, put up in the India House and the London University—are not less bad in their effect upon these buildings. For sculpture, as I said at the outset, is in one sense the most powerful of the arts of design. It is the most intellectual, the most penetrative; but, hence, like all strong things, it is the most dangerous if ignorantly handled. Not only has it no middle ground between success and failure, but it may hence prove ruinous to the buildings into which it enters. *To have little sculpture, but that little of first-rate quality*, is the one rule for success.

Architecture would supply many other cases exemplifying the law of Constructive Propriety in ornament; as the proper use of plaster and other artificial surfaces, of foliage in capitals, the lines of distinction between architectural and monumental design, so often confounded after the thirteenth century, and the like. But I can here only indicate that these questions, like those we have been considering, find their solution, not by reference to an arbitrary and personal standard of taste, but to those first principles which grow out of the nature of art, and the material conditions under which it is practised.

Let us now turn to those rules which spring from considerations not of material propriety, but of beauty; by which the art of decoration is rather guided, than limited. These, by the nature of the case, are less tangible, less demonstrable, than those which we

(1) The two last, I believe, under the auspices of Mr. Gilbert Scott, who has been a serious enemy to his own art by the quantity of weak and misapplied sculpture introduced into the buildings which he has designed or restored.

have hitherto examined. There are, no doubt, positive and authentic conditions by which the eye, and the mind through it, is pleased; conditions of beauty independent of mere fancy or individual liking; things which have pleased, and will please always the average human creature—at least when he has been sufficiently trained to give them a fair chance. But these laws of the beautiful in art cannot be reduced to a strict canon; the infinite diversity of human minds forbids the creation of uniformity in taste, as much as in politics or morality; what we have here to aim at is rather unanimity of feeling, recognition of certain standards. The laws of material and constructive propriety are strict laws, which cannot be broken without injury to art; one may say “right” or “wrong” in reference to them. The laws of the beautiful bring us to the region of the “more” and the “less;” they are to be felt, rather than to be expressed; the idea of beauty, in the words of our great Reynolds, “subsists only in the mind. The sight never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.” Sir Joshua is among the ten or twelve painters—if so many there be—who have come so near to expressing this idea that we can hardly see how anything more could have been added. Yet if he speaks thus decidedly upon the difficulty of imparting rules for the main idea of art, how should I, without presumption, attempt to lay them down? All I shall here try is to state a few general principles, collected from examining the class of art which you follow, and exemplified in the most successful pieces of decoration. Beauty is a Proteus who transforms himself into many shapes; yet he must be latent wherever we find the beautiful in art; we must, as in the old legend, chain him down on the spot and compel him to give up his secret.

The first principle, which has been often announced, that ornament must combine variety with uniformity, is of little service when thus baldly stated. Let us look to our definition of ornament, and try to deduce practical rules from it. If decoration, in its strictness, be art which pleases without conscious appeal to the intellect or the feelings, it will follow that the more strictly decorative our work is, the greater must be its uniformity. If we have, for example, to invent a pattern for papering a room, or consecutively surrounding all the pages of a book, the eye must receive the least possible solicitation which is consistent with conveying the idea of ornament. An elaborate pattern, constantly repeated, is a sort of contradiction in terms; it appeals to us as an imaginative work, whilst it is presented as a piece of mechanical iteration. Studied variety is open to a similar objection: it breaks the level of ornament, which, in such cases as I suppose, cannot be avoided; it makes a patch, as people

say. As our decoration diminishes in the quantity required, it may rise gradually in its demand for attention; the mechanical accuracy of execution, the identical repetition, required on the lowest scale, should be now less studied. These rules are, I am sorry to confess, in direct opposition to the received modern European practice; which tends to make ornament more monotonous and more identical in proportion to its elaborateness and cost. Here we may with great advantage have recourse to that great instinctive school of ornament which is supplied by some among the Oriental nations—the Japanese especially. Space has not allowed me to examine their art to-day; all I can do here is to note that there are some points on which it appeals to a type of civilisation alien from ours; but, in general, it has an instinctive truth of colour which is supreme and unrivalled, whilst in beauty and appropriateness of form it stands (in my judgment) next to the Greek art. If modern European tendencies, powerfully aided by machinery, have been in the direction of uniformity, the principle of variety has been equally insisted on by the Japanese. The subtle ingenuity and lovely fancy which this very gifted race display in this point—as well as in their admirable delineations of natural detail—are an excellent lesson for ornamental artists in England: and half-a-crown laid out in their cheap boxes or screens at the Japanese shop in Regent Street will do far more to further your art than the most expensive copies from Raphael's arabesques or the over-geometricalised designs of the Alhambra. I may observe also, before quitting this topic, that the law of Variation, in proportion to importance which I first spoke of, is followed by these instinctively true artists; the backs of their wonderful lacquered screens exhibiting symmetrical patterns, but always more slightly treated than the half-landscape principal decoration; whilst in the interiors of their boxes the same fine sense of proportion leads them to be satisfied with simple powderings, or patterns which hardly define themselves to the eye. Yet, beautiful and true as are the specimens of their art to which I have alluded, by far the best of it never reaches Europe, and will probably be destroyed in the name of European commerce and civilisation before it can reach us;—if we could see it, I feel no doubt it would make us allow that the Japanese, within certain limits, are the only genuine artist-race now existing on the globe. They seem to fall short in dignity and beauty when they attempt figure-subjects—they fail in the poetical side of art; in other senses, they are what the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Greeks were in the old world, and (though in a lower degree) some of the mediæval races of Europe between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries.

I take now the other great inner law of decoration, to which I wish to direct your attention—the greatest law, in truth, to guide

the ornamental artist, and (I fear I may add) the most neglected. This is the rule that in every single piece of decoration (that simplest form which admits of no variety being excluded) and in every combination of such pieces as a system, there must be some portion more effective and beautiful than the rest, to which the eye may be led. This may be called the *law of Climax*. It is, theoretically considered, a deduction from the law of variety in uniformity; practically, it appeals to some common element in the human mind, which in every work of man asks for completeness, for rounding-off, for a definite issue, and which (I may notice in passing) is, of all laws of the mind, the one which seems the most distinctively human, the most diverse from the laws which we trace in every other quarter of nature. There is a sense in which this law is at the bottom of all the fine arts, expressing itself often under a curious disguise as "Composition;" but into this I cannot here enter. Now this law is the one which, in ornamentation, even our best artists appear most rarely to observe. Conscious of inventing with grace and fluency and truth to the limits of their art, the almost uniform rule is the more decoration they can put in the better. You will have heard of the phrase, "all ornament is no ornament," which is only another mode of expressing the law of climax. Yet, whether from ignorance of the law, or from the fact that the more decoration you introduce the more difficult it is to range it in due ranks of subordination and to find a closing or central feature worthy to crown the work, one may now enter hundreds of churches and public or private buildings which are, practically, not so much over-ornamented as ornamented into complete ineffectiveness. Not to touch on living artists, I may simply exemplify this by a building, on some accounts very justly celebrated, in our immediate neighbourhood—the chapel of King's College—at least as we now see it. Here, however, owing to the fine proportions and grand distribution of the architectural members, although the uniform diffusion of similar decoration to my eye destroys its own object, yet the sense of repose is not wholly lost. But I might easily quote more than one example of our own days—here perhaps, in London certainly—where not only is the sense of ornament extinguished by its own profusion, but the wearied eye in vain seeks for a space whereon to recover from the fatiguing revelry of lines and colours, emblems and carvings. There is a vulgarity in this analogous to the display of wealth for its own sake, and which it is ridiculous (in case of churches or the like) to cover by saying that the donors or artists felt they could not give too much to God. When I see these things, I do not wonder at the passion for the commonplace and the ugly excited in the minds of persons of little natural refinement. I am not surprised to hear the Philistine in Parliament jeering at "things of beauty," or to see the baldness and bareness

which are the ordinary reaction from profuseness without taste, and ornament without moderation.

I need hardly point out that observation of the principle of climax, standing in opposition to that of uniformity, tends to correct the mechanical habits of the ornamental designer, and to bring out his inventive faculties to the utmost. It also forms the connecting point between ornamental art and fine art. The mind or feelings must, in many cases, be appealed to in order to give your climax sufficient effectiveness, whence the use of sculpture, for example, about the altar of a church. Unhappily, as I before noticed, this employment of the most powerful climax attainable has been in general made so ignorantly as to reverse the effect sought; it being supposed possible to treat figure-sculpture ornamentally, in place of using ornament to lead up to sculpture. The sculpture being bad of its kind, falls below the positive degree of excellence reached by the decoration, and forms a blot in place of a climax of beauty. In the very rare instances where I have seen really good sculpture thus employed, it shone like a star, and lighted up the ornamental features in a very singular manner.¹

In a brief and imperfect way I have thus tried to set before you those principles of ornamental art which may be called at once general and practical: general, as they appeal to the great laws of propriety and of beauty; practical, as they spring immediately from the material conditions of decoration, and the conditions under which it may be made most effective to the eye. If the applications which I have made of them be correct, they lead to an inference of great value in connection with art generally, not less than with the branch of it immediately before us. That is, that we have taken out of the region of mere "taste," as the word is too commonly used, a number of questions, and shown that they are to be decided by clear principles, intelligible to every one. I have, on a former occasion, endeavoured to demonstrate the great lesson which the

(1) The only modern building I have seen, of the hundreds in which sculpture has been employed as part of the design, in which the due conditions have been observed and the due effect produced, is Mr. Waterhouse's Assize Courts at Manchester. Here Mr. Woolner, whose pre-eminence in his own art is now, I suppose, generally recognised, modelled the figure-sculpture in the style without which, as I have here argued, success cannot be obtained—showing everywhere mastery over form, inventiveness, and force in characterisation. Owing to the difficulty of properly dealing with sculpture so generically different from that which is generally introduced in connection with architecture, all the pieces executed for the courts have not, in my judgment, been placed to the best advantage, the central or crowning figure (Moses) in particular. Yet, as it is, the degree of life and beauty which the building—a noble design in itself—has gained from the sculpture is surprising; and, where the figures have been quite satisfactorily co-ordinated with the architecture, the effect has fully realised, in brilliancy and climax, what I had anticipated must follow from obedience to those laws of decorative art and of sculpture which I have here tried to demonstrate. I venture to point this out as an example to those who are desirous to produce an effective building.

study of art has taught me—that there is a right and wrong (not a moral right and wrong, but something analogous to it) in all forms of art; and that correct judgment of it, or taste in a true sense, depends wholly (supposing a certain instinct or inclination pre-existent in our own minds) upon the degree of our knowledge—whether of the history of any art, of the natural appearances, the sentiments and thoughts which it renders, or of the necessary material and formal conditions of the art itself. It is with this latter division that we have been mainly employed to-night. And I shall feel that I have not altogether wasted your time if I have brought before any of you the conviction that ornamental designing has its own definite principles—principles neither too general and theoretical for immediate use, nor yet too technical and particular for constant guidance—by reference to which a man may know if he is working, not only so as to make his own powers of most avail, but to be of most service to those who will see his work, giving thus the highest, purest, and most lasting pleasure of which his art is capable.

There are many points of equal importance which I had hoped to have spoken of, but which I must pass by now. Such are the history of decorative art from the oldest times, and the evidence of the curiously traditional character which it shares with architecture; absolutely new ornament being, I am convinced, as impossible as an absolutely new style: then the degree of connection between ornamental art and contemporary fine art, with the great question whether the decorative designer should be trained also in the practice of painting and sculpture proper. Or, again, much might be said on the effect which the diffusion of machinery and mechanical expedients has upon the designers of a country (a fact to which I attribute much greater bearing upon success in ornamental work than it has hitherto been credited with); or, lastly, upon the temper of mind, in its widest sense, which leads to the best results from the artist, and the greatest enjoyment of his art by spectators.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

CHAPTER LI.

A PERIOD OF DISTRESS AND DANGER, OF WHICH MISS ROWLEY IS THE
HEROINE.

WE left the "proud widow," as Mrs. Dunlop called her, impatient to take possession of a mansion no longer hers, and resume the management of a property of which she was the mistress no more. The generous Arnaud lay in the agonies of the fever into which his forecast of the events related in the last chapter had thrown him; and the devoted Susan was passing wretched days and sleepless nights, tortured with the thought that conventional ideas of propriety, even more than a few hundred yards of fitful sea, severed her from the place to which love and duty summoned her.

Not yet had either of the signals from the hut called for help, but the look-out from the cliffs was kept with unremitting vigilance, though the weather had grown wild, and the daily and nightly watch had become a severe trial. Not even after the sun went down in the lurid west could Susan bring herself to trust implicitly any eyes but her own. Twice already had she stolen out of her chamber, and wrapped in her plaid, bidden defiance to the whistling winds and drizzling rain. During those nights she never undressed, and she always carried a little bundle with her, like one who meditated a hurried flight on some unexpected emergency. A third time she crept forth thus prepared on a rougher night than there had been yet. On the summit of the rocks she could hardly hold her mantle round her, the breeze which there met her was so strong. This time she did not proceed quite as far as the watchman's post, partly unwilling to seem distrustful of his fidelity, which in truth she had no reason to doubt, partly owing to the stress of the wind. But it was unnecessary to go to the highest point to see that beyond the narrow channel the gloom was unbroken, save where a setting star twinkled through an occasional rift in the ragged clouds. After a single protracted gaze at the well-known spot which she wanted no compass to indicate, she turned to retrace her steps, but had scarcely gone down a dozen yards when the eastern sky suddenly reflected a ruddy gleam. In an instant she was on the brow again. The torch was blazing on the island, and she met the watchman running to announce it. If he was startled to see her abroad on such a night, he was still more astonished to hear what her resolution was.

"Tell me true, Pollard," she said, in a tone at once of command and adjuration, "is it possible to cross the channel in safety?"

"Possible it is, Miss Rowley; but difficult and dangerous in such weather."

"Are the men at the boat to be relied on?"

"If any two men can do it, they will; they would give their lives for Mr. Arnaud."

"Then do you fly with your utmost speed to Mr. Buchan's, and don't return without him."

"And you, Miss."

"Never mind me, but fly; the boat will be back before you return."

Until now Pollard thought she had been only thinking of the safety of the passage for the doctor; he now saw what her purpose was, and was about to dissuade her earnestly from it. But she gave him no time; she was already springing down the declivity to the beach.

The boatmen, too, remonstrated in vain. The venture they said was too great, and for a moment they hesitated to make it.

"To any other men," she said, "I would offer a large reward, but I know you too well; trust in God, and only think of Mr. Arnaud."

She leaped in, and the hardy fellows, inspired by her courage, and braver for her example, prepared to put forth all the strength and skill for which the Cornishmen are renowned on their native element. The wind blew hard, the boat was fearfully tossed, and even an oil-skin cloak, in which the men covered her up, protected the gallant girl very imperfectly from the dash of the waves. It was indeed a service of difficulty and peril, as she had been warned; but the possibility was proved by success. She spoke but once during the passage, to cheer the men by showing how dauntless she was herself.

"I am a Cornishwoman," she said, "though neither a Pol nor a Pen, and don't mind a splash of salt-water."

The woman in charge of Arnaud, not expecting reinforcements for a considerable time after giving the signal for it, was amazed when Miss Rowley entered the hut, and took her at first for one of the islanders who came occasionally to make inquiries, but seldom advanced beyond the door, having been admonished that the fever was infectious.

It was not until Susan threw off her cloak that Mrs. Pollard (for she was the coast-guard's aunt) recognised her, only to be at first more bewildered than comforted by succour so undreamed of.

"Oh, Miss Rowley, what has possessed you to come here," she cried, standing between her and the bed, as if to repel her from it. "It was only for Mr. Buchan that I showed the light."

"He is coming," murmured Susan; "what change has taken place? is it very serious?"

The change was only one that had been foreseen, the patient had

begun to rave and talk madly. Mr. Buchan had ordered the woman, when this alteration took place to apprise him of it.

The poor girl had soon painful proof that the fever had entered this stage so appalling to witness. The light in the hut was so feeble that the bed could only be very dimly seen, or the sufferer tossing and gasping on it, but his moaning and wild inarticulate utterances were audible only too distinctly, except when they mingled with the howl of the wind in the chimney, or round the walls and against the windows of the hut.

The door stood open to admit as much air as possible when the wind happened not to blow right in; and Susan sat down on a stool near it, her head resting on her folded hands, looking out into the darkness and waiting.

It is doubtful whether the doctor, not being a Cornishman, though a better sailor than the curate, would have trusted himself to the deep that night, had it not been that Miss Rowley had gone before him, and made it a point of honour and manhood for him not to show himself less daring.

However, he arrived within two hours after Susan, and stayed until morning at her request; for having never before seen a case of fever, or at least the delirious stage of it, it was not easy to satisfy her that it did not necessarily involve the last degree of danger.

While Mr. Buchan remained, she retired into the new compartment of the hut which had recently been added, and threw herself down on a mattress that had been placed there for Mrs. Pollard. Even there the groans from the adjoining room penetrated, only mixed with other sounds besides those of the elements, and for which the doctor was probably responsible.

He went when the day broke, and as the weather had moderated, promised to return at nightfall. If then the delirium had ceased and a calm sleep ensued, he assured Miss Rowley that the worst would be over, and the recovery be rapid. She then insisted on Mrs. Pollard taking some repose, and took her place alone by Arnaud's side, having little indeed to do but smooth his pillow and occasionally moisten his parched lips.

Still he raved and tossed from side to side, and sometimes started up and stared wildly about him with eyes in which there was no recognition. Inarticulate as his voice for the most part was, now and then words escaped him, from which Susan soon began to gather something of the thoughts that tortured his seething brain. There was evidently a secret of which he sometimes seemed to dread the discovery, sometimes seemed to speak of as already discovered. It was then his moans were most piteous and his contortions most dreadful to witness. She heard the words, "sister"—"robbery"—"Evelyn"—"never, never"—with many other disjointed frag-

ments of sentences, shattered, as it were, in the attempt to utter them. Again and again they were repeated, until at length she began to connect the broken links into a chain, and to frame a general notion of the direction in which his mind wandered. There existed papers of terrible significance, there was a truth that must never be known—now the mountains buried it—now it was torn out of the bowels of the earth by the hands of villains or fiends; he was their accomplice; no, he was not, and never would be. She listened and combined, until every agonising thought of the disordered brain passed into her own. It is possible that in the ferment of the fever some long-lost impressions of his childhood tumbled out of the dark cell where they had been imprisoned for twenty years, for he even spoke of the case which held the papers as if it lay on the bed before him, begrimed with rust, as we have seen it in Alexander's hand. So vivid was the imagination that he started up and grasped at the unreality, and evidently fancied that he flung it from him, probably into the ocean, for he laughed wildly, and fell back exhausted on his pillow. This was the strongest convulsion he had; from this moment his raving was at longer intervals, and his words less incoherent.

Mr. Buchan found the patient on his return in the long and quiet sleep he had predicted. The fever was passing rapidly away. The usual precautions against excitement of any kind were all that was now required; Mrs. Pollard was charged on no account to acquaint the patient with the fact that Miss Rowley had been in the hut; and she, as no more remained for tenderness to do, returned with the doctor, to rejoin her affectionate friend Dorothy whom she had left so abruptly.

When she entered and was prepared to throw herself into Miss Cosie's arms, it was those of her mother that received her. Mrs. Rowley was too little the slave of conventionalities herself to blame her daughter for having disdained subjection to them in an emergency of the kind. On the contrary, Susan heard nothing from her lips but words of tenderness and the warmest approval of her heroic conduct; nor, it may be supposed, was any formal avowal of her attachment to Arnaud any longer necessary. The tears, however, with which such confessions are wont to be made, were not wanting, and they fell from Susan's eyes in a profusion which Mrs. Rowley thought beyond what an unopposed passion called for.

The days that elapsed while Arnaud slowly regained his strength were passed by Susan in a state of depression which neither her mother nor her sister could understand. She grew pale at every allusion to Alexander's journey and expected return, and she had another cause of anxiety which it was no less impossible to reveal, the dread that haunted her lest Arnaud should resume his idea of

flight from England, even before his health was re-established, and that she should never see him more.

Two incommunicable troubles amounted to agony. Hitherto the two girls had vied with one another in anxiety to see their mother settled at last, after all she had endured; and now it seemed as if it gladdened only Fanny to behold how fully Mrs. Rowley appreciated all their exertions, and to witness the satisfaction, and something more, with which she sat down at the head of the table in a stately residence of her own. But Fanny did not see the shadow Susan saw creeping over Oakham, or feel, as her sister did, as if the very rock on which the house stood trembled under her feet.

It was not without cause that Miss Rowley apprehended the return to Arnaud's thoughts, as he resumed his strength, of the purpose he had darkly hinted on the day of the volunteer meeting; and he would probably have executed it without the privity of a human being, if Mrs. Pollard, with the proverbial garrulity of a nurse, had not let out the secret she had been strictly enjoined to keep.

Such a communication might easily have had a bad effect, and it affected Arnaud powerfully, but had no other influence on his plans except to make him feel that it would be a bad return for Susan's devotion to carry them out, without at least seeing her once more. The next time, therefore, he saw Mr. Buchan, he charged him with a cheerful message to Miss Rowley, inviting her to come and witness his recovery with her own eyes.

"Alone?" said Mr. Buchan.

"Alone," said Arnaud, "but not by night, or in a hurricane. Let it be to-morrow, if the fair weather continues, as it promises to do."

It was now Arnaud's turn to watch, but it was in the sunshine, from the same heathery couch where he had once received Mrs. Upjohn, that he watched for Susan's embarkation while inhaling the breeze, to whose purity and freshness he was indebted for the speed of his recovery. The breeze blew softly from the land, and a sail on this occasion spared the muscles of the boatmen. It came, gracefully sweeping through the bright water, and made no more of the passage than if it had been a swan only crossing the Thames.

Of such interviews as these the tenderest part is over before they are well begun, or a syllable is breathed on either side; but, in truth, never did a pair so attached meet so little for the ordinary exchange of sentiment as they did. His object was to return her tried affection with the amplest confidence, hers to show that she was as capable as he was of taking the boldest resolution.

Almost his first words opened the subject uppermost in both their minds.

"Your dear mother is returned," he said, having learned the fact from Mr. Buchan.

"Yes; and she is so happy at your recovery, and to find herself at last in what she calls her castle."

"Not again to be disturbed," said Arnaud, with solemn emphasis.

"No, Arnaud, please God," said Susan, in the same earnest tone.

He took her hand again in his, and added—

"Tell me, Susan, what would you say of the man who should disturb or seek to dispossess her—would he not be as wicked as Mrs. Upjohn?"

"He would be very unlike you, dear Arnaud," said Susan, her eyes looking into his with profound meaning.

"Unlike *me*! why do you think of *me*?"

Susan could refrain no more. "Arnaud," she cried; "dear Arnaud, I know all."

He had already suspected this, knowing how she had been at his side at a period when language is not used to conceal the secrets of the soul.

He pressed her hand to his lips in silence; her hot tears fell on it.

"You do not blame me," she murmured; "it was not with intention I learned your secret; but now that it is mine as well as yours, there is another which we must also share. I mean what you intend, should your fears be realised, and what is now known by ourselves alone be published to all the world."

"They are realised, my Susan; it is published already. I saw it in my fever; I see it as plain in my restored health. What other intention can I have but to fly? To remain is to have what the law calls my rights forced on me—in other words, to rob my sister and your mother; to fly, then, is the only thing left for me to do."

"For *us*, Arnaud, ought you not to say?"

"For *us*, as far as resolving," he answered, with mournful firmness; "for *me* alone in the doing. This resolution of mine has been long pondered."

"I too have a resolution," she said, grasping his hand, and in a tone as decided.

"I would bid you resolve to forget me, Susan, but that I should bid in vain."

"Not more in vain, Arnaud, I call God to witness, than to forbid me to follow you: where thou goest, I will go; where thou dwellest, I will dwell. My purpose is not so old as yours, but it is as immovable."

"Oh, Susan, if I were only to listen to the voice of the love I bear you, how joyfully would I hear those sweet words—as joyfully as I hear them with pain, knowing that they are as extravagant as they are sweet. I tell you, girl, I tell you, the path of my future life, be it flowery or thorny, must be trodden alone."

"No; as sure as there is a heaven above us."

"Susan, you do not think what it is you ask. Shall I resolve not to rob your mother of an estate and at the same time deprive her of a daughter without a scruple—and your sister of a sister too?"

"Arnaud, have I seconded your resolution for this?—will you force me to see only what there is in it to be disapproved."

"Disapproved!—by you!"

"Even by me, since you seek to move me from my purpose by vain reasoning. Might I not justly ask you whether, in the very sacrifice you meditate, you are not attaching undue weight to the things of this world? Reckless of wealth yourself—nobly reckless, do you not over-prize it when you think of Mrs. Rowley, and persuade yourself that in her eyes it weighs more than sisterly love? Do you not forget a little that she too is noble-minded—that she too is capable of sacrifices. Has she not proved it?"

"Hold there, fair reasoner," interrupted Arnaud; "is it not those very sacrifices of hers that make mine a duty, as you own yourself? And do I forget her affection in resolving to spare her the pang of losing you?"

"But it will not be losing me to know that I shall be yours."

"Mine; but in what trials, amid what hardships, through what vicissitudes of which you dream not."

"None that I shall not go through with courage, going through them with you. Have you not taught me yourself that the path of duty is the path of pleasure—the only pleasure worth the name? Have I not learned from your sister the same lesson? She would be the first to upbraid me, were I to approve your resolution and abandon you in the moment of execution? Oh, Arnaud, if you will have reason, I will reason with you. You can see the sorrow involved in taking me with you, but not in leaving me behind. You shrink from depriving a mother of a daughter, and think lightly in comparison—too lightly—of depriving her of a brother; you scruple to part your Susan from her sister, and have no scruple to sever her from one a thousand times more dear."

The reasoning tone broke down before the end of the speech, though not a long one, but tears supplied its place; and, with the last words, she clasped his knees and passionately bowed down her head upon them.

In an instant she raised it again, mistaking his momentary silence for obduracy, and cried, with a pathetic vehemence which he must have been made of stone to resist—

"Arnaud, do you divorce me? You do not—you shall not!"

No rhetorical art could have made better choice of a word, implying as it did a union as fast in the sight of heaven as if it had been

solemnised at the altar. The next instant, indeed, it had two of the tenderest ratifications of a marriage—

“Confirmed by mutual joinder of their hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips.”

This being business enough for a single conference, here it ended; and Susan went her way, with the glory of having demolished what was really the only wise part of Arnaud's resolution. Fortunately her love, wild as it was, had some accompaniments that allied it with prudence, or their joint scheme would have been more extravagant than it was. She had not only a little knowledge of the world, of which he had no more than if he had passed his life in the moon, but she had other more tangible havings, of which Arnaud only thought after she left him, or the marriage of the Purple Island might have been dissolved as soon as made, on the ground, not usually urged, that the bride was not as penniless as the bridegroom.

And it must be added too, in her behalf, that in binding him to make her the partner of his intended exile, she had not given up all hope that the occasion for it might never arise. On this point alone they did not perhaps understand one another very clearly; but it mattered little, for, while they parleyed on the heath, the creeping shadow had reached Oakham.

CHAPTER LII.

HOW MRS. ROWLEY WAS DISESTABLISHED AND DISENDOWED, AND
HOW SHE SUPPORTED HERSELF UNDER BOTH OPERATIONS.

THE news which Alexander brought with him to England was known in other places before it reached the lady whom it most affected. A rumour of it arrived at Nice directly from the Vaudois country, and we shall see, without having very long to wait, how it was received by Mrs. Rowley Upjohn and her daughter, who, as we know, were wintering there.

From Nice it travelled to Mr. Upjohn, who was still in London, and alarmed that kindest-hearted of men so much that he hurried down to Mr. Marjoram's chambers almost in as great a tumult as on the former occasion when he went to the same office on the subject of the will. It happened to be the very day of Alexander's return from the Continent, and from his lips poor Upjohn heard the confirmation of the report, and that his sister-in-law had now nothing more to lose.

“I have no doubt,” said Marjoram, when he was gone, “that his

distress is perfectly sincere; and I can understand Mrs. Rowley's affection for a man of that kind; but, upon my word, I have serious doubts, with the overwhelming evidence we now have of his wife's complicity with that pair of rascals, whether our client is morally justified in leaving such enormities unexposed; and, in my opinion, it is at least our duty to put the case again before her, and tender our advice, as conscientious professional men, upon it."

"We should do so in vain," said Alexander; "and I, for one, am not prepared to give the advice you allude to."

"You are too sentimental for a solicitor," said his partner; "and Mrs. Rowley is too unworldly for the world we live in."

"Mrs. Upjohn is safe," said Alexander, "as long as her husband lives; but I cannot help thinking that his life is a bad one—I never saw a man so altered in the space of six months. It strikes me that he has fallen away even since we saw him the other day in the country."

"Then you simply go down to Cornwall with these documents. It is well Mrs. Rowley is the woman she is, or it is with a bullet from behind a hedge you might reckon on being received."

"Fortunately she is not a Tipperary woman," said Alexander, with a smile; "for, in truth, I shall feel rather like a process-server."

Repeatedly on his journey Miss Cateran's observation recurred to his mind, that Mrs. Rowley might better have done without a brother, than recover him at the cost of everything she had, particularly as she loved him so much already that she could hardly love him more for bearing the name of Evelyn.

But he knew her too well to think this view of the matter would occur to her, or to feel it necessary to break the news with any of the reserves and managements which he would have used in the case of any other woman living.

The scene between them, when he presented himself with the rusty casket in his hands was a very short one.

"What have you got there?" she said; "have you been at Kent's cavern? But you look so grave, that it must be something more than a mere antiquarian curiosity."

"This box, Mrs. Rowley," he replied, with a seriousness which riveted all her attention, "is an epitome of this sublunary world; it contains both good and evil—happiness with the usual alloy of privation, if not trouble. Will you have the pleasure first, or the pain?"

"Let me have the pain first," said Mrs. Rowley, "and get it over."

"This property is yours no longer."

"Then my brother is found!" she cried. "Arnaud! Arnaud! and this box contains the evidence! How blind I was. Notwith-

standing his strong likeness to my father, I always, always thought this impossible."

She pounced on the box, as if it had been a casket of diamonds from Golconda, and kissed it over and over again in transport, while Alexander stood speechless with admiration, envying the oxydised iron.

"Oh my poor dear father!" she cried again, "why did he not live to see this day! Is it to you, Alexander, my thanks are due for the discovery?"

"No thanks are due to me," said Alexander, with a bitter smile; "reserve all your gratitude for your sister-in-law. It was discovered by her tools, and most probably with her money."

"It almost makes me forgive her all the wrongs she has already done me; the only punishment I wish her is to see how happy she has made me when she thought, no doubt, she was giving me the *coup-de-grace*."

"It will content her perfectly," he said, "to think of the blow it strikes at your worldly interests, of which your matchless disinterestedness makes you so regardless yourself; and there are others besides Mrs. Upjohn who will think a little of that side of the question—even your daughters will hardly take it as calmly as you do."

"Probably not; and yet if one of them—I mean Susan—had anything sordid in her, it would redouble her satisfaction. You must know it has been settled in your absence that she is to be Mrs. Arnaud; and it is to her, in fact, I shall have to resign my place of *materfamilias* here. I see this is no surprise to you."

"I had a glimpse of it on the day of the review," said Alexander, "and it was to that I ascribed Arnaud's commotion, which now I am sure was caused at least in part by a presentiment of what was doing in the valleys."

"Presentiment! how was that possible?"

Alexander had an easy explanation to give of this, at least to a certain extent, as he now knew of the information which Arnaud had received from the minister of Bobbio, after the old man's death. Of this communication Mrs. Rowley now heard for the first time.

She then related the incidents that had occurred during Alexander's absence and her own, and added, with a sigh—

"Ah, the dear fellow will enter into his inheritance with very mixed feelings."

"No doubt," said Alexander. "Heaven does not try men always with adversity; there is sometimes an ordeal of prosperity to be gone through."

Mrs. Rowley now rang the bell, and desired the servant to request

her daughters to come to her. She knew that Susan had just returned.

Only Fanny came; and she no sooner greeted Mr. Alexander, than she begged her mother to go to Susan in her room, for she feared she was unwell.

"Tell Fanny everything," said Mrs. Rowley as she left the room.

"I can easily see by mamma's face you have no very bad news to tell me," said Fanny; "though it is something that has agitated her."

Fanny's mind was in such a state of innocence as to questions of property, that when she heard of what had taken place, she saw nothing but the happy side of it, and was in high glee at the idea that Arnaud would be at once her uncle and her brother.

"And, dear me, Mr. Alexander," she said, "was it to tell us this you came up to the door with so long a face, that I really think it frightened Susan, and made her ill? We saw you from the window of her bed-room."

Susan was making an effort to recover her composure when her mother entered.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Mrs. Rowley.

"Oh," she replied, wiping her eyes, and at the same time embracing her mother, "I have so much to explain, that I know not how to do it. I know—I am certain I know—what Mr. Alexander comes to announce."

"Well, love, if you do, is it an unmixed calamity? Is it nothing but sorrow, that I find you all tears, like Niobe? I can't suppose you cry because my brother has been found, and I do think you might leave it to me to weep for everything else."

Susan would have interrupted her, but Mrs. Rowley was not yet done.

"I see now," she continued, "what has been preying on your mind ever since my return; but I think you ought to have known me better. I gave up, as you well know, what was justly mine without a murmur; and now I shall resign what was never by right my own, not only without reluctance, but with more pleasure, if I know myself, than its possession ever gave me. Think, my dear, only of your future husband, who is now your equal in birth and station. I don't allude to property, because I know that will be the least part of his happiness."

"You do him justice, mamma, but not complete justice. As to the estate, his mind is made up never, never to accept it."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear! Go down-stairs, and tell Mr. Alexander that. I should like to hear his reply."

But she soon found her mistake in treating her daughter's declaration so lightly, and that it was no fleeting bit of sentimentality

she had to deal with, but the stubborn and extravagant determination related in the last chapter.

"Why this is lunacy, girl!" cried the widow, scarce able to believe her ears or command her irritation.

"It may be so," said Susan quietly and sorrowfully; "but as our resolution is irrevocable, it is surely my duty to tell you of it."

"Irrevocable resolution!" cried her mother, with a sarcastic smile, and was leaving the room without vouchsafing any other answer, when Susan followed her to the door, and begged of her to restrain Mr. Alexander from going to Arnaud on the subject, as it might over-excite him, and would most certainly not shake his purpose.

"Mr. Alexander will do his duty," replied her mother, in the short, dry way that showed her extreme vexation, "and he is the best judge of it."

She returned to the drawing-room, and sent Fanny away, hardly giving the poor girl time to wish her joy.

"Unexpected difficulties, my dear sir. The news you brought has, it seems, been foreseen; and this rational young couple have already resolved to fly to the uttermost ends of the earth rather than deprive me of the property—or rob me, as they call it. You may well smile at such nonsense."

"This is just Arnaud's prodigious ignorance of the world. The foolish, generous fellow has yet to learn that it is not for any man, no matter how disinterested, to shirk a position cast upon him by law. I suppose the best thing to do is to see him as soon as possible."

"Indeed, I think so," said Mrs. Rowley.

It was thought prudent, however, not to be too abrupt, as Arnaud's strength was not quite restored; so all that Alexander did that evening was to send him a line to say that he had important papers to lay before him, and proposed to pay him an early visit the next day.

No sooner did he read Alexander's note, than Arnaud smote his thigh, raised his eyes, flashing with joy, to heaven, and thanked God as if for some signal manifestation of divine favour. Susan Rowley was astonished at the cordial message he returned, instead of refusing to see Alexander, as she expected he would.

Arnaud (who was in his hut before a blazing peat-fire, for the day was cool) knew the box the moment he laid his eyes on it. It was the same he had seen in the rage of his fever, the same he had then recognised as a long-forgotten object familiar to his infancy. There was neither excitement nor displeasure in his countenance as he contemplated it, and Alexander naturally inferred that it would be an easy task to bring him to take a sensible view of the subject.

"The papers are here, I presume?" said Arnaud, with his hand on the box.

"Yes," said Alexander, opening it and taking them out, "they are documents of the greatest importance to you. Will you read them yourself, or shall I do it for you?"

"Tell me their effect," said Arnaud, "that will be quite sufficient."

"In a word, they are the evidences of your true parentage."

"Alexander," he replied calmly, "have you forgotten what one of our pastors told you at La Tour, the first day I ever saw you, that God was my father, and I had no other?"

"At that time it was in a measure true; but now your earthly father is known, and his rights and his property are now vested in you."

"To his name I have no objection," he replied, still without betraying any emotion, "but his property is another matter; it belongs to another, and shall never be taken from her by me."

"My dear friend, it is not you that take it from her but the law, which neither she nor you can control. Allow me to explain what you do not seem to understand, that a man has no option but to take what the law gives him, with all its advantages and responsibilities. An estate cannot have two owners, it is for the law to declare where the ownership is, and in this case it declares that you stand in that trying situation; nor can you avoid it with all your generous disposition, all your indifference to wealth, all your affection for your sister."

"Not avoid it! but that is what I have sworn to do. Perhaps you rely on these papers to alter my purpose."

"On these papers certainly, and the facts which they prove."

"Then," cried Arnaud grasping them, and withdrawing his chair a little back, as if he feared Alexander would interfere, "I'll settle the matter very shortly," and with stern deliberation he tore the documents into a hundred pieces, and flung them into the fire.

"There go my rights," he cried, "as you call them! There goes Fatima's title to a place in the widow's alms-house."

Alexander, far from interfering, regarded this frantic proceeding with a grim smile, as he well might, knowing that the destroyed papers were only copies of the original documents which he had left in Italy.

"As a lawyer," he said, with severity, "I say no more; but although I am only a layman, I will take leave to tell you, who are a divine, that your conduct in this business is no more consistent with religious duty than with common sense. It seems you will accept evil at the hand of Providence and not good. It was not thus that Mrs. Rowley received the news that the estate was hers no more."

"Religious duty!" cried Arnaud, still excited, "to beggar my new-found sister—to devour the widow's house;—stick to law, Alexander, and don't meddle with divinity. The proposals you have made to-day are not new to me. Not very long since there came here a creature of Mrs. Upjohn's, with the same jargon in his mouth, as if he was talking to a wretch like himself, without a heart or a conscience. I was minded to pitch him over the cliffs."

"I suppose," said Alexander, laughing, "it is lucky for me your strength is not quite re-established, or I should run the same risk. It would certainly be a novel description of agrarian outrage."

"No, no, my dear friend," said Arnaud, "I know you are only discharging a formal duty. I respect your intentions, but I laugh your arguments to scorn."

"At all events," said Alexander, rising to go, "I suppose after what you have just done, you will not be in such a hurry to go to the antipodes."

"That will depend on whether my sister is reasonable or not. She has only to act as if nothing of all this had ever happened or come to light."

"Then," said Alexander promptly, "I will answer for her at once, that she will act in no such way. On the contrary, she will leave Cornwall in a day or two, and she will never more set her foot on this property as its owner, or return to that house as its mistress, while you exist. You will find her as resolute in the right as you are in the wrong. God bless you, and restore you to your right mind."

And without waiting for an answer, he hurried away, only too glad to have his interview over with such a transcendent wrong-head.

"Well," said the widow, who had anxiously waited his return, "I trust you did not find him as wild as my daughter."

"Nothing wilder out of Bedlam. I come back with my life, but with an empty box—the papers are in the fire."

"And is he still resolved to leave England?"

"Resolved to go all lengths of insanity, unless under conditions impossible for you to accept."

"I understand," said Mrs. Rowley, with decision. "I shall not say another word to alter their wise purpose. Let them marry, and go off with themselves. As he is so clairvoyant in fever, perhaps he will come to his senses in the torrid zone."

"I told him," said Alexander, "that you would leave this immediately, as there is no chance with a madman but to show him the most determined front."

"You did right," said Mrs. Rowley. "I have only to get these fools married, leave everything connected with the property in Mr. Cosie's hands, and then I shall be ready to go up with you to town."

The marriage took place with the least possible delay, and the utmost possible privacy. It was necessary, of course, that the sane people of the island, and the crazy folk of the mainland (Mrs. Rowley for instance), should meet on the occasion, but a previous understanding was entered into that there was to be no discussion or conversation on the exasperating subject of the property. The ceremony was not a cheerful one, though the union was in itself perfectly unobjectionable; but the sisters were about to be separated for they knew not how long, and Mrs. Rowley, though she had fortitude enough to part with house and lands without a sigh or a murmur, could not so easily reconcile herself to the severance of all the personal ties and associations which bound her to Oakham.

The Evelyns—for Arnaud was obliged to submit to be married by that name—went their way as soon as they were man and wife. At the last moment Susan informed her sister that she had hopes of prevailing on her Quixotic spouse to limit his wanderings, in the first instance, to Egypt and Palestine. Mrs. Rowley smiled as she communicated this important intelligence to Mr. Alexander.

“Isn’t it a good idea,” she said, “keeping the honeymoon in the desert?”

“I trust,” said Alexander, “they will find the cave of Adullam to let.”

But it was no time for pleasantries. What had taken place was soon known over the whole property: how it had changed hands; how the new proprietor had already vanished, as if he had been taken up into heaven like the inspired dervish in the Book of Kings; and how Mrs. Rowley herself was preparing to flee. It was not so much sorrow that prevailed as utter bewilderment. Nobody could understand it; and in the universal perplexity it very naturally got abroad that the property really belonged to neither party, but to the other branch of the family. From that it was but a step to the rumour that Mrs. Upjohn would immediately come back to Foxden; and it was even believed by many that she would take possession of Oakham House itself.

In short such was the commotion that Mrs. Rowley, to avoid painful scenes, and possibly even some attempt on the part of her grieving tenantry to detain her by gentle violence, thought it advisable to steal away like Arnaud. She only saw Mr. Blackadder and the afflicted Cosies before she went.

CHAPTER LIII.

MRS. ROWLEY TAKES TO HUMBLE PURSUITS, AND MRS. UPJOHN REAPPEARS ON THE STAGE FOR THE LAST TIME.

ARRIVED in London, more confused than dejected by the rapid whirl of events, Mrs. Rowley took up her residence in modest apartments at Chiswick, which gave her friends (now a small circle, you may suppose) an opportunity of seeing with what grace and perfect serenity she parted with the objects for which the majority of mankind are ready to tear each other in pieces like wild beasts.

Mr. Upjohn had already left England, with trouble before him greater than any he had yet suffered, but she saw a good deal of the Marjorams, and had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the nice old lady who lived in Lower Grosvenor Place.

Mrs. Alexander was fond of a rubber, and as Mrs. Rowley could take a hand at whist too, there was often a little whist party either in Grosvenor Place or at Chiswick, the fourth being either Mr. Marjoram or Alexander himself, when he was in town. Mrs. Rowley's character was seen at cards, as everywhere else. She never played for nominal stakes, for she said it made people careless of their points; and no matter how bad her hand was, she never threw her cards down on the table, as many ladies do. "There was always," she said, "something to be done."

Marjoram, let us mention, was not more pained at Mrs. Rowley's reverses than he was indignant at Arnaud's absurd conduct.

"Don't tell me," he used to say, "of his contempt for wealth—a pretty fellow truly!—he scruples to take a property that is his by law, and he runs away with an heiress. Commend me to a divine for straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

His sisters could think and talk of nothing but Mrs. Rowley. Never was she so great in their eyes as now. It was they who took her lodgings for her, and had it been a Royal Commission they could not have felt more pride in executing it, or been more nervously anxious about it. They turned up the beds, criticised the cups and saucers, objected to the curtains, and would not hear of the spoons or forks of Britannia metal. If ever a lady slept in well-aired sheets, Mrs. Rowley did on the night she came in. Mary and Primula forgot nothing, and tired themselves to such a degree that their brother made each of them take an extra glass of wine that day at dinner.

In mere gratitude, Mrs. Rowley could not but take an interest in the pursuits and occupations of these good women. Had she been nearer to them, she would probably have assisted in cultivating their garden; but they had, as we already know, another sphere of industry,

in which it was more in Mrs. Rowley's power to co-operate with them. In truth, it was a sort of gardening too; the supporting of drooping heads—not gay ones, like those of roses and carnations, but with faded cheeks, and eyes often full of tears, like the cup of the daffodilly. Mrs. Rowley slid into this humble sort of work with wonderful facility, considering how different had been the occupations of her life. There was a house at Chiswick called “The Widows’ Struggle,” whose inmates were a number of poor women in widows’ weeds, like herself, but they had not such comfortable clothing under them. Her auburn hair was well known in this abode of indigence. Many a squalid infant played with its golden tangles, while her eyes beamed comfort on the distressed mother who bore it in her arms. Who will deny that beauty makes goodness more beautiful, or that the grace of a kindly gift is doubled by the graces of the giver? It is a pity the angels of this world should ever be old or plain, like the Marjorams; for, beyond all question, charity would go further were it always administered by an agent like Mrs. Rowley, whose very smiles were alms, and whose every word fell from her lips like a donation. Never did any woman diffuse so much happiness among the poor with so small an outlay of money. This had always been the case; but now that her means of giving were so much contracted, that she was, in truth, a poor widow herself, it was the more fortunate that she had her hair and eyes to draw on as a “rate-in-aid.”

In this kind of way Mrs. Rowley was literally reduced to the alms-house at last, as Arnaud had expressed it; but as there was nothing positively humiliating in such an existence, she stubbornly continued to hold up her head as high as ever. It was only through the affections a woman of her stamp could be effectually stricken; and such was the blow she received before she had been a fortnight at Chiswick, living as has been described.

The transition is abrupt and unpleasant, but it must be made. We must pass from the graces and charities of life to their rude opposites; in a word, from Mrs. Rowley, bright and serene in her adversity, to the dark figure of her sister-in-law preparing to out-do herself at Nice.

She had more to darken her than has yet been related before she fled from England. While she passed through London, the great and original bird of prey, with whom she was now as familiar as Prometheus with his vultures, paid her his last visit, an attack of which we had a hint already from the letter found on his brother after his miserable death. On this occasion extortion failed, because Mrs. Upjohn wanted all the ready money she had for the long journey before her; but in sending him away empty-handed, she need not have aggravated refusal with insult. He no sooner showed his face

than she desired him to begone in the most offensive tone she could employ.

"What, ma'am," he replied, "is my brother to carry on excavations on the scale of those at Nineveh all for your objects; and is he to be paid with a lobster-salad and a glass of gooseberry champagne?"

"He is a liar," she retorted, with a degree of irritation that was quite ridiculous, "it was Moët and Chandon, seventy-shillings a dozen; besides," she added, "your brother is no agent of mine in the business you allude to at Nineveh, or wherever it is; if he went there, it was on his own hook—so good morning to you; I am going abroad, and have no time to lose talking."

As she moved towards the bell, he struck the table a blow with his fist enough to split the mahogany, and said, with a vehemence and passion into which Mr. Nicholas Moffat was not often betrayed,—

"If I leave this house, ma'am, with no answer but this, you will bitterly rue it."

"Begone, sir;" and the servant entering at the same instant—"John, show the gentleman out."

Perhaps she understood his meaning, perhaps she did not; it made no difference, as to have yielded to the demand she must have deferred her journey until her husband came to town, or sent her money, whereas her fears urged her not to linger an unnecessary hour. Her purse was already so low that she was obliged to travel much faster than was good for her poor niece, who believed in her simplicity that the journey was taken purely on her account, and never murmured at the speed with which her tender relative was whirling her to the land of the sun.

A pretentious villa was taken on the promenade Anglaise, as it was called, in the days before the Annexation; the invalid was placed under the care of a second-rate doctor, and then Mrs. Upjohn remained quiet for a while to look about her, and recover completely from the fright in which she left England. While thus engaged in getting up her spirits, she saw in *Galighani's Messenger* the account, copied from an Italian journal, of the tragedy at Bobbio. Perhaps she did not wish from the bottom of her heart that the two brothers had broken their necks together! The part of the story that cheered her up came later.

Mrs. Rowley never fell till then: Mrs. Upjohn and her daughter pitied her.

"But," said the mother, hardening a little again the next moment, "if people will strut in borrowed feathers, they must expect to be stripped of them one day or another."

Their friends too came dropping in, among them a lawyer's wife, with the gratifying information that she had heard her husband say

that Mrs. Rowley would be obliged to account for the rents she had been receiving ever since her father's death.

"Dear me, I suppose so," said Mrs. Upjohn, in the compassionate key again.

"Yes, she will have to answer for every shilling, but I should not give much for the brother's chance of recovering it. He will more probably be obliged to make her a small allowance."

Conceive the concern with which Mrs. Rowley Upjohn heard all this. Still it was a fact that her feelings did not prevent her from commencing a round of dinners and evening parties, or from issuing cards for a grand ball on a distant day, to which she invited all Nice that was worthy of so great an honour.

One difficulty only (but it was a trifling one) interfered with her plan of festivities—the precarious state of poor Carry Roberts: to-day a little better, then relapsing; sometimes appearing to be in imminent danger, then again better, and able to enjoy the sun on a sofa in the garden under the orange-trees. One dinner party was actually put off, she seemed so decidedly sinking; but she rallied provokingly as soon as it was postponed. The same thing was near happening again; but there was another sudden rally, and the entertainment went on.

Solicitude for a dying child, be it ever so tender, is capable of being aggravated by anxiety about other things; for instance, a party of pleasure; and there are people who, for that reason among others, make their minds up to give no parties when they are in Mrs. Upjohn's situation. But then her doctor was always saying that Carry's case was of that kind that, though the end might come at any time, it might possibly not come for months; and it was obvious besides, that if there was no gaiety at a resort of invalids like Nice, whenever there was sickness in a house, there would be little or no gaiety at all. This point was strongly urged by Lady Hardcastle, one of the gayest of Mrs. Upjohn's acquaintance, who fortified it by declaring that nothing could be more dispiriting to the patient than to see parties put off on her account; it was enough to make her think herself actually dying.

Another leader of fashion observed that after three years' experience of Nice doctors, she never allowed herself to be alarmed by anything they said. A third implored Mrs. Upjohn to consider herself a little; none required amusement and distraction so much as those who had sick-rooms to attend; it was a duty to keep up their spirits—Miss Nightingale was emphatic on the point.

This amiable discussion was apropos of the contemplated ball, and the weight of the argument being so decidedly against postponement, preparations on a grand scale were made for it. In fact, if the

secrets of Mrs. Rowley Upjohn's heart had been known, it was given expressly to celebrate her sister-in-law's ruin.

In the midst of the fuss Mr. Upjohn arrived, and though he would have given more than the *fête* was to cost to have had no *fête* at all, he made no useless remonstrances. He found his niece in one of her good days, the very sight of her uncle revived her, and would have cheered her more if she had not noticed much more than either his wife or daughter did—how altered he was since she had seen him last. As the ball, however, was not to come off for a week, he soon found that he was only in the way, as indeed most husbands are at such times, when even the fondest wives are apt to wish them in Jericho. Perhaps Mrs. Upjohn did not wish him quite so far, but it was a great relief to her when he announced his intention to make a little trip to Monaco, and she did not even insist on his coming back for the ball, which he took as a great kindness. His niece, however, whom he saw just before he went, seemed disappointed at this part of his plan, and he gave it up at once to gratify her.

"You know," she said, "when you get tired of the music and dancing you can come up and sit with me, and amuse me with an account of everything."

"Then I will, my love," he said, "and won't it be a surprise to them when they see me?"

The week expired, the momentous night came—for it proved a momentous night indeed.

Mrs. Upjohn was gorgeous, and if she did not look as brazen as usual, it was that she looked more anxious and even gloomy than ever. The visage of the dark-browed Harriet wore the same expression. Some of the first arrivals could not help noticing the contrast between the countenances of the hosts and the splendour of the scene. But as happens at all entertainments on a large scale, those who give them attract less and less attention every minute, and are soon almost lost sight of altogether. In the beginning of the evening they are like the first stars that appear in the sky after dusk, which cease to be particularly remarked when the whole firmament is in a blaze. No ball could possibly be more brilliant and effective in every way than this was. The lights were dazzling, the flowers in profusion. The ball-room, a temporary construction in the grounds of the villa, was considered a marvel. It was connected with the house by a gallery, the sides of which were built up from bottom to top with a profusion of beautiful exotics from the celebrated gardens of Alphonse Karr, while the ceiling was a firmament of flowers and lamps. The orchestra was exquisite.

And yet if Mrs. Upjohn could have moved invisible through the many groups into which her company was divided, though she would have heard many flattering remarks here and there on her toilette or

the magnificence of the entertainment, she would have heard other observations not so agreeable.

"I never could endure that woman," said one of a knot of men near the door of the ball-room, "but to-night there is something about her that makes me shudder."

"She certainly does remind one a little of Lady Macbeth; only that Lady Macbeth could command her countenance better, and knew how to look like the time."

"Here she comes again. I almost fancy she dims the lamps."

"I have not seen her husband to-night."

"He is probably gone to bed, or he is ill. Oh, his illness would never have interrupted the ball."

But the reason that Mr. Upjohn had not yet appeared was only that he arrived late from Monaco. He had dressed there, and when he came to his own house, about midnight, he slipped in and mingled with his company, unnoticed even by the servants, who were mostly strangers to him. He was dazzled by the brilliancy of everything he saw, delighted to think of the satisfaction of his wife and daughter, and while he looked about him prepared ever so many well-turned little compliments to their taste and success. As he advanced through the rooms he chatted a moment with the few whom he happened to know, and if it was a young lady, he lamented that his lame leg denied him the pleasure of dancing with her. Then he limped about in quest of his wife and daughter, and it was some time before he caught a glimpse of either. When he discovered his wife at last, she was too far off from him to allow him to think of getting near her in such a crowd, and he was not sure whether she recognised him or not. He soon got tired, and not finding a vacant seat anywhere—as what man ever did in a ball-room?—he thought it was time to keep his promise to Carry, who was not likely to be sleeping, between the music and the vibration of the house.

All was dark and silent in the upper story. He could hardly grope his way to his niece's room; but at last he found it, and went in. Instantly a female servant, who had either been sitting or kneeling at the bedside, sprang to her feet with a piercing scream, and made an ineffectual effort to force him back; but it was too late to prevent him from seeing the fatal bed—no more the bed of sickness, but of death. He saw it, and fell down, as if struck by a thunderbolt, in a fit of apoplexy.

Another shriek rang through the villa, and then another, spreading terror and consternation where the moment before all had been frolic and mirth. Two or three gentlemen who were on the stairs leading to the upper rooms ran up, thinking it was fire; others ran out into the garden for the same reason—the ladies by their cries spreading and multiplying the alarm. Meanwhile Mrs. Upjohn was pushing

her way through the crowd like a maniac. She had seen her husband, though he was not aware of it, and had been so affected by seeing him, that the people near her thought she was about to faint; but she only cried that she wanted fresh air, and hurried violently in the direction where she had seen her husband. Though everyone made way for her, her dress retarded her progress, entangling itself with the flounces and trimmings of other dresses, which she tore to rags in her convulsive efforts to advance. She only gained the stairs as the second shriek was heard from above. She alone knew its dreadful meaning, and rushed up with a violence which nobody could comprehend. She overtook some of the men who had gone up at the first alarm, and drove past them into the dead-room, calling to the servants to put out the lights. But it was too late for any darkness to shroud the horrors of the house. Two of her guests were before her; they had seen her niece in the toilette of the grave, and were now raising up her husband, and assisting to carry him to an adjoining room.

In ten minutes the brilliant rooms were empty. Many fled without waiting for their carriages; many leaving mantles and shawls behind them. The servants had a rich harvest of fans and trinkets the next morning.

For creating a sensation in the fashionable world, and far beyond its limits, the pre-eminence of Mrs. Upjohn was placed beyond dispute. A ball, preceded by the death of a niece, and well-nigh accompanied by that of a husband, was an achievement probably without a parallel in the annals of modern festivity. People naturally asked whether the untasted supper had been served up for the funeral breakfast. Some there were who, when the story ran through Nice the following day, refused to believe the most revolting part of it; but the white-plumed hearse at the dreadful door a day later removed all doubt upon the subject. The ill-fated Carry Roberts died on the morning of the ball; and in extenuation of Mrs. Upjohn's *faute*, it might have been urged that it is not easy in the course of a few hours to put off a party of five hundred; or it might have been said with a great deal of truth, that she had done worse things in her time.

CHAPTER LIV.

IN WHICH MR. UPJOHN IS RELEASED FROM HIS LIFE OF TROUBLE,
AND A HAPPY MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED, ONLY TO BE POSTPONED.

CRUEL as the blow was to poor Upjohn, it was not mortal; but as sooner or later another stroke of the same kind was only too probable, he was advised, as the best security against it, to return to

England when he had regained sufficient strength to travel, and resume, as soon as he could, his favourite pursuits, and the quiet life that best suited him, even when his health was perfect. On this advice he acted, and his amiable wife and daughter withdrew at the same time to Italy, or rather slunk away, not deeming it expedient to show their faces in English society until time should in some measure have obliterated the recollection of their exploits. The villa which was the scene of their deadly revels remained for years untenanted; it was long an object of curiosity and horror to the frequenters of Nice; but as its name was changed, it might not be easy to identify it at present with anything like certainty.

Several months now passed away without crimes, or deaths, or other striking or sensational events. It was a period of suspense, like that which succeeds a shock of earthquake, while the preparations for another are going on under our feet.

Mr. Upjohn was established at Cumberland Gate, and seemed going on as well as his friends had reason to expect, not gaining strength rapidly, but not retrograding, and at his papers again, though not with his old intensity of application, his mind tending more and more to dwell on extrinsic matters, and especially on the misfortunes of his sister-in-law. Still, his state was on the whole so promising, that Mrs. Rowley, who saw him frequently, sometimes dreamed he might yet have many good days before him, notwithstanding the medical authorities. Without neglecting her almshouse, she gave Mr. Upjohn the largest share of her attention, and the winter passed quietly away, while she faithfully discharged these affectionate and charitable duties.

It was now, while she was hopeful about her brother-in-law, and no new calamity seemed to be impending, that she accepted Alexander's suit, or at least that her acceptance of it ceased to be a secret. Many of her friends, as we know, had long looked on her union with her handsome solicitor as a settled and inevitable thing, and we suspect the reader has been much of the same opinion. But the shrewdest make mistakes occasionally, and it is safer, therefore, in matters of this kind, to have the authority of the parties themselves. In fact it had been settled privately, soon after Mrs. Rowley came up to town, immediately before the news arrived of the sad occurrences at Nice, but the period of sorrow that followed was not a fit time even for discussing matrimonial arrangements. Thus it happened that this momentous affair was concluded a considerable time before it was formally announced.

The same capricious but welcome season had now nearly come round again when we first saw Mr. Marjoram cultivating his hyacinths in his chamber, and snarling at Mrs. Rowley's portrait. In that same chamber, redolent of the same fragrance, the rural

attorney had now the satisfaction of communicating to his sisters the agreeable news.

He informed them at the same time that the wedding was to take place in the first days of June; and so indeed it had been fixed, but the absolute Disposer of events ordered it otherwise. Before her marriage took place, Mrs. Rowley was fated to pass once more through the house of mourning. Her ill-starred brother had a second stroke, from which he never rallied, and the circumstances attending it were not less strange and awful than those of his first seizure.

Mr. Alexander, it is necessary to premise, had been one of the very few friends whom Upjohn, after his return to England, had been able to receive. Their conversation had at first generally turned on public affairs, the political questions of the hour, but Alexander soon observed with regret that these once favourite topics interested Mr. Upjohn daily less and less. His mind seemed no longer to find, or even to seek, its accustomed harbours of refuge, but took, on the contrary, as has already been intimated, a morbid delight in dwelling on what most pained and disturbed it. In vain Alexander would try to lead him away to almost any other subject. It was only with Mrs. Rowley herself that he instinctively abstained from discussions at once so distressing and so useless. Every day he elaborated some new theory to explain events—how one will came ever to be made, how another had disappeared, and how the mental condition in which his brother died, and in which his last acts were performed, was to be accounted for.

In the very last conversation Alexander ever had with him, one to which the fatal event gave a strange significance, he insisted on going over all this again with deplorable iteration. Alexander remained deliberately silent, looking for a favourable moment to escape, or hoping that he would cease to argue when there was no one to answer. At length, on his speaking of the case being wrapped in mystery, the solicitor saw his opportunity and rose, saying as he took Upjohn's hand—

“Just so, my dear sir; and most heartily do I wish that we could prevail upon you to dismiss it altogether from your mind.”

“Perhaps it would be wise,” said poor Upjohn, with his feeble hand in the solicitor's; “but what are mysteries, after all, but problems not yet solved, secrets not yet revealed, like the truths of nature, until the fulness of time brings a Newton or a Galileo to illumine them. We must only wait for the hour and the man. God grant that they may come before my few days are numbered.”

With these melancholy words, uttered with sad emphasis, lingering in his ears, Alexander went away. Little did either he or poor

Upjohn think that the *hour* alluded to was on the point of striking, and the *man* almost at the door.

From the time that Mrs. Rowley announced her determination to leave her rights unasserted as long as Mr. Upjohn lived, Alexander's ardour in the pursuit of Mr. Sandford, or Mr. Moffat, was materially cooled, there being nothing to be gained by apprehending him. When, however, it became obvious that Mrs. Rowley might any day be freed from her self-imposed restraint—nay, that the day was probably not distant when her friends would have to consider the course to be taken in that event—it was obvious that nothing could serve their purposes better than the capture of Mrs. Upjohn's chief instrument, who might probably be easily induced to make a full disclosure of his dealings with that lady, as well as his own personal acts. Mr. Marjoram feared that the infamy of Moffat's character would destroy the value of his statements; but Alexander's view was, that the mere knowledge that he was forthcoming, and ready to confess everything, would obviate any necessity for the formal interference of justice in the business. The hare, however, had first to be caught; but it was not for the ministers of justice that the glory of capturing a criminal of such mark was reserved.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, about a week after the conversation which has just been related, Alexander called at Cumberland Gate again. This time it was at Mrs. Rowley's request, simply to hand Mr. Upjohn an entertaining letter which she had received from her daughter in Egypt.

The solicitor's hand was on the bell, and he had scarcely pulled it, when the door was abruptly opened from within, and a man made a rush out with such violence, that had not Alexander possessed great presence of mind, as well as corresponding bodily strength, he could hardly have stood his ground, much less prevented the man's escape.

He seized him; they had a tussle together for a moment, and in that moment they mutually recognised one another.

"Ha! Mr. Moffat," cried Alexander, pushing him back into the hall with a firm hold of his collar, "have we met at last?"

Moffat was pale and speechless with astonishment and alarm.

"What brought you to this house," pursued Alexander, still grappling him, "and why were you in such a hurry to leave it?"

Moffat had now recovered his voice a little, though he still trembled perceptibly in his captor's grasp.

"Postpone your question, I advise you," he replied sullenly, "and look after your friend up-stairs."

"I shall give you the precedence," said Alexander, taking this to be a mere dodge to get a chance of escaping; and turning to the

servant, who now appeared in answer to the bell, he added, "how came this person here?"

Though it was hardly a quarter of an hour since the servant had admitted Mr. Moffat, he did not immediately recognise him. As soon as he did, he replied that he had been to see his master on business.

"And did he see him?" said Alexander.

"Yes, he did," said Moffat himself, "and if you wish to see him yourself, and see him alive, I tell you again you had better look after him at once, instead of troubling yourself with me."

"No, no, Mr. Moffat," said Alexander; "I have been too anxious to meet you to part with you now until I leave you in hands as safe as my own."

"As you please," said Moffat doggedly.

Alexander then despatched the servant for a constable; and one was easier found than commonly happens, for a knot of people had already collected at the door, who had witnessed what took place, and the attention of two policemen had already been called to the spot. As soon as the prisoner was in the officer's hands, Alexander hastened up-stairs to see Mr. Upjohn, wondering that he had not come out to see what caused such a stir in the house, particularly as the room he now used as his study was the octagon opening on the first landing-place, the identical boudoir where so many things had been done of which the ill-fated gentleman knew nothing—unless he learned it, as too probably he did, on that fatal day.

Alexander tapped anxiously at the door, and there being no reply, almost burst it in.

Mr. Upjohn was stretched on the floor in front of the chair in which he usually sat. His body was still warm, but his life was fled.

The hour and the man had come. He had prayed for a revelation of the truth, and heaven in granting his prayer, had released him at the same moment from all his sorrows. The light he prayed for was the thunderbolt that killed him. In the same little room where his wife had concocted her guilty schemes, the disclosure of them by her chief accomplice had given him his death-blow.

This was what Mrs. Rowley had foreseen from the beginning. Had she yielded for an instant to the promptings of the god of this world, she would herself have been her brother's executioner.

Indications of violence there were none. Death had evidently been caused by apoplexy. So Alexander himself concluded, and the medical men who were at once called in, entertained no doubt on the subject.

CHAPTER LV.

THE MARRIAGE AND WINDING-UP. MRS. WOODVILLE MAKES A LUCKY DISCOVERY, AND THE STORY ENDS WHERE IT BEGAN.

MOFFAT never displayed more of his characteristic address and versatility than upon the inquest, where he was of course the principal witness. He gave an account of his interview with the deceased in a tone of such proper feeling, with all the air of a man who had no wish to conceal anything he knew, that he made a favourable impression on all but the few present who knew who and what he was. Nobody could have supposed that a joke or an oath had ever passed his lips,—he kept the muscles of his eyelids in the strictest control, and behaved altogether with as much gravity as the coroner himself.

On being asked the object of his visit to the deceased, he avowed without hesitation that it was to obtain the settlement of an account for services rendered in his professional capacity as a private detective.

He was next questioned as to the amount of his claim, as it was easy to imagine a demand so outrageous as to cause a serious shock to a man in a weak state of health.

"The amount had nothing to do with it," replied Moffat; "it was only a thousand pounds,—nothing to a man of Mr. Upjohn's means."

As to the precipitation with which he was leaving the house when Alexander confronted him, he explained it by his haste to procure medical assistance, and produced a strong impression that only for Alexander's ill-timed interference the assistance might not have been too late. He gave one touch, and one only, of his theatrical talent, on being asked to state what he happened to be saying to the deceased at the moment he was struck.

"I was telling him a story," said Moffat, in a tone which conveyed so much more than the mere words signified, that it sent a thrill through the by-standers, like an effective point made by an experienced tragedian.

"You were always an effective story-teller," said Alexander; "have you any objection to tell it over again?"

"I have no objection," he replied coolly, "if Mr. Upjohn's representatives have none."

He well knew they could not in common prudence consent to a public disclosure of matters of the nature and bearings of which they were utterly ignorant.

Here the inquest ended, not only without bringing Mr. Moffat into fresh trouble, but actually creating a decided impression in his

favour ; which only lasted, however, until, at the close of the proceedings, he was seen leaving the room with two constables attending him, and it was whispered about that he lay under a charge which was likely to end in a sentence of penal servitude.

In the fate of Mr. Upjohn himself there was nothing to cause much surprise, hanging, as his life did, on the slenderest thread ; but how such a man could have had occasion for secret agents astonished all who knew him, and on what services he employed them afforded scope for innumerable surmises and speculations.

But the solicitors of the deceased, who had been as much astonished as other people, were not kept long in the dark.

Before Moffat was formally committed, he opened negotiations with both parties, offering his silence to the one and his evidence to the other.

While Mr. Proby, Mr. Upjohn's attorney, was rubbing his eyes over the communication made to him, he was visited by Alexander.

"I am come," he said, "to tell you the story that killed your lamented client."

"I know it already," said the other, with Moffat's letter in his hand.

"What do you think now of the second will?" said Alexander.

A copy of it was lying on the table. Mr. Proby tore it to pieces and flung it into his waste-paper basket.

"We could have destroyed it long ago," said Alexander, "without the miscreant's confession ; but you know now what we should probably have destroyed also."

Mr. Proby instantly threw up Mrs. Upjohn's affairs. She appointed another attorney, who did the same. At last she found men sufficiently unscrupulous to act for her, and they no sooner undertook her business than Alexander formally acquainted them with the case he was prepared to make, and gave Mrs. Upjohn three months to choose between absolute surrender and remorseless exposure.

Her husband had left her by his will a life-interest in all his property. Of the estate in Cornwall, subject to this interest, he made no disposition whatever.

But all such matters were soon forgotten. The great wedding took place at last, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodville, who had been married for some months, came over for it.

The meeting between Mrs. Rowley and Letitia was affectionate, and would, perhaps, have been affecting, only that tears were no longer the order of the day. The nuptials were celebrated at Twickenham, and the breakfast was given by the Marjorams. Two of the Cosie girls came up with their rosy cheeks and rural simplicities to grace or, at least, to enliven it. Joy seemed to have given good old Prim and Mary the wings of butterflies, and as to the

dowager Mrs. Alexander, she might have been taken for the bride herself.

For marriage breakfasts in general there is not a word to be said, but if ever there was an exception this, perhaps, was one; there was no foolish speech-making, but toasts and libations in plenty and laughing enough for three weddings.

As to the cards and the gloves, you must take them for granted; and the plum-cake, too, of which the Cosies carried so much back with them to the country to dream on, that they could hardly have escaped nightmares.

At length the feast was over, it blew old shoes as usual, and the lady and the lawyer drove off in the storm.

During the honeymoon the days of grace allowed to Mrs. Upjohn expired, and still there was no sign of submission. Mrs. Upjohn's avarice got the better of her fears, when they came in collision, and her professional advisers, knowing very imperfectly the means which Alexander possessed of crushing them, were not much to be blamed for encouraging her to fight it out. Their strong point was that the only will produced or producible was the second, and here it was certainly possible that the case against them might break down.

But now that fortune had taken Mrs. Rowley's side, she took it in earnest, and by a sudden stroke disposed of the only remaining obstacle to the establishment of her rights. An odder incident never happened in the course of a law-suit, and it happened too in an odd place, though to be sure it was the only place in the world where it could have happened.

While the Alexanders were in their happy retirement, the Woodvilles spent a few days with the Marjorams, and it happened to be just the time when the sisters were expecting their carnations to flower, and giving them their appropriate names written on slips of paper or parchment attached to the stems. While they were thus employed one morning, Mrs. Woodville was sitting close to them, making herself agreeable as usual, when it suddenly occurred to her to make herself useful also, and seeing that Mary had often to pause in her work to cut the slips out of the old document she chanced to be using (for we know where her supplies for such purposes came from), Letitia offered to relieve her of this part of her labours, and Mary handed her the scissors and paper with many thanks for her help. Mrs. Woodville snipped and snipped away for some time without paying the least attention to the paper she was cutting up, until at last she happened to cast her eye on the slip she held in her hand, and noticed the name of Rowley. So little, however, did this excite her curiosity at first that she actually cut up two or three more slips, without taking the trouble of reading

what remained of the document, which was very little indeed. But in cutting the next her eye fell on the words "being of sound mind," and then she made an exclamation which brought the sisters both running to her in a moment, when the three gardeners discovered with horror that they had been all conspiring to make mince-meat of an undoubted will of the late Mr. Rowley. There was never such a scene of distraction, but poor Letitia was distracted most, for it now seemed to be her inevitable destiny, whether in France, Italy, or England, to do Mrs. Rowley as much mischief as possible. This was the third time, and no wonder the scissors in her hand seemed to be the very shears of fate. She was in such distress that the Marjorams became quite uneasy about her, and though Mary was positive that not an inch of the paper was lost or destroyed, that was poor comfort, for it never occurred to one of them, that a document might still be a document, though all in fragments and ticketing carnations. The Marjoram girls had even more cause to be troubled than Mrs. Woodville, for many a time, as has been already mentioned, had Alexander cautioned them and warned their brother too, that some day or other mischief would come of this very practice. However, what was done, was done; they collected the fragments carefully together, in extreme sorrow and trepidation, alternately hoping and giving themselves up to despair. So great was their dismay that not one of the three uttered a syllable until the pieces, having been all collected in Mrs. Woodville's apron, were carried into the house and spread out on a table in the breakfast-room. They thought Marjoram would never come home that day, but without waiting for him they set about putting the scraps in their proper places, like children playing with a dissected map. Indeed when Marjoram appeared at last, with his umbrella in his hand, he thought they were at some game or another. He heard their sad story, glanced over the united fragments, transposed a few of them, looked sharp after the date and names of the witnesses, and in ten minutes pronounced it to be a duplicate of the will that was giving so much trouble; and as to the state it was in, he said, "You need hardly, ladies, have given yourselves the trouble of taking the tickets off the flowers; we could have brought them into court, carnations and all, just as they were;" whereupon his good sisters and Mrs. Woodville fell on each other's necks and committed all sorts of extravagances in the excess of their joy.

"Oh," cried Primula, "but is it not lucky this happened before Mr. Alexander came home!"

"A fig for Alexander," said her brother; "why if it hadn't been for your carnations the document, which had gone astray, God knows how, might never have turned up at all."

The explanation of this strange occurrence probably was, that

when Mr. Rowley put his affairs into the hands of Messrs. Marjoram and Alexander, the will was sent over to them in a bundle of papers, with which it had no connection, and got flung by accident into the heap in the corner of Marjoram's room.

But be that as it may, the grand discovery was notified to the enemy the next day, and when Mr. and Mrs. Alexander came to town, the first news that greeted them was the abandonment of the litigation and the happy winding-up of everything.

Great were the rejoicings in town and country. A festive autumn was followed by a winter more festive still—if, indeed, there was winter that year at all.

At Christmas the party was complete. The Evelyns returned from the East in time for the plum-pudding, and the amiable but wrong-headed giant submitted at last, without a murmur, to the cruel dispensation of providence which made him an independent gentleman. He only demurred to his house as being out of proportion to the estate, and that point was settled by Mrs. Alexander offering to take it off his hands.

"The question is," said Mrs. Evelyn, "will you ever pay your rent?"

"No," replied Mrs. Alexander; "the question is rather, will your husband pitch me into the sea when I tender it?"

So it was settled, and further that the Evelyns should rebuild the Meadows and enjoy the run of the kitchen in the meantime. Foxden, Mrs. Alexander gave to the Cosies, or rather a lease of it, on fair and easy terms.

When summer and the long vacation came round again, Alexander proposed a continental tour, to begin with a visit to the Woodvilles.

"And after that?" said his wife.

"I was thinking," he replied slowly, "of revisiting Orta!"

"Orta!" repeated Mrs. Alexander, not quite with the alacrity he expected.

"Ah, Fatima, Fatima, have you forsaken your first love? have you already forgotten your dear Orta? Has your heart got such a bad memory?"

"Pray have mercy, I have forgotten nothing; but you know as well as I do that it is the very places we love most that we often most shrink from revisiting,—we are so afraid of change and disenchantment."

"Against change, my dear, you can't expect me to warrant you," said Alexander; "and as to disenchantment, we shall see which of us has lost most of the freshness of youthful feeling in fifteen years."

Fifteen years do certainly often make mighty changes in men and things, but there was little or no perceptible alteration either in the town, or the inn, or the scenery of Orta when the Alexanders

arrived there. The principal change was that the visitors were not such early birds as in former days.

"No disenchantment yet, Fatima," said Alexander, when they met at breakfast.

"None yet, Frederick," she replied.

"All the old feelings as fresh as ever."

"As fresh as yours. Everything seems charming as ever."

"Don't be too sure. Suppose you were to find that some barbarian had built an unsightly farm-house on the spot where you had a fancy to build a villa!"

"Nothing is less likely; there is not activity enough to commit such an outrage. Shall we go on the water after breakfast?"

They went on the water, of course, and in five minutes Mrs. Alexander, no longer a giddy girl, was within an ace of upsetting the boat in her astonishment and delight at seeing her chosen site occupied, not with any unsightly peasant's dwelling, but with a small but elegant and graceful villa, in which she recognised in an instant the plan which Woodville had sketched for her so long ago.

She could not well embrace her husband in the presence of the boatmen; perhaps she did afterwards while she was examining the details of the villa.

Thus we end where we began, and there is nothing more to be added but that Mr. Blackadder married Fanny Rowley, and soon after became Lord Stromness on the death of his relative, the rabbit-shooter. The last news heard of the Upjohns was that the mother had given herself up to practices which Dean Close would not have approved, and that the daughter, resolved to be a lady like her cousin, was about to accept the hand of Sir Peter Cheesy.

The fate of Moffat was uncertain. He was convicted, but escaped from prison, and was reported to have been drowned on his passage to America. "If so," said Mr. Marjoram, "he must have tricked Destiny herself, and he was clever enough to do it."

MARMION SAVAGE.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

LONG before these lines shall appear in print, the Irish Land Bill will have passed through the ordeal of a second division—should it even be exposed to that test—and will have entered the more intricate region where it will be discussed and criticised in committee. So much has been written within the last few months on the subject of the Land Question of Ireland, the public mind has been so well trained to appreciate it in its different bearings, that by this time it may seem superfluous to recur to an almost exhausted topic, and to comment upon a measure of reform adopted in principle by the House of Commons, and by the great majority of educated men as a statesmanlike solution of the problem; and, except in certain matters of detail, opposed only by the zealots of faction, or by agitators averse to any settlement. Yet it may be advisable even now to indicate the nature and characteristics of the evils in the social frame of Ireland which the Government Bill is designed to remedy, to consider how it proposes to meet them, and how it is likely to attain that end; to examine it as a specimen of legislation intended to deal with a formidable subject which had long troubled and baffled politicians, and to note carefully in what respects it is fairly open to adverse criticism, or capable of beneficial amendment.

Our space forbids us to do more than to glance briefly at the peculiar features which distinguish the land-system of Ireland, and at the train of disastrous consequences. That system, in its general relations, exhibits a conflict between law and fact, between the rules that determine rights to land and the existing circumstances of society, of a most perilous and alarming kind; and the resulting mischiefs are made worse by a whole series of untoward phenomena connected directly with landed property. In order to understand this, it is necessary to consider the subject on the side of occupation and on that of ownership. The laws that regulate the conditions of the occupation of the soil in Ireland are marked by an amount of injustice, of disregard of subsisting interests, of contempt of popular usages and instincts, to which it would not be easy to find a parallel; and, in their application they cause distinctions of a very invidious character. We must consider the occupiers of land in Ireland as divided broadly into two great classes, each having really a different status, and affected differently by the law, though in numberless instances it is not easy to mark off their respective types as they are intermingled all over the country. An unknown but considerable part of the island is in the hands of capitalist farmers, that is, of men of sub-

stance, able to deal with their superiors at arm's length, possessing usually large tracts, and carrying on their business with a strict regard to profit as agriculturists or extensive graziers. Persons of this description hold, for the most part, on the terms and subject to the regulations that prevail in England and in the best part of Scotland; that is, they insist that their landlords shall construct and keep up the buildings on the land; they make no permanent additions to the soil, or, if they do, take care to exhaust them; their tenure usually is by lease, or at least by definite contract; they seldom or never claim the benefit of usages in force among the Irish peasantry with reference to the conditions of occupation; and, in a word, their views are confined to the temporary usufruct of their farms, which they manage upon commercial principles. Outside, however, this body extends the far more numerous and important class of what may be called the peasant-farmers of Ireland; and, as to these, the position of affairs is absolutely different and even opposite. A large majority of this class are bound to the soil through sheer poverty; they are unable to make an equal bargain, and are thus more or less in a state of dependence; the holdings they occupy are usually small; and these holdings are generally their homes, to which they cling with profound affection. Moreover, apart from considerable exceptions, and these largely upon the increase, where a contrary practice has obtained, these peasant farmers, as is but natural where the small farm system is the rule, have made permanent contributions to the soil, and have added to its value by building and fencing, by draining and other reclaiming processes; in innumerable cases they, or their ancestors, have held their lands during many generations; and in Ulster, and in some degree in the other provinces of the island too, they have gained by usage or acquiescence, rights in their farms of a proprietary kind, more or less intrenching on the owners' dominion. Yet this peasantry, though, in a variety of ways, it has thus acquired a real interest and a real sense of property in its lands, an interest and sense of a most legitimate kind, in spite of all that may be said to the contrary, is, nevertheless, to speak broadly, placed by law at the mercy of its lords, and holds as tenants-at-will only, that is, by a tenure which may be cut short by a notice to quit at six months, and is a merely precarious yearly possession.

Such, with large exceptions and modifications, is the system of occupation that exists in Ireland, considered critically and broadly analysed. It will be seen at a glance how cruelly unequal our law is in its relations with it, and how it clashes with the facts of society. It falls in sufficiently well with the interests of the class of capitalist farmers, for its feudal principle that whatever is annexed to the soil belongs to the owner, seldom operates harshly in cases in which the landlord, and not the tenant, makes the permanent additions to the

land ; and its coarse doctrine that Grant or Contract can alone create a right in the freehold, has little tendency to do wrong to tenants secured by a distinct bargain. But it is utterly unjust in its application to a race of small occupiers who hold usually at will, but have generally acquired rights in their holdings, through improvement, or by local usage, outside and beyond their legal tenure ; for, as to these it exposes to spoliation what really is property of a sacred kind, and it refuses to give its sanction to what ought to be a secure possession. The rules which subject the Irish peasant to arbitrary eviction and the raising of rent, notwithstanding the interest which he may have in his land by virtue of contributions to it ; which make him liable to extrusion from his home, though he may have become its owner by purchase ; which obstinately disregard the tenant-right that in the North and in parts of the South gives him really a partnership in the soil ; which look only at his status by tenure, and repudiate his status by right ; which exclude a consideration of his equitable claims and confine themselves to his legal position ; these rules practically, in numberless cases, reduce him to the condition of an outlaw, and deprive him of what is morally his own, in the actual circumstances of society. The law, in a word, as to his position, persistently refuses to acknowledge what justice and usage attribute to him, and to throw over it its sovereign sanction ; it stands thus directly opposed to right, and to the sentiments of the people ; and what makes this conflict more perilous is, that, while it affords protection to those well enough able to protect themselves, it denies protection to a class entitled to it in a special manner, and whose well-being, nay, whose existence, may and does morally depend upon it. We need seek no further for the real causes of the hatred of law which exists in Ireland ; for the lamentable and mischievous feeling of insecurity which prevails among the peasant farmers ; for the wide diffusion of the agrarian spirit—that sentiment which too clearly reveals a conviction on the part of a people that there is something wrong in its main institutions, quite apart from the extravagant excesses of crime and outrage to which it has led. In fact, it might be fairly said, that the existing laws of tenure in Ireland, as far as regards the large majority of the persons directly affected by them, would be simply intolerable were they carried out to their extreme length and absolute conclusions. These laws, however, have been mitigated by local usage and acquiescence, by public opinion and by the forbearance of those who have the power of profiting by their abuse. In the North a custom of extraordinary force gives the peasant practically almost a right of occupancy, and a substantial property in his holding ; and this tenant-right, wherever it exists in the South, as it does in some districts, although in an imperfect form, is usually respected by the landlords. Any equitable

rights which the small farmer may have besides, in respect of improvements, are not now, as a general rule, disregarded in any part of Ireland; and, almost everywhere, his superiors are very much better than the law of the land. Unhappily, however, instances of wrong and oppression necessarily sometimes occur; and then, the law being essentially unjust, and showing that general injustice is possible, the result appears in wide-spread discontent, in a pervading sense of want of security, in dislike of the whole system of tenure, in serious and dangerous moral disorder.

The great and decisive vice, therefore, of the system of occupation in Ireland is, that the law of tenure fails to protect the just rights of the mass of the peasantry. As in England, in the fifteenth century, the lands of the kingdom were overrun by a vast system of private trusts, to which the common law would afford no sanction, and this led to disputes and confusion; so in Ireland, at this moment, the small farmers are, as a rule, entitled to a variety of equities in their holdings, and these, not being made law-worthy, wrong and disorder inevitably ensue. It is the peculiar misfortune of Ireland, however, that evils in the system of the occupation of land are aggravated by evils in its system of ownership. In by far the greater part of the island, the settlement of landed property rests on a basis of confiscation and conquest, upheld and strengthened by evil laws, disastrous in their protracted effects; and it has never rooted itself in the hearts, the sentiments, and the traditions of the people. After a series of forfeitures and distributions of land, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of Europe, the revolution of 1688 placed the ownership of the bulk of the soil, in three of the four Irish provinces, into the hands of a dominant caste, differing from the nation in origin and faith, and made hostile to it by generations of discord, while the conquered race remained in occupation, to serve and toil for their alien superiors. It was difficult for kindly feelings to grow up between classes, set in this way in the close relation of landlord and tenant, yet morally sundered, and of old foes; and the Penal Code, which, it must be remembered, continued unchanged until 1778, increased the breach between them, and made it durable. The results appeared in an aristocracy of the most harsh and ungracious kind, cut off in sympathy from its dependents, and divided from them by an impassable barrier, in absenteeism ruinous and wide-spread, in property maintained by force only, and unadorned by social affection, in hatreds and animosities of class, and in a peasantry down-trodden and depressed, which cringed to its masters but loved them not, and which gave no willing or loyal obedience. A variety of circumstances tended to prolong the consequences of this state of things; and though the influences of this century, Time, the abolition of unjust laws, and a system of government generally impartial, have done

much to obliterate its effects, they are, nevertheless, distinctly traceable. To this day, in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, the large majority of the landed gentry are, as a body, wholly distinct from their tenantry, opposed to them in politics and religion, and though generally just and humane, not united with them in real concord. To this day, absenteeism throws its cold shadow over immense districts and makes them barren of regard for their owners ; and to this day, the relations of landed property, in too many instances, wear a stern, rude, and ungenial aspect. The result has been that, as the people have grown in knowledge, and proved their power, they have learned to dislike this condition of affairs ; territorial influence has dangerously declined ; and the very institution of ownership in land is assailed by revolutionary passion. In Ulster only, where during more than two centuries society has reposed upon foundations completely different, a better state of feeling exists, and landlords still have very great power ; though even in Ulster other causes have caused some jealousy of landed dominion.

The two features, then, in the land system of Ireland which we must keep distinctly before us are, that, as regards the bulk of the peasantry, the conditions of occupation are unjust, and that the system of ownership is not popular. It is not our present purpose to consider the variety of schemes which have been put forward as remedies for this state of things—the conversion of the tenantry of Ireland into owners of land at a fixed quit-rent, the universal extension of the tenant-right of Ulster, the transformation of all tenancies at will into leaseholders for a definite period. The Government Bill is founded on views entirely different from these projects, which, however excellent they may be in the abstract, are confessedly innovations of a serious kind, and have the special defect of applying a single and inflexible rule to rights of a very varying character, and of thus doing considerable injustice. The Bill treats the land system of Ireland on the side of occupation, and on that of ownership, and seeks to deal with it under both aspects. Taking it up on its first and most complex side, it proceeds upon the sound principles of giving the support and efficacy of Law to those equities of the Irish occupier at present without that permanent sanction ; of extending those equities in some measure to all analogous cases, with large variations ; of discriminating and adjusting these, according to their extent and degree, by the machinery of a judicial process, doing justice in individual instances, and of vindicating them for the benefit of their possessors, whenever they may be in need of them, interfering, however, as slightly as possible with the existing relations of landed property. The scheme, in a word, setting out with the notion of recognizing and establishing existing facts, endeavours to reform the conditions of occupation by bringing these facts into our legal

system ; aims at strengthening the position of the Irish tenant by a wide and liberal interpretation of them ; and seeks to improve and raise his status, and to alter really the nature of his tenure, but, nevertheless, without violent change, in a gentle, gradual, and easy manner, and without rude disturbance of his superior. To effect these objects, the Bill divides the occupiers of the soil into three great classes, according to their respective equitable rights, and deals with each in a separate manner.

The first class are the powerful body who, whether they hold by lease or at will, have the benefit of the custom of Ulster ; and,¹ as to these, the Bill simply gives the efficacy of law to the usage, in all cases where it really exists, excluding them from any further advantage. The operation of this custom is to confer upon the tenant of Ulster an interest in the land beyond his tenure, this interest, however, being very different in extent and value on different estates ; but, as the custom is not law-worthy, his superior always has possessed the power of weakening or destroying his tenant-right, these wrongs, however, being very uncommon. The Bill effectually prevents such acts ; and by legalising the custom in its integrity, assures to the Ulster tenant his right, whatever it may be, in its existing status. The result practically will be to convert many estates in Ulster into mere manors, in which the lords will have the rents and services, and the tenants will usually hold the lands without disturbance, and with a power of disposition of the tenant-right, according to the conditions of the custom.

The second class comprised in the Bill are the occupiers who, whatever their tenure, are entitled to the imperfect tenant-right which prevails in certain parts of the South, especially in the Midland Counties. This right, also, like that of the North, gives a tenant, practically, an interest in his holding of a proprietary kind beyond his tenure ; and like that of the North it is liable to be invaded and even annulled by the landlord. The usage, however, which sustains this right, is much less efficacious and mature than the ancient and honoured custom of Ulster ; in fact, it hardly extends beyond acquiescence and forbearance on the part of the landlord ; and rights secured by it not only vary, as they do in the North, on various estates, and present various degrees of diversity, but are, speaking generally, less valuable, determinate, and distinctly defined. The Bill deals with this usage on the same principles as with the Ulster custom, except that, as is not unjust, it modifies what is crude and inchoate according to sound and rational views ; and it offers the occupier instead of the rights conferred by it, an alternative choice which it assumes will usually be a benefit to him. It declares² in substance that the tenant-right of the South shall be made law-

(1) Sect. 1.

(2) Sect. 2.

worthy like that of the North, in similar terms and in the like manner; that is, that wherever it exists, it shall attach to estates subject to it, according to its actual status; but it provides that claims in respect of arrears, of waste, and for breach of agreement, shall be a charge on the tenant-right as they now are under the custom of Ulster; and it exposes the tenant-right to forfeiture, in the event of unlicensed subdivision, except for the use of agricultural labourers, introducing here a condition necessary for the safety of landed property in Ireland. This is undoubtedly the meaning of the Bill, though its language is not happy or precise; and the effect will be that the tenant of the South, in cases where he has a claim to it, will possess his right in the same way, and with the same security, as his northern fellow, subject only to the terms imposed by the measure on him in the general interest. As, however, the tenant-right of the South is often of comparatively little value, and incapable of satisfactory proof, the Bill provides that it may be commuted by the concession of a lease for thirty-one years, carrying with it a right to compensation in respect of improvements of a large kind; this being considered an equivalent for the tenant-right in ordinary cases and an alternative suitable to the tenant. If, therefore, the tenant takes the benefit of the terms offered him in this way, he will hold his lands for the period indicated, and his right will be considered exhausted.

The third class of occupiers referred to, comprises, with certain specified exceptions, the whole mass of tenants in Ireland who have not the tenant-right either of the North or the South, irrespective also of the quality of their tenure. The principle of the Bill as to this immense body is to legalise to the fullest extent, regard being had to existing contracts, the equities in the soil which they may possess or acquire in respect of improvements or otherwise; to set these apart for their exclusive benefit whenever a necessity shall arise; to add besides a kind of variable tenant-right, under certain conditions, in all cases in which justice shall allow this charge, in order to defend the tenant's possession; and yet to detract as little as possible from the rights of property in making these changes. For this purpose, the Bill¹ reverses that most unrighteous presumption of law that whatever is added to land belongs to the owner; and, within a period of limitation, certainly vast, it makes all improvements the property of the tenant, whether made already or to be made, until proof be adduced to the contrary. It gives him also certain other advantages in respect of² away going crops, and³ of sums paid on obtaining possession, and it enables him to make title to all these claims, of what nature or kind soever, through predecessors of every description. The rights given in this way to the occupier

(1) Sect. 5.

(2) Sect. 7.

(3) Sect. 8.

are immense, and practically almost alter his status; and the only exceptions to these sweeping provisions arise in¹ cases—to speak broadly—in which improvements, with some restrictions, are or have been prohibited by the landlord, or may be paid or allowed for by him, or belong to him by antecedent contract, with a proviso that a lease for thirty-one years shall bar claims to some minor kinds of improvements, and that all such claims shall be liable to deductions on the part of the landlord in respect of arrears, of waste, or of breach of agreement. Considerable, however, as are the advantages conferred on the occupier by these means, they will affect his superior in a much less degree than would be supposed at first sight; for, so to speak, they will not vest in possession, no claims in respect of them will arise, until the tenant shall voluntarily leave his holding:² even in that case they will not charge his landlord³ if he obtains permission to dispose of the land, after the analogy afforded by the Ulster custom; and, accordingly, they will fall easily on property in the great majority of instances, while they will assure an ample boon to the farmer. Nevertheless the Bill does not stop at this point in affording protection to the Irish tenant. In the case of⁴ all future tenancies whatever, and of all existing tenancies at will, it engrafts on the tenure a kind of tenant-right, ranging at maximum sums from seven to two years' rent, the scale decreasing with the value of the farm; and it makes this the property of the tenant, an interest akin to that under the Ulster custom. This interest, however, is not to be realised unless the landlord "disturb" the tenant; in that event it is to be paid as a penalty on eviction and a compensation for it. This⁵ statutable tenant-right is rendered subject to the regulations already referred to, as regards the tenant-right of the South; that is, it is made liable to certain deductions on the part of the landlord, it is capable of forfeiture on unlicensed subdivision, and a thirty-one years' lease will exhaust it upon the terms before maintained. Existing leaseholds are alone exempted from this new and potential charge, perhaps the boldest innovation in the Bill; as to these it obviously would be unjust completely to alter the nature of the contract.

It will be observed that, speaking generally, and with exceptions to be presently noticed, this scheme of remedial change embraces the whole body of occupiers in Ireland, without regard to the nature of their tenure. At first sight, therefore, it may appear to go beyond legitimate bounds in extending advantages not only to the peasant but to the capitalist farmer; and it has been argued that it is not just to apply legislation of the same kind to those who can and cannot protect themselves. In fact, however, the Bill draws a broad

(1) Sect. 4.

(2) Compare sects. 4 and 12.

(3) Sect. 4.

(4) Sect. 3.

(5) Sect. 3.

distinction between these classes, for its cardinal principle of giving the sanction of law to the equitable claims of the Irish tenant, confers immense benefits on the peasant farmer, and will hardly affect his wealthier fellow; and the scale of the statutable tenant-right, rising as the value of the farm declines, discriminates between them in the plainest manner. Comprehensiveness and breadth are, moreover, attained by general legislation on the subject, and the good flowing from this result more than counterbalances any mischief arising from taking into the sphere of reform, a class not necessarily in need of it, not to say that it will be easy enough to amend the measure in this respect, without injuring its main outlines. Besides, precautions have been adopted for shutting out, under certain conditions, and in certain definite events, capitalist farmers from the operations of the Bill. Very stringent provisions have, indeed, been made against attempts to deprive the tenant of the benefits given him, by inducing him to enter into bargains inconsistent with them; and contracts derogating from his new rights are nullified with peremptory strictness.¹ But occupiers holding under future leases, for a term of not less than twenty-one years,² lands of £50 yearly value and upwards, not having a title to tenant-right, are debarred from advantages under the Bill, except in respect of compensation, founded on English agricultural customs, provided their tenure be of the English kind, that is, provided the permanent improvements on their farms be made at the cost of the landlord;³ and all occupiers, whatever their tenure, who hold lands of £100 yearly value or more, also not in a tenant-right category, may waive their rights by definite contract. In this way a considerable number of capitalist farmers will, no doubt, be exempted from the proposed reform; it will not touch them if they do not require it. It should be added⁴ that desmesne lands, town buildings, and mere temporary lettings, are properly not comprised in the measure; it is confined to agricultural tenancies.

In this manner the existing rights of the occupiers of the soil in Ireland are declared and given the support of law; rights of a new kind are conferred on them; and the result is attained with but little disturbance of the present arrangements of landed property. These rights, however, as we have seen, are variable, unequal, and undefined, depend on certain specified conditions, and arise only in certain contingencies. The Bill having marked out the nature and character of this mass of rights, the next, and not less important question is, as to the means of giving them effect, of adjusting them in a fitting manner, of discriminating them in the numerous instances in which they exist, with a regard to equity. It will be seen at once

(1) Sects. 2, 3, 4.

(2) Sect. 10.

(3) Sect. 10.

(4) Sect. 11.

that this can only be accomplished through a judicial process, and the machinery indicated by the Bill is, upon the whole, of an excellent kind. Those landlords and tenants who choose to refer questions as to their rights under the proposed measure,¹ to a tribunal of an amicable character, may resort to courts of arbitration of a peculiar description in each county, and the decrees of these courts will be final. But those who prefer to have recourse to litigation,² may select the Court of the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, corresponding to the County Court in England, and an appeal will lie from the decisions of these courts to the two going Judges of Assize, and from them to a Land Court in Dublin, composed of common law and equity judges. A series, therefore, of cheap courts, most properly local in their jurisdiction, is established to carry out the Bill, and to settle matters within its scope, but care is taken, through the intervention of an appellate tribunal of a double character, that rights of property shall not be sacrificed, and that very difficult problems of law shall not be hastily or wrongly determined. The powers given to the courts are immense, as was inevitable from the nature of the measure,³ and they are invested with a most ample discretion of an equitable as well as a legal kind, to work out its provisions in their genuine spirit. By these means we may hopefully expect the rights secured to the Irish tenant will be vindicated in a satisfactory manner, and the new relations in which he will stand towards his landlord will be fairly determined. On the occasions pointed out by the law, the courts will uphold and ascertain the tenant-right of the North and the South, and give its possessor the benefit of it: they will similarly decide on the title of the tenant to improvements, and to his statutable right, observing the rules prescribed to them; and, on the other hand, they will take into account claims and deductions on the part of the landlord, the whole procedure accommodating itself to the facts of each individual case, and as far as possible achieving justice. Nor is it to be supposed that, in the long run, the consideration of these questions will devolve largely upon the courts, though doubtless until a set of precedents shall have been matured, they will be troubled with a good deal of litigation. In most instances, even from the outset, the law will be exactly obeyed; the very institution of the new jurisdiction will assure general compliance with it; and, before long, it may be supposed that Irish landlords and Irish tenants will fall in with the changed mode of things, and will regulate their dealings with regard to it, without seeking the aid of any tribunal. The Bill, in a word, will be self-acting, at least to a considerable extent; and, far more than is commonly imagined, things will go on as they did before in the case of an immense majority of estates in Ireland.

(1) Sect. 21.

(2) Sects. 5, 19, 20.

(3) Sects. 14 and 16.

It remains to glance at a few other clauses of the Bill with reference to this branch of the subject. A restriction is laid on the odious practice, still not altogether unknown in Ireland, of issuing recklessly notices to quit,¹ by charging a duty on these documents; and to strengthen the position of the tenant-at-will,² a notice will have twelve months to run, and not six months as it has at present. The leasing powers of limited owners are extended to a term of thirty-one years, the existing period being twenty-one;³ the charge of the grand-jury rate is to be apportioned between the landlord and tenant, in the case of all future tenancies, and, in the case of tenancies under £4, except where a lease intervenes, the whole charge is to affect the landlord. All these provisions are in the interest of the tenant, and it should be added⁴ that experienced valuers are to act as assessors to the chairmen, in order to aid them in their inquiries. What then will be the real position of the occupiers of the soil in Ireland, according to the principles of this measure, and what their relations with their landlords? The custom of Ulster being made legal, the tenants entitled to its privileges will enjoy them fully as they now exist; their interests will be completely secured, and they will have a concurrent right in the fee, safe from interference from unjust superiors. On the other hand, the incidents of the custom will be preserved as they are at present, and the landlords, therefore, will be enabled, within its limits, to raise their rents, and to possess all that is meant by ownership, restricted only from acts of wrong, at present prohibited by the usage. The status of the tenant of the South, who has a claim to tenant-right, will be of exactly the same kind; that is, his equitable interest in the land will be vindicated and protected by law; but, as his right is seldom definite or equal in value, in most instances, to that upheld by the Ulster custom, he will have the choice of exchanging it for a secure tenure for a considerable period, charged with advantages that, in all likelihood, will assure him a renewal of his term hereafter. It is difficult to see what legislation could accomplish more favourable to these classes, consistently with respect for the just rights of property; and, as regards the third and most important class, every equity in the land they can have or acquire, is appropriated to them with wide liberality; a new equity is added to defend their possession more or less in the nature of a charge on their landlords, with an alternative similar to that last mentioned; and all these rights are so conferred as to provide for them the most ample benefit, with the least possible injury to their superiors. It is idle to say that these provisions fail to give rational security of tenure, or to remedy the ordinary mischiefs inherent in the system of occupation in Ireland. Unquestionably they will not

(1) Sect. 54. (2) Sect. 55. (3) Sects. 62, 63. (4) Sect. 19.

protect the reckless, indolent, or fraudulent tenant, who destroys his farm, or will not pay his rent, or multiplies squatters by subdivision ; but such tenants deserve eviction. Unquestionably, too, there may be landlords who will evict even meritorious tenants, notwithstanding the heavy penalties directed against such proceedings by the Bill, and the discredit it attaches to such wrong-doers. But the instances will be exceedingly few, in which folly, obstinacy, and pride, will override evident self-interest, and brave the sense of public disgrace ; evictions of this kind will be so costly and fruitless, and so condemned by the courts, that they will hardly ever occur ; and, therefore, it is the simple truth that the Bill amply protects the Irish tenant, and places him in quite a new position. Nor must it be forgotten, that even if he should be evicted, he will usually leave his holding with an amount of compensation, which will save him and his family from destitution, and open to him a new way in the world.

In truth, so far as regards its principles, the criticisms passed upon the Bill are the most convincing proofs of its excellence. It is urged by those who faithfully represent the shortsightedness of the "stupid party," that the measure is excessive, because, in giving protection to the occupier of the soil in Ireland, it violates the doctrine of "free contract." It is refreshing to see Conservatism wresting political economy to uphold selfishness, and misapplying it to suit its purposes ; but its advocates apparently do not perceive the dangerous retort they thus provoke. Apply the rules of "free contract" to land, and what would become of all the means employed to restrict artificially dealings with what is naturally a limited commodity, of entails, settlements, holding in mortmain, primogeniture, and other aristocratic devices ? In these days of democratic change it would have been wiser to have avoided these topics ; and, besides, the objection only reveals ignorance of the real facts of society in Ireland. It is idle to talk of "freedom of contract," in the instance of classes in the relations of the great mass of Irish landlords and tenants, that is, of those who have what practically is a monopoly of the means of existence, and those who are compelled to compete for it ; and true political economy acknowledges that the only legitimate sphere of contract is not subjection, but independence. "There is, moreover, a dangerous irony in this zeal shown by some Irish landlords in favour of the doctrine of 'free contract,' in order to impair a measure framed in the interest of the Irish tenant ; it is rather too much to babble about this principle when one-fifth only of the soil of Ireland is held by 'contract' in a legitimate sense, and four-fifths are held at will, that is, by a tenure of a servile kind, not in the nature of a contract at all ; nor will the House of Commons be led astray by selfish sophistry of this description." Another objection to the

Bill is, that it draws a marked and plain distinction between the law of England and that of Ireland, and that it "tends to separate" the two countries, because it gives security to the Irish tenant. To this it might be enough to reply that, in legalising the agricultural customs of Ireland, unrecognised hitherto by the Irish courts, unlike what has taken place in England, the Bill really rather assimilates the Irish law of landlord and tenant to its English original than makes it different; that even the abstract law as it now stands is in Ireland more on the side of the landlord in many particulars than it is in England, and that this balance must be redressed before the two codes can be pronounced the same; and that a greater fallacy cannot exist, as, indeed, in the history of our own empire, the examples of Scotland and Ireland prove, than assuming that international concord or dissension are necessarily promoted by mere identity, or diversity of laws and institutions. The true and conclusive answer, however, is, that the state of society in England and Ireland, in matters connected with landed arrangements, is so different that legislation must accommodate itself to this essential difference; that a merely superficial resemblance of laws may imply a real and absolute distinction; and that it will be time enough to speak of making the laws of tenure in the two countries exactly alike when the facts underlying them correspond, when the soil of Ireland and that of England are held under the same conditions. Such cavils as these are obviously futile; and others of a somewhat different kind are little more than "leather and prunella." When it is said that the measure is intricate, that it is many-sided and subtle in character, it is forgotten that the relations it deals with are complicated in the highest degree, and that its variableness really is a proof of its conscientious adherence to the facts of society. When it is said that it will encourage litigation by remitting a multitude of novel questions to the consideration of judicial tribunals, and by entrusting these with a very large discretion, it is forgotten that this is the necessary price of avoiding a system of harsh reform of the laws of tenure that really would be injurious to landed property in Ireland, compulsory leases, fixity of tenure, or the universal extension of the tenant-right of the North to districts at present not subject to it. As for the complaint that it makes a distinction between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, in the supposed interest of "Protestant ascendancy," it is enough to say that it does exactly the reverse, for it merely confirms the rights of the Ulster tenant, whereas it gives new rights to his Southern fellow; and as for the remark that the benefits it confers are illusory because they are only capable of being realised in certain events, this proceeds simply from sheer ignorance.

The Bill, however, though noble in principle, is not without defects in detail, occasionally of an important kind. Its composition is far

from good ; it is loose and complex in its phraseology ; it abounds in vague and unsuitable expressions ; and this has added to the obscurity of a measure necessarily hard to interpret. Its definitions of very important rights, for instance, even of tenant-right, are not accurate, and have provoked censure ; it makes use of popular language where technical terms ought to be employed, causing thus uncertainty and confusion ; it sometimes leaves very critical questions open to be answered in a variety of ways. These blemishes are to be much regretted, and have been one main reason why the popular mind in Ireland has been misinformed on the subject, and misrepresentation has distorted the real character of a comprehensive reform entirely in the interest of the Irish tenant. A few of the provisions of the Bill require to be carefully weighed and criticised with a view to their final amendment. The statutable tenant-right, which is in the nature of a new charge upon landed property, is certainly, in our judgment, high ; it is fairly questionable whether it ought to extend to farms of a considerable size ; and it may operate to tax the good landlord who has let his lands at a low rent, which he may not be able hereafter to raise without paying a severe penalty, and to spare altogether the rack-renting landlord. On the other hand, it is, perhaps, doubtful whether in all cases a thirty-one years' lease ought to be an equivalent for this right ; it has been urged that this may expose the tenant occasionally to injustice ; and possibly a lower scale of tenant-right, conjoined with a power of measuring rents when ejectments should be brought to raise them, would have been more equitable and advantageous. The periods fixed for retrospective compensation for improvements are enormous ; these, added to the revolution effected by the reversal of the presumption of law that additions to land belong to its owner, may, in some instances, be unfair to landlords ; and though it is true that continuous possession is to diminish claims in this category, their limits ought, we think, to be defined. On the other hand, the definition of "improvements" in the Bill is, perhaps, too restricted, and would deal hardly with small tenants whose assiduous toil during generations had reclaimed land and made it productive ; yet as to whom it might not be able to show that "they had executed any work which adds to the letting value of the holdings" at present. One or two clauses in the Bill, as they stand, may enable a tenant to injure his landlord directly, and that in a serious manner ; and this is contrary to the whole scope of a measure of which one main principle is to indicate the natural rights of the tenant without assailing the rights of property. We must enter our protest against a change in the Bill said to be in contemplation, the exempting purchasers in the Landed Estates Court from claims to retrospective compensation for improvements. We never could see why purchasers of this class should be less subject to legislative

changes which Parliament might make at a future time, than purchasers of any other kind; they purchased freed from past incumbrances, but not from impositions to be made hereafter, exactly as private individuals; and, as a matter of fact, of all the landlords in Ireland, they are the least entitled to consideration.

Our space forbids us to do more than to glance at the manner in which the Bill deals with the land system of Ireland upon the side of ownership. In this respect it embodies and improves upon the conception of Mr. Bright, that facilities should be afforded by the State to induce Irish tenants to buy land from its present owners by voluntary contract, and thus to promote the growth of a peasant proprietary. For this purpose a sum of £1,000,000 is proposed to be set apart by the Treasury in order to make the required advances; and tenants who wish to acquire land, provided their landlords agree to sell it, are empowered to borrow three-fourths of the price, if they can pay a deposit of one-fourth as a security to the Exchequer for the loan, and for the payment of the annuity on the land to discharge it. Provision is made for operations of this kind in the case of lands in the Landed Estates Court; if a landlord wishes to part with his entire estate, and the tenants of four-fifths of it have the means of making the required advance, power is given to render the purchase complete; and it is obvious that the sum of £1,000,000 named is intended only as an experimental instalment. By these means the authors of the Bill design evidently to promote the transfer of no inconsiderable part of the soil of Ireland from its present owners to its occupiers, and thus to pledge to the cause of order a large number of the Irish peasantry, and to break the force of the revolutionary wave now menacing Irish landed property. In the present state of the land system of Ireland, we look upon this as a most enlightened scheme; but we are afraid that the machinery of the Bill is rather defective in this particular. We could say more, but our limits are outrun, and in conclusion wish good speed to a measure which in its main outlines is one of broad and generous policy, which reconciles law and fact in Ireland without real injustice to any interest, and which, if not without errors of detail, is assuredly a great and patriotic effort to solve an arduous and dangerous problem. Nor can we doubt that in its results it will be attended with lasting good; that it will reach the hearts of the Irish people, in spite of momentary signs to the contrary, and teach them that law is no longer for them the supremacy of the powerful over the weak; that it will gradually if slowly lessen the evils of agrarian disorder, outrage, and crime; that it will assuage old animosities and heart-burnings; that it will infuse harmony and goodwill into the social relation it transforms and animates with the spirit of justice.

WM. O'C. MORRIS.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Modern Russia. By Dr. JULIUS ECKARDT. Smith, Elder, & Co. 1870.

A GOOD and useful survey of the present condition of the Russian empire, with a critical estimate of Russian development and its tendencies since the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander II. The key-note to the book is in the division treating of Russian Communism, which may be commended to the serious attention of all political students. Those who have ceased to apprehend much from Napoleon's warning of the possible invasion of Europe by the Cossack, may learn that there is still a cloud to be watched in the North, all the more ominous to established institutions that it does not come with the lance and the musket. The writer's point of view is naturally German, but beyond a remark on the effeminacy of the Slavonic race, it is not intruded. His admiration of the Courlanders is justified by all who know them. The book should have been subjected to the revision of an English hand.

Letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis to Various Friends. Edited by Rev. Sir GILBERT LEWIS. Longmans. 14s.

SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, who found time to do so many things moderately well and nothing very well, was among his other characters a letter-writer, and some of the fruit is now before us in his correspondence with the late Sir Edmund Head, Mr. Grote, Mrs. Austin, Mr. Greg, Mr. Freeman, and members of his family. They contain a great many highly suggestive points, in the shape of prophecies and criticisms about passing events, the writer being often most acutely right, and perhaps as often most ingeniously wrong. The critical temper, as everybody knows, was very strong in Sir George Lewis, and it is marked enough in his letters, where we encounter a long succession of unfavourable remarks. For an idolatrous literary generation, his talk about Macaulay, Hallam, Gladstone, and others, is decidedly instructive.

The Land War in Ireland: a History for the Times. By JAMES GODKIN. Macmillan.

MR. GODKIN's book is virtually a short history of Ireland, written, as history is more and more likely to be written, from an economic rather than from a purely political point of view. Or perhaps it is rather a study of the history of Ireland; that is, the facts are presented avowedly in a certain speculative light, and such facts as have no bearing on this special purpose either one way or another are passed over. Mr. Godkin is not fanatical, and he has thought his subject out. There is probably no other account at once so compendious and so complete.

History of England, comprising the reign of Queen Anne, until the Peace of Utrecht. By EARL STANHOPE. Murray. 16s.

THIS is the long-expected volume which is to serve as link between the end of Macaulay and the beginning of the history known as Lord Mahon's; so that

we have now a history, complete in its way, from the Restoration, where Macaulay really began, down to the Treaty of Versailles, where Lord Stanhope left off, unless his *Life of Pitt* may be thought in some sort to have brought it down to 1806. The exact period covered by the present volume is from the first year of the century when that momentous event, the death of Charles II., occurred, down to 1713, when the Treaty of Utrecht was signed. Obviously, the central figure of this period is Marlborough, of whom Lord Stanhope takes a much less harsh view than Macaulay did. The time is one of the most obscure in our history politically, though its lustre from military and literary sides has not been surpassed.

A Life of the Great Lord Fairfax. By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM. Macmillan. 16s.

A VOLUME greatly over-crowded with minute details of a geographical and other kinds, but highly useful to the careful student of the history of the Civil War, if slightly tedious to the more languid reader. Mr. Markham deserves credit for extreme laboriousness, and it is only wonderful that Fairfax has not had so much justice done to him before, from the new historic point of view of the Great Rebellion, taken up since Carlyle and Macaulay. Mr. Markham insists that historians have "ante-dated the genius of Cromwell," and neglected comparatively the ability and services of Fairfax in the New Model, and in the campaign of 1645-6. Probably as a military chronicle, Mr. Markham's book is one of the most full and accurate that we possess about the Civil War.

National Self-Government in Europe and America. By J. W. PROBYN. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

POLITICAL commonplaces, like certain truisms in morals, cannot be too frequently insisted on, and the views of an average English politician of a liberal mind flourish on sufficiently high ground to bear repetition and some emphasis. Mr. Probyn's essay has not been called forth by a reactionary tendency to make it particularly timely, but it will be serviceable in its summing-up of our recent experiences of the "progress of liberty" at home and abroad, and especially serviceable to those latest recruits or impressments in the ranks of progress, who have apprehended the necessity for a movement, and may learn from him how the one foot forward can be taken with a steady balance of the person. Mr. Probyn is temperate and just. He writes soundly on the American Civil War. His model of a ruler is Leopold I., King of the Belgians, whose sagacity and prosperous reign he points to for an indication that the constitutional sovereign is not required to be a puppet. This is an answer to Imperialists. On the other hand, he does not touch the Republican argument as to the political and social advantages gathered from hereditary constitutional kings, who are little better than puppets by nature, and are by the ordinary calculation likely to be numerous. The chapter on "Religious Liberty" recommends the practice of the spirit of Christianity in the Church Establishments as a preparation for the inevitable, though not necessarily immediate, disjunction of Church and State.

Asia Minor. By Rev. HENRY J. VAN LENNEP. Two vols. Murray.

AN account of travels in little-known parts of Asia Minor. The writer was a Christian missionary, and his book is not wholly without a distasteful Evangelical twang, though for the most part he writes like a person of common sense.

He has a good deal to tell us that is of archæological interest, and social optimism ought to be rudely disturbed by contrasting the picture which Mr. Van Lennep presents of the oriental degradation of these now obscure regions with the old and obliterated civilisation.

The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by W. M. ROSSETTI.
Two vols. Moxon.

HARDLY any praise can be too strong for the zeal, fidelity, and labour with which Mr. Rossetti has discharged his task. The result is what may be called the first full and correct presentation of Shelley's poems that we possess. Everything is here, and this is the least part of it, for with many of the *juvenilia* most readers would have been happy to dispense. But everything is here in the best form to which conscientious examination by a man of taste and knowledge could restore, a poet of whom it has been truly said that he already stands in more need of a scholiast than some who have been dead for many generations. Mr. Rossetti has prefixed a satisfactory and fair-minded memoir of his poet.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XLI. NEW SERIES.—MAY 1, 1870.

A RIDE THROUGH YEDO.

MANY tourists have written pleasant accounts of their experiences in Yedo, the eastern capital of Japan, and the readers of books of travel are familiar with the general aspect of the city. From a Japanese point of view, however, nothing so far as I know has been written for the English public, to whom the history and legends of the place must be almost unknown. Let us suppose that we are about to take a ride through the town. The horses are waiting at the door, and our escort, long-sworded and lacquer-hatted, are already mounted on their sorry little ponies. Our guides shall be the books called the *Yedo Mei-Sho Dsuyé*, a pictorial guide to the famous places of Yedo, and the *Yedo Hanjōki*, or "Record of the Prosperity of Yedo;" this latter a work full of wit, learning, and antiquarian research: the style will readily show where I am translating and where I am speaking in my own person.

The escort deserves a word of notice. It is composed of men of the Bettégumi, a corps which was raised by the Japanese Government for the special protection of foreigners, when the latter first came to Yedo; the men are of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, and some of them are younger sons of good families. In former days their duty was as much that of spies as of guards, but since a more liberal Government has sprung up they have changed their manner towards us, and vie with one another in their obliging eagerness to please, while they will repay tenfold any little civility. This I am sorry to say they seldom receive.

It is no easy matter for them to clear a way for us through the crowd, for it is the Japanese new year, a brilliant day at the end of January, and all Yedo seems to be afoot giving and receiving congratulations. Carriages, indeed, at this Japanese Longchamps there are few, and those the refuse of Yokohama and Shanghai; coolies, naked with the exception of a loin-cloth, and a brilliant

exhibition of the tattooer's art on their backs, chests, and brawny thighs, carry in litters those who are too rich or too lazy to walk, and mingle their painful cry with the warning shouts of our escort, the whistle of the blind shampooers, and the unintelligible calls of the hucksters.

Here is an old gentleman in his dress of ceremony, with a servant at his back carrying a box which contains the new year's gifts to be left at the different houses which he will visit. There a group of merry girls, clad in their brightest holiday clothes and smartest girdles, are playing battledore and shuttlecock, the penalty of missing a stroke being a slap with the hard wooden battledore, and each forfeit is hailed with shouts of glee and screams of mock fear; this is the special game of the day, for have not top-spinning, kite-flying, and other diversions their appointed seasons in Yedo, like cricket and football at Eton or Harrow? Farther on a couple of Manzai, mummers who go about in couples dressed in a sorry imitation of the Court costume, are playing their antics with fan and hand-drum from door to door, a custom derived from the time when the men of the Province of Mikawa came to Yedo on new year's day to congratulate their fellow-countryman and chief, Prince Iyéyasu, on his elevation to the dignity of Shogun,¹ and to wish him Man Zai, that is, ten thousand years of life; so they still sing Man Zai! Man Zai! and, cuckoo-like, take their name from their song. Conspicuous in the crowd are the soldiers of the Mikado's army, dressed in every conceivable variety of ill-fitting European garments, disfiguring into the semblance of apes men who really used to look well in their own national dress. There is a brown sunburnt fellow in a red jacket bought cheap from some English soldier at Yokohama, and a pair of singlet drawers which in his innocence he believes to be trousers, but which in Europe would be his passport to the nearest police office. A battered white hat covers his shock head of black hair, which falls like a mop over his eyes; and to complete the comicality of his appearance, his Japanese sword and dirk are stuck in a shining leather belt. Was there ever such a sight? And how proud he seems of his bits of foreign finery as he brings up his hand to salute us in order to attract our attention. On one side of the street a mendicant friar is mumbling his monotonous prayers to the accompaniment of a tinkling bell, trying to weary out the patience of a shopman, who at last gives him a cash to move on next door; on the other side a beggar, his sores and deformities rendered more hideous, rather than covered, by a dirty bit of matting, —poor protection against the bleak wintry wind,—is hungrily eyeing the stall of an itinerant cook, and wondering whether he or his rival, the Pariah dog, will come in for a rejected morsel of sweet potatoe. Altogether it is a motley throng of beggars, lazars, pedlars, sweet-meat sellers, idlers, priests, nuns, soldiers, women and children, a

(1) Or Tycoon.

mighty coming and going of men, all bent upon enjoying their holiday as best they may.

But not the people only are dressed out to do honour to the day. The city itself has been turned into a vast grove of firs and waving bamboos. As we on Christmas Eve deck our houses with holly and mistletoe and evergreens, so on the 28th or 29th day of the 12th month the Japanese begin decorating their houses to greet the new year. The proper decoration for each house is a fir tree on one side of the door and a bamboo on the other, between which is stretched a rope of straw, such as those which are hung up outside temples to keep out evil influences. To the centre of this rope is attached a sort of bouquet, made up of a boiled lobster, a piece of charcoal, a large orange, a dried persimmon, a frond of bracken, a leaf of the evergreen oak, and a piece of seaweed. Each of these has its special signification. The fir and bamboo are evergreen emblems of long life; the lobster, strong in spite of its crooked back, is a type of hale though bent old age; the undecaying charcoal represents imperishability; the name of the orange, *dai-dai*, means by a pun "from generation to generation," and the fruit itself, which hangs longer to the tree than any other, is a token of longevity; the dried persimmon, the sweetness of which is so lasting, is typical of the unchanged sweetness of conjugal love and fidelity; the bracken is slow to fade; the oak leaf, which is supposed not to fall off until the young leaf has put forth an appearance, signifies that parents shall not die until their children have grown up to take their place; lastly, the seaweed, *kompū* or *kopu*, stands for the last two syllables of the word *yorokobu*, to be happy. All these various emblems are hung up to pray the Year God to protect the house and its inmates from evil during the ensuing twelve months; and just as we take down our evergreens on twelfth night, so do the Japanese on the 7th day of the new year take down and stow away their decorations, which on the 14th day are with all solemnity burnt as a sacrifice to *Sai no Kami*, the God of Roads and Protector of Travellers.

The origin of this custom is lost in antiquity; it is alluded to in the collection of poems called "The Hundred Heads," which was gathered together by the Emperor Horikawa at the end of the eleventh century, where, in the poem by one of the nobles of the Court called Akisuyé, is to be found the following passage:—"When the fir trees are placed at the doors we know that the night will break into the morning of the new year." In town and in the country, by noble and peasant alike, the new year is welcomed in this way; only the Mikado and the old grandees of his Court, who have their own manners and customs in all things, form an exception to the rule.

The city of Yedo, in the province of Musashi (which is as though one wrote "Riverdoor," in the province of "Armsbury"), stands, as its name implies, on the low bank of a broad shallow stream, the River

Sumida; the province derives its name from an old legend. At the beginning of the second century A.D., the Prince Yamatodaké no Mikoto went forth to subdue the barbarians (ancestors probably of the wild Ainos who are still to be found, an abject, harmless race of fishers and hunters in the northern island of Yezo, and who are supposed to be the aborigines of Japan), and having reached Mount Chichibu in this province, a hill which is supposed to resemble in shape an angry man-at-arms, he offered up prayers for the success of his expedition. Having accomplished his purpose, he went back to the hill, and, after returning thanks to the gods for his victory, buried his arms on a certain peak called Mount Iwakura, or the Rock Storehouse; the name of the province of Musashi, or "Armsbury," remains as a monument of his valour and piety.

In spite of its vast size, of which we shall speak presently, Yedo is a comparatively modern city. In the days of the Emperor Hanazono the Second, who reigned from 1429 to 1464 A.D., one Ota Mochisuké, a vassal of one of the ministers of the Ashikaga dynasty of Shoguns, shaved his head and became a Buddhist priest, changing his name to Dôkwan; and having determined to leave the eastern capital, which in those times was Kamakura, he came and took up his abode by the sea-shore, tradition says on the very spot now occupied by the British Legation. Pleased with the site, he determined, for he was still more soldier than priest, to build a castle, of which he laid the foundation in the year 1456. His descendants held the place until the year 1524, when Hôjô Ujitsuna, Lord of the Castle of Odawara, attacked and took the citadel, which remained one of the strongholds of the Hôjô family for four generations, until in the year 1590 the representative of the house, having refused to go to Court at Kiôto and do homage to the Emperor, incurred the wrath of the famous general and statesman Toyotomi Hidéyoshi, better known to Europeans as Taiko Sama, who, marching eastward with an overwhelming force, destroyed him and his house. Foremost among the nobles who accompanied Hidéyoshi upon this occasion was Prince Tokugawa Iyéyasu, the founder of the last dynasty of Shoguns, and him Hidéyoshi, anxious possibly to remove so powerful a lord as far as possible from the Court, rewarded with the patrimony of the house of Hôjô, which consisted of the eight eastern provinces known as the Kwantô. Iyéyasu was at first minded to establish his castle, as the lords of Hôjô had done, at Odawara, a poor position commanded by the high hills of the Hakoné range, and possessing none of the maritime advantages of the bay of Yedo; but Hidéyoshi wisely bade him choose Yedo as his chief town, and accordingly, on the 1st day of the 8th month of the same year, he took possession of the castle, which at that time consisted only of that which is now known as the Nishi no Maru, and still stands, while the more beautiful Hon Maru,

which was added by Iyéyasu, was burnt down to the ground in the year 1859. For two hundred and seventy-eight years the Shoguns of the Tokugawa family held the castle in royal pomp and state, but on the 26th of November, 1868, when the revolution, which dealt the death-blow to the Shogun's power, was well-nigh at an end, the Mikado entered Yedo and took up his abode in the castle, and from that time forth the city has been officially known as Tô Kei, the Eastern Capital, a revival of an old name.

But we have now reached an open space at one end of which stands the Temple Zôjôji, one of the burial-grounds of the Shoguns, the gates of which were for years closed to foreigners, but are now open to all who care to go in; and of the many fair scenes of Yedo, none is better worth visiting than this; indeed, if you wish to see the most beautiful spots of any Oriental city, ask for the cemeteries—the homes of the dead are ever the loveliest places. Standing in a park of glorious firs and pines beautifully kept, which contains quite a little town of neat clean-looking houses, together with thirty-four temples for the use of the priests and attendants of the shrines, the main temple, with its huge red pillars supporting a heavy Chinese roof of grey tiles, is approached through a colossal open hall which leads into a stone courtyard. At one end of this courtyard is a broad flight of steps, the three or four lower ones of stone, and the upper ones of red wood. At these the visitor is warned by a notice to take off his boots, a request which Englishmen, with characteristic disregard of the feelings of others, usually neglect to comply with. The main hall of the temple is of large proportions, and the high altar is decorated with fine bronze candelabra, incense burners, and other ornaments, and on two days of the year a very curious collection of pictures representing the five hundred gods, whose images are known to all persons who have visited Canton, is hung along the walls. The big bell outside the main hall is rather remarkable on account of the great beauty of the deep bass waves of sound which it rolls through the city than on account of its size, which is as nothing when compared with that of the big bells of Moscow and Peking; still it is not to be despised even in that respect, for it is ten feet high and five feet eight inches in diameter, while its metal is a foot thick: it was hung up in the year 1673. But the chief objects of interest in these beautiful grounds are the chapels attached to the tombs of the Shoguns.

It is said that as Prince Iyéyasu was riding into Yedo to take possession of his new castle, the Abbot of Zôjôji, an ancient temple which then stood at Hibiya, near the castle, went forth and waited before the gate to do homage to the Prince. Iyéyasu, seeing that the Abbot was no ordinary man, stopped and asked his name, and entered the temple to rest himself. The smooth-spoken monk soon

found such favour with Iyéyasu, that he chose Zôjôji to be his family temple; and, seeing that its grounds were narrow and inconveniently near the castle, he caused it to be removed to its present site. In the year 1610 the temple was raised, by the intercession of Iyéyasu, to the dignity of the Imperial Temples, which, until the last revolution, were presided over by princes of the blood; and to the Abbot was granted the right, on going to the castle, of sitting in his litter as far as the entrance hall, instead of dismounting at the usual place and proceeding on foot through several gates and courtyards. Nor were the privileges of the temple confined to barren honours, for it was endowed with lands of the value of five thousand kokus of rice yearly.

When Iyéyasu died, the shrine called Antoku In was erected in his honour to the south of the main temple. Here, on the 17th day of the 4th month, the anniversary of his death, ceremonies are held in honour of his spirit, deified as Gongen Sama, and the place is thrown open to all who may wish to come and pray. But Iyéyasu is not buried here; his remains lie in a gorgeous shrine among the mountains some eighty miles north of Yedo, at Nikkô, a place so beautiful that the Japanese have a rhyming proverb which says, that he who has not seen Nikkô should never pronounce the word Kekkô (charming, delicious, grand, beautiful).

Hidétada, the son and successor of Iyéyasu, together with Iyénobu, Iyétsugu, Iyéshigé, Iyéyoshi, and Iyémochi, the sixth, seventh, ninth, twelfth, and fourteenth Shoguns of the Tokugawa dynasty, are buried in three shrines attached to the temple; the remainder, with the exception of Iyémitsu, the third Shogun, who lies with his grandfather at Nikkô, are buried at Uyéno, which we shall visit later. The shrines are of exceeding beauty, lying on one side of a splendid avenue of Scotch firs, which border a broad, well-kept gravel walk. Passing through a small gateway of rare design, we come into a large stone courtyard, lined with a long array of colossal stone lanterns, the gift of the vassals of the departed Prince. A second gateway, supported by gilt pillars carved all round with figures of dragons, leads into another court, in which are a bell tower, a great cistern cut out of a single block of stone like a sarcophagus, and a smaller number of lanterns of bronze; these are given by the Go San Ké, the three princely families in which the succession to the office of Shogun was vested. Inside this is a third court, partly covered like a cloister, the approach to which is a doorway of even greater beauty and richness than the last; the ceiling is gilt, and painted with arabesques and with heavenly angels playing on musical instruments, and the panels of the walls are sculptured in high relief with admirable representations of birds and flowers, life-size, life-like, all being coloured to imitate nature. Inside this

enclosure stands a shrine, before the closed door of which a priest on one side, and a retainer of the house of Tokugawa on the other, sit mounting guard, mute and immovable as though they themselves were part of the carved ornaments. Passing on one side of the shrine, we come to another court, plainer than the last, and at the back of the little temple inside it is a flight of stone steps, at the top of which, protected by a bronze door, stands a simple monumental urn of bronze on a stone pedestal. Under this is the grave itself; and it has always struck me that there is no small amount of poetical feeling in this simple ending to so much magnificence; the sermon may have been preached by design, or it may have been by accident, but the lesson is there.

There is little difference between the three shrines, all of which are decorated in the same manner. It is very difficult to do justice to their beauty in words. Writing many thousand miles away from them, I have the memory before me of a place green in winter, pleasant and cool in the hottest summer; of peaceful cloisters, of the fragrance of incense, of the subdued chant of richly-robed priests, and the music of bells; of exquisite designs, harmonious colouring, rich gilding: the hum of the vast city outside is unheard here: Iyéyasu himself, in the mountains of Nikkô, has no quieter resting-place than his descendants in the heart of the city over which they ruled.

Besides the graves of the Shoguns, Zôjôji contains other lesser shrines, in which are buried the wives of the second, sixth, and eleventh Shoguns, and the father of Iyénobu, the sixth Shogun, who succeeded to the office by adoption. There is also a holy place called the Satsuma Temple, which has a special interest; in it is a tablet in honour of Tadayoshi, the fifth son of Iyéyasu, whose title was Matsudaira Satsuma no Kami, and who died young. At his death, five of his retainers, with one Ogasawara Kemmotsu at their head, disembowelled themselves, that they might follow their young master into the next world. They were buried in this place; and I believe that this is the last instance on record of the ancient Japanese custom of *Junshi*, that is to say, "dying with the master."

There are, during the year, several great festivals, which are specially celebrated at Zôjôji; the chief of these are the Kaisanki, or founder's day, which is on the 18th day of the 7th month; the 25th day of the 1st month, the anniversary of the death of the monk Hônen, the founder of the Jôdo sect of Buddhism (that to which the temple belongs); the anniversary of the death of Buddha, on the 15th of the 2nd month; the birthday of Buddha, on the 8th day of the 4th month; and from the 6th to the 15th of the 10th month.

We might linger for hours in the gardens and pleasure of Zôjôji; but the distances in Yedo are great, and it is time to be off.

Close to the burial-ground of the Shoguns is the shrine of Shimmei, a place of no small sanctity in the Shin Tô, or indigenous religion of the country; it is in honour of the gods who created the world, and is thronged, from morning till night, with votaries whom the satirical author of the *Yedo Hanjôki* sketches as follows:—

"Watch the worshippers at the Holy Place praying. Here comes a young girl; she throws twelve cash into the money-box; she closes her eyes and joins her hands in prayer as she mutters—'Four of these cash are an offering that my parents may be spared in health and prosperity for a hundred years; other four are that their business may increase and thrive, so that I may soon obtain the gold hair-pin and comb, and the girdle of Chinese satin that I have been longing for this many a day; with these last four I pray for the welfare of my favourite actor.'

"Next follows a young man, who feels in his purse for a handful of cash and prays—'Last year I fell in love with a fair damsel; she has been frail, but her love for me knows no bounds. I have seen the truth of her heart, that it is guileless. Yet my parents, who know not her sincerity, my brothers, my relations and friends, all say that I am fooled by her. Every day they buzz their warnings in my ears like gnats or horseflies. Grant that I may be relieved from this plague. My worship of my love is such that were I to stand up now I should see her jewel-like beauty before me; standing or sitting she is ever present to my mind; every man and every thing that I see reflects her beauty; even the gods to whom I turn my face in prayer are but the image of my love; I will be ever constant to her, and my only prayer is that we may be united as husband and wife.'

"A merchant advances reverently and says—'I am about to pray for that which is impossible except by the divine favour of Shimmei. I have lately bought a thousand bales of rice; I pray that the price of rice may suddenly go up in the market. May the prizes in the lottery all fall to my hand; may I be able to buy land that shall bring me in a thousand riyos a year. Then will I purchase many concubines for my pleasure, and feast myself daily; my breakfast shall come from the Yaosen, and my supper from the Yebisu-an.¹ In summer I will wear fine grass cloth from the province of Satsuma, and in winter a warm coat of Taffachelass. In all things I will take mine ease until I die, which I hope may be long hence.'

"See an old warrior bows his head to the ground as he prays—'From my youth up, verily I have been a soldier and a horseman. The books written on the art of war have been on my right hand and on my left, and I have studied deeply. My pupils have been more than three thousand men, and of these upwards of seventy have themselves risen to be teachers. Well versed in fortifications and in strategy, I used to hate myself for having been born in time of peace, and grieved that I must die on the mats like a peasant or a merchant. But now I am grown old, and I see my former errors, and I pray for peace and tranquillity under heaven and on the four seas, that my children and grandchildren after me may be happy and prosper.'

"Here is a young fellow clad in thin threadbare garments who prays kneeling—'The luck has been against me these days; not a turn of fortune comes to me at play. My furniture, my clothes, have all gone to the pawnbroker's shop. I have sold my house, and even my wife, and yet my debts increase upon me. I implore the gracious interposition of the gods that I may have a run of luck, if only for ten days. Hear my prayer! hear my prayer!'"

In Japan, religion and amusement, tea and prayers, always go together; and the open spaces near the chief shrines are usually

(1) Two famous restaurants in Yedo.

taken up by toy-shops, cook and tea houses, and other places of diversion. Outside the shrine of Shimmei is a small square, crossed and recrossed by lines of stalls, the waitresses at which are loud in their invitations to the pilgrim: "Condescend to come in! Be so good as to drink a cup of tea! Pray rest yourself a moment!" Often the passer-by is besieged by two or more of these paint-besmeared damsels, touts of rival establishments, and not a little good-humoured chaff and counter chaff is the result. Here, too, are tiny shooting galleries for miniature bows and arrows and blow-pipes, the presiding ministresses at which show far greater skill in hitting the targets than the customers who never fail them; for the Japanese are a laughter and amusement-loving people, and grown-up men will idle away an afternoon quite satisfied with what English children even would put down as very poor fun. Hard-by is a street taken up with cheap shops of all kinds; books, pictures, porcelain, swords and dirks, children's toys, pens and ink; European rubbish of every Brummagem variety, cheap curiosities, foreign boots, swords, and cloth caps (the latter in great demand, especially if the gaudy gilt and blue letters in which the manufacturer sets forth his name and address have been utilised to make a sort of gold band), cheap glass ornaments, lanterns, fans, tobacco pouches and pipes—everything, in short, that a Japanese can be reasonably expected to call for, may be obtained in this bazaar, and to watch the groups and scenes in them is a never-ending amusement.

Travellers are usually astonished to find that, with the exception of the houses of a few silk sellers, which are on a very large scale, there are no fine shops in Yedo; but the reason is obvious. The rich and great men, being still under the influence of the feudal system, never go out to buy; if they wish to purchase anything, it is brought to them by their own particular merchant-agent, who produces the required article either from his own storehouse, or from that of a friend; thus the shops are only for the poorer classes, and contain only cheap wares. If you wish to collect porcelain or lacquer, or other curiosities of good quality, you must send out an order through your servant, or else be content to make your bargains at Yokohama, where, indeed, most of the things usually sought for by foreigners are more easily obtained.

Leaving the bazaar street, and turning down a narrow by-lane, we come upon an open space of great size, along one side of which is a riding-school for the million, a kind of sunken dry moat, within the limits of which the young men of Yedo may have a ride for a penny upon rickety screws of the Rosinante type. Often the poor starvelings cannot be persuaded to stir, save by the efforts of two men cudgelling from behind, besides the desperate kicks of the rider; and, having once got to the farther end, they absolutely refuse to go

back. To my thinking, the Japanese pony is the worst horse in the world, and the Japanese are the worst riders; and probably the worst specimens of both may be seen in perfection here. The country itself, being cultivated with paddy wherever it is not mountainous, is utterly unsuited to riding, and there are very few places where cavalry could move. The natives only ride along the high roads, and the best of their steeds are but small pack-horses, groomed into something like respectability; they are leggy, ill-shaped, and vicious; much given to kicking, biting, shying, rearing, and bolting. Curiously enough, except on the breeding-grounds, the horses and mares are carefully kept apart. On the high road from Kioto to Yedo a mare is never seen; whereas, on another road in the interior a horse is equally rare. Possibly, as the horses are all entire, this is a measure of precaution for travellers.

Now for a fine panoramic view over the city and bay from Mount Atago. We dismount and leave our horses in charge of the grooms. These Japanese horse-boys are a useful institution; a good one will always keep up with his master's steed, and some of them are wonderful runners. My groom, when he was courting his wife who lived at Yokohama, would often run down from Yedo to see her after he had made his horse's bed in the evening, and be back to do his work again at six in the morning, having travelled a distance of at least forty miles in the interval, and this perhaps after a long tramp with me during the day. A giddy flight of steps called the *Otoko-Zaka*, or Men's Steps, leads up the hill, which, however, may be mounted by an easier and winding flight called the *Onna-Zaka*, or Women's Steps, and when we reach the top, somewhat short of wind if we are out of training, a grand sight bursts upon us. At our feet is the graceful curve of the bay, studded with the now dismantled forts upon which the Shogun's Government spent millions in the vain hope of terrifying the western barbarian from approaching the Land of the Gods, and with ships of war and steamers of foreign build, but bearing the Japanese flag, side by side with heavy native junks and swift fisher craft. Built right down to the water's edge, the vast expanse of the city is an unfailing source of wonder to the stranger. As far as the eye can reach, except on one side, where the view is bounded by the castle, the countless dwellings of men stretch away into space in monotonous straight lines of grey roofs, only broken here and there by the heavy eaves of some temple, and by the high black wooden watch-towers which are used during the fires which from time to time consume a square mile or so of the town. These fires, and the frequent earthquakes, account for the fact that in the whole of Yedo, giant city as it is, there are scarcely a score of large or ancient buildings to be seen. So far as architecture is concerned it is the most featureless place in the world; its charm lies in its gardens and

trees, for in the heart of the city are to be found here and there spots which seem to have been transported by an enchanter's wand from some fair country scene, where the dark firs and pines are relieved by the bright green of the bamboo, and camellias and laurels are mixed with the tree fern, the sago palm, and the fruitless plantain. Some writers have asserted that the population of Yedo amounts to three millions, but I cannot believe that at the outside it can be set down at more than half that number. The houses are small and insignificant, and only the shops as a rule have an upper story; besides this, the great spaces taken up by the Yashiki (which for want of a better word we must translate "palaces") of the nobles, most of which contain large drill grounds, must be taken into consideration; and these, again, during the absence of the lord are uninhabited save by a few men who remain in charge. It is dangerous to guess at figures, and I do not know that any accurate census has ever been taken; no Japanese whom I have questioned upon the subject has been able to do more than put his head on one side and look perplexed, saying, "there must be a great number of people."

Two years ago there used to be a curious group of stone idols on Mount Atago, which has now been removed, why, I know not. There still stands a temple, founded in the year 1603 A.D., in honour of the Buddhist god, Shogun Jizô, who is held in great reverence as the protector of the city against fires, which, however, did not prevent his own chief gate from being burnt down some twenty or thirty years ago.¹ Once a year a curious ceremony takes place here, which may find a parallel in some of our old college mummeries at home. The master of the tea-house called Atago Ya, having donned his full ceremonial dress, and wearing a helmet decorated with the emblems of the new year, with a sword and a pestle for pounding rice stuck in his girdle, and carrying a huge ladle in his hand as a staff, solemnly descends the Men's Steps with two attendants, and enters the temple at the foot of the hill, in the main hall of which are assembled the priests of the temple itself, and of its branch shrines, whom he addresses as follows, striking a board for cutting up fish with his ladle thrice:—

"I who have come here this day am a messenger from the god Bishamon (an Indian divinity). Do you, Sir Chief Priest, and all you who surround him, priests and novices, down to the clerk of the kitchen, eat your fill, those who are here for the first time eating nine bowls of rice, and the elders seven bowls. Feast and make merry; but if you refuse to eat, then here stand I armed with this stout ladle, which shall soon persuade you. What is your answer?"

(1) In certain travellers' books it is stated that Mount Atago is so named after a certain god Atago. The god is sometimes called Atago Sama, or our lord of Atago, just as Frenchmen talk of Notre Dame de Lorette; but there never was a god Atago any more than there ever was a saint or virgin called Lorette.

Then the Chief Priest answers—"Verily we will eat according to happy custom." Upon this the ambassador of Bishamon and his pages return whence they came, and their reverences have a great jollification.

Mount Atago would not be in Japan if it were without its tea stalls, the young ladies of which bring us tea, lights for the cigars, and an insipid drink consisting of hot water flavoured with a pickled cherry flower, the merits of which I could never get a new-comer to appreciate, although custom at last made me rather like it. Having refreshed we will go down the hill again, avoiding the Men's Steps, unless your nerves are strong enough to face the steep descent, concerning which tales are told of hot-headed Japanese youths who have ridden up on horseback for brag's sake; but, *credat Judeus*. I prefer the Women's Steps, at any rate for going down. And so to horse once more.

A few minutes' ride brings us to the outer moat of the citadel. We pass through a causeway with a handsome double portal built round inside so as to form a courtyard, in which a few nondescript looking soldiers, half Japanese, half European in dress, are loitering about outside a shed half hidden by a curtain hung in festoons, and bearing the heraldic device of the noble entrusted with the charge of the gate, behind which are squatting more nondescripts on duty (which does not interfere with pipe-smoking and tea-drinking), and we find ourselves in the so-called official quarter, among the *yashiki*, or residences of the Daimios.¹ Before the revolution the chief Daimios all had several *yashiki* in Yedo. The Prince of Satsuma, to wit, had no fewer than nine; some of these were used as barracks for their men, and others as pleasaunces or hawking grounds; now no Daimio is allowed more than three, only one of which, the chief residence, may be within the precincts of the citadel.

The compulsory residence of the nobles in Yedo was brought about by the power of Iyémitsu, the third and ablest of the Shoguns of the Tokugawa family, who in the year 1635 enacted that the Daimios should spend alternate years in Yedo and in their own provinces, and it was settled that they should relieve one another in their attendance at the Shogun's Court during the fourth month of every year. In the year 1642 a further measure was passed by which it was ordered that, with a view to avoid confusion, the Fudai, or vassal Daimios of the Shogun, should relieve one another during the sixth month, and that those Fudai whose estates were in Kwanto, the eight provinces

(1) It is an anachronism to use this word now. The titles of *Daimio*, or territorial noble, and *Kugé*, noble of the Mikado's court, are abolished, and both classes are united under the title of *Kazoku*, "persons of honour." The term *Daimio*, or great name, was taken from the last two words of a passage in one of the classical books in which it is written, "the patriotic man is a great name," the inference being that true nobility consists in patriotism.

round Yedo, should spend six months at their lord's capital and six months in the country; hence these latter were called "Six months' Daimios." The position of the Shogun towards the Daimios was further strengthened by the fourth of the line, Iyétuna, who in the year 1659 forbade the nobles to remove their wives from Yedo to their provinces and estates, and ordered that they should marry only within the city. This ordinance of course affected only the principal wife, but it gave the Shogun a strong guarantee for the loyalty of the princes, who bore the galling yoke for more than two hundred years, more or less patiently; when at last they shook it off, it was a sign that the days of my Lord the Shogun were numbered.

The massive tile-roofed gates, generally painted red and surmounted with the armorial bearings of the owners, and fitted with heavy hinges and ornaments of dark metal, are the only outward signs of grandeur which a yashiki possesses; the long buildings on either side of the gate are barracks for retainers, and inside there is a court covered with large kidney stones leading to the porch, which is the grand entrance of the residence itself. The simplicity of the interior is most striking: there is no furniture in the spacious chambers; the clean white rush mats an inch or more thick serve as chairs and dinner-table by day, while at night the bedding is laid upon them; a single handsome bronze flower jar, tastefully filled with five or six flowers, or a single stem of some rare shrub, and a gold lacquer sword rack, are the ornaments of the *Tokonoma*, a narrow raised dais at one end of the room, where a picture by an ancient Chinese artist is hung; only in the beauty of the woodwork and of the mats is there any difference between the dwellings of high and low. Within the last few months, however, it has become the fashion among men of rank of the modern school to have at least one room furnished in the European style, and carpets stretched over the mats are much in vogue; but the purely Japanese house is fully furnished when the carpenters have left it. One of the chief nobles, being a *dilettante*, has recently built himself a house after the Chinese model, which could scarcely be matched in Peking, and has filled it with masterpieces of art in jade, porcelain, bronze, and enamel, from the Flowery Land. This house and its contents are the envy of all beholders, for the works of the Chinese *ateliers* are prized above all others by the Japanese, who, while affecting to despise their more sluggish neighbours of the great continent, cannot withhold an involuntary tribute of admiration from a people to whom they owe the teaching of Confucius and of Buddha, the arts of writing, of weaving silk, of music, of dancing, of cultivating tea, and many other good gifts too numerous to be told.

In the olden days—barely three years ago in time, but as many centuries in point of advancement—it was a curious sight to see

the broad streets and the outside of the castle thronged with retainers and men-at-arms, and all the people crouching down as some petty Daimio passed on his way to his duties at the castle, with a long procession of spear-bearers, and attendants bearing his ensigns and badges, ready to punish with instant death any insolent fellow who might presume to cross their line of march, and scowling fiercely at us western barbarians, intruders, sorcerers, devils. Now these things are changed. Men of rank so high that before them these same haughty nobles prostrate themselves, and hardly venture to open their mouths, receive the foreigner as an equal, and visit him as a friend; while many of those who were once so proud and mighty, have fallen to such low estate that they have been forced to sell their goods and chattels, and turn their hands to any trade by which they may earn a living.¹ Socially, the people have been great gainers by the revolution: the cry of "*Shita ni iro! shita ni iro!*" "Down! down!" which used to herald the coming of a great man, is no longer heard save in remote country districts; and the meanest beggar or pariah may hold his head high before the proudest noble in the land. The servile obeisances of the feudal system are a thing of the past; having cast off the manners of slaves, the people will take to themselves the hearts of men, and before many years are gone by they will claim a voice in the affairs of the country, which hitherto has been ruled exclusively by the military class. Japan is a country with a future; but before any great end can be reached, the swash-buckler must lay aside his swords and his idleness, and lend a hand in bringing forward the undeveloped resources of the land; at present the amount of labour is barely sufficient to produce the yearly crop of rice, which of late seasons has of necessity been supplemented from abroad. An idle, worthless, drunken, and dissipated class, living by the sword and by the sweat of other men's brows, must inevitably fall before the tendencies of the revolution. The nobles shorn of their lands by their own act, with incomes suited to their rank, but inadequate to keep up the state of independent princes, will no longer be able to maintain around them hosts of idle parasites who will be driven to work that they may live.

Standing in the midst of the yashiki of the nobles, like a prince among his vassals, the castle crowns the official quarter, a splendid monument of feudality. In the centre, the stronghold of the lord, surrounded by his nobles and warriors; gathering around them, again, for protection or gain, the burghers and citizens. The broad

(1) Opposite one of the suburban palaces of the Prince of Higo was a tea-house, kept by a Hatamoto, or member of the lesser nobility created by the Shogun, and his own daughters served as waitresses. I use the past tense because he has now changed his abode, but only to open a larger establishment in a more fashionable quarter. Others of his compeers have, if report speaks true, taken to still more degrading means of gaining their daily rice.

moats, with their beautiful sloping banks of smooth green turf, the walls overtopped by pines and firs, the grand portals of hewn stone, fitted, not cemented, have been described by many travellers; fewer have had the privilege of seeing the inside of the castle which, although, as I said before, its more magnificent half has been destroyed by fire, is yet a noble pile. The apartments occupied by the Mikado himself are as plain as those of his courtiers; the fittings are of white wood, the bolts hidden by bronze chrysanthemums, the badge of the sovereign; the screens and slides are of a simple white and gold paper; the floor is covered with soft white mats; adjoining the bedroom is a spacious bath-room. Immediately outside the imperial chamber is a sacred shrine, containing facsimiles of the heaven-descended regalia—the mirror, the seal, and the sword; the originals are kept in their holy place at Isé, where they were deposited by the Emperor Sujin¹ some two thousand and sixty years ago. The models of these most sacred emblems are never parted from the Emperor; wherever he travels they are borne before him in litters; wherever he rests a shrine is prepared specially for their reception. Within the precincts of the castle is a beautifully wooded park, partly laid out with gardens and shrubberies, ponds, a waterfall, and dainty little tea-houses, and partly left wild and forest-like. In one spot is a road between an avenue of trees, to imitate the great high road, by the side of which is a miniature farm, with an exact model of the houses occupied by the peasants, that the Emperor may see how his people live, and how the rice is produced; in another, is a large drill-ground for troops. In this park the Mikado daily rides and takes his pleasure; as yet his life is very secluded, but he goes from time to time to the gardens of the palace by the sea-shore, which was set aside on his visit for the Duke of Edinburgh. He reviews his troops and his ships of war; and little by little he is breaking through the holy imprisonment in which his ancestors lived and died. Unlike the Emperor of China, he is surrounded by men of advanced and liberal views, who encourage him in his desire to learn to become a ruler. He is said to be industrious and eager to improve himself; that he has the grace and dignity which besem a monarch, was shown by his reception of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Riding round the moats, we come upon a panorama of another part of the city, which the castle hid from us when we stood upon Mount Atago. Seeing these two marvellous views on the same day, the travellers will be able to form a good conception of the size of Yedo. You may strain your eyes in vain seeking for the point where the houses end.

(1) The sacred sword was afterwards, in the year 98 A.D., deposited at the shrine of Atsuta, in Owari.

It is well worth while to make a complete circuit of the moats, and there is many a tale to be told about the yashiki and their inmates; but we must soon turn off to the left to visit Uyéno, the second of the burial-grounds of the Shoguns. The Temple Tō-yei-zan, which stood in the grounds of Uyéno, was built by Iyémitsu, the third of the Shoguns of the house of Tokugawa, in the year 1625, in honour of Yakushi Niurai, the Buddhist Æsculapius. It faces the Ki-mon, or Devil's Gate, of the castle, and was erected upon the model of the temple of Hi-yei-zan, one of the most famous of the holy places of Kiôto. Having founded the temple, the next care of Iyémitsu was to pray that Morizumi, the second son of the retired emperor, should come and reside there; and from that time until 1868, the temple was always presided over by a Miya, or member of the Mikado's family, who was specially charged with the care of the tomb of Iyéyasu at Nikkô, and whose position was that of an ecclesiastical chief or primate over the east of Japan.

The temples in Yedo are not to be compared in point of beauty with those in and about Peking; what is marble there is wood here. Still, they are very handsome, and in the days of its magnificence the Temple of Uyéno was one of the finest. Alas! the main temple, the hall in honour of the sect to which it belongs, the hall of services, the bell tower, the entrance hall, and the residence of the prince of the blood, were all burnt down in the battle of Uyéno, in the summer of 1868, when the Shogun's men made their last stand in Yedo against the troops of the Mikado. The fate of the day was decided by two field-pieces, which the latter contrived to mount on the roof of a neighbouring tea-house; and the Shogun's men, driven out of the place, carried off the Miya in the vain hope of raising his standard in the north as that of a rival Mikado. A few of the lesser temples and tombs, and the beautiful park-like grounds, are but the remnants of the former glory of Uyéno. Among these is a temple in the form of a roofless stage, in honour of the thousand-handed Kwannon. In the middle ages, during the civil wars between the houses of Gen and Hei, one Morihisa, a captain of the house of Hei, after the destruction of his clan, went and prayed for a thousand days at the temple of the thousand-handed Kwannon at Kiyomidzu, in Kiôto. His retreat having been discovered, he was seized, and brought bound to Kamakura, the chief town of the house of Gen. Here he was condemned to die at a place called Yui, by the sea-shore; but every time that the executioner lifted his sword to strike, the blade was broken by the god Kwannon, and at the same time the wife of Yoritomo, the chief of the house of Gen, was warned in a dream to spare Morihisa's life. So Morihisa was reprieved, and rose to power in the state; and all this was by the miraculous intervention of the god Kwannon, who takes such good care of his faithful

notaries. To him this temple is dedicated. A colossal bronze Buddha, twenty-two feet high, set up some two hundred years ago, and a stone lantern, twenty feet high, and twelve feet round at the top, are greatly admired by the Japanese. There are only three such lanterns in the empire; the other two being at Nanzenji—a temple in Kiôto, and Atsura, a shrine in the province of Owari. All three were erected by the piety of one man, Sakuma Daizen no Suké, in the year 1631 A.D.

Iyémitsu, the founder of the temple, was buried with his grandfather, Iyéyasu, at Nikkô; but both of these princes are honoured with shrines here. The Shoguns who are interred at Uyéno are Iyétsuna, Tsunayoshi, Yoshimuné, Iyéharu, Iyétori, and Iyétsada, the fourth, fifth, eighth, tenth, eleventh, and thirteenth Princes of the Line. Besides them, are buried five wives of the Shoguns, and the father of the eleventh Shogun.

Perhaps the most interesting place in the city is the Temple of Asakusa, near Uyéno, for nowhere else can you see Japanese life in such perfection. In describing it, I shall translate literally from the *Yedo Hanjôki* and the *Meishodszuyé*, scarcely making any alteration, and adding nothing, save for explanation's sake.

Asakusa is the most bustling place in all Yedo. It is famous for the Temple Sensôji, on the hill of Kinriu, or the Golden Dragon, which from morning till night is thronged with visitors, rich and poor, old and young, flocking in sleeve to sleeve. The origin of the temple was as follows:—In the days of the Emperor Suiko, who reigned in the thirteenth century A.D., a certain noble, named Hashi no Nakatomo, fell into disgrace and left the Court; and having become a *rônin*,¹ or masterless man, he took up his abode on the Golden Dragon Hill, with two retainers, being brothers, named Hinokuma Hamanari and Hinokuma Takenari. These three men being reduced to great straits, and without means of earning their living, became fishermen. Now it happened that, on the 6th day of the 3rd month of the 36th year of the reign of the Emperor Suiko (A.D. 1241), they went down in the morning to the Asakusa River to ply their trade; and having cast their nets took no fish, but at every throw they pulled up a figure of the Buddhist god Kwannon, which they threw into the river again. They sculled their boat away to another spot, but the same luck followed them, and nothing came to their nets save the figure of Kwannon. Struck by the miracle, they carried home the image, and, after fervent prayer, built a temple on the Golden Dragon Hill, in which they enshrined it. The temple thus founded was enriched by the benefactions of wealthy and pious persons, whose care raised its buildings to the dignity of the first temple in Yedo.

(1) Lit. a "wave-man," one who wanders hither and thither, objectless, masterless, like a wave of the sea.

Tradition says that the figure of Kwannon which was fished up in the net was one inch and eight-tenths in height.

The main hall of the temple is sixty feet square, and is adorned with much curious workmanship of gilding and of silvering, so that no place can be more excellently beautiful. There are two gates in front of it. The first is called the Gate of the Spirits of the Wind and of the Thunder, and is adorned with figures of those two gods. The wind god, whose likeness is that of a devil, carries the wind-bag; and the thunder god, who is also shaped like a devil, carries a drum and a drumstick.¹ The second gate is called the Gate of the gods Niô, or the two Princes, whose colossal statues, painted red, and hideous to look upon, stand on either side of it. Between the gates is an approach four hundred yards in length, which is occupied by the stalls of hucksters, who sell toys and trifles for women and children, and by foul and loathsome beggars. Passing through the gate of the gods Niô, the main hall of the temple strikes the eye. Countless niches and shrines of the gods stand outside it, and an old woman earns her livelihood at a tank filled with water, to which the votaries of the gods come and wash themselves that they may pray with clean hands. Inside are the images of the gods, lanterns, incense-burners, candlesticks, a huge money-box, into which the offerings of the pious are thrown, and votive tablets² representing the famous gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, of old. Behind the chief building is a broad space called the *okuyama*, where young and pretty waitresses, well-dressed and painted, invite the weary pilgrims and holiday-makers to refresh themselves with tea and sweetmeats. Here, too, are all sorts of sights to be seen, such as wild beasts, performing monkeys, automata, conjurers, wooden and paper figures which take the place of the waxworks of the West, acrobats, and jesters for the amusement of women and children. Altogether it is a lively and a joyous scene, there is not its equal in the city.

At Asakusa, as, indeed, all over Yedo, are to be found fortune-tellers, who prey upon the folly of the superstitious. With a treatise on physiognomy laid on a desk before them, they call out to this man that he has an ill-omened forehead, and to that man that the space between his nose and his lips is unlucky. Their tongues wag like

(1) This gate was destroyed by fire a few years since.

(2) Sir Rutherford Alcock, in his book upon Japan, states that the portraits of the most famous courtezans of Yedo are yearly hung up in the temple at Asakusa. No such pictures are to be seen now, and no Japanese of whom I have made inquiries have heard of such a custom. The priests of the temple deny that their fane was ever so polluted, and it is probable that the statement is but one of the many strange mistakes into which an imperfect knowledge of the language led the earlier travellers in Japan. In spite of all that has been said by persons who have had no opportunity of associating and exchanging ideas with the educated men of Japan, I maintain that in no country is the public harlot more abhorred and looked down upon.

flowing water until the passers-by are attracted to their stalls. If the seer finds a customer, he closes his eyes, and, lifting the divining sticks reverently to his forehead, mutters incantations between his teeth. Then, suddenly parting the sticks in two bundles, he prophesies good or evil, according to the number in each. With a magnifying glass he examines his dupe's face and the palms of his hands. By the fashion of his clothes and his general manner the prophet sees whether he is a countryman or from the city. "I am afraid, sir," says he, "you have not been altogether fortunate in life, but I foresee that great luck awaits you in two or three months;" or, like a clumsy doctor who makes his diagnosis according to his patient's fancies, if he sees his customer frowning and anxious, he adds: "Alas! in seven or eight months you must beware of great misfortune. But I cannot tell you all about it for a slight fee:" with a long sigh he lays down the divining sticks on the desk, and the frightened boor pays a further fee to hear the sum of the misfortune which threatens him, until, with three feet of bamboo slips and three inches of tongue, the clever rascal has made the poor fool turn his purse inside out.

The class of diviners called *Ichiko* profess to give tidings of the dead or of those who have gone to distant countries. The *Ichiko* exactly corresponds to the spirit medium of the West. The trade is followed by women, of from fifteen or sixteen to some fifty years of age, who walk about the streets, carrying on their backs a divining box about a foot square; they have no shop or stall, but wander about, and are invited into their customers' houses. The ceremony of divination is very simple. A porcelain bowl filled with water is placed upon a tray, and the customer having written the name of the person with whom he wishes to hold communion on a long slip of paper, rolls it into a spill, which he dips into the water, and thrice sprinkles the *Ichiko*, or medium. She, resting her elbow upon her divining box, and leaning her head upon her hand, mutters prayers and incantations until she has summoned the soul of the dead or absent person, which takes possession of her, and answers questions through her mouth. The prophecies which the *Ichiko* utters during her trance are held in high esteem by the superstitious and vulgar.

Hard by Asakusa is the theatre street. The theatres are called *Shiba-i*,¹ "turf places," from the fact that the first theatrical performances were held on a turf plot. The origin of the drama in Japan, as elsewhere, was religious. In the reign of the Emperor Heijō (A.D. 805), there was a sudden volcanic depression of the earth

(1) In Dr. Hepburn's Dictionary of the Japanese language, the Chinese characters given for the word *Shiba-i* are *chi chang* (*keih chang*, Morrison's Dictionary) "theatrical arena." The characters which are usually written, and which are etymologically correct, are *chih chū* (*che keu*, Morrison), "the place of plants or turf-plot."

close by a pond called Sarusawa, or the Monkey's Marsh, at Nara, in the province of Yamato, and a poisonous smoke issuing from the cavity struck down with sickness all those who came within its baneful influence; so the people brought quantities of firewood, which they burnt in order that the poisonous vapour might be dispelled. The fire, being the male influence, would assimilate with and act as an antidote upon the mephitic smoke, which was a female influence.¹ Besides this, as a further charm to exorcise the portent, the dance called Sambasô, which is still performed as a prelude to theatrical exhibitions by an actor dressed up as a venerable old man, emblematic of long life and felicity, was danced on a plot of turf in front of the Temple Kofukuji. By these means the smoke was dispelled, and the drama was originated. The story is to be found in the *Zoku Nihon Ki*, or supplementary history of Japan.

Three centuries later, during the reign of the Emperor Toba (A.D. 1108), there lived a woman called Iso no Zenji, who is looked upon as the mother of the Japanese drama. Her performances, however, seem only to have consisted in dancing or posturing dressed up in the costume of the nobles of the Court, from which fact her dance was called Otoko-mai, or the man's dance. Her name is only worth mentioning on account of the respect in which her memory is held by actors.

It was not until the year 1624 A.D. that a man named Saruwaka Kanzaburô, at the command of the Shogun, opened the first theatre in Yedo in the Nakabashi, or Middle Bridge Street, where it remained until eight years later, when it was removed to the Ningiyô, or Doll Street. The company of this theatre was formed by two families named Miako and Ichimura, who did not long enjoy their monopoly, for in the year 1644 we find a third family, that of Yamamura, setting up a rival theatre in the Kobiki, or Sawyer Street.

In the year 1651, the Asiatic prejudice in favour of keeping persons of one calling in one place exhibited itself by the removal of the play-houses to their present site, and the street was called the Saruwaka Street, after Saruwaka Kanzaburô, the founder of the drama in Yedo.

Theatrical performances go on from six in the morning until six in the evening. Just as the day is about to dawn in the east, the sound of the drum is heard, and the dance Sambasô is danced as a prelude, and after this follow the dances of the famous actors of old; these are called the extra performances (*waki kiyôgen*).

The dance of Nakamura represents the demon Shudendôji, an ogre who was destroyed by the hero Yorimitsu according to the following legend:—At the beginning of the eleventh century, when Ichijô the

(1) This refers to the Chinese doctrine of the Yang and Yin, the male and female influences pervading all creation.

Second was Emperor, lived the hero Yorimitsu. Now it came to pass that in those days the people of Kiôto were sorely troubled by an evil spirit, which took up its abode near the Rashô gate. One night, as Yorimitsu was making merry with his retainers, he said, "Who dares go and defy the demon of the Rashô gate, and set up a token that he has been there?" "That dare I," answered Tsuna, who, having donned his coat of mail, mounted his horse, and rode out through the dark bleak night to the Rashô gate. Having written his name upon the gate, he was about to turn homewards when his horse began to shiver with fear, and a huge hand coming forth from the gate seized the back of the knight's helmet. Tsuna, nothing daunted, struggled to get free, but in vain, so drawing his sword, he cut off the demon's arm, and the spirit with a howl fled into the night. But Tsuna carried home the arm in triumph, and locked it up in a box. One night the demon, having taken the shape of Tsuna's aunt, came to him and said, "I pray thee show me the arm of the fiend?" Tsuna answered, "I have shown it to no man, and yet to thee I will show it." So he brought forth the box and opened it, when suddenly a black cloud shrouded the figure of the supposed aunt, and the demon, having regained its arm, disappeared. From that time forth the people were more than ever troubled by the demon, who carried off to the hills all the fairest virgins of Kiôto, whom he ravished and ate, so that there was scarce a beautiful damsel left in the city. Then was the Emperor very sorrowful, and he commanded Yorimitsu to destroy the monster; and the hero, having made ready, went forth with four trusty knights and another great captain to search among the hidden places of the mountains. One day as they were journeying far from the haunts of men, they fell in with an old man, who, having bidden them to enter his dwelling, treated them kindly, and set before them wine to drink; and when they went away, and took their leave of him, he gave them a present of more wine to take away with them. Now this old man was a mountain god. As they went on their way they met a beautiful lady, who was washing blood-stained clothes in the waters of the valley, weeping bitterly the while. When they asked her why she shed tears, she answered, "Sirs, I am a woman from Kiôto whom the demon has carried off; he makes me wash his clothes, and when he is weary of me, he will kill and eat me. I pray your lordships to save me." Then the six heroes bade the woman lead them to the ogre's cave, where a hundred devils were mounting guard and waiting upon him. The woman, having gone in first, told the fiend of their coming; and he, thinking to slay and eat them, called them to him; so they entered the cave, which reeked with the smell of the flesh and blood of men, and they saw Shudendôji, a huge monster with the face of a little child. The six men offered him the wine which they had received from the moun-

tain god, and he, laughing in his heart, drank and made merry, so that little by little the fumes of the wine got into his head, and he fell asleep. The heroes, themselves feigning sleep, watched for a moment when the devils were all off their guard to put on their armour and steal one by one into the demon's chamber. Then Yorimitsu, seeing that all was still, drew his sword, and cut off Shudendôji's head, which sprung up and bit at his head; luckily, however, Yorimitsu had put on two helmets, the one over the other, so he was not hurt. When all the devils had been slain, the heroes and the woman returned to Kiôto, carrying with them the head of Shudendôji, which was laid before the Emperor; and the fame of their action was spread abroad under heaven.

This Shudendôji is the ogre represented in the Nakamura dance. The Ichimura dance represents the seven gods of wealth; and the Morita dance represents a large ape, and is emblematical of drinking wine.

As soon as the sun begins to rise in the heaven, sign-boards all glistening with paintings and gold are displayed, and the play-goers flock in crowds to the theatre. The farmers and country folk hurry over their breakfast, and the women and children who have got up in the middle of the night to paint and adorn themselves, come from all the points of the compass to throng the gallery, which is hung with curtains as bright as the rainbow in the departing clouds. The place soon becomes so crowded that the heads of the spectators are like the scales on a dragon's back. When the play begins, if the subject be tragic the spectators are so affected that they weep till they have to wring their sleeves dry. If the piece be comic they laugh till their chins are out of joint. The tricks and stratagems of the drama baffle description, and the actors are as graceful as the flight of the swallow. The triumph of persecuted virtue and the punishment of wickedness invariably crown the story. When a favourite actor makes his appearance, his entry is hailed with cheers. Fun and diversion are the order of the day, and rich and poor alike forget the cares which they have left behind them at home; and yet it is not all idle amusement, for there is a moral inculcated, and a practical sermon in every play.

The subjects of the pieces are chiefly historical, feigned names being substituted for those of the real heroes. Indeed, it is in the popular tragedies that we must seek for an account of many of the events of the last two hundred and fifty years; for only one very bald history of those times has been published, of which only a limited number of copies were struck off from copper plates, and its circulation was strictly forbidden by the Shogun's Government. The stories are rendered with great minuteness and detail, so much so, that it sometimes takes a series of representations to act out one

piece in its entirety. The Japanese are far in advance of the Chinese in their scenery and properties, and their pieces are sometimes capitally got up: a revolving stage enables them to shift from one scene to another with great rapidity. First-rate actors receive as much as a thousand riyos (about £300) as their yearly salary. This, however, is a high rate of pay, and many a man has to strut before the public for little more than his daily rice; to a clever young actor it is almost enough reward to be allowed to enter a company in which there is a famous star. The salary of the actor, however, may depend upon the success of the theatre; for dramatic exhibitions are often undertaken as speculations by wealthy persons, who pay their company in proportion to their own profit. Besides his regular pay, a popular Japanese actor has a small mine of wealth in his patrons, who open their purses freely for the privilege of frequenting the green-room. The women's parts are all taken by men, as they used to be with us in ancient days. Touching the popularity of plays, it is related that in the year 1833, when two actors called Bandô Shûka and Segawa Rokô, both famous players of women's parts, died at the same time, the people of Yedo mourned to heaven and to earth; and if a million riyos could have brought back their lives, the money would have been forthcoming. Thousands flocked to their funeral, and the richness of their coffins and of the clothes laid upon them was admired by all.

"When I heard this," says Terakado Seiken, the author of the *Yedo Hanjûki*, "I lifted my eyes to heaven and heaved a great sigh. When my friend Saitô Shimei, a learned and good man, died, there was barely enough money to bury him; his needy pupils and friends gave him a humble coffin. Alas! alas! here was a teacher who from his youth up had honoured his parents, and whose heart knew no guile: if his friends were in need, he ministered to their wants; he grudged no pains to teach his fellow men; his goodwill and charity were beyond praise; under the blue sky and bright day he never did a shameful deed. His merits were as those of the sages of old; but because he lacked the cunning of a fox or badger he received no patronage from the wealthy, and, remaining poor to the day of his death, never had an opportunity of making his worth known. Alas! Alas!"

The drama is exclusively the amusement of the middle and lower classes. Etiquette, sternest of tyrants, forbids the Japanese of high rank to be seen at any public exhibition, wrestling matches alone excepted. Actors are, however, occasionally engaged to play in private for the edification of my lord and his ladies; and there is a kind of classical opera, called Nô, which is performed on stages specially built for the purpose in the palaces of the principal nobles. These Nô represent the entertainments by which the Sun Goddess was lured out of the cave in which she had hidden; a fable said to be based upon an eclipse. In the reign of the Emperor Yômei (A.D. 586—593), Hada Kawakatsu, a man born in Japan, but of

Chinese extraction, was commanded by the Emperor to arrange an entertainment for the propitiation of the gods and the prosperity of the country. Kawakatsu wrote thirty-three plays, introducing fragments of Japanese poetry with accompaniments of musical instruments. Two performers, named Taketa and Hattori, having specially distinguished themselves in these entertainments, were ordered to prepare other similar plays, and their productions remain to the present day. The pious origin of the Nô being to pray for the prosperity of the country, they are held in the highest esteem by the nobles of the Court, the Daimios, and the military class: in old days they alone performed in these plays, but now ordinary actors take part in them.

The Nô are played in sets. The first of the set is specially dedicated to the propitiation of the gods; the second is performed in full armour, and is designed to terrify evil spirits, and to insure the punishment of malefactors; the third is of a gentler intention, and its special object is the representation of what is beautiful and fragrant and delightful. The performers wear hideous wigs and masks, not unlike those of ancient Greece, and gorgeous brocade dresses. The masks, which belong to what was the private company of the Shogun, are many centuries old, and have been carefully preserved as heirlooms from generation to generation.

During the Duke of Edinburgh's stay in Yedo, this company was engaged to give a performance in the Yashiki of the Prince of Kishiu, which has the reputation of being the handsomest palace in all Yedo. So far as I know, such an exhibition had never before been witnessed by foreigners, and it may be interesting to give an account of it. Opposite the principal reception-room, where his Royal Highness sat, and separated from it by a narrow courtyard, was a covered stage, approached from the green-room by a long gallery at an angle of forty-five. Half-a-dozen musicians, clothed in dresses of ceremony, marched slowly down the gallery, and, having squatted down on the stage, bowed gravely. The performances then began. There was no scenery, nor stage appliances; the descriptions of the chorus or of the actors took their place. The dialogue and choruses are given in a nasal recitative, accompanied by the mouth-organ, flute, drum, and other classical instruments, and are utterly unintelligible. The ancient poetry is full of puns and plays upon words, and it was with no little difficulty that, with the assistance of a man of letters, I prepared beforehand the arguments of the different pieces.

The first play was entitled, *Hachiman of the Bow*. Hachiman is the name under which the Emperor Ojin (270—312 A.D.) was deified as the God of War. He is specially worshipped on account of his miraculous birth; his mother, the Empress Jingo, having by the virtue of a magic stone which she wore at her girdle, borne him in

her womb for three years, until she had conquered the Coreans. The time of the plot is laid in the reign of the Emperor Uda the Second (1275—1289 A.D.). In the second month of the year pilgrims are flocking to the temple of Hachiman at Mount Otoko, between Osaka and Kiôto. All this is explained by the chorus. A worshipper steps forth, sent by the Emperor, and delivers a congratulatory oration upon the peace and prosperity of the land. The chorus follows in the same strain: they sing the praises of Hachiman and of the reigning Emperor. An old man enters, bearing something which appears to be a bow in a brocade bag. On being asked who he is, the old man answers that he is an aged servant of the shrine, and that he wishes to present his mulberry-wood bow to the Emperor; being too humble to draw near to his Majesty, he has waited for this festival, hoping that an opportunity might present itself. He explains that with this bow, and with certain arrows made of the *Artemisia*, the heavenly gods pacified the world. On being asked to show his bow he refuses; it is a mystic protector of the country, which in old days was overshadowed by the mulberry tree. The peace which prevails in the land is likened to a calm at sea. The Emperor is the ship, and his subjects the water. The old man dwells upon the ancient worship of Hachiman, and relates how his mother, the Empress Jingo, sacrificed to the gods before invading Corea, and how the present prosperity of the country is to be attributed to the acceptance of those sacrifices. After having revealed himself as the god Hachiman in disguise, the old man disappears. The worshipper, awestruck, declares that he must return to Kiôto and tell the Emperor what he has seen. The chorus announces that sweet music and fragrant perfumes issue from the mountain, and the piece ends with felicitations upon the visible favour of the gods, and especially of Hachiman.

The second piece was *Tsunémasa*. *Tsunémasa* was a hero of the twelfth century, who died in the civil wars; he was famous for his skill in playing on the *biwa*, a sort of four-stringed lute.

A priest enters, and announces that his name is Giyôkei, and that before he retired from the world he held high rank at Court. He relates how *Tsunémasa*, in his childhood the favourite of the Emperor, died in the wars by the western seas. During his lifetime the Emperor gave him a lute, called *Sei-zan*, "the Azure Mountain;" this lute at his death was placed in a shrine erected to his honour, and at his funeral music and plays were performed during seven days within the palace, by the special grace of the Emperor. The scene is laid at the shrine. The lonely and awesome appearance of the spot is described. Although the sky is clear, the wind rustles through the trees like the sound of falling rain; and although it is now summer-time, the moonlight on the sand looks like hoar-frost. All nature is sad and downcast. The ghost appears, and sings that

it is the spirit of Tsunémasa, and has come to thank those who have piously celebrated his obsequies. No one answers him, and the spirit vanishes, its voice becoming fainter and fainter, an unreal and illusory vision haunting the scenes amid which its life was spent. The priest muses on the portent. Is it a dream or a reality? Marvelous! The ghost returning, speaks of former days, when it lived as a child in the palace, and received the Azure Mountain lute from the Emperor—that lute with the four strings of which its hand was once so familiar, and the attraction of which now draws it from the grave. The chorus recites the virtues of Tsunémasa—his benevolence, justice, humanity, talents, and truth; his love of poetry and music; the trees, the flowers, the birds, the breezes, the moon; all had a charm for him. The ghost begins to play upon the Azure Mountain lute, and the sounds produced from the magical instrument are so delicate, that all think that it is a shower from heaven. The priest declares that it is not rain, but the sound of the enchanted lute. The sound of the first and second strings is as the sound of gentle rain, or of the wind stirring the pine trees; and the sound of the third and fourth strings is as the song of birds and pheasants calling to their young. A rhapsody in praise of music follows. Would that such music could last for ever! The ghost bewails its fate that it cannot remain to play on, but must return whence it came. The priest addresses the ghost, and asks whether the vision is indeed the spirit of Tsunémasa. Upon this the ghost calls out in an agony of sorrow and terror at having been seen by mortal eyes, and bids that the lamps be put out: on its return to the abode of the dead it will suffer for having shown itself: it describes the fiery torments which will be its lot. Poor fool! it has been lured to its destruction like the insect of summer that flies into the flame. Summoning the winds to its aid, it puts out the lights, and disappears.

The Suit of Feathers is the title of a very pretty conceit which followed. A fisherman enters, and in a long recitative describes the scenery at the sea-shore of Miwo, in the province of Suruga, at the foot of Fujiyama, the Peerless Mountain. The waves are still, and there is a great calm; the fishermen are all out plying their trade. The speaker's name is Hakuriyô, a fisherman living in the pine-grove of Miwo. The rains are now over, and the sky is serene; the sun rises bright and red over the pine trees and rippling sea; while last night's moon is yet seen faintly in the heaven. Even he, humble fisher though he be, is softened by the beauty of the nature which surrounds him. A breeze springs up, the weather will change; clouds and waves will succeed sunshine and calm; the fishermen must get them home again. No; it is but the gentle breath of spring after all, it scarcely stirs the stout fir trees, and the waves are hardly heard to break upon the shore. The men may go forth in

safety. The fisherman then relates how, while he was wondering at the view, flowers began to rain from the sky, and sweet music filled the air, perfumed by a mystic fragrance. Looking up, he saw hanging on a pine tree a fairy's suit of feathers, which he took home, and showed to a friend, intending to keep it as a relic in his house. A heavenly fairy makes her appearance, and claims the suit of feathers; but the fisherman holds to his treasure-trove. She urges the impiety of his act—a mortal has no right to take that which belongs to the fairies. He declares that he will hand down the feather suit to posterity as one of the treasures of the country. The fairy bewails her lot; without her wings how can she return to heaven? She recalls the familiar joys of heaven now closed to her; she sees the wild geese and the gulls flying to the skies, and longs for their power of flight; the tide has its ebb and its flow, and the sea-breezes blow whither they list; for her alone there is no power of motion, she must remain on earth. At last, touched by her plaint, the fisherman consents to return the feather suit, on condition that the fairy shall dance and play heavenly music for him. She consents, but must first obtain the feather suit, without which she cannot dance. The fisherman refuses to give it up, lest she should fly away to heaven without redeeming her pledge. The fairy reproaches him for his want of faith: how should a heavenly being be capable of falsehood? He is ashamed, and gives her the feather suit, which she dons, and begins to dance, singing of the delights of heaven, where she is one of the fifteen attendants who minister to the moon. The fisherman is so transported with joy, that he fancies himself in heaven, and wishes to detain the fairy to dwell with him for ever. A song follows in praise of the scenery and of the Peerless Mountain capped with the snows of spring. When her dance is concluded, the fairy, wafted away by the sea-breeze, floats past the pine-grove to Ukishima and Mount Ashidaka, over Mount Fuji, till she is seen dimly like a cloud in the distant sky, and vanishes into thin air.

The last of the Nô was *The Little Smith*, the scene of which is laid in the reign of the Emperor Ichijô (987—1011 A.D.). A noble of the court enters and proclaims himself to be Tachibana Michinari. He has been commanded by the Emperor, who has seen a dream of good omen on the previous night, to order a sword of the smith Munéchika of Sanjô. He calls Munéchika, who comes out, and after receiving the order, expresses the difficulty he is in, having at that time no fitting mate to help him; he cannot forge a blade alone. The excuse is not admitted; the smith pleads hard to be saved from the shame of a failure. Driven to a compliance, there is nothing left for it but to appeal to the gods for aid. He prays to the patron god of his family, Inari Sama (Inari Sama is the god of farming, who is waited upon by the foxes, beasts to which Japanese superstition

attributes preternatural powers, both for good and for evil). A man suddenly appears, and calls the smith; this man is the god Inari Sama in disguise. The smith asks who is his visitor, and how does he know him by name. The stranger answers, "Thou hast been ordered to make a blade for the Emperor." "This is passing strange," says the smith. "I received the order but a moment since; how comest thou to know of it?" "Heaven has a voice which is heard upon the earth. Walls have ears and stones tell tales. There are no secrets in the world. The flash of the blade ordered by him who is above the clouds (the Emperor) is quickly seen. By the grace of the Emperor the sword shall be quickly made." Here follows the praise of certain famous blades, and an account of the part they played in history, with special reference to the sword which forms one of the regalia. The sword which the Emperor has sent for shall be inferior to none of these; the smith may set his heart at rest. The smith, awestruck, expresses his wonder, and asks again who is addressing him. He is bidden to go and deck out his anvil, and a supernatural power will help him. The visitor disappears in a cloud. The smith prepares his anvil, at the four corners of which he places images of the gods, while above it he stretches the straw rope, and paper pendants hung up in temples to shut out foul or ill-omened influences. He prays for strength to make the blade, not for his own glory, but for the honour of the Emperor. A young man, a fox in disguise, appears, and helps Munéchika to forge the steel. The noise of the anvil resounds to heaven and over the earth. The chorus announces that the blade is finished; on one side is the mark of Munéchika, on the other is graven "The Little Fox" in clear characters.

The subjects of the Nô are all taken from old legends of the country; a shrine at Miwo, by the sea-shore, marks the spot where the suit of feathers was found, and the miraculously-forged sword is supposed to be in the armoury of the Emperor to this day. The beauty of the poetry—and it is very beautiful—is marred by the want of scenery and by the grotesque dresses and make-up. In the *Suit of Feathers*, for instance, the fairy wears a hideous mask and a wig of scarlet elf locks: the suit of feathers itself is left entirely to the imagination; and the heavenly dance is a series of whirls, stamps, and jumps, accompanied by unearthly yells and shrieks; while the vanishing into thin air is represented by pirouettes something like the motion of a dancing dervish. The intoning of the recitative is unnatural and unintelligible, so much so that not even a highly-educated Japanese could understand what is going on unless he were previously acquainted with the piece. This, however, is supposing that which is not, for the Nô are as familiarly known as the master-pieces of our own dramatists.

The classical severity of the Nô is relieved by the introduction

between the pieces of light farces called Kiyôgen. The whole entertainment having a religious intention, the Kiyôgen stand to the Nô in the same relation as the small shrines to the main temple; they, too, are played for the propitiation of the gods, and for the softening of men's hearts. The farces are acted without wigs or masks; the dialogue is in the common spoken language, and there being no musical accompaniment, it is quite easy to follow. The plots of the two farces which were played before the Duke of Edinburgh are as follows :—

In the *Ink Smearing* the hero is a man from a distant part of the country, who, having a petition to prefer, comes to the capital, where he is detained for a long while. His suit being at last successful, he communicates the joyful news to his servant, Tarôkaja (the conventional name of the Leporellos of these farces). The two congratulate one another. To while away his idle hours during his sojourn at the capital the master has entered into a flirtation with a certain young lady; master and servant now hold a consultation as to whether the former should not go and take leave of her. Tarôkaja is of opinion that as she is of a very jealous nature, his master ought to go. Accordingly the two set out to visit her, the servant leading the way. Arrived at her house the gentleman goes straight in without the knowledge of the lady, who, coming out and meeting Tarôkaja, asks after his master. He replies that his master is inside the house. She refuses to believe him, and complains that, for some time past, his visits have been few and far between. Why should he come now? Surely Tarôkaja is hoaxing her. The servant protests that he is telling the truth, and that his master really has entered the house. She, only half persuaded, goes in, and finds that my lord is indeed there. She welcomes him, and in the same breath upbraids him. Some other lady has surely found favour in his eyes. What fair wind has wafted him back to her? He replies that business alone has kept him from her; he hopes that all is well with her. With her, indeed, all is well, and there is no change; but she fears that his heart is changed. Surely, surely he has found mountains upon mountains of joy elsewhere; even now, perhaps, he is only calling on his way homeward from some haunt of pleasure. What pleasure can there be away from her? answers he. Indeed his time has not been his own, else he would have come sooner. Why, then, did he not send his servant to explain? Tarôkaja here puts in his oar, and protests that, between running on errands and dancing attendance upon his lord, he has not had a moment to himself. "At any rate," says the master, "I must ask for your congratulations; for my suit, which was so important, has prospered." The lady expresses her happiness, and the gentleman then bids his servant tell her the object of their visit. Tarôkaja objects to this; his lord had better tell his own story. While the two are disputing as

to who shall speak, the lady's curiosity is aroused. "What terrible tale is this that neither of you dare tell? Pray let one or other of you speak." At last the master explains that he has come to take leave of her, as he must forthwith return to his own province. The girl begins to weep, and the gentleman following suit, the two shed tears in concert. She uses all her art to cajole him, and secretly produces from her sleeve a cup of water, with which she smears her eyes to imitate tears. He, deceived by the trick, tries to console her, and swears that as soon as he reaches his own country he will send a messenger to fetch her; but she pretends to weep all the more, and goes on rubbing her face with water. Tarôkaja, in the meanwhile, detects the trick, and, calling his master on one side, tells him what she is doing. The gentleman, however, refuses to believe him, and scolds him right roundly for telling lies. The lady calls my lord to her, and weeping more bitterly than ever, tries to coax him to remain. Tarôkaja slyly fills another cup with ink and water and substitutes it for the cup of clear water. She, all unconcerned, goes on smearing her face. At last she lifts her face, and her lover, seeing it all black and sooty, gives a start. What can be the matter with the girl's face? Tarôkaja, in an aside, explains what he has done. They determine to put her to shame. The lover, producing from his bosom a box containing a mirror, gives it to the girl, who, thinking that it is a parting gift, at first declines to receive it. It is pressed upon her; she opens the box and sees the reflection of her dirty face. Master and man burst out laughing. Furious, she smears Tarôkaja's face with the ink; he protests that he is not the author of the trick, and the girl flies at her lover and rubs his face too. Both master and servant run off, pursued by the girl.

The second farce was shorter than the first, and was called *The Theft of the Sword*. A certain gentleman calls his servant Tarôkaja, and tells him that he is going out for a little diversion. Bidding Tarôkaja follow him, he sets out. On their way they meet another gentleman, carrying a handsome sword in his hand, and going to worship at the shrine Kitano ud Kiôto. Tarôkaja points out the beauty of the sword to his master, and says what a fine thing it would be if they could manage to obtain possession of it. Tarôkaja borrows his master's sword, and goes up to the stranger, whose attention is taken up by looking at the wares set out for sale in a shop. Tarôkaja lays his hand on the guard of the stranger's sword; and the latter, drawing it, turns round, and tries to cut the thief down. Tarôkaja takes to his heels, praying hard that his life may be spared. The stranger takes away the sword which Tarôkaja has borrowed from his master, and goes on his way to the shrine, carrying the two swords. Tarôkaja draws a long breath of relief when he sees that his life is not forfeited; but what account is he to give of

his master's sword which he has lost. There is no help for it, he must go back and make a clean breast of it. His master is very angry; and the two, after consulting together, await the stranger's return from the shrine. The latter makes his appearance, and announces that he is going home. Tarókaja's master falls upon the stranger from behind, and pinions him, ordering Tarókaja to fetch a rope and bind him. The knave brings the cord; but, while he is getting it ready, the stranger knocks him over with the sword. His master calls out to him to get up quickly and bind the gentleman from behind, and not from before. Tarókaja runs behind the struggling pair, but is so clumsy that he slips the noose over his master's head by mistake, and drags him down. The stranger seeing this, runs away laughing with the two swords. Tarókaja, frightened at his blunder, runs off too, his master pursuing him off the stage. A general run off, be it observed, something like the "spill-and-pelt" scene in an English pantomime, is the legitimate and invariable termination of the Kiyôgen. But it is getting late, and we must wend our way homewards. Following the crowded main street, we come to the famous Nihon Bashi, or Japan Bridge, the Hyde Park corner of Yedo, from which all distances are reckoned. At one end of the bridge is a handsome tile-roofed stand, to which are hung the edicts and proclamations of the Mikado, painted on white wood. In spite, however, of imperial proclamations, and of the undoubted good-will of many of the rulers of the land, it is well to keep a good look-out as you ride home in the evening through the streets of Yedo. A sword-cut is quickly given, and there are plenty of roisterers who, in their cups, would think but little of sacrificing a western barbarian to the honour of the country of the gods.

A. B. MITFORD.

THE ORIGIN OF ANIMAL-WORSHIP, ETC.

MR. M'LENNAN's recent essays on the Worship of Animals and Plants, have done much to elucidate a very obscure subject. By pursuing in this case, as before in another case, the truly scientific method of comparing the phenomena presented by existing uncivilised races with those which the early traditions of civilised races present, he has rendered both more comprehensible than they were before.

It seems to me, however, that Mr. M'Lennan gives but an indefinite answer to the essential question—How did the worship of animals and plants arise? Indeed, in his concluding paper, he expressly leaves this problem without a solution; saying that his "is

not an hypothesis explanatory of the origin of *Totemism*, be it remembered, but an hypothesis explanatory of the animal and plant worship of the ancient nations." So that we have still to ask—Why have savage tribes so generally taken animals and plants and other things as their totems? What can have induced this tribe to ascribe special sacredness to one creature, and that tribe to another? And if to these questions the general reply is, that each tribe considers itself to be descended from the object of its reverence, then there presses for answer the further question—How came so strange a notion into existence? If this notion occurred in one case only, we might set it down to some whim of thought, or some illusive occurrence. But appearing as it does with multitudinous variations among so many uncivilised races in different parts of the world, and having left equally numerous traces in the superstitions of the extinct civilised races, we cannot assume any special or exceptional cause. Moreover, the general cause, whatever it may be, must be such as does not negative an aboriginal intelligence essentially like our own. After studying the grôtesque beliefs of savages, we are apt to suppose that their reason is not as our reason. But this supposition is inadmissible. Given the amount of knowledge which primitive men possess, and given the imperfect verbal symbols used by them in speech and thought, and the conclusions they habitually reach will be those that are *relatively* the most rational. This must be our postulate; and setting out with this postulate, we have to ask how primitive men came so generally, if not universally, to believe themselves the progeny of animals or plants or inanimate bodies. There is, I believe, a satisfactory answer.

The proposition with which Mr. M'Lennan sets out, that totem-worship preceded the worship of anthropomorphic gods, is one to which I can yield but a qualified assent. It is true in a sense, but not wholly true. If the words "gods" and "worship" carry with them their ordinary definite meanings, the statement is true; but if their meanings are widened so as to comprehend those earliest vague notions out of which the definite ideas of gods and worship are evolved, I think it is not true. The rudimentary form of all religion is the propitiation of dead ancestors, who are supposed to be still existing, and to be capable of working good or evil to their descendants. As a preparation for dealing hereafter with the principles of sociology, I have, for some years past, directed much attention to the modes of thought current in the simpler human societies; and evidence of many kinds, furnished by all varieties of uncivilised men, have forced on me a conclusion harmonising with that lately expressed in this Review by Professor Huxley—namely, that the savage, conceiving a corpse to be deserted by the active personality

who dwelt in it, conceives this active personality to be still existing, and that his feelings and ideas concerning it form the basis of his superstitions. Everywhere, we find expressed or implied the belief that each person is double; and that when he dies, his other self, whether remaining near at hand or gone far away, may return, and continues capable of injuring his enemies and aiding his friends.¹

(1) A critical reader may raise an objection. If animal-worship is to be rationally interpreted, how can the interpretation set out by assuming a belief in the spirits of dead ancestors—a belief which just as much requires explanation? Doubtless there is here a wide gap in the argument. I hope eventually to fill it up. Here, out of many experiences which conspire to generate this belief, I can but briefly indicate the leading ones. 1. It is not impossible that his shadow, following him everywhere, and moving as he moves, may have some small share in giving to the savage a vague idea of his duality. It needs but to watch a child's interest in the movements of its shadow, and to remember that at first a shadow cannot be interpreted as a negation of light, but is looked upon as an entity, to perceive that the savage may very possibly consider it as a specific something which forms part of him. 2. A much more decided suggestion of the same kind, is likely to result from the reflection of his face and figure in water: imitating him as it does in his form, colours, motions, grimaces. When we remember that not unfrequently a savage objects to have his portrait taken, because he thinks whoever carries away a representation of him carries away some part of his being, will see how probable it is that he thinks his double in the water is a reality in some way belonging to him. 3. Echoes must greatly tend to confirm the idea of duality otherwise arrived at. Incapable as he is of understanding their natural origin, the primitive man necessarily ascribes them to living beings—beings who mock him and elude his search. 4. The suggestions resulting from these and other physical phenomena are, however, secondary in importance. The root of this belief in another self lies in the experience of dreams. The distinction so easily made by us between our life in dreams and our real life, is one which the savage recognises in but a vague way; and he cannot express even that distinction which he perceives. When he awakes, and to those who have seen him lying quietly asleep, describes where he has been, and what he has done, his rude language fails to state the difference between seeing and dreaming that he saw, doing and dreaming that he did. From this inadequacy of his language it not only results that he cannot truly represent this difference to others, but also that he cannot truly represent it to himself. Hence in the absence of an alternative interpretation, his belief, and that of those to whom he tells his adventures, is that his other self has been away and came back when he awoke. And this belief which we find among various existing savage tribes, we equally find in the traditions of the early civilised races. 5. The conception of another self capable of going away and returning, receives what to the savage must seem conclusive verifications from the abnormal suspensions of consciousness, and derangements of consciousness, that occasionally occur in members of his tribe. One who has fainted, and cannot be immediately brought back to himself (note the significance of our own phrases "returning to himself," &c.) as a sleeper can, shows him a state in which the other self has been away for a time beyond recall. Still more is this prolonged absence of the other self shown him in cases of apoplexy, catalepsy, and other forms of suspended animation. Here for hours the other self persists in remaining away, and on returning refuses to say where he has been. Further verification is afforded by every epileptic subject, into whose body, during the absence of the other self, some enemy has entered; for how else does it happen that the other self on returning denies all knowledge of what his body has been doing? And this supposition that the body has been "possessed" by some other being, is confirmed by the phenomena of somnambulism and insanity. 6. What then is the interpretation inevitably put upon death? The other self has habitually returned after sleep, which simulates death. It has returned, too, after fainting, which simulates death much more. It has even returned after the rigid state of catalepsy, which simulates death very greatly. Will it not return also after this still more prolonged quiescence and rigidity? Clearly it is

But how out of the desire to propitiate this second personality of a deceased man (the words "ghost" or "spirit" are somewhat misleading, since the savage believes that the second personality re-appears in a form equally tangible with the first) does there grow up the worship of animals, plants, and inanimate objects? Very simply. Savages habitually distinguish individuals by names that are either directly suggestive of some personal trait or fact of personal history, or else express an observed community of character with some well-known object. Such a genesis of individual names, before surnames have arisen, is inevitable; and how easily it arises we shall see on remembering that it still goes on in its original form, even when no longer needful. I do not refer only to the significant fact that in some parts of England, as in the nail-making districts, nicknames are universal, and surnames scarcely recognised; but I refer to the general usage among both children and adults. The rude man is apt to be known as "a bear;" a sly fellow, as an "old fox;" a hypocrite, as "the crocodile." Names of plants, too, are used; as when the red-haired boy is called "carrots" by his school-fellows. Nor do we lack nicknames derived from inorganic objects and agents: instance that given by Mr. Carlyle to the elder Sterling—"Captain Whirlwind." Now in the earliest savage state, this metaphorical naming will in most cases commence afresh in each generation—must do so, indeed, until surnames of some kind have been established. I say in most cases, because there will occur

quite possible—quite probable even. The dead man's other self is gone away for a long time, but it still exists somewhere, far or near, and may at any moment come back to do all he said he would do. Hence the various burial rites—the placing of weapons and valuables along with the body, the daily bringing of food to it, &c. I hope hereafter to show that with such knowledge of the facts as he has, this interpretation is the most reasonable the savage can arrive at. Let me here, however, by way of showing how clearly the facts bear out this view, give one illustration out of many. "The ceremonies with which they [the Veddahs] invoke them [the shades of the dead] are few as they are simple. The most common is the following. An arrow is fixed upright in the ground, and the Veddah dances slowly round it, chanting this invocation, which is almost musical in its rhythm:

' Mā miya, mā miy, mā deya,
Topang Koyichetti mittigan yandāh ?'

' My departed one, my departed one, my God !
Where art thou wandering ?'

"This invocation appears to be used on all occasions when the intervention of the guardian spirits is required in sickness, preparatory to hunting, &c. Sometimes in the latter case, a portion of the flesh of the game is promised as a votive offering, in the event of the chase being successful; and they believe that the spirits will appear to them in dreams and tell them where to hunt. Sometimes they cook food and place it in the dry bed of a river, or some other secluded spot, and then call on their deceased ancestors by name, 'Come and partake of this! Give us maintenance as you did when living! Come, wheresoever you may be, on a tree, on a rock, in the forest, come!' And dance round the food, half chanting half shouting the invocation."—*Bailey, Trans. Eth. Soc., London, N.S., ii. p. 301.*

exceptions in the cases of men who have distinguished themselves. If "the Wolf," proving famous in fight, becomes a terror to neighbouring tribes, and a dominant man in his own, his sons, proud of their parentage, will not let fall the fact that they descended from the Wolf; nor will this fact be forgotten by the rest of the tribe who held "the Wolf" in awe, and see some reason to dread his sons. In proportion to the power and celebrity of the Wolf will this pride and this fear conspire to maintain among his grandchildren and great grandchildren, as well as among those over whom they dominate, the remembrance of the fact that their ancestor was the Wolf. And if, as will occasionally happen, this dominant family becomes the root of a new tribe, the members of this tribe will become known to themselves and others as the Wolves.

We need not rest satisfied with the inference that this inheritance of nicknames *will* take place: there is proof that it *does* take place. As nicknaming after animals, plants, and other objects still goes on among ourselves, so among ourselves does there go on the descent of nicknames. An instance has come under my own notice on an estate in the West Highlands, belonging to some friends with whom I frequently have the pleasure of spending a few weeks in the autumn. "Take a young Croshek," has more than once been the reply of my host to the inquiry, who should go with me, when I was setting out salmon-fishing. The elder Croshek I knew well; and supposed that this name, borne by him and by all belonging to him, was the family surname. Some years passed before I learned that the real surname was Cameron; that the father was called Croshek, after the name of his cottage, to distinguish him from other Camerons employed about the premises; and that his children had come to be similarly distinguished. Though here, as very generally in Scotland, the nick-name was derived from the place of residence, yet had it been derived from an animal, the process would have been the same—inheritance of it would have occurred just as naturally. Not even for this small link in the argument, however, need we depend on inference: there is fact to bear us out. Mr. Bates, in his *Naturalist on the River Amazon* (2nd ed., p. 376), describing three half-castes who accompanied him on a hunting trip, says:—"Two of them were brothers—namely, João (John) and Zephyrino Jabuti; Jabuti, or tortoise, being a nickname which their father had earned for his slow gait, and which, as is usual in this country, had descended as the surname of the family." Let me add the statement made by Mr. Wallace respecting this same region, that "one of the tribes on the river Isánna is called 'Jurupari' (Devils). Another is called 'Ducks;' a third, 'Stars;' a fourth, 'Mandiocca.'" Putting these two statements together, can there be any doubt about the genesis of these tribal names? Let the tortoise become

sufficiently distinguished (not necessarily by superiority—great inferiority may occasionally suffice) and the tradition of descent from him, preserved by his descendants themselves if he was superior, and by their contemptuous neighbours if he was inferior, may become a tribal name.¹

“But this,” it will be said, “does not amount to an explanation of animal-worship.” True: a third factor remains to be specified. Given a belief in the still-existing other self of the deceased ancestor, who must be propitiated; given this survival of his metaphorical name among his grandchildren, great grandchildren, &c.; and the further requisite is that the distinction between metaphor and reality shall be forgotten. Let the tradition of the ancestor fail to keep clearly in view the fact that he was a man called the Wolf—let him be habitually spoken of as the Wolf, just as when alive; and the natural mistake of taking the name literally will bring with it, firstly, a belief in descent from the actual wolf, and, secondly, a treatment of the wolf in a manner likely to propitiate him—a manner appropriate to one who may be the other self of the dead ancestor, or one of the kindred, and therefore a friend.

That a misunderstanding of this kind will naturally grow up, becomes obvious when we bear in mind the great indefiniteness of primitive language. As Professor Max Müller says, respecting certain misinterpretations of an opposite kind, “These metaphors * * * would become mere names handed down in the conversation of a family, understood perhaps by the grandfather, familiar to the father, but strange to the son, and misunderstood by the grandson.” We have ample reason, then, for thinking that such misinterpretations are likely to occur. Nay, we may go further. We are justified in saying that they are certain to occur. For undeveloped languages contain no words capable of indicating the distinction to be kept in view. In the tongues of existing inferior races, only concrete objects and acts are expressible. The Australians have a name for each kind of tree, but no name for tree irrespective of kind. And though some witnesses allege that their vocabulary is not absolutely destitute of generic names, its extreme poverty in such is unquestionable. Similarly with the Tasmanians. Doctor Milligan

(1) Since the foregoing pages were written, my attention has been drawn by Sir John Lubbock to a passage in the appendix to the second edition of *Pre-Historic Times*, in which he has indicated this derivation of tribal names. He says:—“In endeavouring to account for the worship of animals, we must remember that names are very frequently taken from them. The children and followers of a man called the Bear or the Lion would make that a tribal name. Hence the animal itself would be first respected, at last worshipped.” Of the genesis of this worship, however, Sir John Lubbock does not give any specific explanation. Apparently he inclines to the belief, tacitly adopted also by Mr. M'Lennan, that animal-worship is derived from an original Fetichism, of which it is a more developed form. As will shortly be seen, I take a different view of its origin.

says they "had acquired very limited powers of abstraction or generalisation. They possessed no words representing abstract ideas; for each variety of gum tree and wattle tree, &c., &c., they had a name, but they had no equivalent for the expression, 'a tree;' neither could they express abstract qualities, such as hard, soft, warm, cold, long, short, round, &c.; for 'hard,' they would say 'like a stone,' for 'tall,' they would say 'long legs,' &c., and for 'round,' they said 'like a ball,' 'like the moon,' and so on, usually suiting the action to the word, and confirming, by some sign, the meaning to be understood."¹ Now, even making allowance for over-statement here (which seems needful, since the word "long," said to be inexpressible in the abstract, subsequently occurs as qualifying a concrete in the expression, "long legs"), it is sufficiently manifest that so imperfect a language must fail to convey the idea of a name, as something separate from a thing; and that still less can it be capable of indicating the act of naming. Familiar use of such partially abstract words as are applicable to all objects of a class, is needful before there can be reached the conception of a name—a word symbolising the symbolic character of other words; and the conception of a name, with its answering abstract term, must be long current before the verb to name can arise. Hence, among tribes with speech so rude, it will be impossible to transmit the tradition of an ancestor named the Wolf, as distinguished from the actual wolf. The children and grandchildren who saw him will not be led into error; but in later generations, descent from the Wolf will inevitably come to mean descent from the animal known by that name. And the ideas and sentiments which, as above shown, naturally grow up around the belief that the dead parents and grandparents are still alive, and ready, if propitiated, to befriend their descendants, will be extended to the wolf species.

Before passing to other developments of this general view, let me point out how not simply animal-worship is thus accounted for, but also the conception, so variously illustrated in ancient legends, that animals are capable of displaying human powers of speech and thought and action. Mythologies are full of stories of beasts and birds and fishes that have played intelligent parts in human affairs,—creatures that have befriended particular persons by giving them information, by guiding them, by yielding them help; or else that have deceived them, verbally or otherwise. Evidently all these traditions, as well as those about abductions of women by animals and fostering of children by them, fall naturally into their places as results of the habitual misinterpretation I have described.

The probability of the hypothesis will appear still greater when

(1) *Proc. Royal Soc. Tasmania*, iii. p. 280.

we observe how readily it applies to the worship of other orders of objects. Belief in actual descent from an animal, strange as we may think it, is one by no means incongruous with the unanalysed experiences of the savage; for there come under his notice many metamorphoses, vegetal and animal, which are apparently of like character. But how could he possibly arrive at so grotesque a conception as that the progenitor of his tribe was the sun, or the moon, or a particular star? No observation of surrounding phenomena affords the slightest suggestion of any such possibility. But by the inheritance of nicknames that are eventually mistaken for the names of the objects from which they were derived, the belief readily arises—is sure to arise. That the names of heavenly bodies will furnish metaphorical names to the uncivilised, is manifest. Do we not ourselves call a distinguished singer or actor a star? And have we not in poems, numerous comparisons of men and women to the sun and moon; as in *Love's Labour Lost*, where the princess is called “a gracious moon,” and as in *Henry VIII.*, where we read—“Those suns of glory, those two lights of men”? Clearly, primitive men will be not unlikely thus to speak of the chief hero of a successful battle. When we remember how the arrival of a triumphant warrior must affect the feelings of his tribe, dissipating clouds of anxiety and irradiating all faces with joy, we shall see that the comparison of him to the sun is extremely natural; and in early speech this comparison can be made only by calling him the sun. As before, then, it will happen that through a confounding of the metaphorical name with the actual name, his progeny, after a few generations, will be regarded by themselves and others as descendants of the sun. And as a consequence, partly of actual inheritance of the ancestral character and partly of maintenance of the traditions respecting the ancestor's achievements, it will also naturally happen that the solar race will be considered a superior race, as we find it habitually is.

The origin of other totems, equally strange if not even stranger, is similarly accounted for, though otherwise unaccountable. One of the New Zealand chiefs claimed as his progenitor the neighbouring great mountain, Tongariro. This seemingly whimsical belief becomes intelligible when we observe how easily it may have arisen from a nickname. Do we not ourselves sometimes speak figuratively of a tall, fat man as a mountain of flesh? And among a people prone to speak in still more concrete terms, would it not happen that a chief remarkable for his great bulk would be nicknamed after the highest mountain within sight, because he towered above other men as this did above surrounding hills? Such an occurrence is not simply possible, but probable. And if so, the confusion of metaphor with fact would originate this surprising genealogy. A notion perhaps yet more grotesque, thus receives a satisfactory interpre-

tation. What could have put it into the imagination of any one that he was descended from the dawn? Given the extremest credulity joined with the wildest fancy, it would still seem requisite that the ancestor should be conceived as an entity; and the dawn is entirely without that definiteness and comparative constancy which enter into the conception of an entity. But when we remember that "the Dawn" is a natural complimentary name for a beautiful girl opening into womanhood, the genesis of the idea becomes, on the above hypothesis, quite obvious.

Another indirect verification is that we thus get a clear conception of Fetichism in general. Under the fetichistic mode of thought, surrounding objects and agents are regarded as having powers more or less definitely personal in their natures. And the current interpretation is, that human intelligence, in its early stages, is obliged to conceive of their powers under this form. I have myself hitherto accepted this interpretation; though always with a sense of dissatisfaction. This dissatisfaction was, I think, well grounded. The theory is scarcely a theory properly so called; but rather, a re-statement in other words. Uncivilised men *do* habitually form anthropomorphic conceptions of surrounding things; and this observed general fact is transformed into the theory that at first they *must* so conceive them—a theory for which the psychological justification attempted, seems to me inadequate. From our present stand-point, it becomes manifest that Fetichism is not primary but secondary. What has been said above almost of itself shows this. Let us, however, follow out the steps of its genesis. Respecting the Tasmanians, Dr. Milligan says—"The names of men and women were taken from natural objects and occurrences around, as, for instance, a kangaroo, a gum tree, snow, hail, thunder, the wind, flowers in blossom, &c." Surrounding objects, then, giving origin to names of persons, and being, in the way shown, eventually mistaken for the actual progenitors of those who descend from persons nicknamed after them, it results that these surrounding objects come to be regarded as in some manner possessed of personalities like the human. He whose family tradition is that his ancestor was "the Crab," will conceive the crab as having a disguised inner power like his own; and alleged descent from "the palm tree" will entail belief in some kind of consciousness dwelling in the palm tree. Hence, in proportion as the animals, plants, and inanimate objects or agents that originate names of persons, become numerous (which they will do in proportion as a tribe becomes large and the number of persons to be distinguished from one another increases), multitudinous things around will acquire imaginary personalities. And so it will happen that, as Mr. M'Lennan says of the Fijians—"Vegetables and stones, nay, even

tools and weapons, pots and canoes, have souls that are immortal, and that, like the souls of men, pass on at last to Mbulu, the abode of departed spirits." Setting out then with a belief in the still-living other self of the dead ancestor, the alleged general cause of misapprehension affords us an intelligible origin of the fetichistic conception; and we are enabled to see how it tends to become a general, if not a universal, conception.

Other apparently inexplicable phenomena are at the same time divested of their strangeness. I refer to the beliefs in, and worship of, compound monsters,—impossible hybrid animals, and forms that are half human, half brutal. The theory of a primordial Feticism, supposing it otherwise adequate, yields no feasible solution of these. Grant the alleged original tendency to think of all natural agencies as in some way personal. Grant, too, that hence may arise a worship of animals, plants, and even inanimate bodies. Still the obvious implication is that the worship so derived will be limited to things that are, or have been, perceived. Why should this mode of thought lead the savage to imagine a combination of bird and mammal; and not only to imagine it, but worship it as a god? If even we admit that some illusion may have suggested the belief in a creature half man, half fish, we cannot thus explain the prevalence among eastern races of idols representing bird-headed men, men having their legs replaced by the legs of a cock, and men with the heads of elephants.

Carrying with us the inferences above drawn, however, it is a manifest corollary that ideas and practices of these kinds will arise. When tradition preserves both lines of ancestry—when a chief nicknamed the Wolf, carries away from an adjacent tribe a wife who is remembered either under the animal name of her tribe, or as a woman; it will happen that if a son distinguishes himself, the remembrance of him among his descendants will be that he was born of a wolf and some other animal, or of a wolf and a woman. Misinterpretation, arising in the way described from defects of language, will entail belief in a creature uniting the attributes of the two; and if the tribe grows into a society, representations of such a creature will become objects of worship. One of the cases cited by Mr. M'Lennan may here be repeated in illustration. "The story of the origin of the Dikokamenni Kirghiz," they say, "from a red greyhound and a certain queen with her forty handmaidens, is of ancient date." Now, if "the red greyhound" was the nickname of a man extremely swift of foot (celebrated runners have been similarly nicknamed among ourselves), a story of this kind would naturally arise; and if the metaphorical name was mistaken for the actual name, there might result as the idol of the race, a compound form appropriate to

the story. We need not be surprised, then, at finding among the Egyptians, the goddess Pasht represented as a woman with a lion's head, and the god Month as a man with the head of a hawk. The Babylonian gods—one having the form of a man with an eagle's tail and another uniting a human bust to a fish's body—no longer appear such unaccountable conceptions. We get feasible explanations, too, of sculptures representing sphinxes, winged human-headed bulls, &c.; as well as of the stories about centaurs, satyrs, and the rest.

Ancient myths in general thus acquire meanings considerably different from those ascribed to them by comparative mythologists. Though these last may be in part correct, yet if the foregoing argument is valid, they can scarcely be correct in their main outlines. Indeed, if we read the facts the other way upwards, regarding as secondary or additional the elements that are said to be primary, while we regard as primary, certain elements which are considered as accretions of later times, we shall, I think, be nearer the truth.

The current theory of the myth is that it has grown out of the habit of symbolising natural agents and processes, in terms of human personalities and actions. Now it may in the first place be remarked, that though symbolisation of this kind is common enough among civilised races, it is not common among races that are the most uncivilised. By existing savages, surrounding objects, motions, and changes, are habitually used to convey ideas respecting human transactions. It is by no means so much the habit to express by the doings of men the course of natural phenomena. It needs but to read the speech of an Indian chief, to see that just as primitive men name one another metaphorically after surrounding objects, so do they metaphorically describe one another's doings as though they were the doings of natural objects. But assuming a contrary habit of thought to be the dominant one, ancient myths are explained as results of the primitive tendency to symbolise inanimate things and their changes, by human beings and their doings.

A kindred difficulty must be added. The change of verbal meaning from which the myth is said to arise, is a change opposite in kind to that which prevails in the earlier stages of linguistic development. It implies a derivation of the concrete from the abstract; whereas at first, abstracts are derived only from concretes: the concreting of abstracts being a subsequent process. In the words of Professor Max Müller, there are "dialects spoken at the present day which have no abstract nouns, and the more we go back in the history of languages, the smaller we find the number of these useful expressions" (*Chips*, vol. ii. p. 54); or, as he says more recently,—“Ancient words and ancient thoughts, for both go together, have not yet arrived at that

stage of abstraction in which, for instance, active powers, whether natural or supernatural, can be represented in any but a personal and more or less human form." (*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1870.) Here the concrete is represented as original, and the abstract as derivative. Immediately afterwards, however, Professor Max Müller, having given as examples of abstract nouns, "day and night, spring and winter, dawn and twilight, storm and thunder," goes on to argue that "as long as people thought in language, it was simply impossible to speak of morning or evening, of spring and winter, without giving to these conceptions something of an individual, active, sexual, and at last, personal character." (*Chips*, &c., vol. ii. p. 55.) Here the concrete is derived from the abstract—the personal conception is represented as coming *after* the impersonal conception; and through such transformation of the impersonal into the personal, Professor Max Müller considers ancient myths to have arisen. How are these propositions reconcilable? One of two things must be said. If originally there were none of these abstract nouns, then the earliest statements respecting the daily course of nature were made in concrete terms—the personal elements of the myth were the primitive elements, and the impersonal expressions which are their equivalents came later. If this is not admitted, then it must be held that until after there arose these abstract nouns, there were no current statements at all respecting these most conspicuous objects and changes which the heavens and the earth present; and that the abstract nouns having been somehow formed, and rightly formed, and used without personal meanings, afterwards became personalized—a process the reverse of that which characterises early linguistic progress.

No such contradictions occur if we interpret myths after the manner that has been indicated. Nay, besides escaping contradictions, we meet with unexpected solutions. The moment we try it, the key unlocks for us with ease what seems a quite inexplicable fact, which the current hypothesis takes as one of its postulates. Speaking of such words as sky and earth, dew and rain, rivers and mountains, as well as of the abstract nouns above named, Professor Max Müller says:—"Now in ancient languages every one of these words had necessarily a termination expressive of gender, and this naturally produced in the mind the corresponding idea of sex, so that these names received not only an individual, but a sexual, character. There was no substantive which was not either masculine or feminine; neuters being of later growth, and distinguishable chiefly in the nominative." (*Chips*, &c., vol. ii. p. 55.) And this alleged necessity for a masculine or feminine implication is assigned as a part of the reason why these abstract nouns and collective nouns became personalized. But should not a true theory of these first steps in the evolution of thought and language show us how it

happened that men acquired the seemingly-strange habit of so framing their words for sky, earth, dew, rain, &c., as to make them indicative of sex? Or, at any rate, must it not be admitted that an interpretation which, instead of assuming this habit to be "necessary," shows us how it results, thereby acquires an additional claim to acceptance? The interpretation I have indicated does this. If men and women are habitually nicknamed, and if defects of language lead their descendants to regard themselves as descendants of the things from which the names were taken, then masculine or feminine genders will be ascribed to these things according as the ancestors named after them were men or women. If a beautiful maiden known metaphorically as "the Dawn," afterwards becomes the mother of some distinguished chief called "the North Wind," it will result that when, in course of time, the two have been mistaken for the actual dawn and the actual north wind, these will, by implication, be respectively considered as male and female.

Looking now at the ancient myths in general, their seemingly most inexplicable trait is the habitual combination of alleged human ancestry and adventures, with the possession of personalities otherwise figuring in the heavens and on the earth, with totally non-human attributes. This enormous incongruity, not the exception but the rule, the current theory fails to explain. Suppose it to be granted that the great terrestrial and celestial objects and agents naturally become personalized; it does not follow that each of them shall have a specific human biography. To say of some star that he was the son of this king or that hero, was born in a particular place, and when grown up carried off the wife of a neighbouring chief, is a gratuitous multiplication of incongruities already sufficiently great; and is not accounted for by the alleged necessary personalization of abstract and collective nouns. As looked at from our present standpoint, however, such traditions become quite natural—nay, it is clear that they will necessarily arise. When a nickname has become a tribal name, it thereby ceases to be individually distinctive; and, as already said, the process of nicknaming inevitably continues. It commences afresh with each child; and the nickname of each child is both an individual name and a potential tribal name, which may become an actual tribal name if the individual is sufficiently celebrated. Usually, then, there is a double system of distinguishing the individual; under one of which he is known by his ancestral name, and under the other of which he is known by a name suggestive of something peculiar to himself: just as we have seen happens among the Scotch clans. Consider, now, what will result when language has reached a stage of development such that it can convey the notion of naming, and is able, therefore, to preserve traditions of human ancestry: the preservation of such traditions

being furthered by those corruptions of tribal names which render them no longer suggestive of the things they were derived from. It will result that the individual will be known both as the son of such and such a man by a mother whose name was so-and-so, and also as the Crab, or the Bear, or the Whirlwind,—supposing one of these to be his nickname. Such joint use of nicknames and proper names occurs in every school. Now, clearly, in advancing from the early state in which ancestors become identified with the objects they are nicknamed after, to the state in which there are proper names that have lost their metaphorical meanings, there must be passed through a state in which proper names, partially settled only, may or may not be preserved, and in which the new nicknames are still liable to be mistaken for actual names. Under such conditions there will arise (especially in the case of a distinguished man) this seemingly-impossible combination of human parentage with the possession of the non-human, or superhuman, attributes of the thing which gave the nickname. Another anomaly simultaneously disappears. The warrior may have, and often will have, a variety of complimentary nicknames—"the powerful one," "the destroyer," &c. Supposing his leading nickname has been the Sun, then when he comes to be identified by tradition with the sun, it will happen that the sun will acquire his alternative descriptive titles—the swift one, the lion, the wolf—titles not obviously appropriate to the sun, but quite appropriate to the warrior. Then there comes, too, an explanation of the remaining trait of such myths. When this identification of conspicuous persons, male and female, with conspicuous natural agents, has become settled, there will in due course arise interpretations of the actions of these agents in anthropomorphic terms. Suppose, for instance, that Endymion and Selene, metaphorically named, the one after the setting sun the other after the moon, have had their human individualities merged in those of the sun and moon, through misinterpretation of metaphors; what will happen? The legend of their loves having to be reconciled with their celestial appearances and motions, these will be spoken of as results of feeling and will; so that when the sun is going down in the west, while the moon in mid-heaven is following him, the fact will be expressed by saying,—“Selene loves and watches Endymion.” Thus we obtain a consistent explanation of the myth without distorting it; and without assuming that it contains gratuitous fictions. We are enabled to accept the biographical part of it, if not as literal fact, still as having had fact for its root. We are helped to see how, by an inevitable misinterpretation, there grew out of a more or less true tradition, this strange identification of its personages, with objects and powers totally non-human in their aspects. And then we are shown how, from

the attempt to reconcile in thought these contradictory elements of the myth, there arose the habit of ascribing the actions of these non-human things to human motives.

One further verification may be drawn from facts which are obstacles to the converse hypothesis. These objects and powers, celestial and terrestrial, which force themselves most on men's attention, have some of them several proper names, identified with those of different individuals, born at different places, and having different sets of adventures. Thus we have the sun variously known as Apollo, Endymion, Helios, Tithonos, &c.—personages having irreconcilable genealogies. Such anomalies Professor Max Müller apparently ascribes to the untrustworthiness of traditions, which are “careless about contradictions, or ready to solve them sometimes by the most atrocious expedients” (*Chips*, &c., vol. ii. p. 84). But if the evolution of the myth has been that above indicated, there exist no anomalies to be got rid of: these diverse genealogies become parts of the evidence. For we have abundant proof that the same objects furnish metaphorical names of men in different tribes. There are Duck tribes in Australia, in South America, in North America. The eagle is still a totem among the North Americans, as Mr. McLennan shows reason to conclude that it was among the Egyptians, among the Jews, and among the Romans. Obviously, for reasons that have been assigned, it naturally happened in the early stages of the ancient races, that complimentary comparisons of their heroes to the sun were frequently made. What resulted? The sun having furnished names for sundry chiefs and early founders of tribes, and local traditions having severally identified them with the sun, these tribes when they grew, spread, conquered, or came otherwise into partial union, originated a combined mythology, which necessarily contained conflicting stories about the sun-god, as about its other leading personages. If the North American tribes, among several of which there are traditions of a sun-god, had developed a combined civilisation, there would similarly have arisen among them a mythology which ascribed to the sun several different proper names and genealogies.

Let me briefly set down the leading characters of this hypothesis which give it probability.

True interpretations of all the natural processes, organic and inorganic, that have gone on in past times, habitually trace them to causes still in action. It is thus in Geology; it is thus in Biology; it is thus in Philology. Here we find this characteristic repeated. Nicknaming, the inheritance of nicknames, and, to some extent, the misinterpretation of nicknames, go among us still; and were surnames absent, language imperfect, and knowledge as rudi-

mentary as of old, it is tolerably manifest that results would arise like those we have contemplated.

A further characteristic of a true cause is that it accounts not only for the particular group of phenomena to be interpreted, but also for other groups. The cause here alleged does this. It equally well explains the worship of animals, of plants, of mountains, of winds, of celestial bodies, and even of appearances too vague to be considered entities. It gives us an intelligible genesis of fetichistic conceptions in general. It furnishes us with a reason for the practice, otherwise so unaccountable, of moulding the words applied to inanimate objects in such ways as to imply masculine and feminine genders. It shows us how there naturally arose the worship of compound animals, and of monsters half man half brute. And it shows us why the worship of purely anthropomorphic deities came later, when language had so far developed that it could preserve in tradition the distinction between proper names and nicknames.

A further verification of this view is, that it conforms to the general law of evolution: showing us how, out of one simple, vague, aboriginal form of belief, there have arisen, by continuous differentiations, the many heterogeneous forms of belief which have existed and do exist. The desire to propitiate the other self of the dead ancestor, displayed among savage tribes, dominantly manifested by the early historic races, by the Peruvians and Mexicans, by the Chinese at the present time, and to a considerable degree by ourselves (for what else is the wish to do that which a lately-deceased parent was known to have desired) has been the universal first form of religious belief; and from it have grown up the many divergent beliefs that have been referred to.

Let me add, as a further reason for adopting this view, that it immensely diminishes the apparently-great contrast between early modes of thought and our own mode of thought. Doubtless the aboriginal man differs considerably from us, both in intellect and feeling. But such an interpretation of the facts as helps us to bridge over the gap, derives additional likelihood from doing this. The hypothesis I have sketched out enables us to see that primitive ideas are not so gratuitously absurd as we suppose, and also enables us to rehabilitate the ancient myth with far less distortion than at first sight appears possible.

These views I hope to develop in the first part of *The Principles of Sociology*. The large mass of evidence which I shall be able to give in support of the hypothesis, joined with the solutions it will be shown to yield of many minor problems which I have passed over, will, I think, then give to it a still greater probability than it seems now to have.

HERBERT SPENCER.

THE POEMS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

WHEN fate has allowed to any man more than one great gift, accident or necessity seems usually to contrive that one shall encumber and impede the other. It has been thought, rightly or wrongly, that even the work done by such supreme men as Michel Angelo and Leonardo was impaired on this hand or on that by the various and eager impatience of genius which impelled them alternately along diverging lines of life and labour. Be that as it may, there is no room to doubt that such a double-natured genius as was theirs lies open to a double kind of attack from the rancorous tribe of weaklings and dullards. The haters of either light or of any may say that there cannot be sunlight and moonlight in the same sky; that a double-gifted nature must be powerless to beget as to bear, sterile by excess of organs as by defect, "like that sweet marble monster of both sexes" beloved of Shelley as of Gautier: that the time and ardour of spirit and of hand spent on this way of work must be so much lost to that other way; that on neither course can the runner of a double race attain the goal, but must needs in both races alike be caught up and resign his torch to a runner with a single aim. Candid envy and judicious ignorance will mutually concede something; the one, that he might have won the foot-race had he let the horse-race be; the other, that he might have ridden in first had he never tried his luck afoot. That assurance refreshes with the restorative of a false consolation the runners who fell impotent at starting or dropped lame at the turning-point. Hateful as the winner of a single prize must be to them, how can they bear—if shutting their eyes will save them the sight—to behold the coronation of the conqueror in all five heats? Nevertheless they have now and then to bear it as they may: though some take side with them who should know better, having won each a single crown in his own field, and being loth to admit that in that field at least they can be distanced by the best man in another.

In every generation that takes any heed of the art, the phrase of "greatest living poet," or (with a difference of reservation) "first of his age and country," is flung about freely and foolishly enough: but if more than mere caprice—be it caprice of culture or caprice of ignorance—is to go to the making up of the definition, we must decide what qualities are of first necessity for the best poet, and proceed to try how far the claimant can be surely said to possess them. Variety is a rare and high quality, but poets of the first order have had little or none of it; witness Keats and Coleridge; men otherwise

greater than these have had much, and yet have fallen far short of the final place among poets held by these; witness Byron and Scott. But in all great poets there must be an ardent harmony, a heat of spiritual life, guiding without constraining the bodily grace of motion, which shall give charm and power to their least work; sweetness that cannot be weak and force that will not be rough. There must be an instinct and a resolution of excellence which will allow no shortcoming or malformation of thought or word: there must also be so natural a sense of right as to make any such deformity or defect impossible, and leave upon the work done no trace of any effort to avoid or to achieve. It must be serious, simple, perfect; and it must be thus by evident and native impulse. The mark of painstaking as surely lowers the level of style as any sign of negligence; in the best work there must be no trace of a laborious or a languid hand.

In all these points the style of Mr. Rossetti excels that of any English poet of our day. It has the fullest fervour and fluency of impulse, and the impulse is always towards harmony and perfection. It has the inimitable note of instinct, and the instinct is always high and right. It carries weight enough to overbear the style of a weaker man, but no weight of thought can break it, no subtlety of emotion attenuate, no ardour of passion deface. It can breathe unvexed in the finest air and pass unsinged through the keenest fire; it has all the grace of perfect force and all the force of perfect grace. It is sinuous as water or as light; flexible and penetrative, delicate and rapid; it works on its way without halt or jar or collapse. And in plain strength and weight of sense and sound these faultless verses exceed those of faultier workmen who cover their effects by their defects; who attain at times and by fits to some memorable impression of thought upon speech, and speech upon memory, at the cost generally of inharmonious and insufficient work. No such coarse or cheap stuff is here used as a ground to set off the rich surprises of casual ornament and intermittent embroidery. The woof of each poem is perfect, and the flowers that flash out from it seem not so much interwoven with the thread of it or set in the soil, as grown and sprung by mere nature from the ground, under the inevitable rains and sunbeams of the atmosphere which bred them.

It is said sometimes that a man may have a strong and perfect style who has nothing to convey worth conveyance under cover of it. This is indeed a favourite saying of men who have no words in which to convey the thoughts which they have not; of men born dumb, who express by grunts and chokes the inexpressible eloquence which is not in them, and would fain seem to labour in miscarriage of ideas which they have never conceived. But it remains for them to prove as well as assert that beauty and power of expression can accord with emptiness or sterility of matter, or that impotence of

articulation must imply depth and wealth of thought. This flattering unction the very foolishhest of malignants will hardly in this case be able to lay upon the corrosive sore which he calls his soul: the ulcer of ill-will must rot unrelieved by the rancid ointment of such fiction. Hardly could a fool here or a knave there fail to see or hope to deny the fullness of living thought and subtle strength of nature underlying this veil of radiant and harmonious words.

It is on the other side that attack might be looked for from the more ingenious enemies of good work: and of these there was never any lack. Much of Mr. Rossetti's work is so intense in aim, so delicate and deep in significance, so exuberant in offshoot and undergrowth of sentiment and thought, that even the sweet lucidity and steady current of his style may not suffice to save it from the charges of darkness and difficulty. He is too great a master of speech to incur the blame of hard or tortuous expression; and his thought is too sound and pure to be otherwise dark than as a deep well-spring at noon may be, even where the sun is strongest and the water brightest. In its furthest depth there is nothing of weed or of mud; whatever of haze may seem to quiver there is a web of the sun's spinning, a web not of woven darkness but of molten light. But such work as this can be neither unwoven nor recast by any process of analysis. The infinite depth and wealth of life which breathes and plays among these songs and sonnets cannot be parcelled and portioned out for praise or comment. This "House of Life" has in it so many mansions, so many halls of state and bowers of music, chapels for worship and chambers for festival, that no guest can declare on a first entrance the secret of its scheme. Spirit and sense together, eyesight and hearing and thought, are absorbed in splendour of sounds and glory of colours distinguishable only by delight. But the scheme is solid and harmonious; there is no waste in this luxury of genius: the whole is lovelier than its loveliest part. Again and again may one turn the leaves in search of some one poem or some two which may be chosen for sample and thanksgiving; but there is no choice to be made. Sonnet is poured upon sonnet, and song hands on the torch to song; and each in turn (as another poet has said of the lark's note falling from the height of dawn)

"Rings like a golden jewel down a golden stair."

There are no poems of the class in English—I doubt if there be any even in Dante's Italian—so rich at once and pure. Their golden affluence of images and jewel-coloured words never once disguises the firm outline, the justice and chastity of form. No nakedness could be more harmonious, more consummate in its fleshly sculpture, than the imperial array and ornament of this august poetry. Mailed in gold as of the morning and girdled with gems of strange water, the

beautiful body as of a carven goddess gleams through them tangible and taintless, without spot or default. There is not a jewel here but it fits, not a beauty but it subserves an end. There seems no story in this sequence of sonnets, yet they hold in them all the action and passion of a spiritual history with tragic stages and elegiac pauses and lyric motions of the living soul. Their earnest subtleties and exquisite ardours recall to mind the sonnets of Shakespeare; poems in their way unapproachable, and here in no wise imitated. Shakespeare's have at times a far more passionate and instant force, a sharper note of delight or agony or mystery, fear, or desire or remorse—a keener truth and more pungent simpleness of sudden phrase, with touches of sound and flashes of light beyond all reach; Mr. Rossetti's have a nobler fullness of form, a more stately and shapely beauty of build: they are of a purer and less turbid water than the others are at times, and not less fervent when more serene than they; the subject-matter of them is sweet throughout, natural always and clear, however intense and fine in remote and delicate intricacy of spiritual stuff. There is nothing here which may not be felt by any student who can grasp the subtle sense of it in full, as a just thing and admirable, fit for the fellowship of men's feelings; if men, indeed, have in them enough of noble fervour and loving delicacy, enough of truth and warmth in the blood and breath of their souls, enough of brain and heart for such fellow-feeling. For something of these they must have to bring with them who would follow the radiant track of this verse through brakes of flowers and solitudes of sunlight, past fountains hidden under green bloom of leaves, beneath roof-work of moving boughs where song and silence are one music. All passion and regret and strenuous hope and fiery contemplation, all beauty and glory of thought and vision, are built into this golden house where the life that reigns is love; the very face of sorrow is not cold or withered, but has the breath of heaven between its fresh live lips and the light of pure sweet blood in its cheeks; there is a glow of summer on the red leaves of its regrets and the starry frost-flakes of its tears. Resignation and fruition, forethought and afterthought, have one voice to sing with in many keys of spirit. A more bitter sweetness of sincerity was never pressed into verse than beats and burns here under the veil and girdle of glorious words; there are no poems anywhere of more passionate meditation or vision more intense than those on "Lost Days," "Vain Virtues," "The Sun's Shame;" none of more godlike grace and sovereign charm than those headed "New-born Death," "A Superscription," "A Dark Day," "Known in Vain," "The One Hope;" and of all splendid and profound love-poetry, what is there more luminous or more deep in sense and spirit than the marvellous opening cycle of twenty-six sonnets, which embrace and express all sorrow and all joy of passion in union, of outer love and inner, triumphant or dejected or piteous or at peace?

No one, till he has read these, knows all of majesty and melody, all of energy and emotion, all of supple and significant loveliness, all of tender cunning and exquisite strength, which our language can show at need in proof of its powers and uses. The birth of love, his eucharistic presence, his supreme vision, his utter union in flesh and spirit, the secret of the sanctuary of his heart, his louder music and his lower, his graver and his lighter seasons ; all work of love and all play, all dreams and devices of his memory and his belief, all fuller and emptier hours from the first which longs for him to the last which loses, all change of lights from his mid-day to his moonrise, all his foreknowledge of evil things and good, all glad and sad hours of his night-watches, all the fear and ardour which feels and fights against the advent of his difference and dawn of his division, all agonies and consolations that embitter and allay the wounds of his mortal hour ; the pains of breach and death, the songs and visions of the wilderness of his penance, the wood of desolation made beautiful and bitter by the same remembrance, haunted by shadows of the same hours for sorrow and for solace, and, beyond all, the light of the unaccomplished hour which missed its chance in one life to meet it in another, where the sundered spirits revive into reunion ; all these things are here done into words and sung into hearing of men as they never were till now. With a most noble and tender power all forms and colours of the world without are touched and drawn into service of the spirit ; and this with no ingenious abuse of imagery or misuse of figures, but with such gracious force of imagination that they seem to offer voluntary service. What interlude more radiant than that of the "Portrait," more gracious and joyous than the "Love-Letter," more tender than the remembered "Birth-Bond," more fervent than the memorial "Day of Love," more delicate than the significance of "Love's Baubles," more deep and full than the bitter-sweet "Life-in-Love," more soft in spiritual shade of changeful colour than "The Love-Moon," more subtly solemn in tragic and triumphant foresight than "The Morrow's Message," more ardent with finer fires and more tremulous with keener senses than the sonnets of parting, than "Broken Music," or "Death-in-Love," ever varied the high delight of verse, the sublime sustention of choral poetry through the length of an imperial work ? In the sonnet called "Love-Sweetness" there is the very honey of pure passion, the expression and essence of its highest thought and wisdom ; and in that called "He and I," the whole pain and mystery of growing change. Even Shelley never expressed the inmost sense and mighty heart of music as this poet has done in "The Monochord." There are no lyrics in our lyrical English tongue of sweeter power than the least of these which follow the sonnets. The "Song of the Bower" is sublime by sheer force of mere beauty ; the sonorous fluctuation of its measure,

a full tide under a full moon, of passion lit and led by memory to and fro beneath fiery and showery skies of past and future, has such depth and weight in its moving music that the echo of it is as a sea-shell in the mind's ear for ever. Observe the glorious change of note from the delicate colour of the second stanza to the passionate colour of the third; the passage from soft bright symbols to the actual fire of vision and burning remembrance; from the shelter of soul under soul and mirror of tears wherein heart sees heart, to the grasp and glow of

"Large lovely arms and a neck like a tower"

growing incarnate upon the sight of memory: and again to the deep dim witness and warning, the foresight and regret which lighten and darken the ways of coming life. This is perhaps, for style at once ample and simple, the noblest song of all; yet it is but one of many noble. Among these others I find none which clings by itself so long and close to the mind as one outside their circle—the song of the sea-beach, called "Even So;" it dies out with a suppressed sigh like the last breath or heartbeat of a yearning weak-winged wind. "A Little While" is heavy with all the honey of foretasted sorrow, sweeter in its aftertaste than the joy resigned, with a murmur beyond music in its speech. The perfect pity of the two last lines has the touch on it of plain truth and patience;

"I'll tell thee when the end is come
How we may best forget."

In "Plighted Promise" and "Love-Lily" the white flame of delight breathes and trembles in a subtler air, with a sure and faultless charm of motion. I like the first stanza of "Sudden Light" better than the second and third, admirably as they are fashioned and set to the music of the thought: they have less seeming effusion of an insuppressible sense; and the touches of colour and odour and sound in it are almost too fine in their harmony to be matched with any later. There is not a more delicate note of magic nature in these poems. The tremulous ardour of "Penumbra" is another witness to the artist's mastery of hand; the finest nerves of life are finely touched; the quiver and ache of soul and senses to which all things are kindled and discoloured by half morbid lights of emotion give a burning pulse of melody to the verses. The same fear or doubt which here is attired in fancies of feverish beauty finds gentler utterance, again outside this circle, in "A New Year's Burden;" the tone and colour have always a fresh and sure harmony. Four poems in a different key from such songs are "The Sea-Limits," "A Young Fir-Wood," "The Honeysuckle," "The Woodspurge;" not songs, but studies of spirit and thought, concrete and perfect. The first of these has the solemn weight and depth in it of living water, and a sound like the speech of

the sea when the wind is silent. The very¹ note of that world-old harmony is caught and cast into words.

“Consider the sea’s listless chime :
Time’s self it is, made audible :
The murmur of the earth’s own shell.”

This little verse also has the

“Secret continuance sublime”

which “is the sea’s end ;” it too is a living thing with an echo beyond reach of the sense, its chord of sound one part of the multiform unity of mutual inclusion in which all things rest and mix ; like the sigh of the shaken shell, it utters “the same desire and mystery” as earth through its woods, and water through its waves, and man through his multitudes : it too has in it a breath of the life immeasurable and imperishable. The other three of these studies have something of the same air and flavour : their keen truthfulness and subtle sincerity touch the same springs and kindle the same pulses of thought. The passionate accuracy of sense half blunted and half whetted by obsession and possession of pain is given in “The Woodspurge” with a bitterly beautiful exactitude.

In all the glorious poem built up of all these poems there is no great quality more notable than the sweet and sovereign unity of perfect spirit and sense, of fleshly form and intellectual fire. This Muse is as the woman praised in the divine words of the poet himself,

“Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought,
Nor Love her body from her soul.”

And if not love, how then should judgment ? for love and judgment must be one in those who would look into such high and lovely things. No scrutiny can distinguish nor sentence divorce the solid spiritual truth from the bodily beauty of the poem, the very and visible soul from the dazzling veil and vesture of fair limbs and features. There has been no work of the same pitch attempted since Dante sealed up his youth in the sacred leaves of the “Vita Nuova ;” and this poem of his namechild and translator is a more various and mature work of kindred genius and spirit.

Other parts of his work done here have upon them the more instant sign of that sponsor and master of his mind ; there is a special and delicate savour of personal interest in the sonnet on the “darkness” of Dante, sacred to the fame of a father made again illustrious in his children, which will be cherished with a warm reverence by all heedful students. The poem of “Dante at Verona” stands apart among the rest with a crown on it of the like consecration, as perhaps the loftiest monument of all raised by the devotion of a race of genius for two generations of

noble work and love. All incidents and traditions of the great poet's exile are welded together in fusion of ardent verse to forge a memorial as of carven gold. The pure plain ease and force of narrative style melt now and then into the fire of a sad rapture, a glory of tragedy lighting the whole vision as with a funereal and triumphal torch. Even the words of that letter in which Dante put away from him the base conditions of return—words matchless among all that ever a poet found to speak for himself, except only by those few supreme words in which Milton replied to the mockers of his blindness—even these are worthily recast in the mould of English verse by the might and cunning of this workman's hand. Witness the original set against his version.

"Non est hæc via redeundi ad patriam, Pater mi; sed si alia per vos aut deinde per alios invenietur, quæ famæ Dantis atque honori non deroget, illam non lentis passibus acceptabo. Quod si per nullam talem Florentia introitur, nunquam Florentiam introibo. Quidni? nonne solis astrorumque specula ubique conspiciam? Nonne dulcissimas veritates potero speculari ubique sub oculo, ni prius inglorium, immo ignominiosum, populo Florentinæque civitati me reddam?—Quippe nec panis deficiet."

So wrote Dante in 1316; now partly rendered into English to this effect:—

"That since no gate led, by God's will,
To Florence, but the one whereat
The priests and money-changers sat,
He still would wander: for that still,
Even through the body's prison bars,
His soul possessed the sun and stars."

These and the majestic lines which follow them as comment have the heart of that letter in them; the letter which we living now cannot read without the sense of a double bitterness and sweetness in its sacred speech, so lamentably and so gloriously applicable to the loftiest heir of Dante's faith and place; of his faith as patriot, of his place as exile. It seems that the same price is still fixed for them to pay who have to buy with it the inheritance of sun and stars and the sweetest truths, and all generations of time, and the love and thanks and passionate remembrance of all faithful men for ever.

This poem is sustained throughout at the fit height with the due dignity; nothing feeble or jarring disturbs its equality of exultation. The few verses of bitter ardour which brand as a prostitute the commonweal which has become a common wrong—the common goddess deformed into a common harlot—show a force of indignant imagination worthy of a great poetic satirist, of Byron and Hugo in their worst wrath. The brief pictures of the courtly life at Verona between women and rhymesters, jester and priests, have a living outline and colour; and the last words have the weight in them of time's own sentence:—

"Eat and wash hands, Can Grande ; scarce
We know their names now ; hands which fed
Our Dante with that bitter bread,
And thou the watch-dog of those stairs
Which, of all paths his feet knew well,
Were steeper found than heaven or hell."

No words could more fitly wind up the perfect web of the poem in which throughout the golden thread of Dante's own thought, the hidden light of his solitude at intervals between court-play and justice-work, gleams now and again at each turn of the warp till we feel as though a new remnant of that great spirit's leaving had been vouchsafed us.

Another poem bearing the national mark upon it may be properly named with this, the "Last Confession." Its tragic hold of truth and grasp of passion make it worthy to bear witness to the writer's inheritance of patriotic blood and spirit. Its literal dramatic power of detail and composition is a distinctive test of his various wealth and energy of genius. This great gift of positive reality, here above all things requisite, was less requisite elsewhere, and could not have been shown to exist by any proof derivable from his other poems ; though to any student of his designs and pictures the admirable union of this inventive fidelity to whatever of fact is serviceable to the truth of art, with the infinite affluence and gracious abundance of imagination, must be familiar enough ; the subtle simplicity of perception which keeps sight always of ideal likelihood and poetical reason is as evident in his most lyrical and fanciful paintings as in Giorgione's or Carpaccio's. Without the high instinct and fine culture of this quality such a poem as we now have in sight could not have been attempted. The plain heroism of noble naked nature and coherent life is manifest from the first delicate detail to the last. The simple agony of memory inflames every line with native colour. A boyish patriot in hiding from the government finds a child forsaken in time of famine by her parents, saves and supports her sets his heart towards hers more and more with the growth of years, to find at last the taint upon her of a dawning shame, of indifference and impurity—the hard laugh of a harlot on her lips, and in her bearing the dull contempt of a harlot for love and memory. Stabbed and stung through by this sudden show of the snake's fang as it turns upon the hand which cherished it, he slays her ; and even in his hour of martyrdom, dying of wounds taken in a last fight for Italy, is haunted by the lovely face and unlovely laugh of the girl he had put out of reach of shame. But the tender truth and grace, the living heat and movement of the tragedy through every detail, the noble choice and use of incident, make out of this plain story a poem beyond price. Upon each line of drawing there has been laid the strong and loving hand of a great artist, and specially a supreme

painter of fair women. In the study of the growing girl the glories of sculpture and painting are melted into one, and every touch does divine service ;

“ The underlip
Sucked in as if it strove to kiss itself ;”

the pale face “ as when one stoops over wan water ;” the “ deep-serried locks,” the rounded clinging finger-tips, and great eyes faint with passion or quivering with hidden springs of mirth,

“ As when a bird flies low
Between the water and the willow-leaves,
And the shade quivers till he wins the light.”

In what poet's work shall we find a touch of more heavenly beauty, and nobler union of truth and charm ? and in what painter's a statelier and sweeter mastery of nature than here ?

“ Her body bore her neck as the tree's stem
Bears the top branch : and as the branch sustains
The flower of the year's pride, her high neck bore
Her face made wonderful with night and day.”

The purest pathos of all is in the little episode of the broken figure of Love, given to the child by her preserver, and the wound of its dart on her hand ; nothing in conception or in application could be tenderer or truer ; nothing more glorious in its horror than the fancy of heaven changing at its height before the very face of a spirit in paradise, with no reflection of him left on it :

“ Like a pool that once gave back
Your image, but now drowns it, and is clear
Again ; or like a sun bewitched, that burns
Your shadow from you, and still shines in sight.”

Admirable as it is throughout for natural and moral colour, the poem is completed and crowned for eternity by the song set on the front of it as a wreath on a bride's hair, of which I can hardly say whether the Italian or the English form be the more divine. The miraculous faculty of transfusion which enables the cupbearer to pour this wine of verse from the golden into the silver cup without spilling was never before given to man. All Mr. Rossetti's translations bear the same evidence of a power not merely beyond reach but beyond attempt of other artists in language. Wonderful as is the proof of it shown by his versions of Dante and his fellows, of Villon's and other ballad-songs of old France, the capacity of recasting in English an Italian poem of his own seems to me more wonderful ; and what a rare and subtle piece of work has been done here, they only can appreciate who have tried carefully and failed utterly to refashion in one language a song thrown off in another. This is the kind of test which stamps the supremacy of an artist,

answering in poetry to the subtlest successes of the same hand in painting. Whether or not there be now living a master in colours who can match the peculiar triumphs of its touch, there is assuredly no master in words. The melodies of these in their Italian form can never die out of the ear and heart they have once pierced with their keen and sovereign sweetness. This song would suffice to redeem the whole story from the province of pain, even though the poet had not left upon us the natural charm of that hope which comes in with death, that the woman grown hard and bad was indeed no less a lie, an error, a spectral show, than the laughing ghost of her forged by bodily pain and recollection.

By this poem we may set for contrast, in witness of the artist's clear wide scope of work and power, the "Burden of Nineveh;" a study of pure thought and high meditation, perhaps for sovereignty of language and strong grasp of spirit the greatest of his poems. The contemplation that brings forth such fruit should be a cherub indeed, having wings and eyes as an eagle's. The solemn and splendid metre, if I mistake not, is a new instrument of music for English hands. In those of its fashioner it makes harmonies majestic as any note of the heights or depths of natural sound. No highest verse can excel the mighty flow and chiming force of its continuous modulation, bearing on foamless waves of profound song its flock of winged thoughts and embodied visions. We hear in it as it were for once the sound of time's soundless feet, feel for once the beat of his unfelt wings in their passage through unknown places, and centuries without form and void. Echoes and gleams come with it from "the dark backward and abysm" of dateless days; a sighing sound from the graves of gods, a wind through the doors of death which opened on the early world. The surviving shadow of the Bull-God is as the shadow of death on past and passing ages, visible and recognisable by the afterlight of thought. Of the harmonious might and majesty of imagination which sustains the "speculative and active instrument" of song, we might take as separate samples the verses on its old days of worship from kings and queens, of light from lamps of prayer or fires of ruin; on the elder and later gods confused with its confusion, "all relics here together;" on the cities that rose and fell before the city of its worshippers; of their desolation and its own in the days of Christ. The stanza on the vision of the temptation has a glory on it as of Milton's work:—

"The day when he, Pride's lord and man's,
Shewed all earth's kingdoms at a glance
To Him before whose countenance
The years recede, the years advance,
And said, 'Fall down and worship me:—
'Mid all the pomp beneath his look
Then stirred there, haply, some rebuke

Where to the wind the salt pools shook,
 And in those tracts, of life forsook,
 That knew thee not, O Nineveh !”

And what more august and strenuous passion of thought was ever clothed in purple of more imperial speech than consummates and concludes the poem ? as, dreaming of a chance by which in the far future this God, found again a relic in a long-ruined city, might be taken for the God of its inhabitants, the thinker comes to find in it indeed “the God of this world” and no dead idol, but a living deity and very present strength ; having wings, but not to fly with ; and eyes, but not to look up with ; bearing a written witness and a message engraved of which he knows not, and cannot read it ; crowned, but not for honour ; brow-bound with a royal sign, of oppression only and contraction ; firm of foot, but resting the weight of its trust on clay :—

“ O Nineveh, was this thy God,
 Thine also, mighty Nineveh ?”

A certain section of Mr. Rossetti's work as poet and as painter may be classed under the head of sacred art : and this section comprises much of his most exquisite and especial work. Its religious quality is singular and personal in kind ; we cannot properly bracket it with any other workman's. The fire of feeling and imagination which feeds it is essentially Christian, and is therefore formally and spiritually Catholic. It has nothing of rebellious Protestant personality, nothing of the popular compromise of sentiment which, in the hybrid jargon of a school of hybrids, we may call liberalized Christianity. The influence which plainly has passed over the writer's mind, attracting it as by charm of sound or vision, by spell of colour or of dream, towards the Christian forms and images, is in the main an influence from the mythologic side of the creed. It is from the sandbanks of tradition and poetry that the sacred sirens have sung to this seafarer. This divides him at once from the passionate evangelists of positive belief and from the artists upon whom no such influence has fallen in any comparable degree. There are two living and leading writers of high and diverse genius whom any student of their work—utterly apart as their ways of work lie—may and must, without prejudice or presumption, assume to hold fast, with a force of personal passion, the radical tenet of Christian faith. It is as difficult for a reasonable reader to doubt the actual and positive adherence to Christian doctrine of the Protestant thinker as of the Catholic priest ; to doubt that faith in Christ as God—a tough, hard, vital faith which can bear at need hard stress of weather and hard thought—dictated “A Death in the Desert” or “Christmas Eve and Easter Day,” as to doubt that it dictated the “Apologia” or “Dream of Gerontius :” though neither in the personal creed set forth by Mr. Browning, nor in the clerical

creed delivered by Dr. Newman, do we find apparent or flagrant—however they may lurk, tacit and latent, in the last logical expression of either man's theories—the viler forms and more hideous outcomes of Christianity, its more brutal aspects and deadlier consequences; a happy default due rather to nobility of instinct than to ingenuity of evasion. Now the sacred art of Mr. Rossetti, for all its Christian colouring, has actually no more in common with the spirit of either than it has with the semi-Christianity of “*In Memoriam*” or the demi-semi-Christianity of “*Dipsychus*.” It has no trace, on the other hand, of the fretful and fruitless prurience of soul which would fain grasp and embrace and enjoy a creed beyond its power of possession; no letch after Gods dead or unborn, such as vexes the weaker nerves of barren brains, and makes pathetic the vocal lips of sorrowing scepticism and “doubt that deserves to believe.” As little can it be likened to another form of bastard belief, another cross-breed between faith and unfaith, which has been fostered in ages of doubt; a ghost raised rather by fear than love; by fear of a dead God as judge, than by love of a dead God as comforter. The hankering and restless habit of half fearful retrospect towards the unburied corpses of old creeds which, as we need not Shelley's evidence to know, infected the spiritual life and disturbed the intellectual force of Byron, is a mirage without attraction for this traveller; that spiritual calenture of Christianity is a sickness unknown to his soul; nor has he ever suffered from the distemper of minds fretted and worried by gnatstings and fleabites of belief and unbelief till the whole lifeblood of the intellect is enfeebled and inflamed. In a later poet, whose name as yet is far enough from inscription on the canonical roll of converts, there was some trace of a seeming recrudescence of faith not unlike yet not like Byron's. The intermittent Christian reaction apparently perceptible in Baudelaire was more than half of it mere repulsion from the philanthropic optimism of sciologists in whose eyes the whole aim or mission of things is to make the human spirit finally comfortable. Contempt of such facile free-thinking, still more easy than free, took in him at times the form of apparent reversion to cast creeds; as though the spirit should seek a fiery refuge in the good old hell of the faithful from the watery new paradise of liberal theosophy and ultimate amiability of all things.¹ Alone among the higher artists of his age, Mr. Rossetti has felt and given the mere physical charm of Christianity, with no admixture of doctrine or of doubt. Here as in other things he belongs,

(1) It is remarkable that Baudelaire always kept in mind that Christianity, like other religions which have a broad principle of popular life in them, was not and could not be a creature of philanthropy or philotheism, but of church and creed; and this gives its peculiar savour and significance to the Christian infusion in some of his poems; for such recollection is too rare in an age and country where semi-Christian sentiment runs loose and babbles aloud.

if to any school at all, to that of the great Venetians. He takes the matter in hand with the thorough comprehension of Tintoretto or Veronese, with their thorough subjection of creed and history to the primary purpose of art and proper bearing of a picture. He works after the manner of Titian painting his Assumption with an equal hand whether the girl exalted into goddess be Mary or Ariadne: but his instinct is too masterly for any confusion or discord of colours; and hence comes the spiritual charm and satisfaction of his sacred art. In this class of his poems the first place and the fairest palm belong to the "Blessed Damozel." This paradisaical poem, "sweeter than honey or the honeycomb," has found a somewhat further echo than any of its early fellows, and is perhaps known where little else is known of its author's. The sweet intense impression of it must rest for life upon all spirits that ever once received it into their depths, and hold it yet as a thing too dear and fair for praise or price. Itself the flower of a splendid youth, it has the special charm for youth of fresh first work and opening love; "the dew of its birth is of the womb of the morning;" it has the odour and colour of cloudless air, the splendour of an hour without spot. The divine admixtures of earth which humanize its heavenly passion have the flavour and bloom upon them of a maiden beauty, the fine force of a pure first sunrise. No poem shows more plainly the strength and wealth of the workman's lavish yet studious hand. One sample in witness of this wealth, and in evidence of the power of choice and persistent search after perfection which enhance its price, may be cited; though no petal should be plucked out of this mystic rose for proof of its fragrance. The two final lines of the stanza describing the secret shrine of God have been reformed; and the form first given to the world is too fair to be wholly forgotten:—

" Whose lamps tremble continually
With prayer sent up to God,
*And where each need, revealed, expects
Its patient period.*"

Wonderful though the beauty may be of the new imagination, that the spirits standing there at length will see their "old prayers, granted, melt each like a little cloud," there is so sweet a force in the cancelled phrase that some students might grudge the loss, and feel that, though a diamond may have supplanted it, a ruby has been plucked out of the golden ring. Nevertheless, the complete circlet shines now with a more solid and flawless excellence of jewels and of setting. The sweetness and pathos and gracious radiance of the poem have been praised by those who have not known or noted all the noble care spent on it in rejection and re-arrangement of whatever was crude or lax in the first cast; but the breadth and sublimity which ennoble its brightness and beauty of fancies are yet worthier

of note than these. What higher imagination can be found in modern verse than this?

"From the fixed place of heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds."

This grandeur of scale and sweep of spirit give greatness of style to poetry, as well as sweetness and brightness. These qualities, together with the charm of fluent force and facile power, are apparent in all Mr. Rossetti's work; but its height of pitch and width of scope give them weight and price beyond their own.

Another poem, based like this on the Christian sentiment of woman-worship, is worthy of a place next it. In the hymn headed "Ave," the finest passage is that on the life of the Virgin after the death of Christ; a subject handled by the painter as well as by the poet. Indeed, of the two versions, that in colour is even the lovelier and more memorable to all who may have seen it for gentle glory of treatment—for the divine worn face of the Mother, seen piteously sacred in the light struck by the beloved disciple, as the thick purple twilight steeping the city roofs and the bare hill-side which saw the stations of the cross fills with pale coloured shadows the still small chamber where she sits at work for her Son's poor. The soft fervour and faultless keeping of the poem give it that final grace of a complete unity of spirit and style which is the seal of sacred art at its highest.

No choicer sample of Mr. Rossetti's delicate mastery of language—of his exquisite manner of speech, subtle and powerful and pliant to all necessities of thought—can be found than the verses invoking Love as the god of sleep to guide the shadow of the lover who invokes him to the dreams of the woman beloved. The grace of symbol and type in the poem have something of the passionate refinement of Shelley's. There are many several lines and turns of phrase in this brief space of which any least one would suffice to decide the rank of a poet: and the fine purity of its passion gives just colour enough to the clouds and music enough to the murmurs of the deep dreamland in which it moves.

With this poem we may class one sadder and as sweet, "The Stream's Secret;" the thread of thought is so fine, yet woven into so full a web of golden fancies and glowing dreams, that few will follow it at first sight; but when once unwound and rewoven by the reader's study of it, he will see the whole force and beauty of all its many by-way beauties and forces.

The highest form of ballad requires from a poet at once narrative power, lyrical, and dramatic; it must hold in fusion these three faculties at once, or fail of its mark: it must condense the large loose fluency of romantic tale-telling into tight and intense brevity; it

must give as in summary the result and extract of events and emotions, without the exhibition of their gradual change and growth which a romance of the older type or the newer must lay open to us in order; it must be swifter of step and sharper of stroke than any form of poetry. The writer of a first-rate tragic ballad must be yet more select in his matter and terse in his treatment of what he selects from the heap of possible incident, than Chaucer in the compilation of his "Knight's Tale" from the epic romance of Boccaccio, or Morris in the sculpture of his noble master-poem, "The Lovers of Gudrun," from the unhewn rock of a half-formed history or a half-grown legend. Ballads have been cut out of such poems as these, even as they were carven out of shapeless chronicles. There can be no pause in a ballad, and no excess; nothing that flags, nothing that overflows; there must be no waste of a word or a minute in the course of its rapid and fiery motion. Even in our affluent ballad literature there is no more triumphant sample of the greatness that may be won by a poem on these conditions than we find in the ballad of "Sister Helen." The tragic music of its measure, the swift yet solemn harmonies of dialogue and burden, hold in extract the very heart of a tragedy, the burning essence distilled from "Hate born of Love, and blind as he." Higher effect was never wrought out of the old traditions of witchcraft; though the manner of sorcery here treated be one so well known as the form of destroying a man by melting a waxen effigy of him before a continuous flame for the space of three days and nights, after which the dissolution of the fleshly body keeps time to a minute with that of the waxen. A girl forsaken by her high-born lover turns to sorcery for help in her revenge on him; and with the end of the third day come three suppliants, the father and the brothers of the betrayer, to whom he has shown the secret of his wasting agony, if haply they may bring him back, not life, but forgiveness at her hands. Dying herself of anguish with him and with the molten figure of her making, she will remit nothing of her great revenge; body and soul of both shall perish in one fourfold death: and her answers pass, ever more and more bitter and ardent, through the harmless mouthpiece of a child. How the tragic effect is enforced and thrown out into fiery relief by this intervention of the boy-brother it needs no words, where none would be adequate, to say. I account this one of the artist's very highest reaches of triumphant poetry; he has but once in this book matched it for pathos, and but once for passion: for pathos in "Jenny," for passion in "Eden Bower." It is out of all sight or thought of comparison the greatest ballad in modern English; next to it, among the attempts in that way of living Englishmen, I should class Mr. George Meredith's pathetic and splendid poem of "Margaret's Bridal-Eve."

There is exquisite grace of colour and sweetness in "The Staff and Scrip," with passages that search and sound pure depths of sentiment, and with interludes of perfect drawing; witness the sweet short study of the Queen sitting by her loom: but the air of the poem is too remote and refined for any passionate interest.

The landscape of "Stratton Water" is as vivid and thorough as any ballad can show; but some may wish it had been more or less of a compromise in style between old and new: it is now a study after the old manner too close to be no closer. It is not meant for a perfect and absolute piece of work in the old Border fashion, such as were those glorious rescripts, full of the fiery ease which is the life of such poetry, which Surtees of Mainsforth passed off even upon Scott as genuine; and yet it is so far a copy that it seems hardly well to have gone so far and no further. On this ground Mr. Morris has a firmer tread than the great artist by the light of whose genius and kindly guidance he put forth the firstfruits of his work, as I did afterwards. In his first book the ballad of "Welland River," the Christmas carol in "The Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," and that other, his most beautiful carol, printed with music in a volume of sacred verse, are examples of flawless work in the pure early manner. Any less absolute and decisive revival of mediæval form by inspiration of returning lifeblood and measured breath of life into the exact type and mould of ancient art rouses some sense of failure by excess or default of resemblance. This positive note of the past is not quite caught here, and the note struck is too like it to take its place without discord.

There is a singular force and weight of impression in the "Card Dealer" which give it a distinct and eminent place among these lesser poems. The sharpness of symbol and solidity of incarnation with which the idea is invested bring it so close to us that the mere type itself assumes, as it were, a bodily interest over and above its spirit and significance; and the tragic colour and mystic movement of the poem are fitted to the dim splendour and vague ardour of life in it: whether the dealer be fortune or passion or ambition, pleasure or fame or any desire of man's, we see her mistress of the game in that world of shadows and echoes which is hers if ours. Without the date appended, we might have guessed that the little cabinet poem called "My Sister's Sleep" was an early study. It has the freshness and clearness of first youth, with something of the hardness of growing outlines; the bodily form of verse has not yet learnt to melt and flow by instinct into the right way; yet with this slight sharpness and crudity there is a grace of keen sincerity and direct force, which gives proof of no student's hand, but a workman's recognisable as born into the guild of masters. The fourth and three following stanzas have a brightness and intensity of truth, a fine and tender

vigour of sentiment, admirable at any age; and the last have an instant weight of pathos and clear accuracy of beauty, full of prophecy and promises. In the same short-lived magazine into which the first flowerage of many eminent men's work was cast with such liberal and fruitful hands, there was another early poem of this their leader's and best man, which he might as well have gathered into his harvest; a delicate and subtle study of religious passion, with the colour and perfume in it of the choral air of a cathedral, lit with latticed glories of saints, and tremulous with low music of burning prayers; the mystery of sense and ardour of soul in an hour made drunken with the wine of worship were wrought into expression of bright and sensitive words, full of the fiery peace of prayer and sightless vision of faith. This little sacred picture of the Father Hilary should have been here reframed, if only for the fine touches of outer things passing by as a wind upon the fervent spirit in its dream. Besides, it has its place and significance among the author's studies in the Christian style, near some of these earlier works, so full of his special grace and spiritual charm, which belong to the same period, if not beside the highest of his sacred designs, such as the Passover and Magdalene here as it were engraved and put forth in print among the sonnets for pictures. All these are most noble, and give once more a magnificent proof of his power to bend and mould, to inflame and invigorate, to carve and colour the dead forms of words with a shaping and animating life. Among them all, the most utterly delightful to me is that on Giorgione's divine and transcendent pastoral in the Louvre: which actually attains to the transfusion of a spirit that seemed incommunicable from one master's hand even to another's. In the verse, as on the canvas, there is the breathless breath of overmuch delight, the passion of overrunning pleasure which quivers and aches on the very edge of heavenly tears—"tears of perfect moan" for excess of unfathomable pleasure and burden of inexpressible things only to be borne by Gods in heaven; the sweet and sovereign oppression of absolute beauty and the nakedness of burning life: the supreme pause of soul and sense at the climax of their consummate noon and high tide of being; glad and sad and sacred, unsearchable and natural and strange. Of the sonnets on the writer's own pictures and designs, I think that on Pandora to be the most perfect and exalted, as the design is among his mightiest in its godlike terror and imperial trouble of beauty, shadowed by the smoke and fiery vapour of winged and fleshless passions crowding from the casket in spires of flame-lit and curling cloud round her fatal face and mourning veil of hair. The sonnets on Cassandra translate with apt and passionate choice of words the scheme of his greatest tragic design, his fullest and most various in vital incident and high truth of heroic life. The grand sonnet "on refusal of aid

between nations" shows yet a fresh side and a most noble aspect of his great and manifold genius; its severe emotion and grave loveliness of ardent anger set a mark on it as of Dante's justice and judgment. "Autumn Idleness" is a splendid study of landscape, for breadth of colour and solemn brightness of vision worthy to stand by those great symbolic landscapes seen in the "House of Life," such as "Barren Spring" and "The Hill Summit;" and in "Beauty and the Bird" we have a sample of the painter's gladdest colour and sweetest tone of light. His full command of that lyric sentiment and power which give to mediæval poetry its clear particular charm is plain alike from the ending given to the "old song" of Ophelia and from the marvellous versions of Villon's and other French songs. The three sweetest of that great poet's who was the third singer of the Middle Ages and first vocal tongue of the dumb painful people in its agony and mirth and shame and strength of heart, are here recast in English gold of equal weight. The very cadence of Villon's matchless ballad of the ladies of old time is caught and returned. The same exquisite exactitude of translation is notable in "John of Tours,"—the old provincial song long passed from mouth to mouth and at last preserved with all its breaks and lapses of sweet rough metre by Gérard de Nerval. His version of Dante's divinest episode, that of Francesca, I take to be the supreme triumph of translation possible; for what, after so many failures—Byron's the dimmest failure of all, and worst imaginable instance of perversion—could be hoped of any new attempt? But here the divine verse seems actually to fall of itself into a new mould, the exact shape and size of the first—to be poured from one cup into another without spilling one drop of nectar. Nay, so far beyond other men's is this poet's power of transfusion, that, as though to confute the Italian proverb against the treasons of translators, he has well-nigh achieved the glory of reproducing a few lines even of Sappho, by welding two fragments into one song, melting two notes into one chord of verse. But though the sweet life and colour be saved and renewed, no man can give again in full that ineffable glory and grace as of present godhead, that subtle breath and bloom of very heaven itself, that dignity of divinity which informs the most passionate and piteous notes of the unapproachable poetess with such grandeur as would seem impossible to such passion. Here is a delicious and living music, but here is not—what can nowhere be—the echo of that unimaginable song, with its pauses and redoubled notes and returns and falls of sound, as of honey dropping from heaven—as of tears, and fire, and seed of life—which, though but run over and repeated in thought, pervades the spirit with "a sweet possessive pang." That apple "atop on the topmost twig" of the tree of life and song remains unreachable by any second hand, untastable by any later lip for ever;

never out of sight of men's memory, never within grasp of man's desire; the apple which not Paris but Apollo gave to her whose glory has outlived her goddess, and whose name has been set above hers:—

“ La mâle Sapho, l'amante et le poète,
Plus belle que Vénus par ses mornes pâleurs,—
Plus belle que Vénus se dressant sur le monde ! ”

Among the lesser poems of this volume “The Portrait” holds a place of honour in right of its earnest beauty of thought and rich simplicity of noble images. Above them all in reach and scope of power stands the poem of “Jenny,” great among the few greatest works of the artist. Its plain truth and masculine tenderness are invested with a natural array of thought and imagination which doubles their worth and force. Without a taint on it of anything coarse or trivial, without shadow or suspicion of any facile or vulgar aim at pathetic effect of a tragical or moral kind, it cleaves to absolute fact and reality closer than any common preacher or realist could come; no side of the study is thrown out or thrown back into false light or furtive shadow; but the purity and nobility of its high and ardent pathos are qualities of a moral weight and beauty beyond reach of any rivalry. A divine pity fills it, or a pity something better than divine; the more just and deeper compassion of human fellowship and fleshly brotherhood. Here is nothing of sickly fiction or theatrical violence of tone. No spiritual station of command is assumed, no vantage-ground of outlook from hills of holiness, or heights of moral indifference, or barriers of hard contempt; no unction of facile tears is poured out upon this fallen golden head of a common woman; no loose-tongued effusion of slippery sympathy, to wash out shame with sentiment. And therefore is “the pity of it” a noble pity, and worth the paying; a genuine sin-offering for intercession, pleading with fate for mercy without thought or purpose of pleading. The man whose thought is thus gloriously done into words is as other men are, only with a better brain and heart than the common, with more of mind and compassion, with better eye to see and quicker pulse to beat, with a more generous intellect and a finer taste of things; and his chance companion of a night is no ruined angel or self-immolated sacrifice, but a girl who plies her trade like any other trade, without show or sense of reluctance or repulsion; there is no hint that she was first made to fit better into a smoother groove of life, to run more easily on a higher line of being; that anything seen in prospect or retrospect rebukes or recalls her fancy into any fairer field than she may reach by her present road. All the open sources of pathetic effusion to which a common shepherd of souls would have led the flock of his readers to drink and weep and be refreshed, and leave the medicinal well-spring of sentiment warmer and fuller from their easy tears, are here dried up. This poor hireling of the streets and casinos is professionally

pitiable; the world's contempt of her fellow tradeswomen is not in itself groundless or unrighteous; there is no need to raise any mirage about her as of a fallen star, a glorious wreck; but not in that bitterest cry of Othello's own agony—"a sufferance panging as soul and body's severing"—was there a more divine heat of burning compassion than the high heart of a man may naturally lavish, as in this poem, upon such an one as she is. Iago indeed could not share it, nor Roderigo; the naked understanding cannot feel this, nor the mere fool of flesh apprehend it; but only in one or the other of these can all sense be dead of "the pity of it."

Every touch of real detail and minute colour in the study serves to heighten and complete the finished picture which remains burnt in upon the eyes of our memory when the work is done. The clock ticking, the bird waking, the scratched pier-glass, the shaded lamp, give new relief as of very light and present sound to the spiritual side of the poem. How great and profound is the scope and power of the work on that side, I can offer no better proof than a reference to the whole; for no sample of this can be torn off or cut out. Of the might of handiwork and simple sovereignty of manner which make it so triumphant a witness of what English speech can do, this one excerpt may stand in evidence:—

"Except when there may rise unsought
Haply at times a passing thought
Of the old days, which seem to be
Much older than any history
That is written in any book;
When she would lie in fields and look
Along the ground through the blown grass,
And wonder where the city was,
Far out of sight, whose broil and bale
They told her then for a child's tale.

"Jenny, you know the city now.
A child can tell the tale there, how
Some things, which are not yet enrolled
In market-lists, are bought and sold
Even till the early Sunday light,
When Saturday night is market-night
Everywhere, be it dry or wet,
And market-night in the Haymarket."

The simple sudden sound of that plain line is as great and rare a thing in the way of verse, as final and superb a proof of absolute poetic power upon words, as any man's work can show. As an imaginative instance of positive and perfect nature, the whole train of thought evolved in the man's mind, as he watches the head asleep on his knee, is equal and incomparable; the thought of a pure honest girl, in whom the same natural loves and likings shall run straight and bear fruit to honour, that in this girl have all run to seed of

shame; the possible changes of chance that in their time shall bring fresh proof of the sad equality of nature and tragic identity of birth-mark as of birthright in all souls born, the remote conceivable justice and restitution that may some day strike the balance between varying lots and lives; the delicately beautiful and pitiful fancy of the rose pressed in between the pages of an impure book; and the mightier fancy, so grandly cast in words, of lust, alone, aloof, immortal, immovable outside of death, in the dark of things everlasting; self-secluded in absorption of its own desire, and walled up from love or light, as a toad in its stone wrapping; and last, with the grey penetration of London dawn, the awakening of mind into live daylight of work, and farewell taken of the night and its follies, not without pity or thought of them.

The whole work is worthy to fill its place for ever as one of the most perfect and memorable poems of an age or generation. It deals with deep and common things; with the present hour, and with all time; with that which is of the instant among us, and that which has a message for all souls of men; with the outward and immediate matter of the day, and with the inner and immutable ground of human nature. Its plainness of speech and subject gives it power to touch the heights and sound the depths of tragic thought without losing the force of its hold and grasp upon the palpable truths which men often seek and cry out for in poetry, without knowing that these are only good when greatly treated, and that to artists who can treat them greatly all times and all truths are equal, and the present, though assuredly no worse, yet assuredly no better topic than the past. All the ineffably foolish jargon and jangle of criticsasters about classic subjects and romantic, remote or immediate interests, duties of the poet to face and handle this thing instead of that or his own age instead of another, can only serve to darken counsel by words without knowledge: a poet of the first order raises all subjects to the first rank, and puts the life-blood of an equal interest into Hebrew forms or Greek, mediæval or modern, yesterday or yesterage. Thus there is here just the same life-blood and breath of poetic interest in this episode of a London street and lodging as in the song of "Troy Town" and the song of "Eden Bower;" just as much, and no jot more. These two songs are the masterpieces of Mr. Rossetti's magnificent lyric faculty. Full of fire and music and movement, delicate as moonlight and passionate as sunlight, fresh as dawn and fine as air, sonorous as the motion of deep waters, the infallible verse bears up the spirit safe and joyous on its wide clear way. There is a strength and breadth of style about these poems also which ennobles their sweetness and brightness, giving them a perfume that savours of no hotbed, but of hill-flowers that face the sea and the sunrise; a colour that grows in no greenhouse, but such as comes with morning upon the mountains. They are good certainly, but

they are also great; great as no other man's work of the same age and country. Out of the beautiful old tradition of Helen, which tells of her offering on a shrine at Sparta a cup modelled upon the mould of her own breast, the poet has carved a graven image of song as tangible and lovely as the oblation itself; and this cup he has filled with the wine of love and fire of destruction, so that in the Spartan temple we feel a forecast of light and heat from the future Trojan flame. These two poems have the fiery concentration and condensation of the ballad; but they have a higher rapture of imagination, a more ardent affluence of colour and strenuous dilation of spirit, than a ballad can properly contain; their wings of words heat and burn at fuller expansion through a keener air. The song of Lilith has all the beauty and glory and force in it of the splendid creature so long worshipped of men as god or dreaded as devil; the voluptuous swiftness and strength, the supreme luxury of liberty in its measured grace and lithe melodious motion of rapid and revolving harmony; the subtle action and majestic recoil, the mysterious charm as of soundless music that hangs about a serpent as it stirs or springs. Never was nobler blood infused into the veins of an old legend than into this of the first wife of Adam, changing shapes with the snake her lover, that in his likeness she may tempt the mother of men. The passion of the cast-off temptress, in whose nets of woven hair all the souls are entangled of her rival's sons through all their generations, has such actual and instant flame of wrath and brilliance of blood and fragrance of breath in it, that we feel face to face the very vision of the old tale, and no symbol or shadow, but a bodily shape and a fleshly charm, dominant in ear and eye. The tragic might of the myth, its fierce and keen significance, strikes through us sharpest at the end, as with the supreme sting of triumph and final fang of the transfigured serpent.

Had I time and room and skill, to whom all these are wanting, I would here at length try to say some passing word illustrative of the more obvious and the more intimate relations of this artist's work in verse and his work in painting; between the poem of "Jenny" and the design called "Found," where at early dawn the driver of a country cart finds crouching in London streets the figure of a girl once his betrothed, and stoops to lift with tender strength of love, and surprise of simple pity startled into freshness of pain, the shuddering abased head with the golden ruin of its rich soiled hair, which cowers against a graveyard wall away from the light that rises beyond the paling lamps on bridge and river; between the song of "Troy Town" and the picture of Helen, with Perian face and mouth of ardent blossom, a keen red flower-bud of fire, framed in broad gold of wide-spread locks, the sweet sharp smile of power set fast on her clear curved lips, and far behind her the dull flame of burning towers and light from reddened heaven on dark

sails of lurid ships; between the early sacred poems and the early sacred designs of the author's Christian era, as for instance the "Ave" and the "Girlhood of the Virgin," with its young grace and sincere splendour of spirit, the "Staff and Scrip" and the design of "Fra Pace," the "Blessed Damozel" and the "Dream of Dante," all clothed in colours of heaven, with raiment dyed and spun in the paradise of trust and thought; between the romantic poems and the romantic designs, as for example "Sister Helen" and the "Tune of 'Seven Towers,'" which have the same tone and type of tragic romance in their mediæval touches and notes of passionate fancy; between the poems of richer thought and the designs of riper form, works of larger insight and more strong decision, fruits of the mind at its fullest and the hand at its mightiest, as the "Burden of Nineveh" and the "Sybil" or "Pandora." The passage from a heaven of mere angels and virgins to the stronger vision of Venus Verticordia, of Helen ἑλέπτολις, of Lilith and Cassandra, is a type of the growth of mind and hand to the perfect power of mastery over the truth and depth of nature, the large laws of spirit and body, the mysteries and the majesties of very life; whither the soul that has attained perceives, though it need reject no first faith and forsake no first love, though rather it include in a larger comprehension of embrace those old with these new graces, those creeds with this belief, that any garden of paradise on earth or above earth is but a little part of a great world, as every fancy of man's faith is a segment of the truth of his nature, a splintered fragment of universal life and spirit of thought everlasting; since what can he conceive or believe but it must have this of truth in it, that it is a veritable product of his own brain and outcome for the time of his actual being, with a place and a reason of its own for root and support to it through its due periods of life and change and death? But to trace the passage from light into light and strength into strength, the march from work on to work and triumph on to triumph, of a genius so full of life and growth and harmonious exuberance of expansion, so loyal to rule of instinct and that natural order of art and thought whose service is perfect freedom; to lay out a chart of its progress and mark down the lines of its advance; this, high as the office would be and worthy the ambition, is not a possible task for criticism; though what manner of rank a man may hold and what manner of work he may have to do in that rank, it is the business of criticism to see and say.

In every age there is some question raised as to its wants and powers, its strength and weakness, its great or small worth and work; and in every age that question is waste of time and speech—of thought usually there is no waste, for the questioners have none to expend. There has never been an age that was not degenerate in the eyes of its own fools; the yelp of curtailed foxes in every gener a

tion is the same. To a small soul the age which has borne it can appear only as an age of small souls; the pigmy brain and emasculate spirit can perceive in its own time nothing but dwarfishness and emasculation. That the world has ever seen spirits of another sort, the poor heart of such creatures would fain deny and dares not; but to allow that the world does now is insufferable; at least they can "swagger themselves out of their own eyes" into the fond belief that they are but samples of their puny time, overtopped in spiritual stature by the spirits of times past alone. But not by blustering denial or blustering assertion of an age's greatness will the question be decided whether the age be great or not. Each century has seemed to some of its children an epoch of decadence and decline in national life and spiritual, in moral or material glory; each alike has heard the cry of degeneracy raised against it, the wail of emulous impotence set up against the weakness of the age; Dante's generation and Shakespeare's, Milton's and Shelley's, have all been ages of poetic decay in their turn, as the age of Hugo is now; there, as here, no great man was to be seen, no great work was to be done, no great cry was to be heard, no great impulse was to be felt, by those who could feel nothing, hear nothing, do nothing, and see nothing. To them the poor present has always been pitiable or damnable, the past which bore it divine. And other men than these have swelled the common cry of curs: Byron, himself in his better moments a witness against his own words, helped the fools of his hour to decry their betters and his own, by a pretence of wailing over the Augustan age of Anne, when "it was all Horace with us; it is all Claudian now." His *now* has become our *then*, and the same whine is raised in its honour; for the cant of irritation and insincerity, hungry vanity and starving spite, can always be caught up and inherited by those who can inherit nothing of a strong man's but his weakness, of a wise man's but his folly; who can gather at a great man's board no sustenance from the meats and wines, but are proud to pilfer the soiled napkins and cracked platters from under his side-table. Whether there be any great work doing in our time, or any great man living, it is not worth while to debate; but if there be not, it is certain that no man living can know it; for to pass judgment worth heeding on any age, and give sentence that shall last on any generation, a man must himself be great; and if no man on earth be great in our day, who on earth can be great enough to know and let us know it on better authority than a pigmy's? Such champions as please may fight out on either side their battle of the sandbags and windbags between this hour and the next; I am content to assume, and am not careful to dispute in defence of the assumption, that the qualities which make men great and the work of men famous are now what they were, and will be what they are: that there is no progress and no degeneracy traceable from Æschylus to Shakespeare,

from Athenian sculptors to Venetian painters; that the gifts of genius are diverse, but the quality is one; and—though this be a paradox—that this quality does not wait till a man be dead to descend on him and belong to him; that his special working power does not of necessity begin with the cessation of it, and that the dawn of his faculty cannot reasonably be dated from the hour of its extinction. If this paradox be not utterly untenable, it follows that dead men of genius had genius even when yet alive, and did not begin to be great men by ceasing to be men at all; and that so far we have no cause to distrust the evidence of reason which proves us the greatness of men past when it proves to us by the same process of testimony the greatness of men present.

Here, for example, in the work of Mr. Rossetti, besides that particular colour and flavour which distinguishes each master's work from that of all other masters, and by want of which you may tell merely good work from wholly great work, the general qualities of all great poetry are separately visible and divisible—strength, sweetness, affluence, simplicity, depth, light, harmony, variety, bodily grace and range of mind and force of soul and ease of flight, the scope and sweep of wing to impel the might and weight of thought through the air and light of speech with a motion as of mere musical impulse; and not less the live bloom of perfect words, warm as breath and fine as flower-dust, which lies light as air upon the parting of lyric leaves that open into song; the rare and ineffable mark of a supreme singing power, an element too subtle for solution in any crucible of analysis, though its presence or absence be patent at a first trial to all who have a sense of taste. All these this poet has, and the mastery over all these which melts and fuses all into form and use; the cunning to turn his own gifts to service which is the last great appanage of great workmen. Colour and sound are servants of his thought, and his thought is servant of his will; in him the will and the instinct are not two forces, but one strength; are not two leaders, but one guide; there is no shortcoming, no pain or compulsion in the homage of hand to soul. The subject-matter of his work is always great and fit; nothing trivial, nothing illicit, nothing unworthy the workmanship of a master-hand is to be swept up from any corner of the floor; there is no misuse or waste of good work on stuff too light or hard to take the impression of his noble style. He builds up no statues of snow at the bidding of any fool, with the hand that can carve itself a godlike model in ivory or gold; not though all the fools of the place and hour should recommend snow as the best material, for its softness and purity. Time and work and art are too precious to him and too serious to be spent on anything less than the best. An artist worthy of the highest

work will make his least work worthy of himself. In each line of labour which his spirit may strike into he will make his mark, and set his stamp on any metal he may take in hand to forge; for he can strike into no wrong line, and take in hand no base metal. So equal a balance of two great gifts, as we find in the genius of this artist is perhaps the greatest gift of all, as it is certainly the most singular. We cannot tell what jewels were lost to the treasure-house of time in that century of sonnets which held "the bosom-beats of Raffael;" we can but guess that they had somewhat, and doubt how nearly they had all, of his perfect grace and godhead of heavenly humanity. Even of the giant-god his rival we cannot be sure that his divine faculties never clashed or crossed each other to their mutual hindrance.

But here, where both the sister powers serve in the temple of one mind and impel the work of one hand, their manner of service is smooth, harmonious, perfect; the splendid quality of painting and the subtle faculty of verse gain glory from each other without taking, reign side by side with no division of empire, yet with no confusion of claims, with no invasion of rights. No tongueless painter or handless poet could be safer from the perils of mixed art; his poems are not over pictorial, or his pictures over poetical; his poetry has not the less depth and reach and force and height of spirit proper to poetry, his painting has not the less might and skill, the less excellence of form and colour or masterdom of design and handiwork proper to painting, for the double glory of his genius. Which of the two great men in him, the painter or the poet, be the greater, only another artist equal to him on either hand and taintless of jealousy or misconceit could say with authority worth a hearing; and such a judge he is not likely to find. But what is his relative rank among other men it needs no such rare union of faculties to perceive. His place among the painters of his century may be elsewhere debated and determined; but here and now the materials lie before us for decision as to his place among its poets. Of these there is but one alive whose name is already unamenable to any judgment of the hour's; whose supremacy, whether it be or be not a matter of question between insular and provincial circles of parasites or sectarians, is no more debateable before any graver tribunal than the motion of the earth round the sun. Upon him, as upon two or three other of the leaders of men in time past, the verdict of time has been given before his death. In our comparison of men with men for worse or better we do not now take into reckoning the name of Victor Hugo. The small gatherings or swollen assemblies of important ephemerals who met to dispute the respective claims and merits of Shakespeare and Jonson, Milton and Waller, Shelley and Byron, have on the whole fallen duly dumb: the one supreme figure of each time is as generally and openly acknowledged by all capable articulate

creatures as need be desired. To sit in the seat of such disputants can be no present man's ambition. It ought to be, if it be not, superfluous to set down in words the assurance that we claim for no living poet a place beside the Master; that we know there is no lyrist alive but one who could have sung for us the cradle-song of death, the love-song of madness, the sea-song of exile, the hunting-song of revolution; that since the songs of Gretchen in "Faust" and Beatrice in the "Cenci," there have been no such songs heard among men as the least of these first four among all his lyrics that rise to recollection at the moment. Fantine's song or Gastibelza's, the "Adieu, patrie!" or the "Chasseur Noir," any one of these by itself would suffice to establish, beyond debate and beyond acclamation, the absolute sovereignty of the great poet whose glory could dispense even with any of these.

The claims to precedence of other men who stand in the vanguard of their time are open matters for the discussion of judgments to adjust or readjust. Among English-speaking poets of his age I know of none who can reasonably be said to have given higher proof of the highest qualities than Mr. Rossetti—if the qualities we rate highest in poetry be imagination, passion, thought, harmony and variety of singing power. Each man who has anything has his own circle of work and realm of rule, his own field to till and to reign in; no rival can overmatch, for firm completion of lyric line, for pathos made perfect, and careful melody of high or of intimate emotion, "New-Year's Eve" or "The Grandmother," "Cenone" or "Boadicea," the majestic hymn or the rich lament for love won and lost in "Maud;" none can emulate the fiery subtlety and sinuous ardour of spirit which penetrates and lights up all secret gulfs and glimmering heights of human evil and good in "The Ring and the Book," making the work done live because "the soul of man is precious to man:" none can "blow in power" again through the notched reed of Pan by the river, to detain the sun on the hills with music; none can outrun that smooth speed of gracious strength which touched its Grecian goal in "Thyrsis" and the "Harp-player;" none can light as with fires or lull as with flutes of magic the reaches of so full a stream of story as flows round the "Earthly Paradise" with ships of heroes afloat on it. But for height and range and depth, for diversity and perfection of powers, Mr. Rossetti is abreast of elder poets not less surely than of younger. Again I take to witness four singled poems; "The Burden of Nineveh," "Sister Helen," "Jenny," and "Eden Bower." Though there were not others as great as these to cite at need, we might be content to pass judgment on the strength of these only; but others as great there are. If he have not the full effluence of romance, or the keen passion of human science, that give power on this hand to Morris and on that to Browning, his work has

form and voice, shapeliness and sweetness, unknown to the great analyst; it has weight and heat, gravity and intensity, wanting to the less serious and ardent work of the latest master of romance. Neither by any defect of form, nor by any default of force, does he ever fall short of either mark, or fight with either hand "as one that beateth the air." In sureness of choice and scope of interest, in solidity of subject and sublimity of object, the general worth of his work excels the rate of other men's; he wastes no breath and mistakes no distance, sets his genius to no tasks unfit for it, and spends his strength in the culture of no fruitless fields. What he would do is always what a poet should, and what he would do is always done. Born a light-bearer and leader of men, he has always fulfilled his office with readiness and done his work with might. Help and strength and delight and fresh life have long been gifts of his giving, and freely given as only great gifts can be. And now that at length we receive from hands yet young and strong this treasure of many years, the gathered flower of youth and ripe firstlings of manhood, a fruit of the topmost branch "more golden than gold," all men may witness and assure themselves what manner of harvest the life of this man was to bear; all may see that although, in the perfect phrase of his own sonnet, the last birth of life be death, as her three first-born were love and art and song, yet two of these which she has borne to him, art, namely, and song, cannot now be made subject to that last; that life and love with it may pass away, but very surely no death that ever may be born shall have power upon these for ever.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

M. COMTE AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Or the writers who during the last half century have contributed to place Social Philosophy on the footing which it now holds, none deserve more deference on questions of classification and method than Auguste Comte. Opinions will differ as to the value of his views on the regeneration and reorganisation of society, but M. Comte has rendered services to the cause of social and historical speculation which are quite independent of the system of doctrines distinctively connected with his name. Even those who reject what are known as Positivist doctrines, and who feel themselves in imperfect sympathy with the spirit of Positivism, may gratefully acknowledge that social studies have taken a new place in the field of speculative thought since M. Comte devoted to them his mind and life, and may recognise in his work an achievement not without analogy to that accomplished by Bacon in a different though neighbouring field. In

neither case, they will probably think, did the value of the performance consist in the positive contributions made to our knowledge, whether of physical nature by Bacon, or of the principles of social union by M. Comte,—though it will be allowed that our obligations to M. Comte on this score are vastly greater than any which can be credited to the author of the “*Novum Organum*,”—but in the distinctness and vividness of the conception which each alike had formed of the path of investigation to be followed in the pursuit of that knowledge, which each had taken for his special goal, and in what was the consequence of this—the strength of conviction and the unfaltering faith with which each delivered his message. Bacon’s dreams of a New Atlantis to be reached by experiment and induction were not more in advance of the current speculation of his time than were the analogous dreams of M. Comte of a society regenerated by Positive Philosophy. While the poet was singing that—

“Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,”

the French philosopher believed that he had divined that purpose, and could lay bare its scope. And he not only conceived the design, but, in the opinion of eminent judges, took important steps towards its realisation. The high authority, therefore, of M. Comte in the domain of Social Philosophy will scarcely be disputed—certainly will not be disputed by the present writer; and it must therefore be allowed that the absolute proscription by him of a branch of social inquiry carries with it a certain presumption—some will think a weighty presumption—against the legitimacy of the speculation falling under this ban. Now this presumption, whatever may be its weight, lies, it must be frankly admitted, against the branch of study which it is the purpose of the following pages to promote.¹ It was M. Comte’s opinion that Political Economy, as cultivated by the school of Adam Smith’s successors in this country and in France, failed to fulfil the conditions required of a sound theory by Positive Philosophy, and was not properly a science. He pronounces it to be defective in its conception, “profoundly irrational” in its method, and “radically sterile” as regards results. Such an opinion, proceeding from a philosopher of M. Comte’s eminence, is a fact which ought not to be lightly passed by. M. Comte, moreover, has supported this unfavourable judgment by a train of elaborate argumentation; but, so far as I know, his arguments have not yet been seriously grappled with. I am very sensible to what an extent I shall leave myself open to the imputation of presumption in venturing on a task which has been avoided by so many incomparably better fitted than I am for its effective discharge. Nevertheless, the task is one which I feel bound to undertake; for it seems to me that

(1) It should be stated that the present essay is intended as the preliminary chapter of a work on *The Logical Method of Political Economy*.

I should be guilty of even greater presumption were I to enter upon an investigation such as I propose to make the subject of the present volume, without, at all events, attempting to do justice, so far as my abilities permit, to M. Comte's views. As a preliminary step, therefore, to an examination of the character and method of Political Economy, I have to ask the reader to follow me in an examination of the grounds of M. Comte's judgment against the scientific pretensions of this study.

And, in the first place, let me endeavour to state the precise question on which M. Comte is at issue with the student of economic science. M. Comte does not deny that the phenomena of wealth are important elements in determining the condition and progress of society; still less does he deny—on the contrary, it is his emphatic assertion—that these phenomena, like all others which in the aggregate constitute the social state, are subject to invariable law. On the other hand, political economists—those political economists, at least, whose views the present writer shares—make no pretension to constitute Political Economy as the science of society. It is fully admitted that the subject-matter of their science is but one among many elements which go to form the aggregate social condition; and they are consequently bound to acknowledge, as they do acknowledge, that the most complete acquaintance with economic facts and laws furnishes of itself no adequate basis for general social speculation. But agreeing thus far, M. Comte and the political economists differ here:—While admitting that economic phenomena are subject to law, M. Comte denies that the law can be ascertained by study of the phenomena. His position is that the facts of wealth are, in the form in which they actually present themselves to our observation, so inextricably interwoven with facts of a different order—with facts, for example, of the intellectual, moral, and political order—that the determination of the laws which govern them is only possible when they are considered in connection with such associated facts; that consequently a science of Political Economy is impossible; as also is for the same reason impossible a science of Psychology, or of Jurisprudence, or of any distinct and separate order of social relations. It was accordingly with him a fundamental canon of philosophical method, that all investigations into the structure and laws of society should proceed on the principle of dealing with social facts, to use M. Comte's language, in the *ensemble*. Society, he said, should be contemplated in the totality of its elements; and no investigation should be undertaken into any portion of those elements except in constant connection with parallel investigations carried on contemporaneously into all co-existing portions of the complex whole. All isolated study of a single aspect of social life, of a particular order of its relations apart from the rest, he regarded as essentially vicious and

doomed to failure in advance.¹ Such a view is, of course, altogether inconsistent with the existence of a science of wealth; and here, accordingly, the student of Political Economy came into collision with the teaching of M. Comte. Instead of proceeding by the method of the *ensemble*, and studying society in all its elements at once, the political economist proceeds by an opposite rule: he breaks up the aggregate social phenomenon into the elementary groups of which it is composed, and, selecting one of these, studies it apart from all the others. He does not indeed, as has been already intimated, confound the laws at which he thus arrives, the laws of this detached group, with the laws of society; but the laws of society itself, he holds, are only to be ascertained by working on the plan which he has adopted,—by making, that is to say, each distinct order of relations involved in the composite phenomenon of society the subject of a distinct and separate investigation, leaving it to the social philosopher, properly so called,—the speculator on society as a whole,—to combine the results of the labours of students of special branches in elucidation of the general problem.

Such is the question at issue between the student of Political Economy and M. Comte. Now adverting to the history of inductive research, it will at once be seen that the view taken by the political economist has this weighty presumption in its favour: it is in strict analogy with the course followed by all fruitful investigation from the dawn of scientific discovery to the present time.

When men first began to speculate on the facts of the universe, the line of investigation they fell into was precisely that which M. Comte holds to be the proper one in sociological inquiry. They contemplated nature in the *ensemble*, and propounded the question, What is the origin of all things? But so long as the problem remained in this form, nothing valuable issued from the efforts to solve it beyond the discipline afforded to the minds thus employed—nothing but a series of vague guesses more or less ingenious, yielding, it may be, some satisfaction to the speculative intellect, but incapable of throwing any light on the real relations of objective existence. In time, however, and by slow degrees, the spirit of the *ensemble* gave way to another spirit—that of specialisation and detail. Influenced mainly by the practical necessities of life, in some degree also by the exceptional conspicuousness of certain phenomena, people turned from speculation on the universe as a whole to observation and reasoning upon certain limited orders of facts. Thus geometry arose out of the practical requirement of measuring the earth; and beginning as an art, grew into a science, taking as its subject-matter the particular class of relations brought into view in that practical

(1) *Philosophie Positive*. Leçons 47 and 48. See also the *Politique*, vol. iii. p. 585 (1853), from which it will be seen that M. Comte's views on this point underwent no change in his later years.

operation. The order followed in the genesis of the science of geometry is typical of the whole course of scientific development. In each case practical exigencies, or exceptional conspicuousness, have called attention to phenomena of a special kind—to the movements of the heavenly bodies, to the play of mechanical forces, to the composition of material substances, to the structure or functions of the human body—from the investigation of which have arisen the sciences of astronomy, of mechanics, of chemistry, of anatomy, of physiology. Each science, called into existence by the anxiety to explain striking experiences, or to provide and justify practical expedients, has taken in charge some special and limited order of relations, has detached these from the mixed and heterogeneous body of physical phenomena, and has made them the subject of isolated and special study. The laws of the various orders of physical relations have thus been determined; and the rays of scientific light extracted from the separate investigations of perfectly independent workers have been made to converge in elucidation of the actual composite facts of the outer world.

This has been the course of development in physical science, the method by which the secrets of external nature have been unlocked. It has been a method, not of study in the *ensemble*, but of study through the elements—of analysis followed by synthesis. In perfect analogy with this mode of proceeding is the political economist's conception of the path of inquiry to be followed in dealing with the facts of social life. He proposes to break them up into their elementary groups, and he takes one of these groups—the phenomena of wealth—as the subject of his special investigations. It may be remarked, moreover, that, in selecting this particular group of phenomena, he has been influenced by considerations in all respects analogous to those which have determined the separate treatment of the various classes of physical phenomena. Political Economy, like Geometry, Astronomy, Mechanics, Chemistry, had its origin in practical exigencies, and made its *début* as an art. It aimed at the practical object of enriching particular nations by means of trade. For this purpose complicated machinery—encouragements for particular industries, prohibitions of others, bounties, drawbacks, in a word the whole body of commercial regulations known as the Colonial and Mercantile systems—was put in force. These expedients, if they favoured some interests, damaged others: the conflict of interests brought on discussion; and the argument rapidly passed from attack and defence of practical plans, to examination of the natural laws governing the order of relations, which it was the purpose of these plans to control. The limits of the debate were not at first, perhaps, very distinctly defined, but by degrees they grew clear. The facts of wealth became detached for the purposes of discussion from the other classes of facts with which in actual existence they were

blended; and Political Economy, as the science of those facts, emerged. As regards origin and mode of development, therefore, the parallel between Political Economy and the physical sciences is complete; nor have I any reason to suppose that M. Comte would dispute the general correctness of the description I have given: indeed, he frankly admits that the precedents of physical science are against him.¹ What, then, is his line of argument? It is this: he contends that the cases are not similar; that the problems presented, on the one hand by physical nature, on the other by social life, are so radically discrepant that the method applicable to the one must be, not only modified, but reversed, in dealing with the other. To follow in social inquiry the precedents of physical research is, according to M. Comte, in oblivion of essential distinctions, to practise a "blind imitation." This is the position which we are now called upon to consider.

Most people who take an interest in questions of the kind we are now discussing, are familiar with M. Comte's classification of the sciences. As is known, it proceeds upon the plan of arranging the various branches of scientific knowledge in the order indicated by the degree of complexity of their subject-matter. Thus it places first in the scale the sciences which deal with the most simple order of relations—number and extension. After these comes mechanics, as involving relations one degree more complex; next to mechanics, astronomy, which is followed by physics, and so on through the entire encyclopædia of scientific knowledge; each science, according to its place in the scale, representing a degree of complexity greater than those preceding and less than those following it. It results from the principle of the arrangement that the organic sciences, having for their subject-matter the complex phenomena of the vegetable and animal world, should occupy the later portion of the scale, and that Sociology, or the science of human society, as concerned with the most complex of all phenomena, should conclude and crown the whole. As regards the merits or demerits of this classification—a question on which the highest authorities are not agreed—it would be unbecoming in me to pretend to express an opinion. I only refer to it in order to render M. Comte's argument against Political Economy intelligible. As has been said, then, the sciences are arranged in the order indicated by the degree of complexity in their subject-matter; those occupying the first or lower portion of the scale embracing phenomena but little complex, while the phenomena embraced by the sciences in the later portion are complex in a high degree. It is on this distinction that M. Comte grounds his argument for disregarding in sociological speculation the precedents furnished by physical research. According to him, the method of investigation that has been followed in the study of physical nature, the method, that is to

(1) *Philosophie Positive*, vol. iv. pp. 353—54. 8139.Ed.

say, which proceeds by breaking up composite phenomena into the elementary groups composing them, studying apart the elementary groups, determining their laws, and afterwards combining these laws in explanation of the original aggregates—this method, according to M. Comte, owes its efficacy to the uncomplex character of the phenomena submitted to the process. As phenomena become more complex, the method, he contends, becomes less suitable, less efficacious, till at length a point is reached at which it fails altogether, and it becomes necessary to adopt a contrary mode of procedure, the mode of procedure, namely, which he describes as investigation through the *ensemble*. This point in the scale of the sciences coincides, he tells us, with that at which the transition is made from inorganic to organic nature. The method of investigation by disintegration and separate study should thenceforth give way to that which proceeds by treatment in the *ensemble*. Accordingly, he holds that the organic sciences generally should be cultivated in conformity with this principle; but in the study of social phenomena, the most complex and intricate of all, the rule becomes absolute and imperative.

And here one is led to ask why the method of specialisation should lose its efficacy as problems become more complex? The very opposite is what one would naturally expect. If a problem involving no more than two or three distinct elements can only be resolved by the process of analysis and separate consideration of the parts, the necessity for this would seem to be still more urgent as the elements engaged become more numerous. M. Comte's reason for reversing this inference is very peculiar.¹ He says that as phenomena become more complex, the elements composing them become more *solidaire*. In the physical universe, the complexity of the phenomena is not great, and consequently their "solidarity" is but "slightly pronounced:" "the elements are here better known to us than the *ensemble*." But the reverse is the case with the organic world, and more especially with that portion of the organic world which constitutes the social organism. The phenomena are here characterised by a very high degree of complexity, and therefore, says M. Comte, by a very high degree of solidarity: "the *ensemble* of the subject is better known to us and more accessible than the parts." On the fundamental principle, then, of inductive logic, which requires us to proceed from the known to the unknown, from

(1) This argument has appeared to me so weak—indeed, M. Comte's whole case against Political Economy is, as it seems to me, so weak, that I have felt it difficult at times to repress the suspicion that his reasons for rejecting it were not purely and simply of a philosophical kind. "Il s'agit malheureusement," he says in one passage, "et sans que rien puisse m'en dispenser, de tenter une création philosophique qui n'a jamais été jusqu'ici ébauchée ni convenablement conçue par aucun de mes prédécesseurs." "Sociology" could not be constructed in its entirety by M. Comte if Political Economy were a legitimate speculation. But M. Comte felt it to be his mission to construct Sociology in its entirety. The conclusion seems evident.

the better to the less known, we are bound, in dealing with the phenomena of organic nature, but more especially with the phenomena of society, to begin our investigations with the study of aggregates, and only after we have determined *their* laws to address ourselves to that of the less known elements. M. Comte admits that this mode of proceeding must "gravely augment" the fundamental difficulties already incident to the extreme complication of the subject-matter; but this, he conceives, is only a reason for reserving the study of society for "the highest scientific intelligences."

In attempting to criticise this argument, it becomes necessary to assign a distinct meaning to its several propositions. We encounter, in the first place, the expression, "the *ensemble* of society," and the statement that this is better known to us than the "elements." In the most obvious meaning of the word the statement is manifestly not true. By the *ensemble* of society most people would, I think, understand the aggregate of the human beings composing society—of those human beings considered in their social relations; and by the "elements," the individual social men and women. In this sense I say it is manifestly untrue that we know society better in its *ensemble* than in its "elements,"—so manifestly so, that it cannot for a moment be supposed that this was M. Comte's meaning. When, for example, an Englishman travels in France, it is not with the *ensemble* of French society that he comes into contact, but with certain railway officials and hotel proprietors exemplifying a very limited range of French social existence. As he prolongs his residence he may extend his knowledge; but the course which his acquisitions take will, I need scarcely say, be in the opposite direction of that which M. Comte's maxim affirms. Nor can a French philosopher attain a knowledge of French social existence by any different path; he, too, must proceed from individuals to classes, and from classes to the social whole. But there is another sense in which M. Comte's language may be understood. Social phenomena, like all other phenomena, meet us not simple, but composite. We do not encounter purely religious, or purely industrial, or purely political men and women. Social acts, social situations, can rarely be referred to any single influence. Human beings, as they exist, are not abstract, but historical, human beings, in a greater or less degree, under the influences of all the causes that have been affecting the race from its origin down to the present time. Thus regarded, society, or more properly social phenomena, may be said to present themselves to us in the *ensemble*; and thus understood, the statement that we know society through its *ensemble*, not through its elements, is undoubtedly true. If this be M. Comte's meaning, the proposition cannot be disputed; but then it must be remarked that the assertion is equally true as applied to the phenomena of the physical universe. Physical forces also act in constant conjunction.

Unless we effect the separation by artificial means we encounter no purely chemical, or purely optical, or purely mechanical phenomena; but phenomena in the production of which a variety, greater or less, of physical forces concur—that is to say, we know physical nature also through its *ensemble*. We are thus brought back to the point from which we started, why are we—the phenomena of social life and those of physical nature being made known to us under similar conditions—to reverse in our study of society the method of investigation which has been found efficacious in dealing with the physical world?

M. Comte's reply at this stage of the argument resolves itself into the doctrine I have already stated, that the solidarity of phenomena varies directly with their complexity. It is true, he seems to admit, that we know physical nature equally with social through its *ensemble*; but the *ensemble*, in the former case, is composed of fewer elements, and these, in proportion as they are fewer, are less *solidaire*, are therefore more easily broken up and submitted to separate examination. Hence arises an increased facility of applying the method of disintegration and separate study in their case. But, in the first place, this does not meet the difficulty, since the answer admits that physical nature is known to us through its *ensemble*—an admission which, on M. Comte's principles seems to draw with it the obligation of studying physical nature through this, its most familiar manifestation. Waiving, however, this point, I wish to examine M. Comte's position, which is really the root of his whole argument against Political Economy, that phenomena in proportion as they are more complex are more *solidaire*. If this assumption be not well-founded, there is absolutely nothing for his reasoning to rest upon.

To test the doctrine, let us consider it in a concrete case. I take the instance of water, a composite physical phenomenon exemplifying a variety of physical laws. Considered chemically, its complexity is of the lowest degree, containing as it does but two elements, oxygen and hydrogen. According to M. Comte's doctrine, water, being chemically of the lowest degree of complexity, ought to exhibit, in the relation of its chemical elements, the lowest degree also of solidarity. The fact, I need scarcely say, is exactly the reverse. As every one knows, the solidarity—by which I understand intimacy of relationship, closeness of interdependence—existing between the elements composing water is of an extremely intense kind, so much so that the analysis of water constituted an epoch in chemical history. On the other hand, if we take a phenomenon of greater complexity, say water in combination with lime, we find the solidarity diminish as the number of the elements is increased; the water or the lime being much more easily detached from the hydrate of lime than the elements composing the water, or than those composing the lime, are from each other. Nor is this a solitary

example: rather it represents a rule holding extensively throughout chéimical combination. In inorganic chemistry the salts are in general easily decomposed, while the less complex elements composing them—the oxides of the metals and the acids—are mostly of very difficult analysis. And in organic compounds a similar rule prevails. So far, therefore, the relation between complexity and solidarity appears to be the reverse of that for which M. Comte contends. The case just considered illustrates the incidents of complexity within the range of a single order of relations. How stands the fact when the orders of relation exemplified in the phenomena are different? For example, water possesses, besides chemical, mechanical, optical, electrical, and other physical properties. Is it true that, as between these several orders of physical phenomena, the solidarity is, as M. Comte asserts, “little pronounced?”—that the chemical, mechanical, optical, and electrical attributes of water are but slightly interdependent—less interdependent than, for example, physiological and moral qualities in a human being, or political and industrial conditions in a body politic? No one denies that there is here also solidarity; but the question is, not as to the existence of solidarity, but as to the degree. What M. Comte had to show was that the solidarity of co-operating agencies was greater in the case of the phenomena of society than in that of the phenomena of the physical world—so much greater as to necessitate in their case an inversion of the method of investigation practised in the study of physical nature; but to establish this he has not advanced a particle of proof. For my part, I can imagine no more eminent example of the solidarity of forces than that presented by the most ordinary phenomena of the physical world—the ebb and flow of the tides, the succession of the seasons, the freezing and thawing of water, a shower of rain, a drop of dew. Yet this has been no bar in the study of these phenomena to the employment of methods which M. Comte would nevertheless exclude from the domain of social science on the ground that its phenomena are *solidaire*.

So much for the grounds of general philosophy on which M. Comte relies in refusing to recognise Political Economy as a science; and he finds, as he conceives, corroboration of the soundness of the view he has taken in the history and actual condition of economic speculation. M. Comte opens his criticisms on the history and existing state of Political Economy with the remark, that its scientific pretensions could not well have been otherwise than inane, considering the sort of persons by whom it has been cultivated. These have, he tells us, nearly all proceeded “from the ranks of advocates and *littérateurs*”¹:—“Strangers by their education, even with regard to the least important phenomena, to every idea of scientific observa-

(1) *Philosophie Positive*, vol. iv. p. 266.

tion, to every notion of natural law, to every sentiment of true demonstration, it was impossible for them, whatever might have been the intrinsic force of their intelligence, to apply duly to the complicated problems of society a method of reasoning of which they were wholly ignorant of the most simple applications,—destitute, as they were, of any other philosophical preparation than certain vague and inadequate precepts of general logic.” From this sweeping characterisation he excepts Adam Smith, and Adam Smith alone, whose judgment is commended in having avoided the “vain pretension” of founding a special science, and in confining the aim of his work to the elucidation of some detached points of social philosophy. But with the single exception of the “Wealth of Nations,” the whole dogmatic portion of the pretended science presents, according to M. Comte, the simple metaphysical character—a phrase which, as M. Comte’s readers are aware, supplies the strongest form of reprobation known to the Comtian vocabulary. Of the truth of this conclusion, if further evidence were needed, ample is found in “the avowal, spontaneous and decisive, of the respectable Tracy,” implied “in the execution of his treatise on Political Economy as a fourth part, between Logics and Ethics, of his general treatise on Ideology.”

The impression which these comments will leave on readers acquainted with the leading economical writers of France and England, will scarcely, I should think, be favourable to M. Comte’s candour and sagacity. It is, in fact, quite evident that M. Comte had no effective knowledge of the branch of science which he denounced; and it is scarcely credible that he could even have remembered, as he wrote the passage from which I have made the above extracts, who its cultivators had been; for the list includes, to mention no others, the names of Turgot, Hume, Bentham, Ricardo, and the two Mills. There need be no hesitation in saying, and the remark implies no disrespect to M. Comte, that any one of these writers had quite as accurate a conception of what constitutes a law of nature, and of the sort of proof by which a law of nature is established, as M. Comte himself. It would seem, indeed, as if M. Comte’s mind lost its proper balance and edge on coming into contact with Political Economy. He not only forgets what is due to the able thinkers who preceded him, and who—would he but believe it—were his fellow-labourers in building up that science of society of which he wished to constitute himself the sole and exclusive founder, but his sense of logical cogency seems to fail him: I know not how else to account for his reference to the collocation of topics adopted by M. Destutt de Tracy in his treatise on Ideology, as “decisive” evidence of the unpositive character of Political Economy. What M. Comte’s reasons were for excepting Adam Smith from the general condemnation passed upon the cultivators of economic science, it is

not easy to surmise. One is almost tempted to believe that his acquaintance with the eminent masters in the science was confined to the author of the "Wealth of Nations." Had he known, for example, and to mention no other instances, Turgot's brief but pregnant "*Essai sur la Formation et la Distribution des Richesses*"—a work for which his biographer Condorcet, not unreasonably, prefers the claim of being "the germ of the 'Wealth of Nations'"—or Ricardo's "*Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*," it is not easy to believe that he could have committed himself to a distinction, not less unjust than invidious. Two works more thoroughly saturated with the severest spirit of the Positive Philosophy would not easily be found in the literature of scientific speculation.

But, passing from the personal question, M. Comte proposes to try the Positive character of economical speculation by two tests—"continuity" and "fecundity." These qualities, he remarks, are the least equivocal symptoms of really scientific conceptions. "When the work of the present time, instead of presenting itself as the spontaneous sequel and gradual consummation of former work, takes, in the case of each new author, a character essentially personal; and the most fundamental notions are incessantly brought into question; when the dogmatic constitution of a science, far from engendering any sustained progress, results habitually in the sterile reproduction of illusory controversies, ever renewed, never advancing; when these indications are found, there we may be certain we have to do, not with positive science, but with theological or metaphysical dissertation. Now is not this the spectacle which Political Economy has presented for half a century? If our economists are in reality the scientific successors of Adam Smith, let them show us in what particulars they have effectively improved and completed the doctrine of that immortal master, what discoveries really new they have added to his original felicitous *aperçus*?"

The tests proposed are indubitably sound. The challenge is a fair one. If Political Economy cannot make good its pretensions by the criteria of continuity and fecundity, it deserves to be relegated to the limbo to which M. Comte consigns it.

But in proceeding to the ordeal it is necessary to distinguish. There would, it must at once be admitted, be no difficulty in showing that a great deal of writing on economical subjects, now no less than when M. Comte published his criticisms, is of the sort which he describes as metaphysical,—that is to say, vague, "personal," full of "sterile and illusory controversies;" it must further be acknowledged that this style of writing prevails to a far larger extent in the discussions of Political Economy than in those of any physical science. The least reflection, however, will show, what has often been pointed out, that this incident of economic speculation is

quite inevitable. It results from two circumstances: first, the intimate relation in which social questions, economic included, stand to personal and class concerns, and through them to general politics, and the keen interest consequently felt in such questions by the general public; and, secondly, the absence of a technical nomenclature and the necessity which hence arises for employing popular language in the exposition of the doctrines of social and economic science. The inevitable consequence of this state of things has been to draw into the arena of this branch of controversy a crowd of unqualified persons. The incident, however, is not peculiar to Political Economy; and, if a science is to be made responsible for all the unscientific and superficial argumentation to which it gives occasion, Sociology would have quite as much, perhaps rather more, to answer for than economic science. The question, therefore, cannot be decided by extracts drawn at random from the miscellaneous literature of economic discussion: it is not by extracts from such sources, but by the doctrines of the science as expounded in the works of acknowledged masters, that the issue must be determined. From the writings of M. Comte's *avocats* and *littérateurs* I must appeal to those of Malthus, of Say, of Ricardo, of Tooke, of Senior, of Mill. These I take to be the veritable scientific successors of Adam Smith—after him and Turgot, the true founders and accredited expositors of economic doctrine. Limiting the controversy to this arena, I venture to assert that a more remarkable example of continuity of doctrine, of development of seminal ideas, of original *aperçus* extended, corrected, occasionally re-cast, of new discoveries supplementing, sometimes modifying, the old—in short, of all the indications of progressive science—will not easily be found even in the history of physical speculation.¹

The portion of economic science which Adam Smith carried furthest, and in which he left least for his successors to correct or supplement, is probably the theory of production. With true instinct he fixed on labour and land as the great original sources of wealth. Of these, the factor furnished by nature being a constant force, he saw that the progress of wealth must depend on the progressive efficiency of that other agency which man contributed. The problem of production thus resolved itself into ascertaining the conditions determining the efficiency of human industry. These conditions he grouped under three leading categories—division of labour, machinery, and the accumulation of capital. Such, stated in a few

(1) "L'économie politique," says M. Courcelle Seneuil, "bien que jeune encore, présente une suite de travaux dont l'objet, le but et la méthode, sont les mêmes, qui forment un corps, établissent une tradition et des croyances communes, une science enfin dans laquelle les conceptions, même fautives et imparfaites servent à élever des théories moins fautives et moins imparfaites; dans laquelle chaque vérité découverte est recueillie et conservée et chaque erreur signalée comme un écueil à éviter."

words, is the theory of production propounded in the "Wealth of Nations." It has been submitted by his successors to a searching criticism; but it has emerged from the ordeal, in the main, unaffected as regards the essence of the doctrines, though more or less modified in detail. Land—though, without doing much violence to language, we may extend the term to cover all that the land contains, all the material objects, therefore, which form the subject-matter of wealth, and even those productive powers resident in the earth—can yet scarcely be understood as comprising the forces in general of physical nature. Adam Smith, at all events, did not so employ the term; and, accordingly, his generalisation of the sources of wealth into land and labour is defective in not paying sufficient regard to the part performed in production by these latter agencies. As he overlooked their co-operation, so he necessarily failed to perceive the conditions on which it was rendered, and the consequences involved in the varying efficacy of those conditions—an omission which has been supplied by his successors, with important consequences in the general theory of economic development. Again, his conception of capital has been carefully sifted by more than one later writer, and has been cleared in the process of discussion of some extraneous elements which obscured the true nature of the functions performed by that agent of production. Division of labour, again, which he regarded mainly in its more obvious applications, has been shown to be a particular case of a larger principle, co-operation, which embraces not merely the class of phenomena adverted to by Adam Smith, but the great transactions of international commerce, and industrial organisation in its most extended sense. Subject to modifications of this minor kind, however, the doctrines of Adam Smith, in the theory of production, have been retained, and remain an integral portion of the existing body of economic science.

Passing to another field, and turning to his speculations on the phenomena of exchange value, one may with great truth apply to them what M. Say has said of his entire work: "The more we extend our knowledge of Political Economy, the more highly we shall appreciate both what he has done and what he has left for others to do." There are passages in the "Wealth of Nations" which touch the very core of the true theory of value. When, for example, he says: "The real price of everything, what everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it. What everything is really worth to the man who has acquired it, and who wants to dispose of it, is the toil and trouble which it can save to himself, and which it can impose upon other people:"—when, again, he says: "Labour was the first price—the original purchase money that was paid for all things,"¹

(1) Turgot also saw in industrial production the original act of exchange: "L'homme est encore seul; la nature seule fournit à ses besoins, et déjà il fait avec elle un premier

he expressed truths which had only need to be firmly grasped to unlock for him the secrets of this most intricate order of phenomena. But he hardly lays hold on the key when he lets it go, and proceeds to exclude from the operation of the principle he had enunciated all stages of social existence except the earliest—that “rude state of society which precedes the accumulation of stock and the appropriation of land.” The doctrine of value, as he finally developed it, though vitiated by a defective analysis of the elements of cost, nevertheless, had the great merit of connecting the phenomena with cost as its governing principle, and the further still higher merit—in which I think he was entirely original—of bringing into view the conception of “natural,” as distinguished from “market” values—that “central price towards which the prices of all commodities are continually gravitating.” These were considerable achievements, as those will acknowledge who are acquainted with the failure of even the most able of his predecessors to get beyond superficial generalisations—one might say the commonplaces of the subject—in this fundamental branch of Political Economy,¹ or who observe the futile efforts to excogitate a theory of the numerous modern writers who rush into economic speculations with no better guidance than the light of nature. In this form the theory was accepted by Say² without substantial change, but in the hands of Ricardo, it underwent important modifications, and in effect was recast. Starting from Adam Smith’s conception of “natural price,” and of cost as the regulator of this, he did much to elucidate the position by simply excluding from his exposition of the subject all that was inconsistent with these primary assumptions. But he did more than this. His clearer view of the nature of exchange value, and the firmer grasp he

commerce où elle ne fournit rien qu'il ne paie par son travail, par l'emploi de ses facultés et de son temps.—*Valeurs et Monnaies*, quoted by M. Courcelle Seneuil, vol. i. 304, note.

(1) Turgot’s exposition of the doctrine of value (*Formation et Distribution des Richesses*, § 33–35) does not go beyond proximate causes, namely, the reciprocal wants and means of buyers and sellers in a given market; in modern phrase, demand and supply. But incidentally in another part of his work (§ 61), he falls into a groove of thought which all but leads him up to the principle of “natural price” and “cost of production.” “C’est lui” [the capitalist], he writes, “qui attendra que la vente des cuirs lui rende, non seulement toutes ses avances, mais encore un profit suffisant pour le dédommager de ce que lui aurait valu son argent s’il avait employé en acquisition de fonds; et de plus du salaire dû à ses travaux, à ses soins, à ses risques, à son habileté même; car sans doute, à profit égal, il aurait préféré vivre sans aucune peine d’un revenu d’une terre qu’il aurait pu acquérir avec le même capital.” But having thus touched on the true solution, he afterwards (§ 67) recurs to his former position: “Ce sont toujours les besoins et les facultés qui mettent le prix à la vente,” &c.

(2) M. Say’s doctrine of value—so far as a distinct doctrine can be elicited from his very contradictory statements—differed in some respects from Adam Smith’s; but Ricardo has shown (*Works*, p. 172), that where he differed, it was to go wrong. The essentials of Adam Smith’s doctrine, that value was governed by cost of production, and that cost of production consisted of wages, profits, and rent, in such sense that a rise or fall of any of these elements necessitated a corresponding rise or fall of value—all this M. Say fully held.

had attained of the bearing of that "first price," that "original purchase-money," on all the secondary results in the play of industrial exchange flowing from the necessity of its payment, enabled him to show that the same principle which governed exchanges in primitive societies, and which Adam Smith imagined was peculiar to such societies, obtained equally, though masked by the more complicated machinery of advanced civilisation, in all stages of industrial development; and finally enabled him to bring within the scope of his general theory a class of phenomena of which the theory, as left by Adam Smith, failed to give any intelligible account—the phenomena of agricultural prices;—a generalisation from which he was immediately led to his celebrated doctrine of rent. From the facts of value, as presented within the limits of a single industrial community, Ricardo advanced to the more complicated phenomena presented by international exchange; and here, again, with unfailing instinct, he laid his hand on the salient elements of the problem; though it was reserved for Mr. Mill, by his theory of the "equation of international exchange," first propounded in his "Essays on Unsettled Questions in Political Economy"¹ to complete this portion of the doctrine. In the more important and fundamental speculation, however, on the governing principle of "natural value" in domestic transactions, Ricardo left little for his successors to supply. Mr. Senior improved the exposition by giving a name—*Abstinence*—to an element of cost, not unrecognised by Ricardo, and implied in his exposition, but not brought into sufficient prominence by him; and Mr. Mill, in his chapter on the "ultimate elements of cost of production," has effected some modifications in detail, and given greater precision to some of the conceptions involved; but in essentials the doctrine remains as it came from the master's hand.

In the field of foreign trade, Adam Smith achieved important results, though mainly of a negative kind. His onslaught on the mercantile theory of wealth, and his advance from the destruction of that fetish to the establishment of the doctrine of Free Trade, are among his best-known exploits. Yet it is nevertheless true that Adam Smith wholly failed to give a rational account of the principle which occasions and governs the interchange of commodities between nations, and by consequence to explain in what consists, or what measures, the gain of foreign trade. His language on this subject, in not a few passages, exhibits all the vacillation and contradiction of the mercantile school. While alive to the important and fundamental truth that "consumption is the sole end and purpose of production," and drawing the sound inference that "the interests of producers ought to be attended to only so far as they promote the

(1) "Un travail," says M. Cherbuliez of Geneva, "le plus important et le plus original dont la science économique se soit enrichie depuis une vingtaine d'années."

interests of consumers," the main tenor of his exposition of the nature and effects of foreign trade is nevertheless conceived distinctly from the producer's stand-point. Foreign markets are regarded as beneficial, because affording a "vent for surplus productions," and the gain of commerce is supposed to lie mainly in its conducing to maintain a high range of mercantile profit. On the whole, it must be said, in spite of some admirable maxims and pregnant hints which occur throughout the discussion, that the theory of foreign trade, as developed in the "Wealth of Nations," constitutes a mass of confused thought and misapprehended fact. The whole of this portion of the science was still essentially chaotic, and, notwithstanding the partial elucidations effected by M. Say in his exposition of the doctrine that "products are the markets for products," remained in this condition until here again the genius of Ricardo, by a few masterly generalisations, introduced order and light into the jarring elements. One of these, known to economists as the doctrine of "comparative cost," set forth, for the first time, the fundamental conditions which determine the profitableness of international exchange. Adam Smith's negative conclusions were not only corroborated, but supplied with a basis in the general theory of the subject, while the small element of truth contained in the doctrine of the Mercantile school was ascertained and discriminated. Phenomena, moreover, which Adam Smith had wholly overlooked, and which his doctrine would have been powerless to explain—for example, the continued importation of a commodity produced under less favourable conditions than those available for its production in the importing country—were brought into view, and shown to be the necessary consequences of the fundamental law which governed this province of exchange. The theory of foreign trade, thus for the first time placed upon a rational foundation, has since been taken up by Mr. Mill, at whose hands it has received important additions and modifications, but additions and modifications, as Mr. Mill himself is careful to point out, all of them in the nature of developments of the original doctrine—all, therefore, of that kind which are the natural incidents and best evidence of progressive science.

Let me briefly trace the history of one important economic doctrine more. The true nature and functions of money, as employed within the limits of a single country, were apprehended with great clearness by Adam Smith. When he distinguished the coin of a country, "the great wheel of circulation," from the goods which it circulates; when he likened the use of paper money to the substitution for this wheel of another, less costly and more convenient; and, by a still more apt image, to a road through the air which should enable the people of the country to turn to the purposes of cultivation the space previously occupied by the ordinary highway; when, following out this illustration, he showed how the conversion was effected through

the substitution, by means of interchange with foreign countries, of productive capital for the barren gold; when he set the subject of a mixed currency in this light, he supplied or suggested principles adequate to explain the most important phenomena of domestic circulation. These principles have all been accepted by his successors, and are to be found in all good text-books of Political Economy: some of their consequences, too, have been embodied in legislative measures. But the same weakness of his general doctrine on the side of international exchange which excluded him from clear insight into the movements of cosmopolitan commerce, disabled him also in his attempt to deal with the phenomena of international money. On the causes regulating the distribution of gold and silver throughout the world, and the relative range of prices amongst commercial nations, Adam Smith has thrown little or no light; but, as the reader will anticipate, his shortcomings were here again supplemented by the same able thinker, who had solved the general problem of international trade—a problem of which the question of international money was but a part. In other directions, also, monetary doctrines have progressed since the time of Adam Smith. It would be strange indeed were it otherwise. The disturbance of monetary relations caused by the great wars following on the French Revolution, the suspension of cash payments for twenty years by the Bank of England, the immense development of credit which has signalised the last half century, have brought to light monetary phenomena of a range and complexity unknown in the earlier period. The investigations of the Bullion Committee of 1810, and the admirable labours of Mr. Tooke, preserved in his “History of Prices,” have turned these opportunities to excellent account, and shed new light over the whole of this extended and intricate field; which has been still further elucidated by the discussions arising out of the controverted question of the policy of the Bank Act of 1844.

Such then, in four capital departments of Political Economy, has been the course of speculation since the publication of the “Wealth of Nations;”¹ and there would be no difficulty in extending the illustration to other doctrines of the science. But I think I may stop here, and ask if there is nothing in all this but “the reproduction of sterile controversies, ever renewed, never advancing?” Is this a spectacle of purely theological and metaphysical dissertation? Is it true that the successors of Adam Smith have nothing

(1) In the foregoing argument I have drawn my illustrations mainly from the works of English economists, not that I have any wish to ignore what has been done by other schools, but because the capital discoveries in the science have, so far as I know, been made by Englishmen. This, I observe, is freely admitted by one of the most eminent of recent contributors to economic speculation on the Continent. M. Cherbuliez, of Geneva, writes:—“On peut considérer Adam Smith comme la fondateur d’une école, de cette école Anglaise, à laquelle la science est redevable de presque tous les théorèmes importants dont elle s’est enrichie depuis le commencement de ce siècle.”—*Précis de la Science Economique*, vol. i. p. 30.

to show of effective contribution to the doctrines of their master, no really new discoveries to add to his "*felicitous aperçus*?" Are we not, on the contrary, justified in affirming that Political Economy presents, and that in a very eminent degree, one at least of those symptoms which M. Comte has declared to be among the least equivocal evidences of really scientific conceptions—continuity of doctrine?

The other criterion by which M. Comte proposes to try Political Economy is fecundity, or the test of fruit. And here it is probable many people would meet his challenge by adducing the general results of modern industrial and commercial legislation—such results, for example, as the extinction of trade corporations, the abolition of usury laws, the more or less extensive adoption by the leading nations of Europe of the principle of free trade, English colonial policy, English financial, monetary, and poor-law reforms—achievements which, it will scarcely be denied, may be fairly credited to Political Economy. They are unquestionably in general conformity with its principles; and they were carried into effect by men more or less under the influence of, some of them deeply imbued with, the spirit of its teaching. Nevertheless I must demur to the test of fecundity as thus understood. More than one even of the physical sciences might find themselves in straits if required to make good their pretensions by a criterion of this sort. Geology is counted a science, yet amongst practical miners, whether in Wales and Cornwall or in California and Australia, empirical experience, coupled with native sagacity, stands, if I have not been misinformed, for much more than the most profound geological knowledge. Zoology, Botany, perhaps also Biology, if brought to the same test, might find themselves in similar difficulties; and I rather think Professor Max Müller would find it no easy matter to establish the scientific character of those philological studies of which he is the learned advocate, by the criterion of fruit in this sense of the word. Are we then to say that these several branches of scientific knowledge have borne no fruit?—that they have no results to show in evidence of their scientific pretensions? Rather, I think, it behoves us to consider whether such results as those of which examples have been given above—applications, that is to say, of scientific principles to the practical arts of life—constitute the proper fruit of a science. It is in this sense that M. Comte applies the test to Political Economy, and even in this sense, as has been seen, Political Economy emerges triumphant from the ordeal; but the criterion, as thus understood, is vicious, and ought not to be accepted. Practical applications of scientific principles are, I submit, not the proper fruit, but the accidental consequences of scientific knowledge; or if fruit, then fruit of the kind typified by the apple of Atalanta, against the attractions of which Bacon warns the aspirant

in the scientific race as apt to draw him aside from the nobler pursuit. It is not in such tangible results that we shall find the genuine fruit of science; these may, and in the end generally will, come in abundant supply, but they are not of the essence of the plant; it is not in these, but in that power which is the end and aim of scientific knowledge—the power of interpreting nature, of explaining phenomena. Tried by this test, no true science need fear the ordeal, and Political Economy, like every other, must abide by the result. Now the question is, has Political Economy given evidence of fecundity as thus understood? Has it increased our power of interpreting the facts of industrial and commercial life? To deny this would, it seems to me, be as futile as to make a similar denial respecting any of the physical sciences. M. Comte, indeed, does not go this length. On the contrary, he admits, if not in terms, at least by implication, that Political Economy is equal to the interpretation of economic phenomena. But his objection is, that it has not succeeded in preventing the injurious consequences which are incident to some of the laws it expounds. To state, for example, the effects of the extended use of machinery in the production and distribution of wealth, if the exposition be unaccompanied by the suggestion of practical remedies for the industrial evils incident to the process, is, according to M. Comte, a proceeding “*vraiment dérisoire*,” equivalent to proclaiming “the proper social impotency” of economic science—a complaint which, it seems to me, is about as philosophical as if we were to condemn the science of electricity because, in spite of lightning-conductors, houses are sometimes struck by lightning, or to rail at mechanical science because railway-trains come into collision, or to denounce astronomy because it is powerless to prevent eclipses. Political Economy, it must be owned, has no panacea to offer for the cure of social evils, but it has that to offer which it is in the nature of science to furnish—light as to the causes on which those evils, so far as they proceed from economic agencies, depend. It reveals the laws according to which wealth is produced, accumulated, and distributed; according to which capital increases, and profit declines, and rent grows, and wages, prices, and interest fluctuate; according to which, in a word, economic phenomena are governed; it thus extends our power of interpreting nature, and, “by obeying, of conquering her;” and, in doing so, it has given evidence of fecundity in the only sense in which fecundity can be properly required of a science.

A great deal has been made by M. Comte of the divergence of view on fundamental points revealed by the discussions of economic science. The fact, whether to be regretted or not, cannot be denied; but it may be asked what there is in the controversies of economists that has not been paralleled again and again in the history of every physical science? What, for example, has been the history of

chemical progress but a succession of controversies upon points of the most fundamental character; controversies which have not yet been closed? There is, indeed, no little analogy between the course of chemistry in this respect and that of Political Economy. While Adam Smith and the French Physiocrats were discussing the fundamental problem as to the nature and ultimate sources of wealth, a parallel controversy was raging between the followers of Stahl in England, and those of Lavoisier, in France, on the most fundamental of chemical problems—the nature of combustion. Both controversies, after periods of about equal duration, were closed by the definitive triumph of English views in Political Economy, of French views in chemistry; but closed only to be opened again on new, but still fundamental issues. There are French economists who refuse to accept the doctrines of population and rent propounded by Malthus and Ricardo. And there are chemists, English and French, who holding by the theory of Lavoisier as to the primary character of chemical combinations, reject the subtle speculations of a more modern school. At the present moment, as I learn from a recent article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, there are no less than three distinct positions taken by chemists on the question of the molecular constitution of bodies:—

“Is it,” says the writer, “that the theory of atomicity reigns now without challenge in chemical science? Things have not come to that. There are still amongst savans of the highest authority some declared partisans of the theory of Lavoisier. There are chemists who, while abandoning the ancient doctrines, refuse to accept the new, and for the moment acknowledge no general idea of a kind to guide investigators. One may foresee, however, that the principle of atomicity will not be slow to rise above resistance and doubt.”¹

With such facts before us, it will scarcely be maintained that divergence of view amongst the cultivators of a science on even fundamental points, is inconsistent with its positive character; and we can, therefore, afford to admit the existence of English and French schools of Political Economy, without being forced to take rank as outcasts from the positive pale among metaphysical and theological dissertators. We may even go further than this, and contemplate the possibility of economic generalisations which shall supersede some now holding their place in our text-books. Whatever may ultimately become of our existing doctrines of value, of rent, of profits, of international trade, they can scarcely meet a harder fate than befel the phlogistic theory of combustion, or than seems likely to befall the binary theory of chemical combination. Those doctrines, as they stand, do in fact explain a vast number and variety of the phenomena of wealth presented by modern industrial societies. This alone, on Positive principles, constitutes a valid title, at all events, to the claim of provisional acceptance. Sub-

(1) See an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Juillet, 1869, par M. Edgar Savenez: “L'Evolution des doctrines chimiques depuis Lavoisier.”

sequent examination will show whether they do not also satisfy the second condition required for their definitive recognition as natural laws.

The above considerations will probably be deemed a sufficient answer to M. Comte on the criterion of fecundity as applied to Political Economy; but in connection with this topic, that philosopher has some remarks on the subject of scientific prevision as practicable in the social sciences, the bearing of which on Political Economy it may be well here briefly to examine.

M. Comte has laid it down as the attribute of a true social science that it be able to establish a "rational filiation in the succession of events, so as to permit, as for every other order of phenomena, and within the general limits imposed by a superior complication, a certain systematic prevision of their ulterior succession." The point to which I wish to call attention is the extent to which Political Economy satisfies the condition here required of a social science.

That in a certain sense "prevision" is attainable in the phenomena treated by Political Economy will be at once seen if we consider that its principles have been frequently taken as a guide in practical legislation. It is true the rules by which a practical art is conducted, may be empirical; but this character cannot be attributed to the conclusions of Political Economy: the common objections to it lie, indeed, all in the opposite direction. It cannot be denied, for example, that the doctrine of free trade is a product of systematic reasoning: true or false, it is at least no rule of thumb. We had no experience of free trade when Adam Smith and Turgot preached it. The announcement, then, that free trade would enrich a country, like the announcement that water would ascend in the exhausted tube of a pump, formed a distinct prediction—a prediction that certain effects would follow from certain causes; and a prediction which, wherever the experiment has been tried, has been verified by the event. It is clear, therefore, that to this extent Political Economy lays claim, and not without valid grounds, to the power of prediction.¹ But the faculty contemplated by M. Comte, in the passage I have quoted, would seem to comprehend something more than this. It was to be a power of foreseeing, not merely a single consequence, however general and wide-reaching, but a train of consequences depending by "rational filiation" on an original cause. Can it be said that Political Economy satisfies this requirement? Before answering this question, let us observe what the requirement involves.

We have seen that Political Economy has predicted certain results as flowing from the policy of free trade; but it is not more certain

(1) "Elle peut prévoir les conséquences de tel ou tel acte, et c'est dans cette faculté de prévoir les fruits à venir qu'elle trouve, comme la physique, la contre-épreuve de la théorie, le signe de leur certitude."—*Traité d'Economie Politique*, par J. G. Courcelle Seneuil, vol. i. p. 10.

that freedom of trade favours the best distribution of industrial forces, and thus conduces to the augmentation of wealth, than it is that an accelerated growth of capital promotes an accelerated increase of population; while it is equally certain that, where other things are equal, density of population is attended with certain economic advantages—advantages which in their turn converge to the same result, intensifying the original impulse towards augmented wealth and population. Further it might be shown, remembering that the material well-being of a people depends in the last resort upon their habits as affecting their disposition and power to keep their numbers within the limits of the means of support; remembering again that the habits of a people are liable to be modified by changes in its condition if these be sufficiently long continued;—I say it might be shown, having regard to these considerations, that a free-trade policy would have a tendency, not merely to enrich a country and augment the number of its people, but also, through an action upon their habits, to raise permanently the standard of well-being among the population whose numbers it had contributed to increase. This, perhaps, will suffice for the purpose of illustration; but if the reader desires to see examples of this mode of reasoning on social affairs applied to actual questions of momentous interest, he need only turn to Mr. Mill's celebrated chapters in the second volume of his *Political Economy* on the "Influence of the Progress of Society on Production and Distribution." In such instances, then, we find a "rational filiation" established in the succession of economic influences.

But does it amount to prevision of the actual order of economic events, and would it justify a distinct prediction of a remote economic result? At this point I think the answer must be in the negative; and for this reason: the realisation of the results described is contingent in each case on the action of contemporaneous agencies influencing the course of events, but not included in the economic premises. In short, the economic prevision is a prevision, not of events, but of tendencies—tendencies which would be liable, in a greater or less degree, or even completely, to be counteracted by others of which it takes no account. This incapacity, however, of forecasting events, let it be noted, argues no imperfection in economic science; the imperfection is not here, but in those other cognate sciences to which belong the determination of the non-economic agencies which are the unknown quantities in the problem. When these cognate social sciences shall have been brought up to the same point of perfection which has been attained by *Political Economy*, something approaching to that systematic prevision of events contemplated by M. Comte will be possible. Meanwhile it is no slight gain in speculating on the future of society to have it in

our power to determine the direction of an order of tendencies exercising so wide, constant, and potent an influence on the course of human development as the conditions of wealth. It is to hold in our hand one, and that not the weakest, of the threads of destiny.

So much for that highest form of scientific fruit—"forecast of the future." The principle, however, of establishing a filiation in events, may take the more modest form of explaining the past; and here, it seems to me, we have a field in which, if abundant fruit has not been reaped, it is only because the ground has not been adequately cultivated. That Political Economy—assuming that it fulfils its limited purpose of unfolding the natural laws of wealth—is capable of throwing light on the evolutions of history, will scarcely be denied, if only it be considered how large a proportion of all human existence is absorbed in the mere pursuit of physical well-being, how extensively the material interests of men prevail in determining their political opinions and conduct, and in how many subtle ways worldly considerations gain an entrance into the heart and conscience, and help to give the cue to moral and religious ideas. It is scarcely possible, I say, to reflect on this, and not perceive that to the right interpretation and correct exposition of the conduct of men in past times—that conduct which makes history—a knowledge of the laws of wealth, a knowledge of the direction in which, in a given epoch, material interests draw the men who live in it, forms an indispensable qualification. Obvious, however, as this reflection is, the truth (except in a few eminent instances) has been all but wholly ignored. Speaking generally, it is not yet supposed—notwithstanding Mr. Buckle's admirable efforts to raise the standard of requirement on this point—that a knowledge of Political Economy is any necessary part of the equipment of an historian. It is impossible to doubt that the consequences of this view of things to historic study have been very serious; that many precious indications, which to a student furnished with the economic key would have opened light through not a few of the dark, but important crises of history, have been wholly lost to us—thrown away upon investigators who, however rich in erudition, perhaps embarrassed with their riches, were unprovided with this potent instrument. Our historians have but rarely been economists, and I fear it must be acknowledged that our economists have quite as rarely been profound students of history; and it has thus come to pass that this important field of economic research has yet produced but scanty fruit.

J. E. CAIRNES.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

THE Epic poem which was written by the late Lord Macaulay, under the title of the "History of England," terminated, as was fit, with the death of the hero King William. Another well-known work which bears the same title, but deserves it a great deal better, starts from the Treaty of Utrecht. Between these two an open space had lain for some years, which Lord Stanhope, by the advice of his friends, was persuaded to fill up. The present work is the result of his labours. And we suppose that it will ultimately be incorporated with his larger history, and constitute the first volume.

It is rather curious that so famous an age as the Augustan should have waited so long for its historian. We have histories in which it is included; we have biographies by which it is illustrated; we have annalists by whom its facts have been recorded; and we have the fragments of Swift which are superior to all the rest. Still they are but fragments. Nobody has picked it out for its own sake, as other epochs have been picked out; and even Lord Stanhope seems to have taken it up rather because he abhorred a vacuum than because he felt attracted by any special allurements of its own. And we think that this opinion is supported by a perceptible languor of style in his new volume, which is very unlike himself. It may be that the very brilliancy of its literary and social aspects has blinded men to its political interest; or that the common-place character of the Queen has deterred them from dealing with her reign, except in its place among others. Be this as it may, the political interest of the period is very great indeed. It opens with one of the most important wars which this country ever waged. It closes with a Treaty of Peace which settled Europe for a hundred years. In all the long roll of great Englishmen there are few more splendid names, if some more spotless, than the conductor of the one and the author of the other. The same period saw the union of the northern and southern parts of this island, which realised the visions the great Tudor statesmen, and contributed more than any other event of the time to the stability of the Revolution; while last, but not least, in the careers of Atterbury and Sacheverell the student of ecclesiastical history finds almost the last traces of that powerful and direct influence which the Church of England once exercised in politics. But over and above these particular features of the general interest attaching to a reign in which the constitution was trembling in the balance. If the reign of Queen Anne back in 1714, it is highly improbable

out again for long years. Men would have said it was time that this excitement should abate, and that even parliamentary government was not worth perpetual agitation. It was difficult as it was to get up sufficient public feeling to prevent their restoration; it would have been impossible to get up enough to re-enact their expulsion. A fatal period of political apathy would have followed; and the constitutional system might never have made good its footing. When we think of this crisis in our fate, it is impossible not to look back with almost bated breath on the desperate party-struggles which eddied round the throne of Anne.

But there is a still more general source of interest even than this attaching to the period before us. The reign of Anne forms, as it were, the portal through which England passed from the old order to the new. The system of standing armies was consolidated by Marlborough. Feudalism breathed its last on the scaffold of Derwentwater. Queen Anne was the last Sovereign of these realms round whom still lingered something of the divinity that doth hedge a king, and her personal will and pleasure exercised a powerful influence on the Government. But not an unquestioned influence. As we shall see hereafter, the most powerful party in the State was already beginning to assert its dominant principle, and claim the right of nominating particular Ministers whenever the party as a whole was selected for the service of the Crown. With the suppression of the rebellion of 1715, the curtain falls upon the past; and, after the general election of the year following, it rises on that modern England which lasted substantially intact till the termination of the French war. The change which passed over this country between the Battle of the Boyne and the accession of George I., may be compared with that which took place between the Battle of Bosworth and the accession of Henry VIII. The parallel might be pursued, if necessary, into minute particulars; but the general resemblance sufficiently illustrates our meaning. And it is to be remarked, that what the aristocracy had lost under one form by the first transition, they regained under another by the second. For spears and castles they now had nominees and boroughs; and their power was none the less because exercised through the forms of freedom.

Lord Stanhope handles his materials in the same placid and contemplative spirit which distinguishes his larger work. Without any straining at effect; without either novelty in his view, or epigrams in his style; without the faintest approach to that pictorial luxuriance which is one of the plagues of modern literature; he writes with that complete mastery of his subject, and that well-bred simplicity of manner, which, if they are slower in catching the attention, never fail to keep it when caught. We know of no historian to whom the word "agreeable" is so applicable as it is

to him. He steers a middle course between Lord Macaulay and Mr. Froude. He does not throw off the impressions of his own mind, simpliciter and without references, like the one; nor does he interpose whole pages of inverted commas between himself and his readers, like the other. He takes care to inform us of his authorities, but he weaves the information into his narrative with so much skill, that we imbibe our dry facts without feeling the taste of them. This very great merit in Lord Stanhope has not, we think, been sufficiently acknowledged. When he errs on either side, he errs on the side of Mr. Froude, but that is very seldom; and we observe it less in this volume than in either the *Life of Pitt* or the *History of England*. It is owing to this quality that Lord Stanhope is, as we have said, so eminently an agreeable writer. In the ordinary sense of the term, he has not the power of either of the two writers with whom we have been comparing him: he has not the fighting power of the one, nor the thinking power of the other. Yet even here, again, there is a species of intellectual power lying between these two for which Lord Stanhope is conspicuous, and which may serve to reduce the difference: we mean the power of condensation, and, with that, of intellectual self-control. We never read a work that was more symmetrical than his *History of England*. And the same may be said of this volume. All the parts are in due proportion to each other; and, though we miss something of the earnest and elevated thought which we find in Mr. Froude, and the felicitous rhetoric which is the special boast of Lord Macaulay, it may perhaps be considered by many people that these are the excellences as much of the historical essayist, as of the historian proper.

We may point out, however, before quitting this branch of our subject, that there is one particular in which it seems probable that Lord Stanhope was much indebted to Lord Macaulay. All our readers will remember the *Essay upon History*, which was one of Lord Macaulay's earliest critical performances. They will recollect his animated picture of what a history ought to be: showing forth not only great public events, but the society in which they took place; giving, that is, the national life as a whole, and not merely those aspects of it which are perhaps the least characteristic, and common to the lives of all nations. It seems to us that Lord Stanhope must have taken the hint; for his *History of England*, published some ten years after the appearance of this *Essay*, is the first which to our knowledge makes any attempt to comply with these conditions—where we see for the first time the introduction of those picturesque details by which the dignity of Clio had up to that time been unassailed.

Lord Stanhope, who thinks that a Tory of the present day is the

same as a Whig of Queen Anne's day, takes, of course, the Whig view of English history during her reign. Thus, he says of the War of the Succession: "So far as regards the great events of this war, the two parties, looking only to their tenure of power, are entitled to divide the credit between them. The Tories held office during Blenheim and Ramillies; the Whigs held office during Oudenarde and Malplaquet. But, as regards the policy which led to these successes, the praise, as I conceive, belongs almost wholly to the Whigs." By which he means, that England's participation in the war was due to the continental policy of William III., which was supported exclusively by the Whigs: and he is quite right. The only remark we care to add is, that as no English interests were promoted by this war, it is to be justified solely as part of the price we had to pay for the Revolution of 1688. William III. was necessary to England: and a war with France was necessary to William III. We had to take both, or neither. The Whigs had the sense to see this truth, and the courage to act on it. But that is the extent of the service for which we are indebted to them. Lord Stanhope likens the policy of William, and its consummation by Marlborough, to the policy of Pitt and its consummation by Wellington. We cannot say that the parallel is incorrect; yet to accept it unconditionally is to overlook some very important considerations. It is true that Mr. Pitt combined the Great Powers against Napoleon, as William III. had previously combined them against Louis; and that what Marlborough did for the latter confederacy, Wellington did to some extent for the former. But here the resemblance terminates. Mr. Pitt and his alleged prototype took widely different views of the part which it behoved Great Britain to take in this confederacy. It appears to us that William III. did in effect do exactly what Burke complained that Mr. Pitt did not, that he did "preach a crusade" against French ambition, and throw into the contest the whole military strength of Britain. Marlborough had with him forty thousand men in Flanders, while eight or ten thousand more were serving under Charles in Spain. Considering that Wellington himself never had a larger force of British troops under his command in the Peninsula, and only very seldom so large a one, we must confess that for the age of Queen Anne, when we had only just formed a standing army, the above was a prodigious effort. Fifty thousand men in Queen Anne's time represent eighty thousand in Mr. Pitt's. And Mr. Pitt considered ten thousand men a large force to send to Holland. Thus we see at once the essential difference between the principles which governed the two statesmen. Pitt's idea—whether just or not is nothing to the purpose—was the old Tory idea of keeping ourselves clear of the continent, and confining our exertions to the sea. He was obliged,

against his will, to undertake more. But his heart was not in it, and egregious failures were the consequence. His heart was in our naval war, in spite of Lord Chatham. The result was Trafalgar and the Nile. Pitt, moreover, true to his Tory instincts, was always solicitous for peace. Marlborough, who, we must remember, was both minister and general, was equally solicitous for war. We care not to impute to him the sordid motives which others have assigned for this conduct. His allowances were no doubt enormous. But the enthusiasm of a great soldier, combined with the splendid vision of destroying the French monarchy, was quite sufficient to account for his attachment to the camp, without supposing him to have been influenced against his own convictions by fifty thousand pounds a year. Nevertheless, the fact remains. And the only period in our later history which can fairly be likened to the days of Blenheim and Ramillies, are the days of Vittoria and Waterloo. Then, no doubt, Great Britain had at last bestirred herself, and was showing the same energy in prosecuting hostilities by land as she had done in the reign of Anne. But these were not the days of Pitt. That Pitt, had he lived, would have comprehended the reasoning of the Duke of Wellington on the policy of defending Spain, and that he would have carried on the war with more vigour than the Portlands and the Percivals, nobody can doubt for one instant, who reflects on his political genius, and his impregnable fortitude. He would have seen that the case of Spain was an exception. Still, as a matter of history, the schemes of Wellington were not worked out in conformity with the views of Pitt; and we have only probabilities to support us in believing that they ever would have been.

But, after all, we must remember there is a wider difference even than that we have recorded between the Whig crusade against Louis, and the Tory fight against Napoleon. What England had to fear from the King, admits of no comparison with what she had to fear from the Consul. Louis was bent on territorial aggression, but it was such as we have come to regard in these days with considerable indifference. Napoleon was bent besides that on the propagation of political principles destructive of all forms of government and all social systems which differed from those of France. Louis had no jealousy of England; he wanted neither to conquer her nor to quarrel with her. Napoleon was actuated by the most determined and vindictive animosity to this country. The war carried on by Mr. Pitt was a matter of life and death. The war carried on by William, as far as it affected England, referred to remote contingencies. Whether the independence of these islands would have really been imperilled if France and Spain *had* been united under one head, is perhaps a debateable question. But as we had to fight the two countries

combined under any circumstances, we could have had to do no more when the event arrived.

The *Spectator* tells us that when Sir Roger de Coverley got up to speak at the assizes, he did so rather with a view of maintaining his consequence in the county than because he had anything to say. Looking back upon the war of the Spanish succession through the vista of a century and three quarters, the good which it did for this country seems to have been very much of the same kind. It revived our consequence in Europe, which had sunk to a low ebb since the days of Cromwell, and had not regained its old position by the Peace of Ryswick. Thenceforth England became enrolled for better or worse with the great military Powers; and though Bolingbroke tried to nip it in the bud, the system survived his efforts, and flourished to a green old age. Whether the same result might not have been attained at less cost, and by a totally different method, is another question. But it was attained. The victories of Marlborough, like the victories of Wellington, raised the influence and reputation of England to such a height, that the alarm of foreign invasion was banished from an Englishman's dreams for half a century. From another point of view, as we have already observed, the war was a necessity: for the exigencies of the Revolution had involved us in the policy of William, and William had involved us with allies from whom we could not honourably disengage ourselves. But the war was never a defensive war, like the war we waged against Napoleon, nor undertaken to protect English interests like the war we waged against Nicholas. Of the prospects of the struggle, it is remarkable that Marlborough, from the outset, took a highly favourable view, notwithstanding Steenkirk and Landen. "The French will find," he said to Bolingbroke, "that they have no longer green levies to contend with." William, in fact, had made the army which the Duke afterwards led to victory. He had naturally encountered those disasters which can hardly be avoided during the process of making raw troops into ripe ones. But now the process was complete. The veterans of Namur had been disbanded after the Peace of Ryswick. But they flocked to the standard of Marlborough when the drum beat, and more than justified the confidence which he felt in the result.

As a curious example of party feeling, we may note that in the first address to the Queen which congratulated her on Marlborough's successes, the Whigs objected to the words, "signally retrieved" the honour of the British arms, as if it was a reflection on King William, and moved that the word "maintained" be substituted in place of them. The original words, however, were retained by the voices of a large majority. It is not our intention

to recapitulate the events of this war, nor even to go at much length into the terms of the treaty which concluded it. The military genius of Marlborough has never, to our knowledge, been disputed, nor are we aware that he has been taxed with a single strategical mistake. The political genius of Bolingbroke is now universally acknowledged, nor is it necessary to say much more in defence of the Treaty of Utrecht, than in defence of the battles which preceded it. A little more it *may* be necessary to say, but that only for the sake of disentangling the threads of the controversy, and bringing the salient points before our readers into as clear relief as possible.

The final cause of the two Partition treaties to which William III. had pledged us was the prevention of a union between the whole Spanish monarchy and any other first-class power. The immediate object of the grand alliance which followed was to prevent such a union taking place between Spain and France. Now, if while fighting for the immediate purpose of the alliance, we should find ourselves not only forgetting, but actually defeating the original purpose of the treaties, would not any one of the contracting parties be justified in holding back, and demanding some good reason for this total revolution of policy? Yet this is exactly what occurred. At the outbreak of the war the Duke of Anjou was nearer in the line of succession to the French crown than the Archduke Charles to the imperial. But, as years passed by, their relative positions changed. In 1705, Charles became heir-presumptive. In 1706, Louis offered terms of peace on the basis of the articles of the grand alliance, offering to the allies "that equitable and reasonable satisfaction to his Imperial Majesty for his pretension to the Spanish succession," for which the first article of that treaty had stipulated—that is to say, being ready to adopt the principle of the Partition treaties, to agree that his grandson should be contented with a part only, instead of the whole of the dominions of Charles II., and offering at the same time the strongest possible guarantees against the union of even this fragment of it with his own dominions. His overtures were refused; as still better terms were refused twice afterwards, in 1709 and 1710. Here, then, at least we were forgetting the original object, for the sake of which the war began. In 1711, the Archduke Charles, from being heir-presumptive, became actual Emperor, and still war was to be prosecuted to place him on the throne of Spain. Here, then, we were absolutely defeating the purpose for which the allied Powers had contracted the Partition treaties. We were placing ourselves in the ridiculous position of persevering in order to achieve what we had started in order to prevent; and of hazarding a union of the whole Spanish monarchy with Austria, even when the union of half the Spanish monarchy with France was no longer to be feared. The absurdity of this

position was too glaring to be defended. And accordingly the advocates of the war had to find some other colourable pretext which should throw this aspect of it into the background, and clothe it with a different complexion. This was found in the necessity of taking advantage of this opportunity to "humble the power of France." The natural question which is suggested by these words is, what should we have gained by humbling France any further that we did not gain as it was? We know very well that the Treaty of Utrecht was more favourable to Louis than the terms he had himself offered at the Congress of Gertruydenberg; while, according to Bolingbroke, it was only the pertinacious refusal of the allies to join in the peace, when war had become totally unreasonable, which prevented us from getting as good terms on the second occasion as on the first. After all, the broad question is, whether France was sufficiently humiliated not to glut the vengeance of Austria and Holland, but to secure the liberties of Europe. Let the history of the Continent for the next eighty years answer that question. But even if she was not, England, we contend, was entitled to retire from the contest when its original object was attained. It is the evil of all wars that they have a tendency to overflow the limits originally imposed upon them. We saw this tendency in the Crimean War, when, after we had secured Turkey and destroyed Sebastopol, the cry arose for "humbling the power" of Russia. In justice to the French Emperor, we must say we think he was quite right not to listen to this cry. And the cry against Louis was, if anything, still more unreasonable.

Such being the justification of the end which the English ministry pursued, we are free to confess that the means by which they sought it, admit of less perfect vindication. As for leaving the Austrians and the Dutch to fight their quarrel by themselves, the ministry had no reason in the world to be ashamed of that. For neither of these two Powers had scrupled to consult their own private interests whenever it suited them to do so, at the expense of either England or each other. That, then, is not the point. The point is, whether that which England did in 1712 she ought not to have done in 1711. The Whig ministry of 1706-9-10, by acting with the allies in their refusal of Louis's proposals had, doubtless, seemed to sanction that enlarged scheme of hostilities to which we have already adverted. But engagements of this kind cannot in the nature of things be binding for ever. And, if the Queen's Government had seized the opportunity afforded by the Archduke's accession to the Empire (1711) of announcing her Majesty's determination to retire from a contest which was thenceforth to be waged in direct contradiction of its first principles, perhaps no fault could have been found. And this is what Lord Bolingbroke,

writing nearly thirty years afterwards, professes to think should have been done. He admits that the secret instructions sent out to the Duke of Ormond had a look "of double dealing;" and that when the Queen first commanded him to write the dispatch which contained these instructions he was "surprised and hurt." The dispatch is as follows:—

"Her Majesty, my lord, has reason to believe that we shall come to an agreement upon the great article of the union of the two monarchies as soon as a courier sent from Versailles to Madrid can return; it is therefore the Queen's positive command to your Grace, that you avoid in engaging in any siege, or hazarding a battle, till you have further orders from Her Majesty. I am at the same time directed to let your Grace know that the Queen would have you disguise the receipt of this order, and Her Majesty thinks that you cannot want pretences for conducting yourself so as to answer her ends without owning that which might, at present, have an ill effect if it was publicly known."

And, if we are to believe Lord Bolingbroke, he had nothing to do with it but the composition. He says that if there had been time he should have remonstrated with her Majesty on the subject. And he thinks there would have been "more frankness and more dignity" in speaking out to our allies during the preceding year. But still he will not allow that any substantial injury was done to any one by this transaction. And as to the injunctions to secrecy laid upon the English general, he is wholly silent. This is the one suspicious feature in the negotiation which it is difficult to explain away. By his own account Lord Bolingbroke disapproved of it. Yet he seems to have disapproved of it simply as a mistake in policy, and as in no way connected with any kind of moral considerations.

A kind of corollary to the Treaty of Utrecht was the Commercial Treaty which ministers proposed with France; and it is singular that the only part of these transactions which posterity has unanimously approved was the only one which the Opposition succeeded in defeating. We say unanimously, because we don't suppose there is any one at the present day who seriously doubts the good policy of Free Trade. Thirty-four years ago it was natural enough that Lord Stanhope should condemn the treaty as injurious to the English manufacturer; but we observe that in the present volume he passes it over in silence. Indeed, the only possible objection that could be raised to it was that it involved to some extent a breach of faith with Portugal. But even that charge can hardly be sustained; for the Methuen Treaty was made in 1703, and the French Treaty in 1713; so that Portugal had enjoyed ten years of the preference accorded to her; and it seems to be agreed that even where such preferences are really at the moment beneficial, "a fixed and not very distant term should be specified when the obligation should expire, and both parties be at liberty to continue or to abandon

the regulations agreed upon." But in this case it seems capable of proof that the Methuen Treaty was injurious to both Portugal and England.

"By binding ourselves to receive Portuguese wines for two-thirds of the duty payable on those of France, we, in effect, gave the Portuguese growers a monopoly of the British market, and thereby attracted too great a proportion of the capital of Portugal to the production of wine: while, on the other hand, we not only excluded one of the principal equivalents the French had to offer for our commodities, and proclaimed to the world that we considered it better to deal with two millions of beggarly customers than with thirty millions of rich ones, but we also provoked the retaliation of the French, who forthwith excluded most of our articles from their markets." ¹

The Treaty with Portugal was at least as much a political manœuvre as the Treaty with France; while the latter had the merit of being founded on correct principles, and being far more conducive to the prosperity of English trade.

But neither in the conclusion of the Treaty which we have so far vindicated nor in the conduct of the war which needs no vindication, have we as yet referred to anything beyond the public policy and the military skill which respectively distinguished them. If we come to the motives of the two chief actors on the scene, we are confronted with far more difficult and far more interesting problems. Taller by the head and shoulders than all their contemporaries stand out among the men of this era the two magnificent figures of Bolingbroke and Marlborough. The grandeur of a great man, like the beauty of a handsome woman, seems, as it were, to lift the happy owner out of the sphere of ordinary obligations, and to invest him with privileges denied to ordinary mortals. He seems to be too high for us to judge, and to look down on his detractors from his eminence in the temple of fame with contemptuous or indignant glances. "Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days, or caused the dayspring to know his place?" Such is the effect produced on the imagination by those extraordinary beings who at intervals appear among men: and struggle against it as we will, it is impossible ever to feel sure that we have completely escaped from its control, and the chances are, that even when we do, the violence of the effort which is necessary to accomplish the result projects us into the opposite extreme and a worse slavery than before.

Both the great men we have mentioned have been accused of crimes which in the abstract admit of no excuse. Yet both seem, as it were, to appeal to some higher court, and to demand, if the metaphor be allowable, to be tried by their peers. It is curious what different treatment they have experienced at the hands of posterity. The evidence against Bolingbroke raises only a strong suspicion; the evidence against Marlborough is on some points quite conclusive of

(1) McCulloch, "Com. Dict.," 1412.

his guilt. Yet the one till quite recently was believed to be a spotless hero, and the other an intellectual fiend. The cause of this distinction is obvious. Marlborough never stepped out of his own sphere, or gave his enemies any other handles against him than what they could discover for themselves. Bolingbroke, not contented with the political odium which he had brought upon himself in various ways, drew a hornets' nest about his ears by attacking the clergy. It has been taken for granted that he was an infidel, and it has been just as readily taken for granted that, being an infidel, he was a villain. The world in general, till recently, at least, knew nothing of the Duke of Marlborough but that he won the battle of Blenheim, and nothing of Lord Bolingbroke but that he wrote against the Christian religion. All the good of the one has come down to posterity, and all the evil of the other. Yet if we compare them together coolly and dispassionately, it will appear to most people that the minister was less guilty than the general. The only thing that has ever been imputed to Lord Bolingbroke is, that while a minister of the Crown he intrigued to undo the settlement which had been ratified by Act of Parliament, and to prevent the succession of the Protestant line, by procuring the return of James III. Now on this charge there are three observations to be made. First, that it is by no means certain that he did so intrigue; secondly, that if he did, his *moral* guilt was slight, compared with that of traitors generally; and, thirdly, that if he was a traitor, his, to borrow Johnson's phrase, was defensive treason. As regards the first, we can only say what Swift says—that if Bolingbroke had been engaged in any regular plot for the restoration of the Stuarts, there was nothing to prevent it from succeeding, and that the Treaty of Utrecht seems to have been unfavourable, rather than otherwise, to Jacobite interests. Had Bolingbroke been bent on the restoration of the Stuarts by fair means or foul, had none but selfish considerations dictated his policy, he would assuredly have prolonged the war till after the Queen's death. For in that case the one thing always wanting to the Jacobite cause would have been at once forthcoming—namely, a French army in Scotland, with James at the head of it. The whole of Scotland, under these circumstances, would soon have been in James's hands, and here would have been a base of negotiations which could only have had one conclusion. To throw some light upon the second point, let us quote a passage from Lord Stanhope:—

“At that period, so far as we are now enabled to judge, and for many years afterwards, there was a feeling very prevalent in England, though scarce ever publicly avowed, a belief that the restoration of the titular Prince of Wales, like that of his uncle, Charles the Second, would probably in the end take place—that it was rather a question of time and of terms. Men who had no

sort of concert or engagement with his partizans, and who looked forward with complacency to the Princess Anne as next heir, were yet unwilling to give any vote, or take any step that should irretrievably disavow them from their eventual Sovereign. Hence the progress of the Bill, in both houses, was marked by some strange fluctuations, and divers pretexts and devices; and there was at work a latent opposition rather felt perhaps than seen."

When this was the state of public feeling, and when, moreover, no treasonable act was meditated towards the reigning sovereign, it is quite clear that a correspondence with the exiled family cannot be ranked with that class of treason which plots the violent subversion of established governments. There was an Act of Parliament forbidding it, no doubt, and legally, of course, it was treason, and would probably have been punished as such if proved. But the moral guilt of an act which, without any wrong to individuals, was in harmony with the national sentiment, and was shared in by thousands of sympathisers, could not be of the blackest dye. We have said, thirdly, that the treason of which ministers were accused was, if it existed, defensive treason. They knew, that is, that their rivals had been assiduously poisoning the mind of the Elector against them, and that if he did come to England, their prospects of governing the country were extinguished for ever. This is no justification; yet with a man like Bolingbroke, conscious of such vast powers, and so delighting in the active exercise of them, to be condemned to opposition for the next twenty years of his life must have seemed little better than banishment. He might have felt, too, that he was very likely to be accused of high treason whether he was innocent or guilty; that if accused, it was a chance whether he got off; and that, therefore, if he was to run the risk of the punishment, he might as well get what advantage he could out of the offence; if he succeeded, his adversaries would then become the traitors. We repeat, we do not believe that he did engage in any regular treasonable conspiracy; but on the hypothesis that he did, so much.

Of the charges brought against the Duke of Marlborough some seem conclusively established; of the rest, some have been refuted, and others shown to rest on very unsatisfactory evidence. That his muster-rolls were fraudulently made up, and that he pocketed money in the names of men long since dead, is an accusation which rests only on the authority of a pamphleteer, who abuses with equal rancour both William and Mary. The worst charge of all, namely, that he betrayed to the French Government in 1694 our project for attacking Brest, whereby the expedition was defeated and hundreds of lives sacrificed, has been examined by an acute critic, who materially shakes its credibility, if he does not entirely destroy it. It is rather remarkable that Lord Stanhope should consider Mr. Paget beneath his notice. He can scarcely fail to be aware that the charge which he repeats in this volume was

assailed by that gentleman more than twelve years ago with so much success, that in the absence of any further testimony, we are almost under the necessity of believing that the real traitor was Godolphin. On the other hand, it is true that Marlborough corresponded with James and assured him of his undiminished loyalty, while he was in William's service; and likewise that he sent over a sum of money in 1715, to assist the chevalier in his invasion. And these two acts are worse in kind than anything imputed to Bolingbroke. Thus, if we take the most favourable estimate of Marlborough, and the most unfavourable one of Lord Bolingbroke, as public men, the balance, slight as it may be, is in favour of St. John. Our judgment of their private characters will depend on our comparative estimate of the harsher and the softer vices. Both were brave, beautiful, and fascinating. Both, perhaps, were equally unscrupulous. But there the resemblance terminates. Bolingbroke was impetuous; generous, to prodigality; a faithful friend, and a vindictive enemy; a frank libertine and a false husband. Marlborough was cautious, avaricious to a crime; and if he had any friendships, such as those which bound together the circles of Twickenham and Dawley, history has forgotten them. His jealousy of rising merit has been generally attested. The very amours of his youth bear the taint of pecuniary transaction; and the only bright spot which can be shown against all these dark ones is abject devotion to his wife. Stronger contrasts can hardly be imagined, and it is curious that both those virtues and vices which seem most natural to the soldier are here found in the statesman, while those we should have expected in the statesman greet us in the soldier.

Such were the two great leaders of the Whig and Tory parties during the period now before us. For though Marlborough had begun life a Tory, he became a pure Whig soon after the accession of the Queen, and never changed his principles afterwards; though it seems probable, indeed, that Bolingbroke, who had a generous admiration for the duke, might have regained him to his former friends in 1711, had it not been for the influence of Lord Oxford. It is, indeed, to the last-mentioned statesman that much of the "crookedness" of the Tory policy is attributed by Lord Stanhope, and, where admitted, by Bolingbroke. He was, indeed, in one sense the ruin of the Tory party. But Bolingbroke's complaint of him, as well of the queen, in whom he notes "the fatal irresolution inherent in the Stuart race," seems all to point to the existence of some great designs to which she and Oxford were the main obstacles. What these could have been, if not designs for the restoration of the old line, it is difficult to imagine. But to return to the thread of our discourse. Such being the real leaders, what were the fortunes and conduct of the two great connections who looked up to them, and how far can we trace a resemblance between them and their

political descendants? Lord Stanhope considers they have changed places. He made this assertion in his "History of England," and was taken to task for it by Lord Macaulay. But he repeats it here; and as we cannot bring ourselves to agree with it, though not for Lord Macaulay's reasons, we shall briefly record our own.

Both Toryism and Whiggism represent certain methods of government, which are or were supposed to be combined together in the British constitution. These are not the principles of liberty and authority, which correspond to a different division: but two methods of government—the one an hereditary sovereign, the other a great patrician council. That these should never be evenly balanced in practice was only to be expected. Under the Plantagenets the patricians had rather the best of it. Under the two succeeding dynasties, the balance was in favour of the crown. It then reverted to the nobility, who, with some well-known intervals, retained it down to the Reform Bill. But both were necessary to the constitution as it then was; and it was the allotted task of the Tories to maintain the royal prerogatives, as it was of the Whigs to maintain the authority of Parliament. It cannot be said that either the one or the other was the more or the less useful and dignified part to play in the political drama. But both alike require two things to be in existence, without which both become meaningless. There must be a prerogative which makes itself felt in politics. And there must be a powerful House of Lords controlling, by some kind of machinery or another, the action of the House of Commons. Under this combination we know what Whig and Tory mean. And as long as it lasted we cannot for the life of us see that either Whig or Tory departed from his original principles. What the Whigs were in the reign of Anne, that they were in the reign of George the Fourth. The principle on which the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire coerced Queen Anne; the principle on which the Duke of Bedford expostulated with George the Third, till his majesty nearly choked with wrath; the principle on which Lord Grey declined to form a government in 1812; and the principle on which the same statesman acted towards the same sovereign fifteen years afterwards; were all essentially the same in every case. It was not always insisted on with equal severity. But the point was always the same, and that was, what share, when the Whig party was called to the councils of the sovereign, the Crown was to have in the formation of the ministry: and how far personal preferences were to outweigh party obligations. And what St. John was to Queen Anne, and Lord North and Mr. Pitt to George the Third, that, *mutatis mutandis*, were Liverpool, Canning, and Wellington to George the Fourth: the supporters of that element of the constitution which the Crown represented against what were considered the unjust encroachments of the other. The Whig and Tory tradi-

tions were handed down intact from the Revolution to the Reform Bill, and a Tory of the latter period could not have been the same thing as a Whig of the former. Lord Stanhope falls into the mistake of confusing measures with principles. Measures are an accident, not the essence, of political parties. And mere Conservatism no more resembles genuine Toryism, than a titled banker resembles a feudal baron.

The creation of twelve new peers to secure in the Upper House a vote in favour of the Peace, has often been condemned as a mischievous strain on the constitution. Before joining in the censure which has been so freely bestowed upon it, we should at least recall to mind the circumstances under which it occurred. It is commonly supposed that the Whigs at this time had a majority of the House of Lords. But this was not the case. And the means which they adopted to gain a victory over Government, go a long way to justify the means by which Government gained a victory over them. Then, as now, each party had its extreme section; but the Whigs, being in opposition, had composed their differences for the moment. A Tory "cave," however, of no inconsiderable dimensions, had been founded by the Earl of Nottingham, at the head of a compact band of malcontents, who professed to think the Church in danger. The favourite measure of this party from the commencement of the Queen's reign had been what was called the Occasional Conformity Bill, a measure directed against persons who, having complied with the conditions of the Test Act for the sake of office, should during their continuance therein attend chapels or conventicles. Though this Bill had been carried through the House of Commons, the Whigs and the more moderate Tories had hitherto been strong enough in the House of Lords to prevent it from becoming law, and for some years past it had been dropped. Now, however, the ultra-Tories saw their chance. They had it in their power to perform a great service to the Whigs, and they might fairly ask a large price. The Whigs, thirsting for revenge, readily agreed to their terms, and the bargain was at once struck. The Cave was to oppose the Peace. The Whigs were to support the Bill against Occasional Conformity. Thus was effected that majority against the Treaty of Utrecht which has generally been supposed to have consisted of pure Whigs. No coalition in our history has rivalled in infamy the coalition between Nottingham and Marlborough. However, as far as the Whigs were concerned, it was a crime perpetrated in vain, for the treaty was ultimately approved by a sufficient majority. The Tories got their price: for the Occasional Conformity Bill was carried through the Lords, contrary to the wishes of the Government, and readily adopted by the House of Commons.

T. E. KEBBEL.

THANASI VAYA: A TRANSLATION.¹

ALTHOUGH the massacre of Gardiki in 1812 is an event well known to all who have taken any interest in the history of Ali Pasha of Joannina, yet as the name of Athanasius Vayas is little known in the West of Europe, it may be necessary to explain that he was the Christian whom Ali employed to do the deed, and that it is constantly believed among the people of the land that even at the last moment Ali would have relented, had not Vayas too eagerly obeyed the order by which seven hundred men of Gardiki were treacherously massacred in revenge for an outrage suffered there years before by the Pasha's mother.

In the traditions of the peasantry the name of Vayas is handed down with deeper hatred than that of Ali, because a hatred mingled with contempt, and the people tell how, after bringing Vayas himself to a miserable end, the vengeance of Heaven made him, as a Vampire, the instrument of further punishment for himself and family, and still pursued his wretched widow till she by death in some sort expiated her husband's crime.

To extend in some degree the sphere of these local traditions, and to disburden his own conscience by casting a stone to heap the pile of the general anathema was the object which Mr. Aristotle Valaorites proposed to himself in publishing in the vulgar Greek dialect the short piece entitled "Thanasi Vaya," of which a translation is annexed.

ΘΑΝΑΣΗΣ ΒΑΓΙΑΣ.

A.

'Η ΦΤΩΧΗ.

'Ελεημοσύνη, Χριστιανοί, κάμετ' ἐλεημοσύνη.
'Ετσί ὁ Θεὸς παρηγοριὰ κι' ἀγάπη νὰ σᾶς δώρῃ.
'Ελεημοσύνη κάμετε στὴν ἑρημὴ τῇ χήρᾳ!

Φτωχὴ γυναῖκα ἐφώναξε 'ς ἄλλης φτωχῆς τῇ θύρᾳ.

—'Η νύχτα τ' ἄστραπρόβροντα, τὸ χιόνι δὲν μ' ἀφίνει
Νὰ πάγω ἔμπρός. Χριστιανοί, κάμετ' ἐλεημοσύνη!
'Ανοίξετέ μου, ἀπέθανα . . . Κ' ἐγὼ Θεὸ λατρεύω.
'Ανοίξετέ μου Χριστιανοί, ἔμαθα νὰ νηστεύω,
Καὶ τὸ ψωμί σας δὲν ζητῶ, δὲν θέλω νὰ τὸ πάρω,
Φτωχὸς φτωχόνε συμπονεῖ· γλυτῶστέ με ἀπ' τὸ χάρο.
Μὲ φθάνουνε δυὸ κάρβουνα, μὲ φθάνει τὸ φυτίλι
Ποῦ κάθε βράδυ ἀνάψετε, ποῦ καίτε στὸ καντήλι
'Εμπρός στὴ μάνα τοῦ Θεοῦ, ἔμπρός εἰς τὴν Παρθένο. . .

'Ελεημοσύνη, λίγο φῶς . . . προφθάστε με . . . πεθαίνω.

THANASI VAYA.

I.

THE POOR WOMAN.

"Have mercy, Christians, mercy on the poor,
So may God grant his love and consolation,
As ye befriend a widow's desolation."
Thus cried by night, at one poor woman's door,

Another poor one too. "The tempest's roar,
The darkness and the lightnings, and the snow,
Forbid my onward path. Good Christians, show
Your pity, else I die. I too adore

"The Lord our God. Open and let me in,
Good Christians, open! I seek no repast:
I would not take your bread—I've learned to fast;
The poor, in suffering, each to each are kin.

"Save me from death. I ask but for a coal
For warmth, or e'en the lamp which every night
Before the Mother of our God you light.
Have mercy—help me, help a dying soul."

(1) A veritably mournful interest is added to the following piece by the tragic fate which has just overtaken Mr. Herbert in Greece, and cut him off in the first flower of his days.

B.

—Μάνα μου, ξύπνα, δὲν ἀκοῦς ; στὴ θύρα μας χτυπᾶνε.
—'Αγέρας δέρνει τὰ κλαριά τοῦ λόγκου καὶ βογκᾶνε.
—Σκιάζομαι, μάνα, σὰν πουλὶ φεύγει, πετὰ ἡ καρδιά μου
—Εἶναι σκυλιά ποῦ βιάζονται· πέσε στὴν ἀγκαλιά μου·
—'Ακουσα κλάψαις καὶ φωναῖς.

—Θὰ τάειδες στὸν νερό σου,

Κοιμήσου γύρισ' ἀπ' ἐδῶ, καὶ κάμε τὸ σταυρό σου.

Γ.

'Ακούω στὴ θύρα μας σὰ βογκητὸ,
Σὰν ψυχομάχημα· θὰ πάω νὰ ἰδῶ.
Σκόνεται ἡ δύστυχη καὶ πᾶει νὰ ἰδῇ
Στὸ χῶμα κοίτεται ἓνα κορμί.
'Αχνὸ τὸ πρόσωπο καὶ τὰ μαλλιά
Ἐπλεγα σέρνονται στὴν τραχηλιά,
Τὰ χέρια κρούσταλλο, σιδερωμένα
Μέσα στὸν κόρφο της τᾶχει χωμένα.

—Παῖδί μου, πρόσθεσε, δός μου βοήθεια
'Εκεῖνα πίκουσε ἦταν ἀλήθεια.

Στὰ χέρια γλήγορα τὴν ξένη πέρνουν
Καὶ στὸ κρεβάτι τοὺς τὴν συνεφέρνουν.

—Σύρτε παιδάκια μου ν' ἀναπαυθῆτε.
Εἶναι μεσάνυχτα, θὰ κοιμηθῆτε.

—Καλὸ ξημέρωμα, καλὴ αὐγή·
Κοιμήσου ἡσυχὴ μαύρη φτωχή !

'Αντάμα ἐπέσανε μάνα, παιδί,
Τὰ μάτια ἐκλείσανε 'ς ὕπνο βαθύ·

'Ἡ ξένη ἡ δύστυχη δὲν κλεί τὸ μάτι·
Τί νὰ τὴν ἤρρηκε μὲς τὸ κρεβάτι ;

Δ.

Ο ΒΥΡΚΟΛΑΚΑΣ.

Πές μου τί στέκεσαι, Θανάση, ὀρθὸς,
Βουβὸς σὰ λείψανο στὰ μάτια ἐμπρός ;
Γιατί, Θανάση μου, βγαίνει τὸ θοάδν ;
'Τπνος γιὰ σέβανε δὲν εἶν' στὸν , δη ;

Τώρα περᾶσανε χρόνοι πολλοὶ . . .
Βάθεια σ' ἐβρίξανε μέσα στὴ γῆ . . .
Φεύγα, σπλαχνίσου με. Θὰ κοιμηθῶ.
'Αφες με ἡσυχὴ ν' ἀναπαυθῶ.

Τὸ κρίμα πῶκαμες μὲ συνεπῆρε,
Βλέπεις πῶς ἔγινα. Θανάση σύρε,
'Ολοὶ μὲ φεύγουνε, κανεὶς δὲ δίνει
Στὴν ἔρμη χήρα σου ἐλεημοσύνη.

Στάσου μακρύτερα . . . Γιατί μὲ σκιάζεις ;
Θανάση, τί ἔκαμα καὶ μὲ τρομάζεις ;
Πῶς εἶσαι πρᾶσιнос ! . . . μυρίζεις χῶμα . . .
Πές μου δὲν ἔλυσες, Θανάση, ἀκόμα ;

II.

—“Awake, mamma! Dost thou not hear
They're knocking at our cottage door?”
—“No! 'tis the wind that loves to stir
The rustling branches o'er the moor.”

—“I'm frightened, mother, and my heart
Is fluttering like a timid bird.”
—“Come to my arms, nor stay apart;
'Twas but the bark of dogs we heard.”

—“No! 'twas a cry of wild unrest
And pain I heard, oh mother mine!”
—“'Twas but a dream; lie on my breast,
And sign thee with the holy sign.”

—“Methinks, I hear the sound of moaning
Right at our door. I go to see.
Methinks, it is the awful groaning
Of one in death's last agony.”

III.

They hurried to the door, and found
A woman lying helpless there;
Her face was pale, and all around
Her neck fell long dishevelled hair.

Her hands like crystal, and as cold
As steel, lay buried in her dress;
“'Twas true,” she cries, “the tale I told;
Oh! help me in my sore distress.”

Then quickly in their arms they take
And bear to bed their weary guest;—
“For me no more my children wake!”
She says, “'tis midnight hour of rest.”

“God grant thee,” they reply, “a morrow
More happy! May a good day dawn
To bring an end to all thy sorrow.
Here rest in peace, poor soul forlorn!”

And now once more in slumber deep
Together child and mother lie.
Why to the poor wanderer comes no sleep?
What phantom haunts her wakeful eye?

IV.

THE VAMPIRE.

“Tell me, Thanasi, why thou standest here
Mute as a corpse just risen from the bier?
Why dost thou come at midnight hour to me?
Can yon dead world have no repose for thee?
In long succession have the years rolled by
Since deep down in the earth's dark cemetery
They buried thee. Have mercy now and fly;—
Thou see'st what I'm become. Thy guilty deed
Weighs me too down; and in my utmost need
I'm shunned by all; nor is there one to give
Thy poor abandoned widow means to live.
Stand further off. Why dost thou me affright?
What have I done to tremble at thy sight?
How green thou art! Thou hast an earthy smell.
Why art thou not dissolved? What is the spell

Λίγο συμμάζωξε τὸ σάβανό σου . . .
 Σκουλήκια βόσκουνε στὸ πρόσωπό σου.
 Θεοκατάρτατε, γιὰ ἰδὲς πετᾶνε,
 Κ' ἔρχονται ἐπάνω μου γιὰ νὰ μὲ φῶνε.

Πές μου ποῦθ' ἔρχεσαι μὲ τέτοι' ἀντάρτα;
 Ἀκούς τί γίνεται, εἶναι λαχτάρα.
 Μέσ' ἀπ' τὸ μνήμά σου γιὰτί νὰ βγῆς;
 Πές μου ποῦθ' ἔρχεσαι; τῆλθες νὰ ἰδῆς;

E.

Μέσα στοῦ τάφου μου τὴ σκοτεινιά
 Κλεισμένος ἤμουνα τέτοια νυχτιά,
 Κ' ἐκεῖ ποῦ ἔσπεκα σαβανωμένος,
 Βαθεῖα στὸ μνήμά μου συμμαζωμένος,

Ἐξαφνα ἐπάνω μου μιὰ κουκουβάγια
 Ἀκούω ποῦ φώναζε—"Θανάση Βάγια—
 Σήκου κ' ἐπλάκωσαν χίλιοι νεκροὶ
 Καὶ θὰ σὲ πάρουνε νὰ πᾶτ' ἐκεῖ."

Τὰ λόγια τᾶκνυσα καὶ τῶνομά μου.
 Σκᾶνε καὶ τρίβονται τὰ κόκκαλά μου.
 Κρύβομαι, χάνομαι ὅσο 'μπορῶ
 Βαθεῖα στὸ λάκο μου, μὴ τοὺς ἰδῶ.

—Ἐβγα καὶ πρόβαλε, Θανάση Βάγια,
 Ἐλα νὰ τρέξουμε πέρα στὰ πλάγια.
 Ἐβγα, μὴ σκιάζεσαι, δὲν εἶναι λύκοι.
 Τὸ δρόμο δείξε μας διὰ τὸ Γαρδικί.

Ἐτ' εἰ φωνάζοντας σὰ λυσσασμένοι
 Πέφτουν ἐπάνω μου οἱ πεθαμμένοι.
 Καὶ μὲ τὰ νύχια τους καὶ μὲ τὸ στόμα
 Πετᾶνε, σκάπτουνε τὸ μαῦρο χῶμα.

Καὶ σὰν μ' εὐρήκανε ὅλοι μὲ μιὰ
 Ἐξ' ἀπ' τοῦ τάφου μου τὴν ἐρημιὰ,
 Γελῶντας, σκούζοντας, ἄγρια μὲ σέρνουν,
 Κ' ἐκεῖ ποῦ μοῦ εἶπανε μὲ συνεπέρνουν.

Πετᾶμε, τρέχομε· φουσσομανδαί,
 Τὸ πέρασμά μας κόσμο χαλάει.
 Τὸ μαῦρο σύγγεφο, ὅδε διαβῆ,
 Οἱ βράχοι τρέμουνε, ἀνάφτ' ἡ γῆ.

Φουσκόνοι εἰ ἄνεμος τὰ σάβανά μας
 Σὰν ν' ἀρμενίζαμε μὲ τὰ πανιά μας.
 Πέφτουν στὸ δρόμο μας, καὶ ξεκολλᾶνε
 Τὰ κούφια κόκκαλα στὴ γῆ σκορπᾶνε.

Ἐμπρὸς μᾶς ἔσπερε ἡ κουκουβάγια
 Πάντα φωνάζοντας—"Θανάση Βάγια"—
 Ἐτ' εἰ ἐθάσαμε 'ς ἐκεῖα τὰ μέρη
 Ποῦ τόσους ἔσφαζα μ' αὐτὸ τὸ χέρι.

Ὡ τί μαρτύρια! Ὡ τί τρομαραῖς!
 Πόσαις μοῦ ρίξανε σκληραῖς κατάραις!
 Μοῦ δῶκαν κ' ἐπὶ αἷμα πημένο.
 Γιὰ ἰδὲς τὸ στόμα μου τῶχω βαμμένο.

Κ' ἐν ᾧ με σέρνουνε καὶ μὲ πατοῦνε
 Κάποιοι ἐφώναζε . . . στέκουν κι' ἀκούνε . . .
 —Καλῶς σ' εὐρήκαμε, Βιζίρη Ἀλλή·
 Ἐδῶθε μπένουνε μὲς τὴν Αὐλή.—

Πέφτουν ἐπάνω του οἱ πεθαμμένοι,
 Μὲ παραίτησανε, κανεὶς δὲν μένει,
 Κρυφὰ τοὺς ἔφυγα, καὶ τρέχω ἐδῶ
 Μὲ σὲ γυναῖκά μου νὰ κοιμηθῶ.

Thy winding-sheet draw closer—closer still—
 Around thee. Loathsome worms do take their fill
 Upon thy brow, accursed of God. Ah! see,
 For fresher food they spring from thee to me!
 What dost thou here begirt with storm and rain,
 And terrors of the raging hurricane?
 Why has the grave on thee released its hold?
 Whence art thou come? What wouldst thou
 behold?"

V.

"List, while I tell thee how this very night,
 Deprived alike of liberty and light,
 I stood in my dark tomb, deep underground,
 With grave-clothes round my body tightly wound;
 When suddenly I heard a screech-owl's cries
 Shouting above, 'Thanasi Vaya, rise!
 Rise quick; for thousands of the dead below
 Have come to take thee *there*—*there* must thou go.'
 And as I heard these words and heard my name,
 My bones did crack and rattle through my frame;
 I strove to hide myself, in hope I might
 Deep in the tomb escape that awful sight.
 'Thanas vain. I heard them shout in accents shrill—
 'Thanasi Vaya, lead us to the hill!
 Go on; fear not; no wolver our course impede;
 Lead thou the way;—on to Gardiki lead!'—
 With maniac shouts upon me fell the dead,
 Tearing away the black earth o'er my head
 With nails and teeth; and as by inspiration
 Of some wild fury, from the desolation
 Of my lone tomb, with shrieks and laughter, bore
 Me toward that place of which they spoke before.
 As through the air in rapid flight we went,
 By furious tempest's blast the earth was rent,
 And trembling rocks and burning fields could
 show

The track our black cloud followed from below.
 Our grave-clothes, all inflated by the breeze,
 Bore us along like ships across the seas;
 And as we flew, down fell our hollow bones,
 Scattered to earth and rattled 'gainst the stones.
 And as she led us on the screech-owl's cry,
 'Thanasi Vaya,' rang unceasingly,
 Till of that fatal spot we came in view
 Where I with mine own hand so many slew.
 Oh! what a moment that of fear and pain!
 On me were showered the curses of the slain;
 They gave me curdled blood; I drank it too;
 Still on my lips thou see'st its dreadful hue.
 While thus on me they wrought their ruthless will,
 A voice cried out—all listened and were still—
 'This well, Ali, that we have found thee here!
 This is the entrance to thy court, Vizier.'
 On him then rushed the dead; and I alone
 Was left, for in an instant all were gone;
 Then stealing off, I hurried to thy side
 To rest awhile with thee, my own dear bride."

ΣΤ.

Θανάση, σ' ἄκουσα, τραβήξου τώρα.
Μέσα στὸ μνήμά σου νὰ πᾶς εἰν' ὄρα.
—Μέσα στὸ μνήμά μου γιὰ συντροφιά
Θέλω ἀπ' τὸ στόμα σου τρία φιλιὰ.
—Ὅταν σου ρίξανε λάδι καὶ χῶμα
Ἦλθα σ' ἐφίλησα κρυφὰ στὸ στόμα.
—Τώρα περάσανε χρόνοι πολλοί . . .
Μοῦ πῆρε ἡ κόλασι κεῖδ' τὸ φιλι.
—Φεῦγα καὶ σκιάζομαι τ' ἔγριά σου μάτια,
Τὸ σάπιο κρέας σου πέφτει κομμάτια,
Τραβήξου. κρύψε τα, κείνα τὰ χέρια,
'Απ' τὴν ἀχάμια τους λές κ' εἰν' μαχαίρια.
—Ἐλα γυναῖκά μου, δὲν εἰμ' ἐγὼ
Κείνος ποῦ ἀγάπησες ἕνα καιρὸ;
Μὴ μὲ σιχαίνεσαι, εἰμ' ὁ Θανάσης.
—Φεῦγ' ἀπ' τὰ μάτια μου, θὰ μὲ κολάσῃς.

Ῥίχνει' ἐπάνω της καὶ τήναι πιάνει
Μέσα στὸ στόμα της τὰ χεῖλη βάνει.
Στὰ ἔρμα στήθια της τὰ ρούχ' ἀρχίζει
Ποῦ τὴ σκεπάζουσε νὰ τὰ ξεσχίρῃ.

Τὴν ξεγυμνώσκει . . . τὸ χέρι ἀπλώνει . . .
Μέσα στὸν κόρφο της ἄγρια τὸ χώνει . . .
Μένει σὰν μάρμαρο. Κρύος σὰ φεῖδι,
Τρίξει ἀπ' τὸ φόβο του τὸ κατακλιθεῖ.
Σὰ λύκος βυάζεται, τρέμει σὰ φύλλο . . .
Στὰ δάχτυλα ἔπιασε τὸ Τίμιο Ξύλο.

Τὴ μαύρην ἐγλύττωσε τὸ φυλαχτό της.
Καπνὸς ἐσβύστηκε ἀπ' τὸ πλευρό της.
Τότε ἀκούστηκε κ' ἡ κουκουβάγια
Ἔξω ποῦ ἐφώνασε—“Θανάση Βάγια.”—

Ζ.

Ἦύπνα παιδί μου, κ' ἡ αἰγὴ ἀπ' τὸ βουνὸ προβαίνει.
Ἦύπνα ν' ἀνάψωμε φωτιά κ' ἡ ξένη μᾶς προσμένει.
—Καλὴ σου μέρα, μᾶνα μας· ἡσυχάσες κομμάτι;

—Λίγο κοιμῶμαι ἡ δύστυχη, δὲν ἐκλείσει τὸ μάτι.
Ἔχετε γειά, ἔχετε γειά, πρέπει νὰ σὰς ἀφήσω,
Εἶναι μακρὺς ὁ δρόμος μου, καὶ πότε θὰ κινήσω;

—Γιατί δὲν μᾶς ἐξύπνησες κ' ἔμεινες μοναχὴ σου;
Ξύρε, μανούλα, στὸ καλὸ καὶ δὸς μας τὴν εὐχή σου.

—Γιὰ τὸ καλὸ ποῦ κάμετε, γιὰ τὴν ἐλεημοσύνην,
“Τίπο γλυκὸν ὁ Κύριος κ' ἡσυχὸ νὰ σὰς δινῇ.”
Ἄλλο καλὸ νὰ σὰς φηγθῶ στὸν κόσμον μᾶς δὲν ξεύρω,
Νύχτα καὶ μέρα τὸ ζῆτ'ω καὶ δὲν μπορῶ νὰ τὸ εὐρῶ.

—Μᾶνα κ' ἡ φτώχεια εἶναι κακὴ γιὰτ' ἔχει κατηφρόνια.

—Τὰ πλοῦτ'η τὰ ἐδοκίμασα, περᾶσαν μὲ τὰ χρόνια.

—Μέσα στὸ λόγγο οἱ δύστυχοι ζοῦμε κ' ἡμεῖς σὰν λύκοι,
'Απ' τὸν καιρὸ ποῦ χάλασε τὸ ἔρμ'ο τὸ Γαρδίκι.

—Ὁ δύστυχά μου! ὦ δύστυχά! Ὁ κόσμος θὰ χαλάσῃ!
Καὶ ποῖον ἐμελετήσανε; Τὸ Βάγια τὸ Θανάση.
Κ' ἐγὼ εἰμ' ἡ γυναῖκά του. Κάμετε τὸ σταυρὸ σας.
Πάρτε λιβάνι, κάψετε, νὰ διώξετε τὸν ἐχθρό σας.
'Εφές τὴ νύχτα ἐμπήκ' ἔδω, ἐστάθηκε σιμά μου . . .
Σχωρέστε τότε, Χριστιανοί, κλάψτε τὴ συμφορὰ μου.

Πέρνει τὸ λόγγο. Τὸ παιδί κ' ἡ μάν' ἀνατριχιάζουν,
Καὶ τὸ σταυρὸ τους κάμνοντας τρέμουν ποῦ τὴν κυττάζουν.

VI.

“Enough! I've heard thee, now, Thanasi, go;
Thy grave awaits thee; 'tis thy hour below.”

—“But with me to my tomb for friendship's sake
Three kisses, dear one, from thy lips I'll take.”

—“No! when they throw the oil and dust on thee
I came and kissed thy dead mouth secretly.”

—“But many years have rolled by since that day;

The fire of hell has scorched that kiss away.”

—“I fear the wildness of thy eyes. Begone!
Thy rotten flesh falls crumbling from the bone.
Those hands! Go hide them, hide them from thy wife,

So thin they are and sharp as blades of knife.”

—“Not so, my friend, bethink thee, am not I
The man thou lovedst in the days gone by?
Loathe not thine own Thanasi.”

—“Go, I pray,

Thou art my curse! Go, from my sight, away!”

Then with one bound he has her in his grip,

His mouth on hers he fastens, lip on lip;

Rending her dress in passionate despair,

His hand he buries in her bosom bare;—

But now his chattering jaws in terror quake,

Like marble stands he fixed; cold as a snake—

Wolf-like he howls, as aspen leaf he quivers;

His hand has met the Holy Cross—and shivers.

Thus is she saved by her prized relic's grace:

There seems to rise a mist before her face;

And now she hears the screech-owl's angry shout

Calling 'Thanasi Vaya from without.

VII.

“Wake, child. The dawn's descending from the hill;

Wake! strike a light. Our guest is waiting still.”

—“Good morning, stranger; art thou well reposed?”

—“I know no rest; my eyes I have not closed.

Peace, peace be with you. Now 'tis time we part;

Long lies the road before me—let me start.”

—“Why didst thou choose all night alone to bide?

Oh, why not wake and call us to thy side?

Go, mother, may all good attend thy way!

Go! But for us from heaven a blessing pray.”

—“Yes! For your pity shown to the distressed

May God accord to you sweet sleep and rest:

I know no good on earth save rest from pain;

And day and night I seek it; but in vain.”

—“Yet poverty's an evil fraught with scorn.”

—“Ah! wealth I've known. By time 'twas from me torn.”

—“We live in misery here like wolves in a wood,
Since fell Gardiki in her people's blood.”

—“Oh, sorrow! Endless woe's for me decreed.

Can none forget 'Thanasi Vaya's deed?

And I'm his widow. Cross yourselves, and go.

Seek incense, burn it, to drive out your foe.

He stood beside me here but yester eve:

Forgive him, Christians. For my misery grieve.”

Then hastes she to the forest; while the child

And mother stand aghast in terror wild;

And as they watch her passing on her way,

They cross themselves in trembling and dismay.

EDWARD HERBERT.

ATHENS, 1st October, 1869.

THE ELECTORAL DISABILITIES OF WOMEN.

THE question of women's suffrage will in a few days again be brought before Parliament. The present, therefore, seems an appropriate time to enumerate as briefly as possible some of the principal objections urged against it, together with what appear to be satisfactory answers to these objections.

It can hardly be too often repeated that the removal of the electoral disabilities of women is not exclusively a woman's question; above all it is not one in which the interests of men and women are opposed. If the extension of political power to women is in accordance with reason and justice, both sexes are equally bound to support the claims of women to the suffrage. If it is in opposition to these, both sexes are equally interested in the withholding of electoral power from women.

It is frequently said that women are sufficiently represented under the present system, and that their interests have always been jealously protected by the legislature. This argument must be very familiar to all who took part in, or remember the great reform agitation which preceded the Reform Bill of 1867. Those who were opposed to an extension of the suffrage were never weary of repeating that working men were quite well represented; that there was no need to give them votes, for their interests were watched over with the most anxious solicitude by noblemen and gentlemen who knew far better than the artisans themselves what was good for the working classes. It is well known that this opinion was not shared by working men. They pointed to the inequality of the law relating to masters and servants, and to the efforts which legislation had made to suppress trade societies. They said, "these laws are unequal and unjust, and they will not be amended until we have some hand in choosing the law-makers." Beside this they said, "we bear a large portion of the taxation of the country; for every pound of tea and sugar we consume we contribute so much to the national revenue, and in common justice we ought to be allowed to exercise a corresponding control over the national expenditure." Every one knows that the struggle for an extension of the suffrage at length terminated; all obstacles were surmounted, and the rights of working men to citizenship were fully recognised. Surely working men, and all who took their part in the great reform agitation, will not cast aside and repudiate the very arguments which they found so useful during that struggle. Let them apply the same arguments to the question of women's suffrage. Are women sufficiently represented? Are there no laws

which press unjustly on them? Is that state of the law equitable which renders a married woman incapable of owning or of acquiring property, and which allows her husband to deprive her even of her earnings? Is that law just which gives a married woman no legal right to the guardianship of her own children? If women were virtually represented, would they be excluded from participation in the great educational endowments of the country? Would the door of nearly all lucrative, and, at the same time, honourable employments be shut against them? Finally, using the very same argument which has been so often applied to the working classes, is it right or just that any one should be forced to contribute to the revenue of the country, and, at the same time, debarred from controlling the national expenditure? Either this argument is good for nothing, or it applies to women as forcibly as it does to men.

Another argument sometimes urged against women's suffrage is, that a woman is so easily influenced, that if she had a vote it would practically have the same effect as giving two votes to her nearest male relation, or to her favourite clergyman. This is a very curious argument; it would be a serious thing for men as well as for women if originality were a necessary qualification for the franchise. For instance, the *Times* exercises an extraordinary influence over the political opinions of thousands of people. Now it may be said, following out the argument just quoted, the effect of giving all these people votes is only to multiply a million-fold the voting power of the editor of the *Times*, or the writers of the articles in that journal; therefore all people who take their political views from the *Times* ought to be precluded from exercising the franchise. By carrying out this principle, nearly every one would be disfranchised, except the great leaders of political thought, such as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Bright, Mr. Mill, Lord Salisbury, and the editors of some of the principal papers. For there are very few indeed whose political opinions are not biassed by the views of some of these distinguished and able men. But perhaps this objection that women's suffrage would only double the voting power of some men, can best be answered by making way for the next argument, viz., that women are so obstinate that if they had votes endless family discord would ensue. To this it may be replied that a vote is not an opinion but an expression of opinion, so that the same objection would apply to women having any opinions on political subjects. Under the present system women cannot be prevented from having political opinions, or from expressing them; they often even now possess political influence. This being the case, surely it is well that they should have every opportunity of forming just opinions, and that they should feel that a responsibility accompanies the exercise of power. It cannot be expected that women generally will recognise their responsibility until their power is recognised by

removing their electoral disabilities. Then as to the argument that husbands and wives of different political opinions would quarrel if the wives had votes, the exclusion of women from the franchise seems a rough and ready way of securing harmony. Suppose, for instance, that in order to secure conjugal harmony on religious matters, a law were passed to prevent all women from going to church. The advocates of such a law might say, "Suppose an Evangelical married a Roman Catholic, what disagreement it would lead to if the husband went off to one place of worship and the wife to another." As a fact, such marriages seldom take place; for it is recognised that women have a right to think for themselves on religious subjects, and there is therefore a strong and most reasonable feeling against marriages between people of opposite religious opinions. Would not the same feeling come into existence against marriages between people of opposite political parties if the political independence of women were recognised? If this feeling were prevalent, I believe a higher harmony than is yet generally known, would gradually pervade domestic life.

Let us now consider the validity of the fourth objection raised against the enfranchisement of women, viz., "The ideal of domestic life is a miniature despotism, in which there is one supreme head, to whom all other members of the family are subject. This ideal would be destroyed if the equality of women with men were recognised by extending the suffrage to women." It must be at once conceded that if the truth of the premise is granted, the truth of the conclusion must be granted also. Family despotism would receive a deadly blow from the extension of political power to women. But let us inquire how and why men—Englishmen, at least—have come to consider despotic national government immoral, and then let us see whether despotic family government differs essentially in principle from other despotisms. First let us inquire why despotic national government has been so successfully opposed in this country, and why representative government has been set up in its place. It may be briefly said that despotic government has been got rid of in this country because it has been felt to interfere unwarrantably with individual liberty. The leaders of popular rights from the time of Magna Charta to this day have always insisted on the importance of preserving individual liberty. Why has the name "liberty" always had such a magic spell over men? Why has liberty been valued more than life itself by all those whose names make our history glorious? Why have our greatest poets sung the praises of liberty in words that will never be forgotten as long as our language lasts? Is it not because it has been felt, more or less strongly at all times, that man's liberty is essential to the observance of man's duty? Mr. Herbert Spencer has thus analysed the right of mankind to liberty.

He says, "If God wills man's happiness, and man's happiness can only be obtained by the exercise of his faculties, then God wills that man should exercise his faculties; that is, it is man's duty to exercise his faculties, for duty means the fulfilment of the divine will. As God wills man's happiness, that line of conduct which produces unhappiness is contrary to His will. Either way then, we find the exercise of the faculties to be God's will and man's duty. But the fulfilment of this duty necessarily supposes freedom of action. Man cannot exercise his faculties without certain scope. He must have liberty to go and to come, to see, to feel, to speak, to work, to get food, raiment, shelter, and to provide for all the needs of his nature. He must be free to do everything which is directly or indirectly requisite for the due satisfaction of every mental and bodily want. Without this he cannot fulfil his duty or God's will. He has divine authority, therefore, for claiming this freedom of action. God intended him to have it; that is, he has a *right* to it. From this conclusion there seems no possibility of escape. Let us repeat the steps by which we arrive at it. God wills man's happiness. Man's happiness can only be produced by the exercise of his faculties. Then God wills that he should exercise his faculties. But to exercise his faculties he must have liberty to do all that his faculties naturally impel him to do. Then God wills that he should have that liberty. Therefore he has a *right* to that liberty." The only limitation to perfect liberty of action is the equal liberty of all. "Liberty is not the right of one, but of all. All are endowed with faculties. All are bound to fulfil the divine will by exercising them. All, therefore, must be free to do those things in which the exercise of them consists. That is, all must have rights to liberty of action. Wherefore we arrive at the general proposition that every one may claim the fullest liberty to exercise his faculties, compatible with the possession of like liberty by every other person." (Social Statics.) Never has the basis of individual liberty been more clearly explained than in this passage. It proves conclusively that despotism being antagonistic to the principle of the "perfect freedom of each, limited only by the like liberty of all," is at variance with the divine will. How then can the ideal of family life be despotism, when despotism is proved to be antagonistic to the divine will? If the importance of recognising the real basis of the rights of man has been dwelt upon at some length, it is not to prove that these rights exist—few in the present day deny that men have some rights—but to show that the "rights of women must stand or fall with those of men; derived as they are from the same authority; involved in the same axiom; demonstrated by the same argument."

Much more could be said in defence of the assertion that despotic family government is very far removed from the ideal state. If

space permitted it could be shown that command is blighting to the affections, and that where anything approaching the ideal of domestic happiness at present exists, the subjugation of all members of the family to the husband and father is not enforced. But it is necessary to pass to the consideration of the next objection to the extension of political power to women, viz., that women are intellectually inferior to men. It is unnecessary to enter upon the vexed question whether the mental powers of men and women are equal. It is almost impossible from want of evidence to prove whether they are or not. It may be very interesting as a philosophical discussion, but it is quite irrelevant to the present subject—*i. e.*, whether women ought to have political power. Suppose it could be proved beyond the slightest doubt that on the average the intellectual powers of women were inferior to those of men. If this were fully and satisfactorily established as a fact, it would not furnish the slightest justification for depriving women of electoral power. Suppose it were also proved that the intellectual powers of the inhabitants of the North of England are superior to those of the inhabitants of the South of England. It is often asserted that this is the case. Would any one recognise that as a reason why the inhabitants of the South of England should be deprived of electoral power? Would the people of London be willing to relinquish their right to the franchise if it were proved to demonstration that on the average, and taking them altogether, they were intellectually inferior to the inhabitants of Edinburgh? It is ridiculous to suggest such a thing, and yet this absurdity is exactly similar to what is really urged against allowing women to exercise the franchise. But the question may be looked at from another point of view. It is said that women, on the whole, are not the intellectual equals of men. Whether this is true, I neither affirm nor deny; but even the most ardent asserters of the inferiority of women have never yet said that all women are intellectually inferior to all men. Let us hear what Mr. Spencer has to say on this point. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the intellect of woman is less profound than that of man, he adds, "Let all this be granted, and let us now see what basis such an admission affords to the doctrine that the rights of women are not co-extensive with those of men:—

"I. If rights are to be meted out to the two sexes in the ratio of their respective amounts of intelligence, then must the same system be acted upon in the apportionment of rights between man and man.

"II. In like manner, it will follow, that as there are here and there women of unquestionably greater ability than the average of men, some women ought to have greater rights than some men.

"III. Wherefore, instead of a certain fixed allotment of rights to all males, and another to all females, the hypothesis involves an

infinite gradation of rights, irrespective of sex entirely, and sends us once more in search of those unattainable desiderata—a standard, by which to measure capacity, and another by which to measure rights. Not only, however, does the theory thus fall to pieces under the mere process of inspection; it is absurd on the very face of it, when freed from the disguise of hackneyed phraseology. For what is it that we mean by rights? Nothing else than freedom to exercise the faculties. And what is the meaning of the assertion that woman is mentally inferior to man? Simply that her faculties are less powerful. What then does the dogma that because woman is mentally inferior to man she has less extensive rights, amount to? Just this, that because woman has weaker faculties than man, she ought not to have like liberty with him to exercise the faculties she has!”

We will now pass to the consideration of another objection to women's suffrage—that the family is woman's proper sphere, and if she entered into politics she would be withdrawn from domestic duties. It may be mentioned in passing—it is a fact not calling for any special importance or regret—that there are some million or so of women in this country without families and without domestic affairs to superintend. The number of women is constantly in excess of the number of men, and so there must always be a certain percentage of women unmarried, and who therefore have no families to be withdrawn from. It is all very well to tell a woman that her sphere is to be a wife and a mother, when there must always be a considerable number of women unmarried, owing to the simple fact that there are more women in the world than men. But let us look at the case of women who are married, and see whether the objection that politics would withdraw them from domestic duties, is valid. It would be a great assistance in deciding this question to know the average number of hours in the year which an elector employs in discharging his political duties. Is an hour a week a fair estimate? But surely an elector would not, unless he is engaged in some particular work, such as superintending the registration, or as secretary to a political society, devote as much as an hour a week—no, nor half an hour a week—to duties which the franchise imposes upon him. Then what does this objection, that the right to vote at Parliamentary elections would withdraw women from domestic duties, really come to? Why soon it will be objected that women should not go to church or out for a walk, because so doing withdraws them from their domestic duties. It may, however, be urged that it is not merely the exercise of the franchise, but all that an interest in political questions involves—the reading of newspapers, the attending of meetings, and the like—that would have a mischievous influence in withdrawing women from their domestic duties. But surely the wife and

mother of a family ought to be something more than a housekeeper or a nurse,—how will she be able to minister to the mental wants of her husband and her children if she makes the care of their physical comforts the only object of her life? Physical comfort is not to be despised, but if there is no moral and intellectual sympathy between a husband and wife, or between a mother and her children, a permanent and life-long injury is inflicted upon them all, which no amount of physical comfort can in the slightest degree compensate. It is, however, quite erroneous to suppose that an attention to domestic duties and to intellectual pursuits cannot be combined. There is no reason why wives and mothers should not cultivate their minds, and at the same time give proper attention to their domestic affairs. A hundred instances could be given to show that the notion that a woman, in order to manage her house and family well, must devote her whole time and mind to it and do nothing else, is quite incorrect. It cannot, therefore, be maintained that the plea that the franchise would withdraw women from their domestic duties is a valid objection to their enfranchisement.

We now pass to another objection—That the line must be drawn somewhere, and if women had votes they would soon be wanting to enter the House of Commons. The selection of a fit person to serve them in Parliament may safely be left to constituencies. At the present time there is no necessity to pass a law that a man wholly immersed in the conduct of a large business, should not offer himself as a candidate for a seat in Parliament; nor is it necessary to enact that no man of a serious constitutional delicacy should ever have a seat in Parliament. All these things are settled by candidates and constituencies without any legislative interference. As Mr. Mill very justly says, there is no necessity to pass laws to forbid people doing what they cannot do. There is no Act of Parliament needed to enact that none but strong-armed men should be blacksmiths. And so it would prove if all the disabilities of women were swept away. The would-be witty caricatures of sickly women fainting in the House of Commons under the weight of their legislative responsibilities, would lose their brilliancy and point in the cold light of stern reality. No constituency would deliberately choose a representative who would be quite incapable of serving it faithfully and well. All questions about who should or who should not have seats in Parliament may safely be left to constituencies.

Another objection to women's suffrage is that women do not want votes. Notwithstanding the obvious reply that a considerable number of women do want votes, and are continually petitioning Parliament to remove their electoral disabilities, it must be confessed that there is something more formidable in this objection than in any of the others which have been considered. Of course it makes no difference at all so far as abstract justice is concerned; but still,

in practical politics, abstract justice does not usually weigh much with statesmen, unless it is accompanied by an urgent and pressing demand for the amelioration of the law. The existence of the Irish Church Establishment was as much opposed to abstract justice in 1769 as in 1869, but disestablishment did not take place until the demand for it was so urgent that it could not longer be disregarded. The demand for the extension of the suffrage to women is daily growing more earnest and more general. The bill now before Parliament has been supported by petitions from every part of the kingdom, signed by many tens of thousands of men and women. In the presence of such facts it cannot be said that there is no demand on the part of women for the suffrage. There is also this very strong argument, which is sometimes overlooked by those who consider that the suffrage should not be extended to women, because the majority of women do not desire to exercise electoral rights. No one proposes that women should be compelled to vote. Any woman who thinks that voting would be unfeminine or injurious to her health, would be quite at liberty to refrain from taking any part in an election. But it seems very unfair that those who do not wish for political power should be enabled to deprive those who do wish for it, of the right to exercise the franchise.

The *Spectator* says that people who do not demand the franchise, would, if they had votes, use them corruptly. I have endeavoured to prove that the franchise is the right of all, not the privilege of a select few. Two hundred years ago Oliver Cromwell, writing to the Governor of Edinburgh Castle, said, "It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty on a supposition that he might abuse it. When he doth abuse it—judge."

This sentence seems to indicate precisely two amendments most urgently required in our electoral system. In the first place, large classes of people are now excluded from the franchise on the supposition that they might abuse it; and in the second place, large classes of people, who are admitted to the franchise, do abuse their freedom, and legislation is almost powerless to visit them with the swift and severe punishment they so justly merit. Surely it would be more in accordance with the principles usually advocated by the *Spectator*, if it used its influence in promoting such an alteration of the law as would facilitate the punishment not only of the bribed, but of the bribers, instead of indulging in what Oliver Cromwell calls the "unjust and unwise jealousy" of depriving people of their natural liberty on the supposition that they might abuse it. The *Spectator* would be the last to say that all workmen ought to be deprived of the right of combination, because some workmen have abused this right. Yet this is a case in which the abuse of power is an actual fact, not a possible fact, such as the abuse on the part of women of the suffrage.

Another objection sometimes urged against women's suffrage is that most women are Conservatives, and that their enfranchisement would consequently have a reactionary influence on politics. But this is an objection, not so much to women's suffrage, as to representative government. Do those who object to the enfranchisement of women, on the ground that they are usually Conservatives, think that all Conservatives ought to be disfranchised? Surely representative institutions require that all differences of opinion should have their due and proportionate weight in the legislature. No class of persons should be excluded on account of their political opinions. What would be thought of a Conservative who gravely asserted that all Dissenters should be disfranchised because they are generally Liberals? It would be almost dangerous even to suggest the hard names which such a misguided person would be called by the very people who oppose women's suffrage because most women are Conservatives. And yet the two cases are exactly parallel, and equally antagonistic to the fundamental principle of representative government. A representative system which excludes half the community from representation surely is a farce. The question ought not to be, "How will women vote if they have the franchise?" but, "Is representative government the best form of government that can be devised?" If the answer is in the affirmative, the exclusion of women from electoral rights can in no way be justified.

Sometimes it is said that the indulgence and courtesy with which women are now treated by men, would cease if women exercised all the rights and privileges of citizenship. Let it be granted that women would no longer be treated with exceptional courtesy and indulgence if they had electoral power; and then let us inquire, what this courtesy and this indulgence really amount to. They certainly are not valueless, but let us see of what sort of things they consist. Women are usually assisted in and out of carriages; they take precedence of men in entering and leaving a room; the door also is frequently opened for them; they are helped first at dinner; and they are always permitted to walk on the inside side of the pavement. Besides these there are more substantial privileges, such as being allowed to monopolise the seats in a room or a railway carriage in those cases where some of those present are obliged to stand. It would be unwise to underrate these little amenities of social life; they are very harmless, and perhaps even pleasant, in their way; but it must be confessed that their practical value is small indeed, especially if the price paid for them consists of all the rights and privileges of citizenship. If the courtesy of men to women is bought at this price, it must not be forgotten that the sale is compulsory, and can in no case be regarded as a free contract. But would women really lose all the politeness now shown to them if their right to the franchise were recognised? At elections it is not

usually the case that those who have votes are treated with the least consideration; but, apart from this, how would the courtesy of every-day life be affected by the extension of the suffrage to women? Some of the mere forms of politeness, which have no practical value, might gradually fall into disuse; but surely true politeness, which is inseparably associated with real kindness of heart, would not suffer any decrease from the extension of the suffrage to women.

It is sometimes said that the physique of a woman is so delicate, that she could not stand the excitement of political life. This argument would be more comprehensible if women were entirely debarred from mixing with the outside world; but, as it is, there is nothing to prevent women from sharing the general excitement caused by an election. It is notorious some women do share it. But suppose it were satisfactorily proved that the health of some women would be injured by the excitement caused by taking part in elections, is that a reason why all women should be excluded from political power? The health of many men is frequently injured by excessive political work and excitement. Instances of such cases must occur to every one. The illness from which Mr. Bright is now suffering, and the extreme exhaustion of the Prime Minister at the end of last session, were both, doubtless, produced by the mental strain attendant on too much political work. But such facts furnish no argument against the exercise of political power by these eminent persons. We all hope that the only practical result of their maladies will be to make them more solicitous of their own health than they have hitherto been. It may safely be left to the inhabitants of a free country to take the necessary precautions for preserving their health; and if any woman found that the excitement of elections endangered either her mind or her body, no Act of Parliament would be required to induce her to withdraw from political strife.

Perhaps the objection to women's suffrage which operates most powerfully with the majority of people is, that the exercise of political power by women is repugnant to the feelings, and quite at variance with a due sense of propriety. In Turkey, a woman who walked out with her face uncovered would be considered to have lost all sense of propriety; her conduct would be highly repugnant to the feelings of the community. In China, a woman who refused to pinch her feet to about a third of their natural size would be looked upon as entirely destitute of female refinement. We censure these customs as ignorant, and the feelings on which they are based as devoid of the sanction of reason. It is therefore clear that it is not enough, in order to prove the undesirability of the enfranchisement of women, to say that it is repugnant to the feelings. It must further be inquired to what feelings women's suffrage is repugnant, and whether these feelings are "necessary and eternal," or, "being the result of custom, they are changeable and evanescent." There

seems to be little difficulty in proving that these feelings belong to the latter class. In the first place, a feeling that is necessary and eternal must be consistent; and the feeling of repugnance towards the exercise of political power by women is not consistent; for no one feels this repugnance towards the exercise of political power by the Queen. In the second place, it has been previously shown that the equal freedom of all is a necessary pre-requisite of the fulfilment of the Divine will, and that the equal freedom of a part of the community is destroyed if it is deprived of political power; and can it be asserted that the Supreme Being has implanted in man necessary and eternal feelings in opposition to his own will? Again: the state of popular feeling as to what women may and may not do is constantly changing in the same country, and even in the mind of the same individual; the feelings on this subject also differ in different classes of the community; it is consequently quite impossible to say that these feelings are necessary and eternal; they are, therefore, the result of custom, changeable and evanescent, and are destined to be modified by advancing civilisation.

It may be that a great deal of the repugnance which undoubtedly exists against women taking part in politics, arises from the disturbance and disorder which are too often the disgraceful characteristics of elections in this country. The adoption of the ballot and the abolition of nominations which will almost certainly take place before the next dissolution, will in all probability cause elections to be conducted with order and tranquillity. But the danger of women proceeding to polling places under the present system is greatly exaggerated. This is a point on which a small amount of experience is worth a great deal of theorising. At the general elections of 1865 and 1868, I went round to many of the polling places in several large boroughs. On most of these occasions I was accompanied only by a young girl, and no incident whatever took place which could have alarmed or annoyed any one. My experience on this point has always been the same, and it is corroborated by the experience of all ladies with whom I am acquainted, who, like myself, have tested by personal experiment whether it is either unpleasant or unsafe for a woman to go to a polling place. There are surely few men so unmanly as wilfully to annoy a well-conducted woman in the discharge of what she believed to be a public duty.

Many thousands of women have recorded their votes at the poll of the municipal elections. There is frequently quite as much bribery, drunkenness, and excitement at these elections as at the parliamentary elections, and yet I do not remember hearing of any instance in which a woman was subjected to insult or roughness in recording her vote at the municipal elections.

MILLCENT GARRETT FAWCETT.

A SHORT ANSWER TO MR. MORLEY'S SHORT LETTER.¹

"Surely a day is coming when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life ; how divine is the blush of young *human* cheeks ; how high, beneficent, sternly irrevocable is the duty laid on every creature in regard to these particulars. Well, if such a day never come, then I perceive much else will never come ! Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come ; heroic purity of heart and of eye ; noble pious valour to amend us and the age of bronze and lacquer, how can they ever come ?"—THOMAS CARLYLE.

I HAVE read your letter with surprise, because I have not forgotten that at a meeting of the Woman's Suffrage Society last year, you were one of the most eloquent supporters of their movement ; not on the narrow ground of the actual fitness of many intelligent women to exercise the right of citizenship, but on the broad ground of principle and justice.

You told us on that occasion (I believe I am quoting correctly the spirit, though not the letter of your address) that in a recent electoral contest you had been opposed, upon very illogical grounds, by the ignorant women of the place ; but that such opposition could not blind you to the fact that it is unjust that laws equally affecting both halves of the human race, should be framed by one half only.

Is not the burden of that injustice increased when laws penally affecting one half of the human race only, are framed solely by the other half ?

Another cause of surprise to me is, that, instead of devoting your well-known powers of logic solely to the task of convincing us that we are mistaken in our aim, you concentrate much intellectual energy on the easier but less important task of pointing out to us that we have defended our aim weakly ; instead of proving to us that we are in error in the special case, you reprove us for the manifold errors you believe we have committed in the past.

But, to spare your space and time, let us pass over—as immaterial to the point at issue—the question whether the circulars which have so much disturbed you are well or ill written. I am willing even,—if it will lessen your annoyance,—to admit that we have used precisely the arguments we ought not to have used, and avoided precisely the arguments we ought to have used.

I will also crave your permission to leave aside the question of our past misdeeds towards our servants and towards "women who have once gone wrong." If it can be shown that we are right in our belief that a great injury is done to our unhappy and degraded sisters by the Contagious Diseases Acts, that fact will be none the less true because we may have been habitually wrong in the government of our homes. The school-boy argument of "you're another" is neither very logical nor very impressive at any time, and it is altogether unsuited to a subject so sad and grave as the one we have to treat.²

The only really serious question between us is, whether the Contagious Diseases Acts are beneficial or injurious to the Nation.

(1) See *Fortnightly Review* for March.

(2) Since I wrote the above, it has been suggested to me that there is nothing in your letter to show that you intended to include the ladies of the committee in your reproof ;

You, in common with the rest of our opponents (doubtless on account of the "weakness" and "windiness" of our language), have entirely misconceived the meaning of our agitation for the repeal of these Acts.

You tell us that we seek "to resist a humane and expedient measure for lessening disease."

We answer that our opposition to the Acts is based upon the conviction that they are neither humane nor expedient.

You tell us that "the most competent persons are of opinion that the effect of such regulations is to check disease."

We answer that Dr. Balfour of the War Office; Mr. Simon, Medical Officer to the Privy Council; Dr. Burnays, Lecturer on Physiology at King's College; Dr. Stallard, of the *Lancet*; Dr. Druit, of the *Medical Times and Gazette*; Dr. Chapman, author of the exhaustive article on Prostitution in the *Westminster Review*; Dr. Drysdale, Dr. Bell Taylor, Dr. Webster, Mr. Holmes Coote of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, &c., &c., are all of them "competent persons."

We answer that the fifty medical men of Nottingham, whose "minute and erudite protest upon medical grounds extremely difficult to answer" is referred to in the forcible article against the Acts in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 15th March, are also "competent persons."

We answer that we have carefully studied the evidence of the first of the gentlemen I have named before the Parliamentary Committee, and the Official Report of the second, that we have heard and read the spoken and written protests of all the others; and that all these authorities confirm our view that the ulterior effect of such regulations is not to check disease, but to diffuse it over a wider area, and for reasons which they give in detail, to render it ultimately more difficult of extirpation.

The medical profession, so far as it has spoken at all, is, to say the least, divided in opinion on the subject; and of the five medical papers published in London, three are against the Acts, one is wavering, and only one is in favour of them.

You say, "It is somewhat of a paradox for the Ladies' Association out of compassion" (for prostitutes) "to suppress the tending of the sick."

We answer that, in the very circular which has so grievously troubled you, we declare our conviction that "*comprehensive remedial measures are urgently called for, to which it will be necessary to direct public attention, so soon as the existing Acts are repealed*;" and, indeed, one of the practical grounds upon which we seek the repeal of the existing Acts is, our belief that they stand in the way of all largely "humane and expedient measures" for the permanent "lessening of disease."

But what appears most to disturb your equanimity is our declaration that "even if these Acts were proved capable of stopping the ravages of disease, we should still declare them worthy of our strongest reprobation."

but I think I am right in supposing that we are included in the blame; for to tell us that although we are serious-minded and benevolent in our daily lives, *some other ladies* are frivolous and ungente, would, obviously, have no bearing on the subject in question.

(1) At the recent meetings on the subject held in the rooms of the Social Science Association.

(2) Some of the remedial measures suggested by our able and distinguished opponent, Mr. Acton, in his work on Prostitution, appear to us admirable. We hope to profit by them in our efforts "*for the lessening of disease*" *so soon as these Acts are repealed*.

I could hardly understand the indignation to which you are moved by this sentence, did I not recognise its source in a foregone conclusion in your own mind, derived from the language of our opponents; who invariably beg the whole question by assuming that their method of "stopping the ravages of disease" is the *sole* method; and also invariably assume that, because we oppose *their* method, we do not desire to stop the ravages of disease.

I think I am justified in believing you to be influenced by this foregone conclusion, because you add, further on, that "to sacrifice the health and vigour of unborn creatures to the rights of harlotry to spread disease *without interference*, is a doubtful contribution to the progress of the race." Surely, without the bias produced by some such foregone conclusion, one so logically-minded as yourself would hardly assume that because we deprecate *this* method of interference—being convinced by the evidence of the "competent persons" I have quoted that the apparent immediate sanatory benefit produced by the Acts is illusory, and that their ulterior effect would be injurious—we are therefore opposed to all interference whatsoever.

Suppose two surgeons to be called in to consult upon the method of curing a diseased limb. The first declares amputation to be necessary; the second declares that judicious medical treatment will cure the sore and *save the limb*:—Would the first surgeon be justified in accusing the second of "resisting a humane and expedient measure for lessening disease?"

Suppose the second surgeon were to say that, "even though it were proved" that amputation "would stop the ravages of disease," he should still declare the method "worthy of his strongest reprobation;" basing that reprobation on his conviction that the ravages of disease might be stopped without condemning the patient to lose his limb:—Would the first surgeon be justified in accusing the second of "refusing to mitigate the sufferings of the poor wretch?"

Suppose the friends of the patient should desire to try the curative method suggested by the second surgeon; being convinced by his arguments that amputation was not the sole method of stopping the ravages of disease:—Would the first surgeon be justified in accusing them of "sacrificing the health and vigour" of the patient "without interference," simply because their method of interference differed from his own? or in telling them that it was "something of a paradox for them, out of compassion" for a diseased limb "to suppress the tending of the sick," because they desired to tend the sick on a plan that differed from his own?

Now as to what you say of *punishment*. You tell us that "people insist on shutting their eyes to the existence among us of masses of *men* and women who are virtually in the condition of barbarians, and whose practices can only be repressed by the same wisely coercive methods which have always been essential to raise a barbarous community into a civilised state."

I doubt the expediency of such methods in the present case; but surely if any are deserving of punishment for sexual license or depravity, it is not the wretched prostitutes whose position deprives them of all power of choice among the companions of their "practices;" but the married frequenters of brothels, who are the *immediate* and *active* agents in spreading disease to their innocent wives and children. Who has given them the "right of spreading disease without interference?"

Miss Garrett¹ tells us that the injustice of applying these measures to women only, is merely apparent; because there is "no parallel class" of male sinners. Dr. Webster, at the late meeting of the Social Science Association, answered this objection in part, by reminding us that in the military and naval stations, there is a scarcely-to-be-mentioned class of men, far more degraded than the prostitutes upon whose degradation they live—"barbarians, whose practices" it has not been thought necessary "wisely to repress by coercion."

Are not brothel-keepers a class? Yet, so far from wisely coercing them into civilisation, our opponents are quite eloquent upon the improved cleanliness and decency (!) of *these* barbarians.

No class of criminals was ever yet known to classify itself, in order to facilitate penal legislation; but, if desirable, nothing could be easier than for the Government to employ the same detectives in plain clothes, who now watch over and entrap the women, to watch over and entrap the male frequenters of brothels (who are well known to them), and to classify them at once. God forbid that I should advocate such a system; but those who consider it just and wise to apply it to the weak, should be the first to recommend its extension to the strong.

I have dwelt thus far on the tragic aspect of this matter. It has also its grimly comic side. Our opponents tell us that provision is made by these measures for the reformation of the women, "*as far as is consistent with the spirit and intentions of the Acts,*" and they quote with satisfaction the evidence of certain chaplains, and amongst others the chaplain to the hospital at Chatham, who, when asked "whether any other way would be so effectual with a view to the reformation of the women, as the mode under this Act, of committing them to the hospital," answers, "*No; I cannot see that any other plan could be devised;*" and goes on to explain this by saying, "*because we have no other means of coming in contact with the women than by meeting them at the hospital!*"

If the subject were not too sad and serious for laughter, there would be something irresistibly farcical in the spectacle of these *Christian* shepherds, who cannot devise any other method of coming in contact with the erring sheep among their flocks than their imprisonment in Lock hospitals by the police! One could fancy one's self listening to Mephistophiles, performing the part of Tartuffe, with embellishments of his own invention.

Another painfully ludicrous aspect of the matter is the declaration repeatedly made by the framers and supporters of the measure, that "it is popular with the women;" they come "willingly" (why then enforce their compliance by penal laws?) to enjoy the benefits of this "humane and expedient measure." Yet all our opponents with one voice declare that this beneficent measure cannot be applied to men, because "they would not submit to it."

Strange and unique instance of masculine abnegation!

Suppose a case; I admit it to be a *quasi-impossible* one; but let us, for the sake of illustration, suppose a Board of Guardians to introduce a really humane

(1) If you had not spoken approvingly of Miss Garrett's letter, I should willingly have abstained from all allusion to a lady who can publicly advocate these Acts on the ground that they prevent her sister women from returning to the trade of prostitution "*long before they are in a fit condition to do so.*" I am glad to believe the opinion unique, that any condition of bodily health can render women *fit* for prostitution.

and expedient measure for lessening disease and suffering in the workhouse of their parish, and to try the effect of plentiful and wholesome food, clean beds, excellent ventilation, and, above all, first-rate medical attendance, with tender and gentle nursing:—Can you conceive that they would find it impossible to carry out the measure on any but female paupers, because the manly pride of the males would not submit to it? Can you conceive that the female paupers would require to be alternately driven or entrapped into these ideal workhouses by the police? To my poor mind it seems likely that there would be such a rush of males to enter them, that if the police were required at all, it would be to allow some few poor women a chance.

Prostitution is, you say, “a fact of which we are bound to take cognizance.”

Granted; but that cognizance must be wise, just, and consistent. What should we say of a father who helplessly declared to us: “My son has acquired such a vile habit of drunkenness, that I am obliged to go to an enormous expense in order to provide him with specially chosen and medicated wines, so that his constitution (and, consequently, that of his innocent offspring) may suffer as little as is compatible with that habit?” Should we not advise him first to put every obstacle in the way of such excess, and then seriously and earnestly to endeavour to teach his son the duty of temperance and self-control; assuring him that when the young man had once acquired the self-respect and true dignity of manhood, it would no longer be necessary to watch over him like a greedy child.

We have been accustomed to cherish the “weak and windy” notion that it is the first duty of a constitutional Government to represent the *moral force* of the nation, and to instruct as well as restrain the people, by giving them good and sufficient moral reasons for every penal law.

Now if—as many of the supporters of these Acts affirm—prostitution is a *necessity*, in order to avert the greater suffering and evil that would arise from continence, then it cannot be a *sin*; and it would be well for us all that our rulers should make up their minds which they believe it to be, and give the weak and illogical of the ruled a reason for the license allowed or the coercion enforced. They might be mistaken in their decision, for even our legislators are human; but if they were to state their belief openly, and act up to it consistently, they would not be absurd.

If they believe prostitution to be a *necessity*, it is their duty to afford the tenderest care, encouragement and shelter, as well as the best medical aid, to the victims sacrificed to the cause of national health; so as to render their loathsome duties (!) less painful and less dangerous.

If they believe prostitution to be a *sin*, it is their duty seriously to exert the moral and physical force at their command to restrain the “barbarians” of both sexes, “*whose practices can only be repressed by the same wisely coercive methods which have always been essential to raise a barbarous community to a civilised state.*”

There is no rational or moral middle course.

Our rulers have attempted to rush into health, precisely as the nation has rushed into disease—lightly, inconsiderately, and brutally: influenced by alarm at the physical misery resulting from the actual condition of things; but with no distinct decisive aim in view, and no thought of the future result upon the morality of the nation, which can never safely be forgotten in legislation.

Their primary object has been, not to secure a gradual, lasting, honourable advance from brutal license towards rational morality, for the well-being of the whole nation; but to maintain the present degraded state of things at less expense of suffering to the stronger half of the community.

"For the temporary realities of the hour, our legislators have forgotten the eternal reality of justice. The temporary advantage will cease, and the difficulty of returning into the path of justice will be increased by the moral deterioration inevitable whenever principle has been abandoned for expediency." Human law itself—the compulsion of individuals by the force of society—is, when not sanctified by a principle, a crime. The police, when they are not the instruments of the moral force of the nation, are degraded into the dangerous hireling tools of the tyranny of the strong over the weak.

What is wanted in the present case, is not a temporary material guarantee against one of the evils of prostitution; it is the gradual creation of permanent moral and material guarantees against both the physical evils and the moral causes of prostitution; and we have no right to declare this impossible until we have earnestly and faithfully endeavoured to achieve it.

"However fatal to the lifeblood of the State are the physical disorders following in the wake of prostitution, infinitely more fatal is the league which a State, by publicly discountenancing the disease and not the acts which bring it about, makes with prostitution itself."¹

Assuming, therefore (what we do not believe), that these Acts are immediately beneficial in "stopping the ravages of disease," we repeat that we still "declare them worthy of our strongest reprobation," because we are profoundly convinced that the result of educating the rising generation in the belief that not immorality, but the disease consequent on immorality, is obnoxious to the State, would be so debasing as ultimately to lead to more extended, degraded, and injurious forms of sexual vice; and that the Acts would, consequently, fail to permanently secure even the physical benefit for which higher aims have been overlooked; proving once again the truth which the largest-minded politicians have long preached in vain,—that injustice is always, in the long run, inexpedient.

We ought never to lose sight of the demoralising effect produced upon the young by the maintenance of a Pariah class in the heart of the community. The greatest Continental thinker of our day has wisely said, "The Spartans diverted education from its true aim, and condemned their republic irrevocably to death, on the day when, to teach their children temperance, they showed them the spectacle of a drunken Helot."

Logic and justice are twin-sisters. You remind us that the sufferers are human beings. We answer that mankind is *one*, and whatever temporary beneficial results (in this case unproven) may result from neglect of justice, it is—thank God!—morally and physically impossible to benefit humanity by the degradation of a single individual.

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto."

E. A. VENTURI,

Member of the London Committee of the Ladies' National Association
for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

(1) Professor Sheldon Amos.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

On Labour. By W. T. THORNTON. Second Edition. Macmillan. 14s.

It is worth while to call attention to the appearance of a second edition of this valuable book, because Mr. Thornton has added a considerable quantity of new matter; partly controversial, dealing very instructively with some of the various criticisms which the positions of the first edition suggested, and partly descriptive, as the supplementary chapter, for instance, on Co-operative Progress and Prospects.

The Mythology of the Aryan Nations. By G. W. Cox, M.A. Two vols. Longman. 28s.

A LEARNED and elaborate contribution to the science of comparative mythology. Besides very ample illustrations of the resemblance or identity between the myths of the Aryan nations, the author claims the discovery and proof of the facts that "the epic poems of the Aryan nations are simply different versions of one and the same story; and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world, and the course of the day and the year." The mass of information which the writer has collected is thus arranged with a view, first, to the identification of the Aryan poems and stories; and, second, to the establishment of their physical origin. Mr. Cox is as resolute an enemy as Sir Cornewall Lewis himself to arbitrary and unverified theory, and the peculiarity of his method is a careful and full statement of facts, and the evidence they furnish.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Policy of Count Beust. By an ENGLISHMAN. Chapman and Hall. 9s.

AN authentic account of the policy of the Austrian Government since the catastrophe of 1866, and the subsequent accession to power of Count Beust. The writer quotes chapter and verse of dispatches, statistical tables, and so forth, and is evidently thoroughly well-informed. His view is eminently favourable to the policy of which Count Beust has been the originator and guide.

The Morning Lana. By EDWARD DICEY. Two vols. Macmillan. 16s.

MR. DICEY went to the East as special correspondent for an important daily paper on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal, and these two volumes are his letters reprinted. Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land are included under his title, and he tells us what he saw in an exceptionally sensible, instructive, and entertaining manner. He has travelled too far in his life not to be free from the preposterous affectations and random enthusiasm of the novice in travelling. There is probably no book about the East which reproduces so faithfully and naturally as Mr. Dacey's book does, the impression which an intelligent and reflective traveller is most likely to receive on his first visit.

Reconnoitring in Abyssinia. By COLONEL H. ST. CLAIR WILKINS, R.E. Smith, Elder, & Co. 18s.

AN account of the operations of the Reconnoitring Party which preceded the Abyssinian Expedition properly so called. The reconnoitring force was at work during October and November, 1867, the main body of the expeditionary force disembarking in the December and January following. Colonel Wilkins was the commanding Engineer of the expedition. The volume is illustrated by ten coloured views. It will probably be more interesting to those who took part in the expedition than to the general public.

The Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose. Edited by Rev. J. HANNAY, Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond. Bell and Daldy. 5s.

THE principal feature in this little volume is the resuscitation of Sir Walter Raleigh's poetry, a task to which the editor has devoted special attention. The second part is given to Sir Henry Wotton. In the third are specimens of other Courtly Poets from 1540 to 1650, including Wyatt, Lord Vaux, Edward, Earl of Oxford, Dyer, the Earl of Essex, and the Marquis of Montrose.

History of Europe during the French Revolution. By PROFESSOR VON SYBEL. Translated by WALTER C. PERRY. Vols. III. and IV. Murray. 24s.

THE two concluding volumes of the English translation. The whole history covers the period from '89 to the Thirteenth Vendémiaire, and the second volume concluded with the death of the King. The third volume opens in February, '93, with the first Committee of Public Safety, and includes the Terror, and the victorious campaigns in Belgium. The fourth volume opens with Robespierre and the Ninth Thermidor, and contains very full details of the third Partition of Poland and of the Treaty of Basle, as well as of the first epoch in the history of the Convention.

The State, the Poor, and the Country. By R. H. PATTERSON. W. Blackwood and Sons.

A REPRINT of the concluding chapter of a more important work by the same author, published two years ago. The measures which Mr. Patterson thought desirable in '67 seem to him better worth attention now than ever, because of the prevailing depression of trade, and its attending circumstances. The writer's leading idea is the employment of the poor upon public works, such as the reclamation of waste lands, sewage, the construction of railways in Ireland; and one of the chief means which he points out is the granting of State loans to co-operative industrial associations.

A Historical Account of the Neutrality of Great Britain during the American Civil War. By PROFESSOR MOUNTAGUE BERNARD. Longmans. 16s.

THIS important volume opens with an account of the causes and earlier circumstances of the war, and the declaration of their neutrality by the European Powers, and the subsequent complaints of the United States Government. Then we have the history of the *Trent*, the blockade, the Confederate ships in neutral ports, the *Alabama* and the cruisers, the progress and end of the war, and the last negotiations with Mr. Beverdy Johnson. The writer discusses these various points from the view of International Law, and with great candour as well as juristic ability.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XLII. NEW SERIES.—JUNE 1, 1870.

PROFESSOR LESLIE ON THE LAND QUESTION.¹

THE founders of Political Economy have left two sorts of disciples: those who have inherited their methods, and those who have stopped short at their phrases; those who have carried on the work of the masters, and those who think that the masters have left them no work to do. The former follow the example of their teachers in endeavouring to discern what principles are applicable to a particular case, by analysing its circumstances; the latter believe themselves to be provided with a set of catch-words, which they mistake for principles—free-trade, freedom of contract, competition, demand and supply, the wages fund, individual interest, desire of wealth, &c.—which supersede analysis, and are applicable to every variety of cases without the trouble of thought. In the language of Mr. Leslie, himself one of the best living writers on applied political economy—

“A school of economists of no small pretensions, strongly represented in Parliament, supposes itself to be furnished with a complete apparatus of formulas, within which all economic knowledge is comprised, which clearly and satisfactorily expounds all the phenomena of wealth, and renders all further investigation of the causes and effects of the existing economy of society needless, and even mischievous, as tending to introduce doubt and heresy into a scientific world of certainty and truth, and discontent and disturbance into a social world of order and prosperity.”² (P. 89.)

Since the downfall of Protectionism made Political Economy a term of honour, and no longer, with the classes dominant in politics

(1) “LAND SYSTEMS AND INDUSTRIAL ECONOMY OF IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND CONTINENTAL COUNTRIES.” By T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE, LL.B. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, Examiner in Political Economy in the University of London, and Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in the Queen's University in Ireland, and Queen's College, Belfast. London: 1870.

(2) Mr. Leslie adds: “Political writers and speakers of this school have long enjoyed the double satisfaction of beholding in themselves the masters of a difficult study, and of pleasing the powers that be, by lending the sanction of ‘science’ to all established institutions and customs, unless, indeed, customs of the poor. Instead of a science of wealth, they give us a science for wealth.”

and society, one of opprobrium, this routine school of political economists have mostly had things their own way; the more easily, as they comprise in their ranks some men of more than ordinary talents and acquirements, but who share the common infirmity of liking to get their thinking done once for all, and be saved all further trouble except that of referring to a formula. The ascendancy, however, of this school has always been disputed by those who hold that general maxims should be helps to thought, not substitutes for it. And the progress of events is now thrusting into the front, not merely of theoretical discussion, but of practical statesmanship, problems which definitely separate these two kinds of political economists, and put in evidence the broad distinction between them. Such is, in a peculiar degree, the question of Land Tenure, in Ireland and in England.

The Irish land difficulty having shown, by painful experience, that there is at least one nation closely connected with our own, which cannot and will not bear to have its agricultural economy ruled by the universal maxims which some of our political economists challenge all mankind to disobey at their peril; it has begun to dawn upon an increasing number of understandings, that some of these universal maxims are perhaps not universal at all, but merely English customs; and a few have begun to doubt whether, even as such, they have any claim to the transcendent excellence ascribed to them. The question has been raised whether the administration of the land of a country is a subject to which our current maxims of free trade, free contract, the exclusive power of every one over his own property, and so forth, are really applicable, or applicable without very serious limitations; whether private individuals ought to have the same absolute control, the same *jus utendi et abutendi*, over landed property, which it is just and expedient that they should be permitted to exercise over movable wealth.

Once fairly raised, this question admits of but one answer. The distinction between the two kinds of property is fundamental.

In the first place, land is a monopoly, not by the act of man, but of nature; it exists in limited quantity, not susceptible of increase. Now it is an acknowledged principle that when the State permits a monopoly, either natural or artificial, to fall into private hands, it retains the right, and cannot divest itself of the duty, to place the exercise of the monopoly under any degree of control which is requisite for the public good.

This control, moreover, is likely to be peculiarly needful, when the State has allowed private persons to appropriate the source from which mankind derive, and must continue to derive, their subsistence. The community has too much at stake in the employment of the land as an instrument for the supply of human wants, to be entitled to

recognise any right in individuals to make themselves an impediment to the most beneficial use of it for that end. Wherever might is not accepted as a sufficient basis of right, the justification of private property in land has rested on the theory that most is made of the land for the good of the community by giving that full play to the stimulus of self-interest which is given by private ownership. But this theory, though it has a foundation in truth, is by no means absolutely true; and the limits of its truth ought to be the limits of its practical application. The self-interest of the owners of land, under perfect freedom, coincides with the general interest of the community up to a certain point, but not wholly; there are cases in which it draws in a totally opposite direction. Not even in the point of view of Production is there a complete coincidence between the private interest of landowners and the public interest. In that of Distribution, whether the institution of private property in land should include the concession, to enrich a class, of all that annual increase of wealth which the mere progress of capital and population, in a prosperous community, showers down upon landlords without any exertion or sacrifice of their own, is a question not raised by Mr. Leslie, and which, for the present, we are content to leave undiscussed. But the self-interest of landlords is far from a sufficient security for their turning the land to the best account, even as to its productive powers.

"It has been urged," says Mr. Leslie, "even by economists of eminence, . . . that the best security the public can obtain for the good management of land is the personal interest of its private holders. The desire of wealth, it is urged, must impel the possessors of land, like the owners of capital in trade, to make the best commercial and productive use they can of their possessions. Political economy, I must affirm, countenances no such assumption. The desire of wealth is far from being a productive impulse under all circumstances; it is, on the contrary, sometimes a predatory one; and the fundamental assumption of political economy with respect to it is, that men desire to get wealth with the least possible trouble, exertion, and sacrifice; that besides wealth, they desire ease, pleasure, social position, and political power; and that they will combine all the gratification they can of their other desires with the acquisition of wealth. The situation of the inheritor of a large landed estate is entirely different from that of the trader, of whom (trained to habits of business, exposed to competition, and influenced, not only by the desire of gain, but by the fear of being driven from the market altogether by better producers) it is true that the best security the public can have for the good management of his capital is his own private interest. It is as contrary to political economy as to common sense to assume that a rich sinecure makes its possessor industrious and improving; and the landholders of this country are the holders, not only of rich sinecures, but of sinecures the value of which tends steadily, and often rapidly, to increase without any exertion on their part. . . . The interest of the proprietors of land is, according to the assumption their own conduct compels us to make, to get as much, not only of money, but of amusement, social consideration, and political influence as they can, making as little sacrifice as they can in return for any of those advantages, in the shape of leases to their tenants, the improvement of their estates, or even residence upon them

when other places are more agreeable. That they are frequently guided solely by their interest in this sense is borne out by notorious facts—by absenteeism, by the frequent absence of all improvement on the part of the landlord, and the refusal of any security to the tenant, by the mischievous extent of the preservation of game, and the extension of deer-parks over what once was cultivated land. The single circumstance that tenancy from year to year, a tenure incompatible with good agriculture, is the commonest tenure both in England and Ireland, affords positive proof that the interest of the landlord is no security to the public for the good management of the land in the absence of all interference of law." (Pp. 123-6.)

"Wealth," the author says elsewhere (p. 88) "is not the predominant interest of the most powerful classes."

But though the self-interest of landlords frequently operates to frustrate, instead of promoting, the interest which the community has in the most effective use of the productive powers of the soil, there is another party concerned whose self-interest does work in that useful direction; and that is, the actual cultivator of the soil, if he be either a small proprietor, or a tenant on conditions which secure to him the full fruits of his labour and outlay:—

"He is a farmer by profession, with the habits of one, and exposed to much competition; he has his livelihood to make, and he would, of course, like to make his fortune too, by farming. The public can, therefore, count upon the tenant doing his best by the land, if he is sure of deriving the benefit. But if he has no prospect of doing so, it becomes, on the contrary, his interest to labour only for the present, and to employ his savings and leisure anywhere rather than upon the permanent improvement of his farm. And that he cannot obtain the requisite security from contract alone is evident, both from what has been said of the interest and conduct of landlords in the matter, and from the fact that the Courts and the Legislature have found it necessary to interpose law after law to secure the property in their own improvements to the tenants." (P. 126.)

It is a great step in advance, and a signal triumph of political necessity over inveterate prejudice, that Parliament is now passing a bill which recognises that in Ireland at least, security of tenure is indispensable to enlist the self-interest of the occupier of land on the side of good cultivation, and that this security cannot, in Ireland, be trusted to the operation of contract, but must be provided by law. There is something amusingly *naïf* in the form in which this interference of legislation represents itself to the minds of many who, with considerable reluctance, find themselves forced to support it. According to them, it is a deeply to be regretted, but unavoidable, setting aside of what they call the principles of political economy, in consequence of insuperable difficulties. May I venture to suggest that there are no such principles of political economy as those which they imagine themselves to be violating? The principles of political economy, as of every other department of knowledge, are a different thing from its practical precepts. The same principles require different precepts, wherever different means are required for the same ends. If the interest of landlords does not afford sufficient security

to tenants, it is not contrary, but in the strictest conformity, to the teachings of political economy, to provide other security instead. The absolute power of landlords over the soil is what political economy really condemns; and condemns in England as well as in Ireland, though its economic mischiefs are not, in England, so flagrant and unqualified.

Mr. Leslie's volume is partly a republication of essays which have appeared during the last three years in periodicals. But they are as fresh, and as germane to the present state of the question, as if they had been written yesterday; and they are supplemented by others which bring up the information and discussion to the latest date. They all relate to some of the aspects of the question of Land Tenure, and may be classed under three heads: the land question as it is in Ireland, the land question as it is in England, and the agricultural economy of those continental countries which the author has had the means of personally observing. We cannot attempt to give an adequate view of the contents of the volume; but in the hope of directing readers to the work itself, we will touch cursorily on a few of the points on which most stress is laid.

The view which Mr. Leslie takes of the condition of Ireland—and Mr. Leslie is an Irishman, of Ulster, who has studied the operation of economic laws in that country at first hand, and on the spot—is at once unfavourable and encouraging. Encouraging as regards the capabilities of the country, agricultural and even manufacturing, and the capacity of the people for thriving under a more tolerable land system; but unfavourable, as he considers much of the improvement alleged to have taken place, and to be still in progress, under the present system, in consequence of the famine and the emigration, to be merely imaginary. He denies the virtue either of emigration, or of the other favourite English prescription—the consolidation of farms—as a cure, or even much of a palliation, for Irish poverty. As a matter of fact, he asserts that the increase of wages which has taken place, considerable as it appears in comparison with the former standard, is not much more than equivalent to the rise in the price of articles of consumption caused by the gold discoveries, and by the railways, which have everywhere so greatly increased the price of agricultural produce in what were once, from the inaccessibility of markets, the cheap regions of the world. As a matter of science, he justly criticises the sweeping generalisation which assumes that whatever reduces the supply of labourers must proportionally raise wages, without regard to the effect which, in certain economic conditions, even a small rise in the price of labour may produce on the demand. On this subject he has shown that there is room and need for a supplementary chapter or section in our treatises on political economy; and it is no blame to him if, in a volume of this character,

he rather points out the want than supplies it.¹ As far as Ireland is concerned, his opinion is, that the extensive substitution of pasture for tillage which has been taking place during the whole period of the emigration, and has been greatly facilitated by it, has curtailed the demand for labour in a proportion fully equal to the diminution of the supply. And the facts adduced, not only by Mr. Leslie, but by Professor Lyon Playfair, in his essay in *Recess Studies*, "On the Declining Production of Human Food in Ireland," show that this transformation and, in fact, supersession of rural industry, which at first only diminished the produce of tillage, but greatly increased the products of grazing farms, has now for some years decreased even the number of cattle, "through the want of winter keep, and what is worse, through a positive deterioration of the depastured soil," its fertilizing elements, instead of being restored to it, having been carried out of the country in the bodies of the exported cattle (p. 65). The single exception to the decline in the number of animals is sheep, the only farm product which increases in a soil abandoned to nature, and which, accordingly, has greatly increased in Ireland. The "decay of husbandmen" and diminution of the produce of agriculture has had its natural effect in the decay of the country town and the village; and Mr. Leslie draws a sad picture of the desolation of the poverty-stricken country towns, the eastern coast excepted, which has been saved by the trade with England. Even the rise of

(1) "The bargain of wages is a transaction between the individual employer and his men; what that employer can give depends on *his own* means and profits, and not on the sum of the funds in his own and other people's possession. . . . The aggregate amount of the funds expendible as wages does not, given the number of labourers, determine the rate of wages at all. . . . Were only one labourer left in the country, would he earn as much as all the former labourers put together? Clearly not; unless he did as much work, and worked for all employers at once; for how else could the money be forthcoming to pay him? . . . If a single employer, or a few who could combine, had the entire amount, all the labour in the country which could not emigrate might be hired for its bare subsistence, whatever the rate in the power of the employer to give. Again, if the whole amount were, as it really is, very unequally shared among employers, the price of labour might be immeasurably lower than if it were equally shared: just as, at an auction, the prices paid for things will probably be immensely higher if the purchasers have equal means, than if most of the money is in the hands of a few. If two bidders, for example, have each £50, one of them may have to spend his whole fifty to get half what he wants; but if one of them has but £5, and the other has £95, the latter may get all he wants for £5 5s." (Pp. 41, 87). Hence a very large emigration might take place, and yet the rise of wages be stopped at what the bulk of the employers of labour—in Ireland a very poor class—could afford to pay. "Although emigration may force employers either to pay more for labour or to forego it, it cannot enable them to pay more for it, as higher prices of produce will do; . . . it may, on the contrary, compel or determine them to diminish their outlay upon it, may force or induce them to relinquish enterprises already on foot, to forsake tillage for pasture, to emigrate themselves, and in various other ways to withdraw funds from the labour market. It may actually disable them from paying the same rate of wages as formerly, by withdrawing the strongest and most skilful hands from their employment; and again, in place of being the cause of a rise in the rate of wages, it may be the consequence of a fall." (P. 97.)

prices, seemingly so beneficial to the farmer, is, under the wretched land system of Ireland, often the very reverse. "Rising prices, in themselves, and unaccompanied by security, only imperil the position of the tenant farmer, by tempting the proprietor to sudden changes in the terms of the tenure, or in the tenancy itself." (P. 63.) And tenancy at will is more universally the rule at this moment than it has been for several generations. "The natural consequence has been that system of husbandry which so experienced a judge as Mr. Caird lately described as everywhere meeting his eye, save in Ulster and the eastern seaboard of the country. 'What the ground will yield from year to year at the least cost of time, labour, and money is taken from it.'"

The consolidation of farms, from which so much was expected, and which so many Englishmen still honestly believe to be the panacea for Irish poverty, perversely resisted by a population which it would essentially benefit, has proved, no less than the emigration, a complete failure as regards the prosperity of the country.

"Mr. Brodrick, in one of the essays which the Irish land question has elicited from distinguished Englishmen, mentions with something of surprise, as a fact of which his inquiries in the island have convinced him, that fifteen and ten-acre farmers in Ireland pay a higher rent than larger farmers, with at least equal punctuality. The truth is that they generally produce more, and that the consolidation of farms means the diminution of crops, the extension of grazing, and, sooner or later, the exhaustion of the soil. The table in the note, taken from the last volume of Irish agricultural statistics, affords conclusive evidence that cultivation decreases, and grass, bog, and waste increase, in exact proportion to the size of farms. It may be true that not a few of the small holdings which have disappeared in recent years were, soil and situation considered, too diminutive; but they were so because the best land has been generally given to large grazing farms, and because the same error which has made landowners look with disfavour on small farms, has led them to drive them to the worst ground and the worst situations, and to limit unduly both the duration of their tenure and the amount of land left to them. The consolidation of farms, in place of being an advance, has involved a palpable retrogression in Irish husbandry and in its productiveness." (P. 67.)

Since the immense produce raised from the barrenest soil in the small farms of Belgium, and the higher rent they actually pay, compared with large farms, have been made generally known in England, attempts have been made by Lord Rosse, Lord Dufferin, and others, to make out that the experience of Flanders, from difference of climate and other causes, is not applicable to Ireland. Mr. Leslie maintains, on the contrary, that the success of the *petite culture* in Flanders has been attained in spite of great disadvantages, not only of soil but of climate; that the British islands have much greater natural advantages than Flanders, for the success of five-acre farms; that "there is hardly any part of Europe, save England, better fitted for farms of the smallest description than the greater part of Ireland, including its waste lands; and even its waste lands could be made highly productive

by Flemish agriculture." (Pp. 18, 20.) Nor are the Irish peasantry, under anything like fair play, incapable of the qualities necessary for doing the fullest justice to small holdings.

"In a southern county on this side, not many years ago a backward one from its isolation, there is a locality comprising several large estates well known to the writer, which, within his remembrance, and chiefly within very recent years, has undergone a complete transformation. It was farmed as most other parts of Ireland were farmed in his childhood; it is now farmed as well as any part of England, and a single dealer in a small town within it sells artificial manure to the value of £25,000 a year, who could probably not have sold a pound's worth to a former generation. From this locality, a large proprietor, of English descent, himself the cause of much of the improvement he describes, and who used to define the Irish tenant as a creature to whom multiplication and subdivision come by nature, but to whom the art of man cannot communicate an idea of farming or forbearance from marriage, now reports:—'The twenty-acre men are holding on well, farming far better than formerly, and not involving themselves, as formerly, with wives and families as a matter of course. The farming of this class—Roman Catholics and indigenous Irish—is exceedingly improved; their prudence in the matter of marriage still more remarkable; their sisters and younger brothers, too, remaining frequently unmarried, as they will not marry out of their class, unless to better themselves.' . . . Other instances of a landlord's good example being followed by his tenants, where English markets have come within reach, and English improvements in farming have become known, fell under the writer's observation in a recent visit to other eastern counties; and from one that was not visited, a farmer, loud for tenant-right, writes:—'Farming in general is greatly improving in this district and the neighbouring ones. Here farmers are to some extent able to compete with the landed proprietors at agricultural shows and the like.'" (P. 39.)

It is not, therefore, as so often idly pretended, from any original incapacity or inveterate habits in the Irish race, that production and prosperity are declining throughout the whole space contained between "a line from Dublin to the nearest point of Lough Swilly in the north, and another to Bantry Bay in the south" (p. 70), a space including nearly three-fourths of the island. But to say more at present on the Irish part of the land question is inconsistent with our limits.

The land question in England, as Mr. Leslie justly observes, is unlike the land question in Ireland; but the evils of the system are different in kind rather than inferior in degree. The land question in Ireland is a tenant's question; and what the case principally requires is reform of the conditions of tenure. The land question in England is mainly a labourer's question, though the tenants also suffer deeply from the same causes which have reduced the labourers to their present state. Mr. Leslie tells once again the sad history of the divorce of the peasantry from the land. In England, unlike many other countries, the descendants of serfs had risen into a yeomanry, regarded by cotemporary chroniclers as the main strength of the country, both in war and in peace. In the last quarter of the seventeenth century the number of these small landed proprietors still "exceeded that of the tenant-farmers, amounting at the most moderate estimate to not less than 160,000 proprietors, who with their families must have

made more than a seventh of the whole population." (P. 164, and the passage of Macaulay therein quoted.) But now—

"The landed yeomanry, insignificant in number and a nullity in political power, are steadily disappearing altogether; the tenant-farmers have lost the security of tenure, the political dependence, and the prospect of one day farming their own estate, which they formerly enjoyed; and lastly, the inferior peasantry not only have lost ground in the literal sense, and have rarely any other connection with the soil than a pauper's claim, but have sunk deplorably in other essential respects below their condition in former centuries. Thus a soil, eminently adapted by natural gifts to sustain a numerous and flourishing rural population of every grade, has almost the thinnest and absolutely the most joyless peasantry in the civilised world, and its chief end as regards human beings seems only to be a nursery of over-population and misery in cities." (P. 163.) "Every grade of the rural population has sunk; the landed yeomanry are almost gone; the tenant-farmers have lost their ancient independence and interest in the soil; the labourers have lost their separate cottages and plots of ground, and their share in a common fund of land; and whereas all these grades were once rising, the prospect of the landed yeomanry is now one of total extinction; that of the tenant-farmers, increasing insecurity; that of the agricultural labourer, to find the distance between his own grade and that of the one above him wider and more impassable than ever, while the condition of his own grade is scarcely above the brutes. Once, from the meanest peasant to the greatest noble, all had land, and he who had least might hope for more; now there is being taken away from him who had little even that which he has—his cottage, nay, his separate room. Once there was an ascending movement from the lowest grade towards the highest; now there is a descending movement in every grade below the highest. Once the agricultural class had a political representation, and a voice in legislation, which they dared to raise against the landed gentry, and nobility; now the latter have the supreme command at once of the soil and of the suffrages of its cultivators." (P. 174.) "In fact, there is no longer a true rural population remaining, for the ends, political, social, and economic, which such a population ought to fulfil."

The means by which these lamentable changes have been brought about may be found in Mr. Leslie's volume, or in Mr. W. T. Thornton's "Over-population and its Remedy." They are summed up by Mr. Leslie, so far as relates to the labourers, in the following catalogue (p. 207):—

"Briefly enumerated, the chief causes by which the peasantry—the really most important class—have been dispossessed of their ancient proprietary rights and beneficial interests in the soil are the following:—

"(1) Confiscation of their ancient rights of common, which were not only in themselves of great value, but most important for the help they gave towards the maintenance of their separate lands.

"(2) Confiscation to a large extent of their separate lands themselves, by a long course of violence, fraud, and chicane, in addition to forfeitures resulting from deprivation of their rights of common.

"(3) The destruction of country towns and villages, and the loss, in consequence, of local markets for the produce of peasant farms and gardens.

"(4) The construction of a legal system based on the principle of inalienability from the feudal line, in the interest of great landed families, and incompatible with either the continuance of the ancient or the rise of a new class of peasant landholders.

"(5) The loss, with their lands and territorial rights, of all political power and independence on the part of the peasantry; and, by consequence, the

establishment and maintenance by the great proprietors of laws most adverse to their interests.

"(6) Lastly, the administration by the great landowners of their own estates in such a manner as to impoverish the peasantry still further, and to sever their last remaining connection with the soil."

These various headings are explained and expounded in the pages which follow; and the author concludes—

"The Irish land question is of more importance, politically, than the English for the hour, but it is not so, economically, even for the hour; and it is so, politically, for the hour only. Economically, the emergency is much greater at this moment in this than in the other island; the main land question here relates to a poorer class than even the Irish tenantry, and there is a much greater amount of material misery and actual destitution in England, traceable mainly to its own land system, though aggravated by that of Ireland and the consequent immigration of poverty.

"The day is not distant when the supreme question of English as of Irish politics will be, whether the national territory is to be the source of power and luxury to a few individuals, or of prosperity and happiness to the nation at large? and whether those few individuals, or the nation at large, are to determine the answer?" (P. 229.).

Thus complete has been the failure of the English agricultural economy, if we look, not to the prosperity of landlords, nor even to the amount of produce raised from the soil, but to the truest test—the condition of the mass of the population. But when we pass, in our author's pages, from the picture of the evils to the suggestion of remedies, we are struck by a sense of their inadequacy. We imagine Mr. Leslie himself would be the first to admit that he does little more than break ground on the subject.

The causes of evil, in Mr. Leslie's apprehension, are, that landed property is in too few hands; that the movement even towards large farms has been carried too far; and that tenants have not sufficient security of tenure. Remedial measures, he believes, will be efficacious, just in so far as they tend to increase the number of proprietors of land, and to give to tenants the security of a long lease. To attain the former object—

"There are three different methods recorded in history to make choice from. One is the French law of partition of family property among all children alike—an expedient which deserves no higher commendation than that it is better than the feudal system of disinheriting all the children but one. A second method, which suggests itself with higher reason on its side, is a limitation of the amount of land that any single individual shall take by inheritance. Such a measure, however shocking to present proprietary sentiments, would not diminish the real happiness, it may safely be asserted, of one human being in the next generation; nor can it be confidently pronounced that the mischief resulting from the long retention of a restriction of a different kind upon the possession of land may not yet be found such that some such measure will be of necessity adopted, to make room for the natural increase of the population. But it would be a remedy which only a violent revolution could at present accomplish. . . . And if neither the French system of partition nor the agrarian system of the Gracchi is to be our model, . . . we may yet find a model in the general tendency of English law reform since the system was

established which first limited property in land to a particular line of descent in a particular number of families; for that end depriving each successive proprietor of the chief uses of property itself. The feudal landowner forfeited the right to sell his own land, to leave it by will, to let it securely, to provide for his family out of it, to subject it to the payment of his debts; he forfeited, therefore, the chief rights of property, taking only in exchange a right to confiscate the property of his tenants." (P. 191.)

Mr. Leslie's proposal is to restore to him these legitimate rights, abolishing all restrictions which deprive the owner of land for the time being of the power of alienation.

"To extinguish the force of settlements as binding and irrevocable instruments, save so far as a provision for a wife is concerned; to put family settlements, save as to a wife, on the same footing as wills, *ipso facto* void upon marriage, and revocable by any subsequent conveyance or will; to enact that each successive proprietor shall take the land he succeeds to, free from any restriction on his rights of proprietorship; and further, to make provision that all lands left burdened with any charges shall be sold immediately on the death of the owner to pay off the incumbrance; with the addition, of course, of assimilating the devolution of land, in case of intestacy, to that of personal property." (Pp. 198—200.)

In order to judge of these proposals, it is not necessary to have come to a positive conclusion on the rather difficult legislative question, whether and in what cases settlements should be permitted; in other words, whether and to what extent an owner of property should have power to bequeath to one person a life-interest, and to another or others the succession after the death of the first. It is evident that settlement of property may be permitted without permitting settlement of land. It would be sufficient to enact that testamentary dispositions which do not confer unrestricted ownership on the person in whose favour they are made, shall not be valid for the land itself, but only for the proceeds of its sale. There are not the same objections to tying up consols and similar representative wealth from alienation, which there are in the case of the actual sources of production; and if, without forbidding the landowner to regulate, within certain limits, the descent of his pecuniary means beyond his immediate successor, it were put out of his power to detain for this purpose any portion of the land of the country from general circulation, he would be obliged either to bequeath the land in full ownership, implying liberty of sale, or if he thought it indispensable to tie the hands of his successor, the land would be sold by operation of law at his decease, and the restriction would only apply to the proceeds. Mr. Leslie, as we saw, proposes a sale of land at every succession to the extent necessary for clearing the remainder from all existing incumbrances. Without pledging ourselves to this proposal, which requires mature discussion, we may remark that if it were adopted, the proprietor, being no longer able to charge the land beyond his own life with a provision for younger children, must choose between leaving them a portion of the land itself, and selling a portion to

raise money for their benefit. These provisions combined would greatly restrict the power of keeping together large masses of land in a particular line of descent; and it might fairly be anticipated that a great increase would take place in the quantity of land which would annually be brought into the market.

But Mr. Leslie, we should think, must be as well aware as anybody, how little this would do towards making any great part of the land of this country the property of the actual cultivators. In France, and other countries of the Continent, the sale of land generally means its purchase by the poor; for the poor give the highest price, the rich being neither numerous, nor, in general, addicted to rural duties or pleasures. But in England the sale of land means generally its sale to the rich. The annual accumulation of fortunes in manufactures and commerce raises up a perpetual succession of rich families, eager to step into the place of landowners who are obliged to sell. Unless changes much more radical than an increase of the facilities of alienation are destined to take place in this country, nearly all the land, however it may change hands, is likely to remain the property of the rich; nor are the new proprietors more likely than the old to lease their lands on terms more encouraging to the industry and enterprise of their tenants. No doubt, the increased quantity of land in the market would cause a cheapening of its price, which would bring it within the reach of a somewhat greater number of purchasers; and it would occasionally fall into the hands of persons intending to cultivate instead of letting it, but seldom of those who cultivate with their own hands. If the greater marketableness of land is to be made a benefit to the labouring class, it must be in another manner entirely; as, for example, by buying from time to time on account of the public, as much of the land that comes into the market as may be sufficient to give a full trial to such modes of leasing it, either to small farmers with due security of tenure, or to co-operative associations of labourers, as without impairing, but probably even increasing, the produce of the soil, would make the direct benefits of its possession descend to those who hold the plough and wield the spade. Mr. Leslie has not included any measure of this sort among his proposals, but it is quite germane to his principles, and necessary, we think, to enable them to produce their best effects.

Meanwhile, the measures which he proposes would render possible a multitude of agricultural and industrial enterprises, beneficial to the national wealth, and giving great employment to labour, which at present the restrictions of family settlements make impracticable. We quote at the foot of the page some striking examples of the obstructive operation of these arrangements.¹

(1) "About fifteen years ago (Dr. Hancock relates in his 'Treatise on the Impediments

We have not space remaining for an analysis of the third part of Mr. Leslie's Essays, relating to the land systems and agricultural economy of Continental states. They are, however, a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subject, relating to regions which

to the Property of Ireland') an enterprising capitalist was anxious to build a flax mill in the North of Ireland, as a change had become necessary in the linen trade from hand-spinning to mill-spinning. He selected as the site for his mill a place in a poor but populous district, situated on a navigable river, and in the immediate vicinity of extensive turf bogs. The capitalist applied to the landlord for a lease of fifty acres for a mill site, labourers' village, and his own residence, and of fifty acres of bog, as it was proposed to use turf as the fuel for the steam-engines of the mill. The landlord was most anxious to encourage an enterprise so well calculated to improve his estate. An agreement was concluded; but when the flax-spinner consulted his legal adviser, he discovered that the law prevented the landlord from carrying out the very liberal terms he had agreed to. He was bound by settlement to let at the best rent only; the longest lease he could grant was for three lives, or thirty-one years. Such a lease, however, at the full rent of the land, was quite too short a term to secure the flax-spinner in laying out his capital in building; the statute enabling tenants to lease for mill sites only allowing leases of three acres. The mill was not built, and mark the consequence. Some twenty miles from the spot alluded to, the flax-spinner found land in which he could get a perpetual interest; there he laid out his thousands; there he has for the last fifteen years given employment to hundreds of labourers, and has earned money. The poor but populous district continues as populous, but, if anything, poorer than it was. During the past season of distress, the people of that district suffered much from want of employment, and the landlord's rents were worse paid out of it than from any other part of his estate." (P. 52.)

"Belfast, the only great manufacturing city in Ireland, owes its greatness to a fortunate accident which converted the ground on which it stands from feudal into commercial territory, by transferring it from a great noble to its own citizens. But the growth of Belfast itself, on one side, has been strictly circumscribed by the rival claims of two noble proprietors, who were in litigation respecting them for more than a generation; and in a step the inhabitant passes from new streets to a filthy and decaying suburb, into which the most enterprising capitalist in the neighbourhood has been prevented from extending his improvements. On the other side of the town is some ground which the capitalist just referred to bought three years ago for the purpose of building; but which remains unbuilt on in consequence of difficulties in the legal title, although in equity the title is indisputable, and is not disputed. Some years ago the same capitalist contracted for the purchase of another plot of ground in the neighbourhood. It proved, however, that the vendor was precluded by his marriage settlement from completing his contract, although it reserved to him the unusual power to grant leases for 999 years. That, however, did not answer the same purpose; in the first place, because (a consequence of the land system, with its distinction between real and personal property), the succession duties are heavier on leasehold than on freehold estates. What is more important, a tenant for years has not the rights of ownership, as was afterwards experienced in the very case before us. The capitalist accepted a lease for 999 years; although diverted from his original design with respect to the ground. In putting it to a different purpose, he proceeded to level an eminence, and to carry away the gravel for use elsewhere. But the Law of Landlord and Tenant says: If a tenant open pits for the purpose of raising stone or waste [?] it will be waste. And this being the law, the landlord actually obtained an injunction to restrain the tenant's proceedings, and mulcted him in damages. Once more; in another county the very same capitalist opened an iron mine by arrangement with the lord of the soil, and commenced works on an extensive scale. The landlord then demanded terms to which he was not entitled by his contract; but the price of Irish iron has not been high enough of late years to defray the cost of a Chancery suit, in addition to the cost of production; and delay, worry, and anxiety are not inducements to industrial enterprise, so the iron works were suspended.

the author has himself visited, and has been assisted in his inquiries by high economical and agricultural authorities on the spot: in Westphalia and the Ruhr Basin by several persons; in Central France by the eminent M. Léonce de Lavergne; and in Belgium by M. Emile de Laveleye, whose important paper in the Cobden Club volume has recently brought home to many English readers the lessons contained in his remarkable works on Belgium, Holland, and Lombardy. The essays on the Ruhr Basin and on La Creuse are most interesting reading, and the facts they contain; when first published by Mr. Leslie, were almost wholly new to English readers. But the most valuable, for the general purposes of the book, are those on Belgium. Mr. Leslie's paper in the Cobden Club volume had shown, in opposition to a still strong, though diminishing, prejudice, the great success of peasant properties in France. The paper in the present volume on Belgium renders the same justice to the small farms as well as the small properties of that country. If we compare with the minute and well-considered statements of Mr. Leslie and M. de Laveleye, such as are given on the contrary side even by such an authority as Mr. James Howard, in his "Continental Farms and Peasantry" (though Mr. Howard is by no means absolutely hostile to small farms, but expresses a strong sense of the desirableness of a certain admixture of them), we see nothing in the latter which seriously diminishes the consideration due to the former. Everything in Mr. Howard's remarks which is matter of fact—everything which is the result of actual observation—may be admitted, without affecting the worth of Belgian example as evidence in favour of what the *petite culture* is capable of. There is not a single drawback pointed out by Mr. Howard, which is inseparable from *petite culture*; while even in Belgium the drawbacks are shown by Mr. Leslie and M. de Laveleye to be steadily diminishing.

J. S. MILL.

Here are five cases within the author's knowledge, all happening in recent years, in which a single individual has been arrested in the course of town enterprise and improvement by the state of the law. . . . It is well known that there are no manufacturing establishments on the Companies' estates, because these London guilds persistently refuse to give perpetuity lease for mill purposes, while on the borders of the county [Londonderry], Cookstown, Ballymena, Ballymoney, and Coleraine, where such leases are granted, manufactures have increased and prospered, and even in the county, where freehold sites can be procured, manufactures have taken root." (Pp. 77—9.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

"Nôsse omnia hæc salus ~~est~~ senioribus."

"The rest of his dress—a dress always sufficiently tawdry—was overcharged with lace, embroidery, and ornament of every kind; and the plume of feathers which he wore was so high, as if intended to sweep the roof of the hall. In short, the usual gaudy splendour of the heraldic attire was caricatured and overdone."

(See Walter Scott's *Quentin Durward*—*Hayraddin, the Gipsy, goes to the Court of Charles the Bold, disguised as Rouge Sanglier, the herald.*)

ON the eve of the great Revolution in France, when society was in its most rickety, but not its most corrupt stage, a man of genius painted it to the life in a very diverting play. It was one of the most curious features of that unconscious age, that it delighted in pleasant caricatures of itself. As Carlyle tells us in the opening of his history, "Beaumarchais (or De Beaumarchais, for he got ennobled) had been born poor, but aspiring, esurient; with talents, audacity, adroitness; above all, with a talent for intrigue; a lean, but also a tough indomitable man." The theme of his plays was Fashion, his hero a valet; and being a sort of inspired valet, or *factotum*, himself, he hit off with art the great world as seen from the valet point of view. Figaro, the adventurer, the factotum, the prince of rascals, became quite the rage; and the delicious impudence which he threw into his servility, exactly caught the public ear. Men laughed to see the fatuous pomp of the *ancien régime* treated with a kind of fawning mockery by one of its own creatures. But the loudest laughter came from the great people, in whose faces the witty Barber was snapping his fingers.

In the midst of it all the Revolution burst, and swept away play and player, stage, company, scenery, dresses, and all the gorgeous accessories; and our poor friend saw his comedy end in a very grim catastrophe—which he had done not a little to hasten.

History, for all that they say, does not reproduce itself. In the first place, we have no Revolution, nor indeed, with our admirable constitution, are we likely to have. And most certainly we have no Beaumarchais. The humour and the grace of the delightful Sevillard are as much a thing of the past as the *ancienne noblesse*. Still we have, even in our day, a society luxurious and absurd enough, although sadly turned into prose. And we have a man of wit who has studied it from life—one-half Jester, one-half Grand Master of the Ceremonies.

"Lothair" is not a mere novel; and its appearance is not simply a

fact for Mr. Mudie. It is a political event. When a man whose life has been passed in Parliament, who for a generation has been the real head of a great party, sits down, as he approaches the age of seventy, to embody his view of modern life, it is a matter of interest to the politician, the historian, nay, almost the philosopher. The literary qualities of the book need detain no man. Premiers not uncommonly do write sad stuff. And we should be thankful if the stuff only be amusing. But the mature thoughts on life of one who has governed an empire on which the sun never sets, have an inner meaning to the thoughtful mind. Marcus Aurelius, amidst his imperial eagles, thought right to give us his *Reflections*. The sayings of Napoleon at St. Helena have a strange interest to all men. And Solomon in all his glory was induced to publish some amazing rhapsodies on human nature and the society of his own time.

"Lothair" is indeed amusing. Though our grave Editor warns us that these pages are more fitted for what he calls "the social and political significance" of the book, we cannot resist one word of admiration for the brilliance, and indeed rare wit, of much in the writing. There are epigrams in showers, some of them really delicious. That phrase about the critics is perfect, and as true as it is amusing. The Duke who, as he gives the finishing touch to his consummate toilette, each day thanks Providence that his family are not unworthy of him; St. Aldegonde, a Duke's son and a Duke's son-in-law, proposing to abolish all orders of men but Dukes, and calling for cold meat at Lord—we mean Mr.—Brancepeth's dinner-party; the professor who during a stroll gives more than one receipt for saving the aristocracy; the comparing our young nobles to the ancient Greeks, who were good athletes, knew no language but their own, and never read; the Hansom cab, "the gondola of London," are the touches of a master. For our author, when not in Court dress, is before everything a wit.

Then the dialogue is quick, bright, and easy. The scenes follow with vivacious variety. St. Aldegonde himself might read it without being bored. Nothing lingers. Our author receives his ideal company like an accomplished host. A word for this one; a happy saying to that; a skilful selection of guests; the mind diverted now with this, now with that, entertainment. The characters even have merit. Not that they are characters in the creative sense, but they are happy satires. The fatuous Duke, the goose Lothair, the spiritual Cardinal, are portraits not perhaps of true humour, but of a caustic, albeit rather personal, wit. And all this, which is so rare in an English book, is exceedingly pleasant to find. The wit, the light touch, the movement, are those of an accomplished foreigner—a sort of Mr. Pinto surveying British society from without, and trying to amuse it. The colouring often rises to a high point of art;

and society is analysed with something of almost poetic instinct. Not that we wish to exaggerate. We do not pretend that the art is that of Balzac or Sand, or the wit that of the true children of Voltaire. But it is quite as good as that of a first-rate Parisian *feuilleton*—and there are few things better.

Nor must one omit another great merit. "Lothair" is clean. Not only is it free from offence in language, but the tone in point of morals is healthy, pure, and sweet. The society painted is, on the whole, that of honest husbands and true wives, pure maidens and ingenuous lads. This is a great point. We hear nothing of those *petit crevé* vices, those pornerastic habits in high places, those Diamond-necklace scandals, those unmentionable gambols of the Porphyro-geniti, which are too often thrust before our eyes in fiction, and indeed in fact. Society owes much to Mr. Disraeli for this. If he is to be believed, it is a society of real happy and healthy homes; and he speaks of them almost as one inspired by some influence that had been the good genius and true pride of his life.

Not that we are blind in our praise of this book. The writing, though often brilliant, is curiously loose and false. To speak the truth, there is hardly a page without clumsy phrases, misused words, and even hopelessly bad grammar. Nor is this the worst. Not only do gross solecisms, but absolute cockneyisms abound; the high-polite jargon and the genteel vulgarisms of a hairdresser's man. We do not for a moment attribute this to Mr. Disraeli himself, a master alike of the language of letters and of society; and we believe we are in a position to explain, as we presently shall, this curious phenomenon. But strange as it may sound, the fact remains. And the style of the ex-Premier's romance reminds one not seldom of the style in which ambitious lady's-maids and literary valets write romances for the "Mirror of Fashion" (a publication read in the highest circles).

We think some bits must have been written for and refused by the "Mirror." For instance, a young lady of rank (of course everybody in the book is of the highest rank; the readers of the "Mirror" expect nothing below earls); a young lady talks to the hero about their "*mutual ancestors*." Shade of Macaulay! One used to think that *mutual* friend for *common* friend was rather a cockneyism. But mutual ancestors! Oh, right honourable sir! *mutual*, as Johnson will tell us, means something reciprocal, a giving and taking. How could people have mutual ancestors?—unless, indeed, their great grandparents had exchanged husbands or wives—a horrid thought!

Then we hear of a "gay and festive and *cordial* scene." A festive scene we can understand, and a cordial host. But what is a "cordial" scene? The late Artemus Ward used to speak of "a gay

and festive cuss." But a "gay and festive and cordial scene" would beat the showman!

A gentleman (by the way, almost the only commoner in society—but then he is after all but the family solicitor, a superior sort of "retainer"), a gentleman is spoken of who "had, in her circles, a celebrated wife." How can a man have a wife in her circles? Does it mean a lady of ample skirts and hoops, or of ample and globular form? Again, we hear that "All the ladies of the house were *fond* and fine horsewomen." Fine women, we can understand, and fine horsewomen, but what is a *fond* horsewoman? Of what are these ladies fond? Mr. Pinto tells us that the English language consists of only four words, "to which some grammarians add *fond*." We are afraid that Mr. Pinto, though almost naturalised amongst us, has not yet mastered the varieties of the English tongue.

Riding parties linger *amid* a breeze. A lady makes observations cheapening to her host, meaning depreciating her host, not, we trust, that she made them to her host. "Bells of prancing ponies, lashed by delicate hands, *gingle* in the laughing air." We think the poor whipping-boy, the printer, must have been laughing too when he set up *gingle*. "Obstructive dependants *impede the convenience* they were purposed to facilitate." A trustee "guards *over* an inheritance." Some one considers, "where he shall go *to*." Two great ladies "are the fairies, *which* do" something. The hero holds "his groom's horse, who had dismounted." Who dismounted? Did the groom dismount off the horse, or the horse off the groom? Heroes may do feats, but can their grooms? A lady's portrait "makes a fury." Of two lovers it is said, "Then, clinging to him, he induced her to resume her stroll." Who was clinging to whom? Each, doubtless, to each "*mutually*," but it is horribly suggestive of a third person, and that person a male.

Oh! Editor of the "Mirror of Fashion," lucky, *tua si bona nobis*, wert thou in a contributor who had carried the high-polite Euphuism to a point yet unattained in thy peculiar industry. Let us cull some flowers from the garden of the Lady Corisande!

Of a riding party—"Dames and damsels vault on their barbs and genets with airy majesty." Airy majesty is good!

A gentleman bows—"He made a reverence of ceremony." Couldst thou do that, Yellowplush?

One college lad goes to see another—"He becomes a visitor to his domain."

Some servants waiting in a hall—"Half a dozen powdered gentlemen, glowing in crimson liveries, indicate the presence of My Lord's footmen." Prodigious! as Dominie Sampson used to say.

Charity boys are brought out with their school flags to meet the

squire—"Choirs of enthusiastic children, waving parochial banners, hymned his auspicious approach."

A man gives a girl some lemonade and a wafer, and tells her she is looking in good spirits—"He fed her with cates, as delicate as her lips, and manufactured for her dainty beverages which would not outrage their purity, and at last could not refrain from intimating his sense of her unusual, but charming joyousness." (See the *Vademecum of Etiquette*.)

Fine rooms are "stately" or "choice saloons." Footmen are "retainers." Men of rank are "paladins of high degree." Cut glass is "fanciful crystal." A dinner-party is a "banquet." A gun-club are "competing confederates." A ball is a "sumptuous festival;" the guests are "wassailers." A carriage is always an "equipage;" and a horse always a "barb."

All this points to an origin rather to be sought in the species of male serving-man, or as one should say, "indicates the presence of My Lord's footmen;" but there are traces again which point to a female coadjutor, as of some lady's-maid, with whom said lackey was in love. For instance, a croquet-party "makes up a sparkling and *modish* scene." "*Modish*" is surely a little out of date, and savours of the housekeeper's room. Of a ball-room supper we hear, "Never was such an elegant clatter." A young lady "is the cynosure of the Empyrean." A youth courting her, "seals, with an embrace, her speechless form." To seal, it is true, in Mormon-land is to marry. When the young lady goes to Court, "Her fair cheek is sealed with the approbation of Majesty"—*sealed* again. When a man speaks of the Court, "He leads the conversation to the majestic theme." Stars and Garters!

Have a care, good Editor, and tone down their style! They are fooling thee with their menial jargon. Be warned, friend, educated Englishmen do not write like this:—

"When the stranger who had proved so opportune an ally to Lothair at the Fenian meeting, separated from his companion, he proceeded in the direction of Pentonville, and, after pursuing his way through a number of obscure streets, *but* quiet, decent, and monotonous, he stopped at a small house in a row of many *residences*, yet all of them in form, size, colour, and general character *so* identical, that the number on the door could alone assure the visitor that he was not in error when he *sounded the knocker*."

What is all this jumble of words, with its dragged sentences, and "buts," and "thats," and "yets." "*So identical!*" "*So similar*" you mean. "*So identical*" is lady's-maid's English; and why "*obscure streets, but quiet, decent, &c.*"? Can nothing obscure be decent? Why not write like a man, and say—"When the stranger who had *helped* Lothair at the Fenian meeting *left* his companion, he *walked towards* Pentonville, making his way through

several obscure streets, *which were* quiet, decent, and monotonous. He stopped at a small house in a long row, where the *houses* were so similar in form, size, colour, and general character, that, but for the number, one might easily *knock at the wrong door*."

But as for grand ceremonies, O Editor! thy contributor out-herods Herod, and beggars all previous description of *haut ton*. The *Court Newsman* grows pale with envy; Jenkyns of the *Morning Plush* is awed. Thy hebdomadal competitors do reverence to their peerless rival. Ho! there, a flourish! Bray forth trumpets, and heralds advance your haughty blazonry! Make way, ye fellows in fustian! Stand back, I charge ye!

[*A march!*

"Royalty, followed by the imperial presence of ambassadors, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, was ushered with courteous pomp by the host and hostess into a choice saloon, hung with rose-coloured tapestry and illumined by chandeliers of crystal, where they were served from gold plate."

[*Curtain falls, amidst catharine wheels, red and blue fire, electric light, &c., &c., &c.*

Shade of the late George Robins of the Hammer, greatest of auctioneers, here is a greater than thou in unctuous description of all kinds of upholstery! Greatest of all Editors of Trans-atlantic newspapers, here is taller talk than in the wildest of thy dreams, which is to thy best vein as is thy own Niagara to a gutter, or thy *Wellingtonia gigantea* to a gooseberry bush! O tallest of talkers! canst thou match "buncombe" like that? O most superb of auctioneers, didst thou ever appraise and bring to the hammer (without any reserve) the entire British Aristocracy, rose-coloured tapestry, gold plate, and all—nay, the Majestic Theme itself, it would seem—as Lot 1?

As we have said, we do not for a moment pretend that jargon of this kind really comes from Mr. Disraeli. He is a man of genius, a master of language, and has passed his life in refined society. He is incapable of inditing this stuff. Of course, all sorts of rumours are afloat; but we rather gather the truth to be this—Mr. Disraeli, a busy statesman, employed assistance; that assistance he would naturally find in his "people" in attendance. The ideas, the wit, the picture of society are his own, but we strongly suspect that the actual wording not seldom is that of his valet.

What we imagine to have taken place—we speak with no authority—is something of this kind:—The great orator returns, say, from a debate in which he has exterminated the Liberal party for

the twenty-seventh time, and given new hope to his country and his Sovereign. He has an hour of relaxation. Robed, doubtless, in some cashmere dressing-gown which had once graced the throne of the Great Mogul, shod with the jewelled slippers that had haply been worked for him by the daughter of the Emperor of Morocco (an unhappy attachment, it is whispered), and smoking his hookah, with its bowl of solid topaz, and its mouthpiece a single diamond (a trifle from the Sublime Porte), the wondrous orator throws off the dazzling fancies of "Lothair." Thoughts crowd so fast on that fervid soul, that three stenographers can but imperfectly record them as he speaks. And the valet, or one should say, the first gentleman of the dressing-room, takes forth the burning fragments on golden salvers to cast them into readable volumes for Messrs. Longman, who are waiting in an ante-room. Thus it is that we get the ideas of a true wit and the experience of a profound observer in the language of the servants' hall, and her ladyship's first gentlewoman.

Now without intruding on private affairs—the frank Lothair is free from modesty of that kind—we strongly suspect this first gentleman of the dressing-room to be a person of foreign birth. We know not how else to account for the use of crude Gallicisms, such as no Englishman could pen. A perplexing use of the word "but;" a lady's portrait "making a fury;" things "being on the carpet;" and a reckless use of the word "distinguished" for fine; phrases like "an alliance of the highest," "high ceremony of manner," "his affairs were great" for his trade, betray the foreign hand. We have no doubt this great creature, the first gentleman in question, is a perfect treasure. But if he continue to be employed as secretary, the ex-Premier should present him with Lindley Murray—of course bound in jewelled vellum, with gilt edges.

But the misplaced confidence which the right honourable gentleman appears to have reposed in his "first gentleman," has led to some more serious errors in taste. We make nothing of a few slips. "*Lancres*" is not the right mode of spelling the painter's name, nor is "*monsignores*" a correct form. And the Pope's guard is the *guardia* (not *guarda*) *nobile*. Perhaps these little blunders in foreign languages are a compliment to the order "which knows no language but its own." We do not like to hear of "costly bindings" in a library. There was an honest man once who cared more for the inside of books than their "costly" backs. But in the midst of the praises which we wish to give to this amusing romance of real life, there is one serious fault which we condemn.

It seems to us that, elegant as the company are, they are painted as if the real object of their respect, their social standard in fact, were, in plain words, Money. Every one in the book is enormously rich, and no one beside, appears to count as a member of society at all. The society is a mere Apotheosis of rich men—the Reign

of the Financial Saints—a perfect *Millionairium*! One would think the author were Poet-Laureate to Baron Rothschild. The very attorney is a Six-and-eightpenny Sidonia!

Nowhere perhaps is this so marked as when the Duke himself tells us that he has known Americans who were very good sort of people, and had no end of money (*sic*); that he looks upon one who has large estates in the South as a real aristocrat, and should always treat him with respect—more especially if, like the colonel, his territory is immense, and he has always lived in the highest style (*sic*). This may be satire, or it may be fact, but we venture to think it both gross and untrue. Peers may sometimes be foolish, and possibly proud; but they are usually English gentlemen, and we doubt if they talk with the purse-proud insolence of Tittlebat Titmouse. But a man who has made Dukes ought to know best.

But all this time we are sadly forgetting what our grave Editor calls the “social and political significance” of “Lothair,” and are thinking too much of the many merits and occasional slips of its literary work. As a novel it may be called good, and that is the principal point. The story, if improbable and rambling, is tolerably amusing and not outrageously absurd. The characters, though not creations, are keen sketches of social types. And the raving about Semitism, Popery, and the Brotherhoods is but a tithe of what one endured in “Tancred” and the “Wondrous Tale.” Indeed, one has heard wilder stuff from the author’s lips in grave political speeches at times of excitement. Even the bombast hardly equals that immortal bit about “the elephants of Asia carrying the artillery of Europe over the mountains of Africa through passes which might appal the trapper of the Rocky Mountains.” Nor do we compare the plot for sensational power with those of that gorgeous Titan Eugène Sue; nor the *mise-en-scène* for profusion with that of the inexhaustible wizard of “Monte Christo.” Still, the novel, as novels go, is a good one.

But as to the substance of the book, for the Editor grows impatient, it is strange how much opinions differ. There are not wanting some who speak harshly—the men no doubt “who have failed.” We believe them to be really unjust. But their reasons are worth considering. “How gross it is,” said to us a serious friend of advanced views, a Republican, when we asked his opinion of “the novel,” “If snobbishness be,” he went on, “as Thackeray defines it, the mean admiration of mean things, was ever book so unutterably snobbish? Was ever the fatuous pomp of grandees, the accident not even of ancient traditions, but of mere conventional rank; were ever the coarsest show of money and what money can buy, the selfish vagaries of a besotted caste, more stupidly and fawningly belauded? Where find such noisy grovelling before wealth and state? Is not a taste for liveried footmen in themselves, and costly

bindings in themselves, essentially a mean taste? Is not the truckling to a rich idiotic boy, and the wanton fooleries of idle wealth, a mean thing? Can these mean things be more meanly admired than in a book every line of which is rank with fulsome grandiloquence?"

"Bah, friend," said we to the serious man, "you take all this in your fierce way, *au grand sérieux*. The object of a novel is to amuse. The artist passes no judgments; his business is to paint persons and scenes. Here we have a picture of a state of society, more or less true to life; there is much that is very diverting, and presents us with human nature. The public likes to hear of the great. No doubt you were interested yourself."

"No," said our serious friend, almost bitterly, and wholly unconscious of our little rap; "I do not judge the book by the standard of the trash in green covers, or of the boyish freaks of a Vivian Gray. It comes from one who has led the governing classes, and ruled this country for years, at the close of a long political career. '*Noblesse oblige*,' they say. '*Esprit oblige*,' I say. And if this be the picture of that order, which a man of genius, who has made it his tool, can sit down in his old age to give to his countrymen—if this be the sum of a life of successful ambition and public honour—then, for myself, I should say, society is not likely to hold together long, for the people will not suffer mere selfishness in power, so soon as they know it to be hollow and weak." And he wanted to turn the conversation on the crisis in France.

"Nay! one moment, son of Danton by Charlotte Corday," we said, with a smile. "What, on earth, is the situation in France to us? We have no Empire here, and no revolutionists but you! But, as to "Lothair," do you not see refinement in the life depicted? They are people of taste, there is plenty of wit, a turn for art; in a word, what is happily connoted by Culture!" We knew he would not like the word, but we wanted to "draw" him, as the young bloods do the President of the Board of Trade.

"Culture!" said our friend, quickly. "Not in any sense of the word that I know. It is true the external forms of life and the habits of the lounging class are not described with quite the vulgar ignorance of fashionable novelists. There is certainly much social grace, some cultivation of mind, and plenty of wit in the society described. But so there has been in almost every order on the eve of its extinction. All the *belles marquises* and the fascinating *chevaliers* of *Œil-de-Bœuf* did not prevent the Court of the Louis from being utterly rotten and mean. And this is rotten and mean. Is the mind in it cultivated to any intelligible end? Is not the mere external parade of wealth dwelt on till one nauseates? Does not the book reek with the stifling fumes of gold, as when the idiot puts rails of solid gold round the tomb which covers his useless old bones? Is not the

life vapid, aimless, arrogant, as if the world and the human race existed only to gratify its selfish whims? I do not say that its whims are gross; but that they are fatuously selfish."

"Come, come, good fellow, you are losing your sense of a jest," said we. "Much radicalism doth make thee dull. Why! do you suppose now that Lothair is as serious and earnest as yourself? One would fancy all radicals had a ballot-box in place of a skull. Go, and have an operation (under chloroform), and get the joke inserted into your head! Have you never enjoyed a satire or a farce at the play? Do you really think a man of genius, who has fooled British society to the top of its bent, is going down on his knees to his own puppet, in his old age? Forbid it, human genius and successful ambition! Can you not see the exquisite fooling of the characters in the comedy? Was ever such fatuous and yet genial self-importance as the Duke's—and from life they say—so racy when you know the facts! And did you miss that touch of the neighbouring gentry and yeomanry escorting the young goose home—goose, who is absolutely nothing but fabulously rich; so artfully prepared, you know, when you have been just shown the very inside of the amiable young jackanapes. Five hundred of the gentry on horseback, many of them 'gentlemen of high degree,' the county squirearchy! And all the high jinks of the county when the lad comes of age, as droll as the kowtowing to the emperor at Pekin. Is there a story about the Mikado of Japan as good as the games at Muriel? And the croquet match absorbing statesmen, and played exclusively by Dukes and Duchesses, with gold and ivory mallets! And the gold plate at Crecy House; and the reverences of the haughty Catholics to the Cardinal—Cardinal, too, life to the very fringe of his hat strings, a photograph, too absurd! and the pigeon which was proud of being shot by a Duke! and the lad who throws a sovereign to the cabman! and the marshalled retainers and obsequious lackeys moving ever noiselessly but actively in the background! O! friend of the people, or friend of man, if that was lost on you, we must be sorry for you. You are like a deaf man at the Opera. Why, it is like a scene in Japan! Turn it all into Japanese, say 'the Mikado' for 'Majestic Theme;' say 'Daimios' for dukes, put 'two-sworded retainers' for footmen in plush, and lots of male and female Japanese kissing the dust when Satsuma rides forth, and if you like a *hari-kari* instead of a London ball, and you have Lothair in Japan, and British society, and its mighty aristocracy, and the whole brother-to-the-Sun-and-Moon business under the grotesque etiquette of those absurd Tartars. And do you not see how artfully the fulsome and false style is contrived to heighten the illusion of the whole preposterous system? Why, there is nothing better in Voltaire or Montesquieu. Do you take *Candide* and the *Lettres Persanes au pied de la lettre* too, most literal of mankind? What of Beaumarchais and the immortal

Barber? Do you suppose Figaro does not see anything droll in the Count's *ménage*? And when the Count asks him what he, the Count, had done to merit all those felicities, and Figaro says—*Monseigneur, vous-vous êtes donné la peine de naitre*—Do you think Figaro says that, like a solemn fool, or like a man of wit, laughing in his sleeve? What of Beaumarchais' comedies? Are they not one long joke from beginning to end, and a rare joke, too; ay, and one which made men think, and bore fruit! Come and be a good, tame Jacobin, and leave the League for to-night. Go and see Mario and Gassier in *Il Barbieri*; read Beaumarchais' play before dinner, and you will then see the fun in 'Lothair'!"

"Pish!" said our serious friend, who really had an appointment at the League. "If it be all a joke, that makes it worse. It is rather a prolonged joke, if it be, and one which plain folk do not readily see through. The world is ready to take all this as a revelation in sober truth, from one who, by his own account, has had special favour from what you call the Majestic Theme. To pander to the public taste is itself a vile thing, even though you scorn them for swallowing your bait. To parade (being a man in authority, whom princes delight to honour) to parade a worthless type of life, with a wink to the knowing that you are quite of their mind, is not a great part. To worship a great State with the knee and the lip, and sneer at it in your heart, and sneer aloud, and sneering, pocket all its good things, and grasp at its chief seats, is rather worse, I take it, than stupidly to believe in it. Figaro, no doubt, laughed at his patrons; but he dearly loved their kitchen, and he pocketed their ducats. And therefore he was a rogue, as well as a slave. But I see no Figaro in the matter, and in truth I have no time for talking now. I have an appointment at a conference of reformers about the land question—the land question in England, not in Ireland. Perhaps, indeed, you are all right! I know nothing of literature, and never read a novel. Write a review in praise of 'Lothair,' and convert me!" and the stubborn reformer went off to his meeting on the Land Question, and quite forgot *Il Barbieri*, Beaumarchais, and "Lothair."

"There was much truth though in his last remark!" we said to ourselves, as he went off—though it was impossible to avoid laughing at his serious air. But we took his advice about writing the Review, and we shall certainly send him a copy.

* * * * *

When our literal friend was gone off on his mission of pulling to pieces the majestic symmetry of our landed system, we fell into a reverie full of the witty Barber, and many a delightful reminiscence of M. Got at the Français, and Ronconi at the Opera. And then taking up 'Lothair' to commence our review, we fell into a light sleep, and dreamt of the Barber!

O Figaro! O most audacious and deft of serving-men, what a wicked wit it is! What a society do you show us! What a sublime unconsciousness of its approaching end! How the young grandees of Spain work their own mad wills! What indescribable gambols of youth! What engaging liveliness of young blood! Any number of varlets to be had for a few ducats, and what droll puts the citizens seem in it all! A gallant lad gets into a scrape, which brings down Guard and Police! *Ecco! vien qui!* see the insignia of a Grandee! *Scusi Eccellenza*: I see! a thousand pardons! Off hats and up swords! *Le Roi s'amuse*:—make way there for his grace! And all this our ingenious Beaumarchais had the happy idea of presenting to Paris in the last decade of the *ancien régime*. Bold playwright, have a care!

And the consummate impudence of our Figaro, the exquisite liberties he takes with his great friends! strutting behind their pompous footsteps, mimicking their gait, and laughing back at the audience. O mad wag, they will find thee out! Why Bartolo's self, though thou art thrusting thy lather into his rheumy old eyes, will see thou art mocking! And as for Almoviva, he may be a grandee of Spain, but he is a gentleman, Barber, and may not relish thy menial pranks!

And what a rich and golden kind of life it is in Almoviva's palaces, if you chance to live there; how the power of wealth can create like a conjuror's rod; what extravaganzas of caprice money can produce!

"O che bel vivere,
Che bel piacere,
Per un Barbieri,
Di qualità—di qualità!"

All in good taste, too! from the best makers in the *Puerta del Sol*—solid, real, representing so much human labour, so many consumable things, so much food, clothing, &c., as the dull dogs in political economy make out; and the cream of it is, that each production is more useless and *bizarre* than the last. It is like an Arabian night—Aladdin's lamp, Peribanou's fan. Ask for what you like—there it is. Will his Lordship ride? See a troop of exquisite thoroughbred Barbs, stand pawing the turf, and champing their golden bits whilst inimitable jockeys hold the stirrup! Would his Grace care to sail? Haste! ten thousand labourers, whilst thou art at luncheon, all carefully kept out of sight, shall make thee a spacious lake of artificial water: a gondola of wrought pearl floats on its perfumed breast—its sails are of amber satin. Will your Grace deign to take the trouble to sink into this velvet couch? Does his highness like this prospect? Presto! a majestic palace rises with its stately saloons from out its statued terraces. His Grace's retainers throng its porches in obsequious crowds, and with the plumage of a

cockatoo! Will his Lordship enter and deign to pass a day beneath the chaste magnificence of his new home? or will his Excellency condescend to indicate in which of his princely castles he will be served?

And the beauty of it is, that it is all real. It is fact. No Aladdin's palaces vanishing with the dream. But there they stand, built by actual human hands, and fitted up, as we say, by the best purveyors in Madrid. It is a little prosaic—it wants the romance of Aladdin; but it gains tenfold in being real. One of those economic bores would calculate out for you how much sweat of man went to the making of it all; how many millions of men and women it would support if it were all turned into food; how many lives have been worn out in attaining this stupendous result. And, after all, if your whim so be, you won't let the poor wretches even see you; but will go and hire lodgings in the Champs Elysées, or perhaps, after all, live in a tent on the top of Caucasus. O it beats Crassus and Lucullus, and dims Versailles and Monseigneurs! And the best of it is, that it is all right and good. It is necessary to give a high tone to life. Authors, statesmen, bishops even can prove it. Crassus was a brute, Versailles was a blunder; but this—this is the cultured magnificence of their stately lives.

What a dream we had! We seemed to see a Magnifico—was it Figaro, Aladdin, Rouge Sanglier, or some Grand Vizier of all the cultured magnificence of these stately lives (by special behest of the Majestic Theme), enter into the Paradise prepared for him of old? We beheld him in a vision, bepalaced for evermore in choice saloons resplendent with ormolu and scagliola! There, as he reclined on couches of amber-satin, dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree fed him with hatchis, as seraphic as his fancies; and served him from salvers of sapphire, expressly manufactured by Ruby of Bond Street. Farewell! Barber-Grand-Vizier! in thy day thou hast amused many, apparently thyself also; why shouldst thou not amuse us?

Moral! Retrorsum Tonsor! satis lusisti! Get thee behind the scenes, Barber, and let another speak the epilogue. The historian saith:—"Small substance in that Figaro: thin wire-drawn intrigues, thin wire-drawn sentiments and sarcasms; a thing lean, barren; yet which winds and whisks itself as through a wholly mad universe, adroitly, with a high-sniffing air; wherein each, which is the grand secret, may see some image of himself and of his own state and ways. So it runs its hundred nights, and all France runs with it; laughing applause—all men must laugh, and a horse-racing Anglo-maniac noblesse loudest of all. . . . Beaumarchais has now culminated, and unites the attributes of several demigods." (Carlyle, "French Revol.;" sub. ann. 1784.)

FREDERIC HARRISON.

TALES OF OLD JAPAN.

No. I.—THE FORTY-SEVEN RÔNINS.

THE books which have been written of late years about Japan, have either been compiled from official records, or have contained the sketchy impressions of passing travellers. Of the inner life of the Japanese, the world at large knows but little: their religion, their superstitions, their ways of thought, the hidden springs by which they move—all these are as yet mysteries. Nor is this to be wondered at. The first western men who came in contact with Japan, I am speaking not of the old Dutch and Portuguese traders and priests, but of the diplomatists and merchants of eleven years ago, met with a cold reception. Above all things, the native Government threw obstacles in the way of any inquiry into their language, literature, and history. The fact was that the Tycoon's Government, with whom only any relations were maintained, knew that the Imperial purple with which they sought to invest their chief, must quickly fade before the strong sun-light which would be brought upon it so soon as there should be European linguists capable of examining their books and records. No opportunity was lost of throwing dust in the eyes of the new-comers, whom, even in the most trifling details, it was the official policy to lead astray. Now, however, there is no cause for concealment; the *Roi Fainéant* has shaken off his sloth and his *Maire du Palais* together, and an intelligible Government, which need not fear scrutiny from abroad, is the result: the records of the country being but so many proofs of the Mikado's title to power, there is no reason for keeping up any show of mystery. The path of inquiry is open to all; and although there is yet much to be learnt, some knowledge has been attained, in which it may interest those who stay at home to share.

The recent revolution in Japan has wrought changes social as well as political; and it may be that when, in addition to the advance which has already been made, railways and telegraphs shall have connected the principal points of the Land of Sunrise, the old Japanese, such as he was and had been for centuries when we found him eleven short years ago, will have become extinct. It has appeared to me that no better means could be chosen of preserving a record of a curious and fast disappearing civilisation, than the translation of some of the most interesting national legends and histories, together with other specimens of literature bearing upon the same subject. Thus the Japanese may tell their own tale, their

translator only adding here and there a few words of heading or tag to a chapter, where an explanation or amplification may seem necessary. I fear that the long and hard names will often make my tales tedious reading, but I believe that those who will bear with the difficulty will learn more of the character of the Japanese people than by skimming over descriptions of travel and adventure, however brilliant. The lord and his retainer, the warrior and the priest, the humble artisan and the despised Eta or pariah, each in his turn will become a leading character in my budget of stories; and it is out of the mouths of these personages that I hope to show forth a tolerably complete picture of Japanese society.

Having said so much by way of preface, I beg my readers to fancy themselves wafted away to the shores of the Bay of Yedo—a fair, smiling landscape: gentle slopes, crested by a dark fringe of pines and firs, lead down to the sea; the quaint eaves of many a temple and holy shrine peep out here and there from the groves; the bay itself is studded with picturesque fisher-craft, the torches of which shine by night like glow-worms among the outlying forts; far away to the west loom the goblin-haunted heights of Oyama, and beyond the twin hills of the Hakoné Pass—Fuji-yama, the Peerless Mountain, solitary and grand, stands in the centre of the plain, from which it sprang vomiting flames twenty-one centuries ago.¹ For a hundred and sixty years the huge mountain has been at peace, but the frequent earthquakes still tell of hidden fires, and none can say when the red-hot stones and ashes may once more fall like rain over five provinces.

In the midst of a nest of venerable trees in Takanawa, a suburb of Yedo, is hidden Sengakuji, or the Spring-hill Temple, renowned throughout the length and breadth of the land for its cemetery, which contains the graves of the Forty-seven Rônins,² famous in

(1) According to Japanese tradition, in the fifth year of the Emperor Kôrei (286 B.C.), the earth opened in the province of Omi, near Kiôto and Lake Biwa, sixty miles long by about eighteen broad, was formed in the shape of a *Biwa*, or four-stringed lute, from which it takes its name. At the same time, to compensate for the depression of the earth but at a distance of over three hundred miles from the lake, rose Fuji-yama, the last eruption of which was in the year 1707. The last great earthquake at Yedo took place about fifteen years ago. Twenty thousand souls are said to have perished in it, and the dead were carried away and buried by cart-loads; many persons, trying to escape from their falling and burning houses, were caught in great clefts, which yawned suddenly in the earth, and as suddenly closed upon the victims, crushing them to death. For several days heavy shocks continued to be felt, and the people camped out, not daring to return to such houses as had been spared, nor to build up those which lay in ruins.

(2) The word *Rônin* means, literally, a "wave-man;" one who is tossed about hither and thither, as a wave of the sea. It is used to designate persons of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms, who, having become separated from their feudal lords by their own act, or by dismissal, or by fate, wander about the country in the capacity of somewhat disreputable knights-errant, without ostensible means of living, in some cases offering themselves for hire to new masters, in others supporting themselves by pillage; or who, falling a grade in the social scale, go into trade, and become simple wardsmen.

Japanese history, heroes of Japanese drama, the tale of whose deeds I am about to transcribe.

On the left-hand side of the main court of the temple is a chapel, in which, surmounted by a gilt figure of Kwanyin, the goddess of mercy, are enshrined the images of the forty-seven men, and of the master whom they loved so well. The statues are carved in wood, the faces coloured, and the dresses richly lacquered; as works of art they have great merit—the action of the heroes, each armed with his favourite weapon, being wonderfully life-like and spirited. Some are venerable men, with thin, grey hair (one is seventy-seven years old), others are mere boys of sixteen. Close by the chapel, at the side of a path leading up the hill, is a little well of pure water, fenced in and adorned with a tiny fernery, over which is an inscription, setting forth that “This is the well in which the head was washed; you must not wash your hands or your feet here.” A little further on is a stall, at which a poor old man earns a pittance by selling books, pictures, and medals, commemorating the loyalty of the Forty-seven; and higher up yet, shaded by a grove of stately trees, is a neat inclosure, kept up, as a signboard announces, by voluntary contributions, round which are ranged forty-eight little tombstones, each decked with evergreens, each with its tribute of water and incense for the comfort of the departed spirit. There were forty-seven Rônins; there are forty-eight tombstones. The story of the forty-eighth is truly characteristic of Japanese ideas of honour. Almost touching the rail of the graveyard is a more imposing monument, under which lies buried the lord, whose death his followers piously avenged.

And now for the story.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there lived a daimio, called Asano Takumi no Kami, the Lord of the Castle of Ako, in the province of Harima. Now it happened that an Imperial ambassador from the Court of the Mikado, having been sent to the Shogun¹ at

Sometimes it happens that for political reasons a man will become Rônin, in order that his lord may not be implicated in some deed of blood in which he is about to engage. Sometimes, also, men become Rônins, and leave their native place for awhile, until some scrape in which they have become entangled shall have blown over; after which they return to their former allegiance. Nowadays it is not unusual for men to become Rônins for a time, and engage themselves in the service of foreigners at the open ports, even in menial capacities, in the hope that they may pick up something of the language and lore of western folks. I know instances of men of considerable position who have adopted this course in their zeal for education.

(1) The full title of the Tycoon was Sei-i-tai-Shogun, “Barbarian repressing Commander-in-chief.” The style Tai Kun, Great Prince, was borrowed, in order to convey the idea of sovereignty to foreigners, at the time of the conclusion of the Treaties. The envoys sent by the Mikado from Kiôto to communicate to the Shogun the will of his sovereign, were received with Imperial honours, and the duty of entertaining them was confided to nobles of rank. The title Sei-i-tai-Shogun was first borne by Minamoto no Yoritomo, in the seventh month of the year 1192 A.D.

Yedo, Takumi no Kami and another noble called Kamei Sama, were appointed to receive and feast the envoy; and a high official, named Kira Kôtsuké no Suké, was named to teach them the proper ceremonies to be observed upon the occasion. The two nobles were accordingly forced to go daily to the castle to listen to the instructions of Kôtsuké no Suké. But this Kôtsuké no Suké was a man greedy of money, and as he deemed that the presents which the two daimios, according to time-honoured custom, had brought him in return for his instruction, were mean and unworthy, he conceived a great hatred against them, and took no pains in teaching them, but on the contrary rather sought to make laughing-stocks of them. Takumi no Kami, restrained by a stern sense of duty, bore his insults with patience, but Kamei Sama, who had less control over his temper, was violently incensed and determined to kill Kôtsuké no Suké.

One night when his duties at the castle were ended, Kamei Sama returned to his own palace, and having summoned his councillors¹ to a secret conference, said to them: "Kôtsuké no Suké has insulted Takumi no Kami and myself during our service in attendance on the Imperial envoy. This is against all decency, and I was minded to kill him on the spot; but I bethought me that if I did such a deed within the precincts of the castle, not only would my own life be forfeit, but my family and vassals would be ruined: so I stayed my hand. Still the life of such a wretch is a sorrow to the people, and to-morrow when I go to Court I will slay him: my mind is made up, and I will listen to no remonstrance." And as he spoke his face became livid with rage.

Now one of Kamei Sama's councillors was a man of great judgment, and when he saw from his lord's manner that remonstrance would be useless, he said: "Your lordship's words are law; your servant will make all preparations accordingly; and to-morrow, when your lordship goes to Court, if this Kôtsuké no Suké should again be insolent, let him die the death." And his lord was pleased at this speech, and waited with impatience for the day to break, that he might return to Court and kill his enemy.

But the councillor went home, and was much troubled, and thought anxiously about what his prince had said. And as he reflected, it occurred to him that since Kôtsuké no Suké had the reputation of being a miser he would certainly be open to a bribe, and that it was better to pay any sum, no matter how great, than that his lord and his house should be ruined. So he collected all the money he could, and, giving it to his servants to carry, rode off in the night to Kôtsuké no Suké's palace, and said to his retainers: "My master, who is now in

(1) Councillor, literally "elder." The councillors of Daimios were of two classes; the *Karô*, or "elder," an hereditary office, held by cadets of the Prince's family, and the *Yônin*, or "man of business," who was selected on account of his merits.

attendance upon the Imperial envoy, owes much thanks to my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké, who has been at so great pains to teach him the proper ceremonies to be observed during the reception of the Imperial envoy. This is but a shabby present which he has sent by me, but he hopes that his lordship will condescend to accept it, and commends himself to his lordship's favour." And, with these words, he produced a thousand ounces of silver for Kôtsuké no Suké, and a hundred ounces to be distributed among his retainers.

When the latter saw the money their eyes sparkled with pleasure, and they were profuse in their thanks; and, begging the councillor to wait a little, they went and told their master of the lordly present which had arrived with a polite message from Kamei Sama. Kôtsuké no Suké in eager delight sent for the councillor into an inner chamber, and after thanking him, promised on the morrow to instruct his master carefully in all the different points of etiquette. So the councillor seeing the miser's glee rejoiced at the success of his plan; and having taken his leave returned home in high spirits. But Kamei Sama, little thinking how his vassal had propitiated his enemy, lay brooding over his vengeance, and on the following morning at day-break went to Court in solemn procession.

When Kôtsuké no Suké met him his manner had completely changed, and nothing could exceed his courtesy. "You have come early to Court this morning, my Lord Kamei," said he. "I cannot sufficiently admire your zeal. I shall have the honour to call your attention to several points of etiquette to-day. I must beg your lordship to excuse my previous conduct, which must have seemed very rude; but I am naturally of a cross-grained disposition, so I pray you to forgive me." And as he kept on humbling himself and making fair speeches, the heart of Kamei Sama was gradually softened, and he renounced his intention of killing him. Thus, by the cleverness of his councillor, was Kamei Sama, with all his house, saved from ruin.

Shortly after this Takumi no Kami, who had sent no present, arrived at the castle, and Kôtsuké no Suké turned him into ridicule even more than before, provoking him with sneers and covered insults; but Takumi no Kami affected to ignore all this, and submitted himself patiently to Kôtsuké no Suké's orders.

This conduct, so far from producing a good effect, only made Kôtsuké no Suké despise him the more, until at last he said haughtily: "Here, my Lord of Takumi, the ribbon of my sock has come untied; be so good as to tie it up for me."

Takumi no Kami, although burning with rage at the affront, still thought that as he was on duty he was bound to obey, and tied up the ribbon of the sock. Then Kôtsuké no Suké, turning from him, petulantly exclaimed: "Why, how clumsy you are! You cannot so

much as tie up the ribbon of a sock properly! Any one can see that you are a boor from the country, and know nothing of the manners of Yedo." And with a scornful laugh he moved towards an inner room.

But the patience of Takumi no Kami was exhausted; this last insult was more than he could bear.

"Stop a moment, my lord," cried he.

"Well, what is it?" replied the other. And, as he turned round, Takumi no Kami drew his dirk, and aimed a blow at his head; but Kôtsuké no Suké, being protected by the Court cap which he wore, the wound was but a scratch, so he ran away; and Takumi no Kami, pursuing him, tried a second time to cut him down, but missing his aim, struck his dirk into a pillar. At this moment an officer, named Kajikawa Yosobei, seeing the affray, rushed up, and holding back the infuriated noble, gave Kôtsuké no Suké time to make good his escape.

Then there arose a great uproar and confusion, and Takumi no Kami was arrested and disarmed, and confined in one of the apartments of the palace under the care of the censors. A council was held, and the prisoner was given over to the safeguard of a daimio, called Tamura Ukiyô no Daibu, who kept him in close custody in his own house, to the great grief of his wife and of his retainers; and when the deliberations of the council were completed, it was decided that, as he had committed an outrage and attacked another man within the precincts of the palace, he must perform *hara kiri*, that is, commit suicide by disembowelling; his goods must be confiscated, and his family ruined. Such was the law. So Takumi no Kami performed *hara kiri*, his castle of Akô was confiscated, and his retainers, having become Rônins, some of them took service with other daimios, and others became merchants.

Now amongst these retainers was his principal councillor, a man called Oishi Kuranosuké, who with forty-six other faithful dependants formed a league to avenge their master's death by killing Kôtsuké no Suké. This Oishi Kuranosuké was absent at the castle of Ako at the time of the affray, which, had he been with his prince, would never have occurred; for, being a wise man, he would not have failed to propitiate Kôtsuké no Suké by sending him suitable presents; while the councillor who was in attendance on the prince at Yedo was a dullard, who neglected this precaution, and so caused the death of his master and the ruin of his house.

So Oishi Kuranosuké and his forty-six companions began to lay their plans of vengeance against Kôtsuké no Suké; but the latter was so well guarded by a body of men lent to him by a daimio called Uyésugi Sama, whose daughter he had married, that they saw that the only way of attaining their end would be to throw their enemy off his guard. With this object they separated, and disguised them-

selves, some as carpenters or craftsmen, others as merchants; and their chief, Kuranosuké, went to Kiôto, and built a house in the quarter called Yamashina, where he took to frequenting houses of the worst repute, and gave himself up to drunkenness and debauchery, as if nothing were further from his mind than revenge. Kôtsuké no Suké, in the meanwhile, suspecting that Takumi no Kami's former retainers would be scheming against his life, secretly sent spies to Kiôto, and caused a faithful account to be kept of all that Kuranosuké did. The latter, however, determined thoroughly to delude the enemy into a false security, went on leading a dissolute life with harlots and winebibbers. One day, as he was returning home drunk from some low haunt, he fell down in the street and went to sleep, and all the passers-by laughed him to scorn. It happened that a Satsuma man saw this, and said: "Is not this Oishi Kuranosuké, who was a councillor of Asano Takumi no Kami, and who, not having the heart to avenge his lord, gives himself up to women and wine? See how he lies drunk in the public street! Faithless beast! Fool and craven! Unworthy the name of a Samurai!"¹

And he trod on Kuranosuké's face as he slept, and spat upon him; but when Kôtsuké no Suké's spies reported all this at Yedo he was greatly relieved at the news, and felt secure from danger.

One day Kuranosuké's wife, who was bitterly grieved to see her husband lead this abandoned life, went to him and said: "My lord, you told me at first that your debauchery was but a trick to make your enemy relax in watchfulness. But indeed, indeed, this has gone too far. I pray and beseech you to put some restraint upon yourself."

"Trouble me not," replied Kuranosuké, "for I will not listen to your whining. Since my way of life is displeasing to you, I will divorce you, and you may go about your business; and I will buy some pretty young girl from one of the public-houses, and marry her for my pleasure. I am sick of the sight of an old woman like you about the house, so get you gone—the sooner the better."

So saying, he flew into a violent rage, and his wife, terror-stricken, pleaded piteously for mercy.

"Oh, my lord! unsay those terrible words! I have been your faithful wife for twenty years, and have borne you three children; in sickness and in sorrow I have been with you; you cannot be so cruel as to turn me out of doors now. Have pity! have pity!"

"Cease this useless wailing. My mind is made up, and you must go; and as the children are in my way also, you are welcome to take them with you."

When she heard her husband speak thus, in her grief she sought her eldest son, Oishi Chikara, and begged him to plead for her,

(1) *Samurai*, a man of gentle blood, entitled to bear arms.

and pray that she might be pardoned. But nothing would turn Kuranosuké from his purpose; so his wife was sent away, with the two younger children, and went back to her native place. But Oishi Chikara remained with his father.

The spies communicated all this without fail to Kôtsuké no Suké, and he, when he heard how Kuranosuké, having turned his wife and children out of doors and bought a concubine, was grovelling in a life of drunkenness and lust, began to think that he had no longer anything to fear from the retainers of Takumi no Kami, who must be cowards, without the courage to avenge their lord. So by degrees he began to keep a less strict watch, and sent back half of the guard which had been lent to him by his father-in-law, Uyésugi Sama. Little did he think how he was falling into the trap laid for him by Kuranosuké, who, in his zeal to slay his lord's enemy, thought nothing of divorcing his wife and sending away his children! Admirable and faithful man!

In this way Kuranosuké continued to throw dust in the eyes of his foe, by persisting in his apparently shameless conduct; but his associates all went to Yedo, and, having in their several capacities as workmen and pedlars contrived to gain access to Kôtsuké no Suké's house, made themselves familiar with the plan of the building and the arrangement of the different rooms, and ascertained the character of the inmates, who were brave and loyal men, and who were cowards; upon all of which matters they sent regular reports to Kuranosuké. And when at last it became evident from the letters which arrived from Yedo that Kôtsuké no Suké was thoroughly off his guard, Kuranosuké rejoiced that the day of vengeance was at hand; and, having appointed a trysting-place at Yedo, he fled secretly from Kiôto, eluding the vigilance of his enemy's spies. Then the forty-seven men, having laid all their plans, bided their time patiently.

It was now midwinter, the twelfth month of the year, and the cold was bitter. One night, during a heavy fall of snow, when the whole world was hushed, and peaceful men were stretched in sleep upon the mats, the Rônins determined that no more favourable opportunity could occur for carrying out their purpose. So they took counsel together, and having divided their band into two parties, assigned to each man his post. One band, led by Oishi Kuranosuké, was to attack the front gate, and the other, under his son Oishi Chikara, was to attack the rear of Kôtsuké no Suké's house; but as Chikara was only sixteen years of age, Yoshida Chiuzayémon was appointed to act as his guardian. Further it was arranged that a drum, beaten at the order of Kuranosuké, should be the signal for the simultaneous attack; and that if any one slew Kôtsuké no Suké and cut off his head he should blow a shrill whistle, as a signal to his comrades, who would hurry to the spot, and, having identified the head, carry it off to the temple

called Sengakuji, and lay it as an offering before the tomb of their dead lord. Then they must report their deed to the Government, and await their sentence. To this the Rônins one and all pledged themselves. Midnight was fixed upon as the hour, and the forty-seven comrades, having made all ready for the attack, partook of a last farewell feast together, for on the morrow they must die. Then Oishi Kuranosuké addressed the band, and said:—

“To-night we shall attack our enemy in his palace; his retainers will certainly resist us, and we shall be obliged to kill them. But to slay old men and women and children is a pitiful thing; therefore, I pray you each one to take great heed lest you kill a single helpless person.” His comrades all applauded this speech, and so they remained, waiting for the hour of midnight to arrive.

When the appointed hour came, the Rônins set forth. The wind howled furiously, and the driving snow beat in their faces; but little cared they for wind or snow as they hurried on their road. At last they reached Kôtsuké no Suké's house, and divided themselves into two bands; and Chikara, with twenty-three men, went round to the back gate. Then four men, by means of a ladder of ropes which they hung on to the roof of the porch, effected an entry into the courtyard; and, as they saw signs that all the inmates of the house were asleep, they went into the porter's lodge where the guard slept, and, before the latter had time to recover from their astonishment, bound them. The terrified guard prayed hard for mercy, that their lives might be spared; and to this the Rônins agreed on condition that the keys of the gate should be given up; but the others tremblingly said that the keys were kept in the house of one of their officers, and that they had no means of obtaining them. Then the Rônins lost patience, and with a hammer smashed to shivers the big wooden bolt which secured the gate, and the doors flew open to the right and to the left. At the same time Chikara and his party broke in by the back gate.

Then Oishi Kuranosuké sent a messenger to the neighbouring houses, bearing the following message:—“We, the Rônins who were formerly in the service of Asano Takumi no Kami, are this night about to break into the palace of Kôtsuké no Suké, to avenge our lord. As we are neither night robbers nor ruffians, no hurt will be done to the neighbouring houses. We pray you to set your minds at rest.” And as Kôtsuké no Suké was hated by his neighbours for his covetousness, they did not unite their forces to assist him. Another precaution was yet taken. Lest any of the people inside should run out to call the relations of the family to the rescue, and these coming in force should interfere with the plans of the Rônins, Kuranosuké stationed ten of his men armed with bows on the roof of the four sides of the courtyard, with orders to shoot any retainers who might

attempt to leave the place. Having thus laid all his plans and posted his men, Kuranosuké with his own hand beat the drum and gave the signal for attack.

Ten of Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers, hearing the noise, woke up ; and, drawing their swords, rushed into the front room to defend their master. At this moment the Rônins, who had burst open the door of the front hall, entered the same room. Then arose a furious fight between the two parties, in the midst of which Chikara, leading his men through the garden, broke into the back of the house ; and Kôtsuké no Suké, in terror of his life, took refuge, with his wife and female servants, in a closet in the verandah ; while the rest of his retainers, who slept in the barrack outside the house, made ready to go to the rescue. But the Rônins who had come in by the front door, and were fighting with the ten retainers, ended by overpowering and slaying the latter without losing one of their own number ; after which, forcing their way bravely towards the back rooms, they were joined by Chikara and his men, and the two bands were united in one.

By this time the remainder of Kôtsuké no Suké's men had come in, and the fight became general ; and Kuranosuké, sitting on a camp-stool, gave his orders and directed the Rônins. Soon the inmates of the house perceived that they were no match for their enemy, so they tried to send out intelligence of their plight to Uyésugi Sama, their lord's father-in-law, begging him to come to the rescue with all the force at his command. But the messengers were shot down by the archers whom Kuranosuké had posted on the roof. So no help coming, they fought on in despair. Then Kuranosuké cried out with a loud voice : " Kôtsuké no Suké alone is our enemy ; let some one go inside and bring him forth dead or alive ! "

Now in front of Kôtsuké no Suké's private room stood three brave retainers with drawn swords. The first was Kobayashi Héhachi, the second was Waku Handaiyu, and the third was Shimidzu Ikkaku, all good men and true, and expert swordsmen. So stoutly did these men lay about them that for awhile they kept the whole of the Rônins at bay, and at one moment even forced them back. When Oishi Kuranosuké saw this, he ground his teeth with rage, and shouted to his men : " What ! did not every man of you swear to lay down his life in avenging his lord, and now are you beaten back by three men ? Cowards, not fit to be spoken to ! to die fighting in a master's cause should be the noblest ambition of a retainer ! " Then turning to his own son Chikara, he said, " Here, boy ! engage those men, and if they are too strong for you, die ! "

Spurred by these words, Chikara seized a spear and gave battle to Waku Handaiyu, but could not hold his ground, and backing by degrees, was driven out into the garden, where he missed his footing and slipped into a pond ; but as Handaiyu, thinking to kill him,

looked down into the pond, Chikara cut his enemy in the leg and caused him to fall, and then crawling out of the water despatched him. In the meanwhile, Kobayashi Héhachi and Shimidzu Ikkaku had been killed by the other Rônins, and of all Kôtsuké no Suké's retainers not one fighting man remained. Chikara, seeing this, went with his bloody sword in his hand into a back room to search for Kôtsuké no Suké, but he only found the son of the latter, a young lord named Kira Sahioyé, who, carrying a halberd, attacked him, but was soon wounded and fled. Thus the whole of Kôtsuké no Suké's men having been killed there was an end of the fighting ; but as yet there was no trace of Kôtsuké no Suké to be found.

Then Kuranosuké divided his men into several parties and searched the whole house, but all in vain ; women and children weeping were alone to be seen. At this the forty-seven men began to lose heart in regret, that after all their toil they had allowed their enemy to escape them, and there was a moment when in their despair they agreed to commit suicide together upon the spot ; but they determined to make one more effort. So Kuranosuké went into Kôtsuké no Suké's sleeping-room, and touching the quilt with his hands, exclaimed, "I have just felt the bed-clothes and they are yet warm, and so methinks that our enemy is not far off. He must certainly be hidden somewhere in the house." Greatly excited by this, the Rônins renewed their search. Now in the raised part of the room, near the place of honour, there was a picture hanging ; taking down this picture, they saw that there was a large hole in the plastered wall, and on thrusting a spear in they could feel nothing beyond it. So one of the Rônins, called Yazama Jiutarô, got into the hole, and found that on the other side there was a little courtyard, in which there stood an outhouse for holding charcoal and firewood. Looking into the outhouse, he spied something white at the further end, at which he struck with his spear, when two armed men sprang out upon him and tried to cut him down, but he kept them back until one of his comrades came up and killed one of the two men and engaged the other, while Jiutarô entered the outhouse and felt about with his spear. Again seeing something white, he struck it with his lance, when a cry of pain betrayed that it was a man ; so he rushed up, and the man in white clothes, who had been wounded in the thigh, drew a dirk and aimed a blow at him. But Jiutarô wrested the dirk from him, and clutching him by the collar, dragged him out of the outhouse. Then the other Rônin came up, and they examined the prisoner attentively, and saw that he was a noble-looking man, some sixty years of age, dressed in a white satin sleeping-robe, which was stained by the blood from the thigh-wound which Jiutarô had inflicted. The two men felt convinced that this was no other than Kôtsuké no Suké, and they asked him his name, but he gave no

answer, so they gave the signal whistle, and all their comrades collected together at the call; then Oishi Kuranosuké, bringing a lantern, scanned the old man's features, and it was indeed Kôtsuké no Suké; and if further proof were wanting, he still bore a scar on his forehead where their master, Asano Takumi no Kami, had wounded him during the affray in the castle. There being no possibility of mistake, therefore Oishi Kuranosuké went down on his knees, and addressing the old man very respectfully, said :—

“ My lord, we are the retainers of Asano Takumi no Kami. Last year your lordship and our master quarrelled in the palace, and our master was sentenced to *hara kiri*, and his family was ruined. We have come to-night to avenge him, as is the duty of faithful and loyal men. I pray your lordship to acknowledge the justice of our purpose. And now, my lord, we beseech you to perform *hara kiri*. I myself shall have the honour to act as your second, and when, with all humility, I shall have received your lordship's head, it is my intention to lay it as an offering upon the grave of Asano Takumi no Kami.”

Thus, in consideration of the high rank of Kôtsuké no Suké, the Rônins treated him with the greatest courtesy, and over and over again entreated him to perform *hara kiri*. But he crouched speechless and trembling. At last Kuranosuké, seeing that it was vain to urge him to die the death of a nobleman, forced him down, and cut off his head with the same dirk with which Asano Takumi no Kami had killed himself. Then the forty-seven comrades, elated at having accomplished their design, placed the head in a bucket, and prepared to depart; but before leaving the house they carefully extinguished all the lights and fires in the place, lest by any accident a fire should break out and the neighbours suffer.

As they were on their way to Takanawa, the suburb in which the temple called Sengakuji stands, the day broke; and the people flocked out to see the forty-seven men, who, with their clothes and arms all blood-stained, presented a terrible appearance; and every one praised them, wondering at their valour and faithfulness. But they expected every moment that Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law would attack them and carry off the head, so they determined to die nobly sword in hand. However, they reached Takanawa in safety, for Matsudaira Aki no Kami, one of the eighteen chief daimios of Japan, of whose house Asano Takumi no Kami had been a cadet, had been highly pleased when he heard of the last night's work, and he had made ready to assist the Rônins in case they were attacked. So Kôtsuké no Suké's father-in-law dared not pursue them.

At about seven in the morning they came opposite to the palace of Matsudaira Mutsu no Kami, the Prince of Sendai, and the prince

hearing of it, sent for one of his councillors and said : "The retainers of Takumi no Kami have slain their lord's enemy, and are passing this way; I am filled with admiration at their devotion, so, as they must be tired and hungry after their night's work, do you go and invite them to come in here, and set some gruel and a cup of wine before them."

So the councillor went out and said to Oishi Kuranosuké, "Sir, I am a councillor of the Prince of Sendai, and my master bids me beg you, as you must be worn out after all you have undergone, to come in and partake of such poor refreshment as we can offer you. This is my message to you from my lord."

"I thank you, sir," replied Kuranosuké. "It is very good of his lordship to trouble himself to think of us. We shall accept his kindness gratefully."

So the forty-seven Rônins went into the palace, and were feasted with gruel and wine, and all the retainers of the Prince of Sendai came and praised them.

Then Kuranosuké turned to the councillor and said, "Sir, we are truly indebted to you for this kind hospitality; but as we have still to hurry to Sengakuji, we must needs humbly take our leave." And, after returning many thanks to their hosts, they left the palace of the Prince of Sendai and hastened to Sengakuji, where they were met by the abbot of the monastery, who went to the front gate to receive them, and led them to the tomb of Takumi no Kami.

And when they came to their lord's grave they took the head of Kôtsuké no Suké, and, having washed it clean in a well hard by, laid it as an offering before the tomb. When they had done this, they engaged the priests of the temple to come and read prayers while they burnt incense; first Oishi Kuranosuké burnt incense, and then his son Oishi Chikara, and after them the other forty-five men performed the same ceremony. Then Kuranosuké, having given all the money that he had by him to the abbot, said :—

"When we forty-seven men shall have performed *hara kiri*, I beg you to bury us decently. I rely upon your kindness. This is but a trifle that I have to offer; such as it is, let it be spent in masses for our souls!"

And the abbot, marvelling at the faithful courage of the men, with tears in his eyes pledged himself to fulfil their wishes. So the forty-seven Rônins, with their minds at rest, waited patiently until they should receive the orders of the Government.

At last they were summoned to the Supreme Court, where the governors of Yedo and the public censors had assembled; and the sentence passed upon them was as follows: "Whereas, neither respecting the dignity of the city nor fearing the Government, having leagued yourselves together to slay your enemy, you violently

broke into the house of Kira Kotsuké no Suké by night and murdered him, the sentence of the Court is, that, for this audacious conduct, you perform *hara kiri*." When the sentence had been read, the forty-seven Rônins were divided into four parties, and handed over to the safe keeping of four different daimios; and sheriffs were sent to the palaces of those daimios in whose presence the Rônins were made to perform *hara kiri*. But, as from the very beginning they had all made up their minds that to this end they must come, they met their death nobly; and their corpses were carried to Sengakuji, and buried in front of the tomb of their master, Asano Takumi no Kami. And when the fame of this became noised abroad, the people flocked to pray at the graves of these faithful men.

Among those who came to pray was a Satsuma man, who, prostrating himself before the grave of Oishi Kuranosuké, said: "When I saw you lying drunk by the roadside at Yamashina, in Kiôto, I knew not that you were plotting to avenge your lord; and, thinking you to be a faithless man, I trampled on you and spat in your face as I passed. And now I have come to ask pardon and offer atonement for the insult of last year." With these words he prostrated himself again before the grave, and, drawing a dirk from his girdle, performed *hara kiri* and died. And the chief priest of the temple, taking pity upon him, buried him by the side of the Rônins; and his tomb still remains to be seen with those of the forty-seven comrades.

This is the end of the story of the Forty-seven Rônins.

A terrible picture of fierce heroism which it is impossible not to admire. In the Japanese mind this feeling of admiration is unmixed, and hence it is that the forty-seven Rônins receive almost divine honours. Pious hands still deck their graves with green boughs and burn incense upon them; the clothes and arms which they wore are preserved carefully in a fire-proof store-house attached to the temple, and exhibited yearly to admiring crowds, who behold them probably with little less veneration than is accorded to the relics of Aix-la-Chapelle or Trêves; and once in sixty years the monks of Sengakuji reap quite a harvest for the good of their temple by holding a commemorative fair or festival, to which the people flock during nearly two months.

A silver key once admitted me to a private inspection of the relics. We were ushered, my friend and myself, into a back apartment of the spacious temple, overlooking one of those marvellous miniature gardens in which the Japanese delight. One by one, carefully labelled and indexed boxes containing the precious articles were brought out and opened by the chief priest. Such a curious medley of old rags and scraps of metal and wood! Home-made

chain armour, composed of wads of leather secured together by pieces of iron, bear witness to the secrecy with which the Rônins made ready for the fight. To have bought armour would have attracted attention, so they made it with their own hands. Old moth-eaten surcoats, bits of helmets, three flutes, a writing box that must have been any age at the time of the tragedy, and is now tumbling to pieces, tattered trousers of what once was rich silk brocade, now all unravelled and befringed; scraps of leather, part of an old gauntlet, crests and badges, bits of sword handles, spear-heads and dirks, the latter all red with rust, but with certain patches more deeply stained, as if the fatal clots of blood were never to be blotted out: all these were reverently shown to us. Among the confusion and litter were a number of documents, yellow with age and much worn at the folds. One was a plan of Kotsuké no Suké's house, which one of the Rônins obtained by marrying the daughter of the builder who designed it. Three of the manuscripts appeared to me so curious that I obtained leave to have copies taken of them.

The first is the receipt given by the retainers of Kotsuké no Suké's son in return for the head of their lord's father, which the priests restored to the family, and runs as follows:—

“MEMORANDUM:—

“ITEM. ONE HEAD.

“ITEM. ONE PAPER PARCEL.

“The above articles are acknowledged to have been received.

“Signed, { SAYADA MAGOBEI-SEAL.
 { SAITÔ KUNAI-SEAL.

“To the priests deputed from the Temple Sengakuji,

“His Reverence SEKISHI.

“His Reverence ICHIDON.”

The second paper is a document explanatory of their conduct, a copy of which was found on the person of each of the forty-seven men:—

“Last year, in the third month, Asano Takumi no Kami, upon the occasion of the entertainment of the Imperial ambassador, was driven, by the force of circumstances, to attack and wound my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké in the castle, in order to avenge an insult offered to him. Having done this without considering the dignity of the place, and having thus disregarded all rules of propriety, he was condemned to *hara kiri*, and his property and castle of Akô were forfeited to the State, and were delivered up by his retainers to the officers deputed by the Shogun to receive them. After this his followers were all dispersed. At the time of the quarrel the high officials present prevented Asano Takumi no Kami from carrying out his intention of killing his enemy, my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké. So Asano Takumi no Kami died without having avenged himself, and this was more than his retainers could endure. It is impossible to remain under the same heaven with the enemy of lord or father; for this reason we have dared to declare enmity against a personage of so exalted rank. This day we shall attack Kira Kôtsuké no Suké, in order to finish the deed of vengeance which was begun

by our dead lord. If any honourable person should find our bodies after death he is respectfully requested to open and read this document:—

“15th year of Genroku. 12th Month.

“Signed, OISHI KURANOSUKE, Retainer of Asano
Takumi no Kami, and forty-six others.”¹

The third manuscript is a paper which the Forty-seven Rônins laid upon the tomb of their master, together with the head of Kira Kôtsuké no Suké:—

“The 15th year of Genroku, the 12th month, and 15th day. We have come this day to do homage here, forty-seven men in all, from Oishi Kuranosuké down to the foot-soldier, Terasaka Kichiyémon, all cheerfully about to lay down our lives on your behalf. We reverently announce this to the honoured spirit of our dead master. On the 14th day of the third month of last year our honoured master was pleased to attack Kira Kôtsuké no Suké, for what reason we know not. Our honoured master put an end to his own life, but Kira Kôtsuké no Suké lived. Although we fear that after the decree issued by the Government this plot of ours will be displeasing to our honoured master, still we, who have eaten of your food, could not without blushing repeat the verse, ‘Thou shalt not live under the same heaven nor tread the same earth with the enemy of thy father or lord,’ nor could we have dared to leave hell and present ourselves before you in paradise, unless we had carried out the vengeance which you began. Every day that we waited seemed as three autumns to us. Verily we have trodden the snow for one day, nay, for two days, and have tasted food but once. The old and decrepit, the sick and ailing, have come forth gladly to lay down their lives. Men might laugh at us, as at grasshoppers trusting in the strength of their arms, and thus shame our honoured lord; but we could not halt in our deed of vengeance. Having taken counsel together last night, we have escorted my Lord Kôtsuké no Suké hither to your tomb. This dirk,² by which our honoured lord set great store last year, and entrusted to our care, we now bring back. If your noble spirit be now present before this tomb, we pray you, as a sign, to take the dirk, and, striking the head of your enemy with it a second time, to dispel your hatred for ever. This is the respectful statement of forty-seven men.”

The text, “Thou shalt not live under the same heaven with the enemy of thy father,” is based upon the Confucian books. Dr. Legge, in his “Life and Teachings of Confucius,” p. 113, has an interesting paragraph summing up the doctrine of the sage upon the subject of revenge.

“In the second book of the ‘Le Ke’ there is the following passage:—‘With the slayer of his father a man may not live under the same heaven; against the slayer of his brother, a man must never have to go home to fetch a weapon; with the slayer of his friend a man may not live in the same State.’ The *Lex Talionis* is here laid down in its fullest extent. The ‘Chow Le’ tells us of a provision made against the evil consequences of the principle by the appointment of a minister called ‘The Reconciler.’ The provision is very inferior to the cities of refuge which were set apart by Moses for the manslayer to flee to from the fury of the avenger. Such as it was, however, it existed, and it is remarkable that

(1) It is usual for a Japanese, when bent upon some deed of violence, the end of which in his belief justifies the means, to carry about with him a document, such as that translated here, in which he sets forth his motives, that his character may be cleared after death.

(2) The dirk with which Asano Takumi no Kami disembowelled himself, and with which Oishi Kuranosuké cut off Kôtsuké no Suké’s head.

Confucius, when consulted on the subject, took no notice of it, but affirmed the duty of blood-revenge in the strongest and most unrestricted terms. His disciple, Tsze Hea, asked him, 'What course is to be pursued in the murder of a father or mother?' He replied, 'The son must sleep upon a matting of grass, with his shield for his pillow; he must decline to take office; he must not live under the same heaven with the slayer. When he meets him in the market-place or the court, he must have his weapon ready to strike him.' 'And what is the course in the murder of a brother?' 'The surviving brother must not take office in the same State with the slayer; yet, if he go on his prince's service to the State where the slayer is, though he meet him, he must not fight with him.' 'And what is the course on the murder of an uncle or cousin?' 'In this case the nephew or cousin is not the principal. If the principal, on whom the revenge devolves, can take it, he has only to stand behind with his weapon in his hand, and support him.'"

I will add one anecdote to show the sanctity which is attached to the graves of the Forty-seven. In the month of September, 1868, a certain man came to pray before the grave of Oishi Chikara. Having finished his prayers, he deliberately performed *hara kiri*,¹ and, the belly wound not being mortal, despatched himself by cutting his throat. Upon his person were found papers setting forth that, being a Rônin and without means of earning a living, he had petitioned to be allowed to enter the clan of the Prince of Chôshiu, which he looked upon as the noblest clan in the realm; his petition having been refused, nothing remained for him but to die, for to be a Rônin was hateful to him, and he would serve no other master than the Prince of Chôshiu: what more fitting place could he find in which to put an end to his life than the graveyard of these Braves? This happened at about two hundred yards distance from my house, and when I saw the spot an hour or two later, the ground was all bespattered with blood, and disturbed by the death-struggles of the man.

A. B. MITFORD.

(1) A purist in Japanese matters may object to the use of the words *hara kiri* instead of the more elegant expression *Seppuku*. I retain the more vulgar form as being better known, and therefore more convenient.

BAD LAWYERS OR GOOD?

AFTER many years' delay a movement is, I understand, now beginning for the reform in legal education. To those who have looked at the matter, it is strange that this change has been delayed so long. Oxford has been changed and reformed with strange completeness; Eton is being reformed, and we may hope it will be with equal completeness. Our great seats of ordinary education have been more or less made to educate in our sense of education. But the Inns of Court are still unreformed; with slight exceptions, they still go their own way. Their great funds are nearly useless for education. Magnificent corporations as they are, the English barrister would, in all intellectual culture, and even in all gentlemanly discipline, be pretty much the same if they did not exist. It is not that the exposure has been defective. Fifteen years ago a very good Commission explored the whole subject. No doubt the reason is, that the mass of people do not think it matters at all to them. They think that it concerns lawyers only; and that, if the lawyers do not care to change their own education, probably it does not need change; or, at any rate, no common person need see to it. And this is my motive and my excuse for writing on the subject. If it were necessary to discuss Roman law, or abstract jurisprudence, or the effect of these great subjects as educational disciplines, I should have to be silent. Crowds of persons could teach them far better than I could. But it seems to me that the public mind, so far as it thinks of legal education at all, thinks of it too exclusively in connection with these high topics. The reforming movement has been weak because people in general do not see how it would help them. Some men may wish that some other men may know some Roman law, but they do not wish it with intense eagerness. There is no popular contagion in scholastic sentiments. The only way much to interest the public is to show the public that it is much hurt, and therefore it is that I want to try a short and practical way of treating this subject.

"At Oxford," said Lord Eldon, "the degree examination was a farce in my time. I was asked who founded University College; and I replied, 'King Alfred,' though I believe this is often doubted. No other questions were asked me, and this was all the examination." Careful sceptics I believe say that this anecdote is or may be exaggerated; they think that the aged Chancellor exaggerated the inefficiency of his favourite University. But be that as it may, the process of giving the Oxford degree, as Lord Eldon describes it, was not a bit worse than the Lincoln's Inn way of giving its degree of "Barrister"

twenty years ago. The process was then this : All the students dined in Hall during term, and the only attempt on the part of the Inn to test or augment our legal knowledge consisted in certain exercises, which we had to "keep," as it was called, in due rotation. Though it is so short a time ago, people nowadays will hardly believe what those exercises were. A slip of paper was delivered to you, written in legible law-stationer's hand, which you were to take up to the upper table, where the Benchers sat, and read before them. The contents were generally not intelligible: the slip often began in the middle of a sentence, and by long copying and by no revision the text had become quite corrupt. The topic was "Whether C should have the widow's estate?" and it was said that if you pieced all the slips together you might make a connected argument for and against the widow. In old time I suppose there used to be a regular "moot," or debate, before the Benchers, in which the students took part, and in which the Benchers judged of their competency. Probably this sort of examination, by publicly putting a nice case and publicly arguing it, was very effectual. But in 1850 the trial "case" had dwindled down to the everlasting question, "Whether C should have the widow's estate?" The animated debate had become a mechanical reading of copied bits of paper, which it was difficult to read without laughing. Indeed, the Benchers felt the farce, and wanted to expedite it. If you kept a grave countenance after you had read some six words, the senior Benchers would say, "Sir, that will do;" and then the exercise was kept. But this favour was only given to those who showed due gravity. If you laughed you had to read the "slip" all through.

All established customs will find grave people to defend them, and ingenious reasons are soon found for them. Even "exercises" used to be defended. It was said "to be essential that only gentlemen should be called to the Bar; and that, when a man kept his exercise, the Benchers could see whether he was a gentleman or not." But as no student was ever rejected for bad looks—as indeed some very refined men are not always very refined-looking—and as some of the Benchers themselves had certainly a singular aspect, it was not easy to acquiesce in this. Still there was a traditional sentiment that a man who had kept an exercise "had done a good work," of which the use might be real, though not apparent. Indeed, there was some sort of motive for maintaining that feeling. No one likes to admit that a magnificent and an ancient institution, from which he gains glory, is a mere "sham" and empty appearance. But a student of Lincoln's Inn had to admit that, or defend "exercises." This occasional reading of a few words in an unintelligible document was all which your splendid "Inn" vouchsafed you; and if that was once conceded to be futile, the whole

"Inn" must be pronounced useless. Even "exercises," therefore, had their defenders, as every old thing has which is connected with a corporate power.

Such was studentship at Lincoln's Inn twenty years ago. At our call to the Bar, we kept a last "exercise" (still on the old suit of C and the widow), and we presented comfits to the Benchers' wives, but of any attempt to test our competency for our profession, or our fitness for the many posts monopolised by it, there was no trace or suggestion.

Since that time, however, there have been several changes. A vague feeling ran through society that the Inns of Court did not "look right;" if you wanted to prove their usefulness, the argument was difficult; the first impression on every listening mind was adverse; Lord Westbury and other reformers were stirring within the Inns; so "something" was done. And it was done in the natural way of those who think the present perfect, but fear that unless they do something they will not be able to keep the present long. As little in reality was changed as possible, but as much as possible was changed in appearance. The comforts of antiquity were retained, and yet, as far as might be, decent answers were provided for the unpleasant questions of the new world. Lectures were provided, and an examination previous to the call to the Bar was begun. But unfortunately these novelties were erected on the alternative:—A student may *either* pass an examination, or else he must attend lectures. And this is surely very absurd. At present the natural idea is that an educational body should found lectures to teach, and examinations to see whether those lectures have been efficient. But the Inns of Court say, "No; we will examine, and we will teach; but we need not do both to the same persons. If some students attend lectures, that shall be enough; and if some pass an examination, that shall be enough. To examine those who have already attended lectures would be impertinent; it would seem as if we doubted whether they had learnt from those lectures or not." Not long ago, however, I met a barrister and county magistrate whose legal attainments I much suspected; so I asked him—"How did you get through the Bar examination?" "Oh," he said, "I was not examined: I attended lectures." "And were the lectures good?" I asked again. "Oh," he said, "I do not know about that: I did not listen much. I read *Punch*, and that sort of thing." There is no examination to keep out incompetent barristers, and lectures only really teach those who really attend.

No doubt there is a most efficient education for the Bar, but that education is entirely independent of the Inns. If no call at all were wanted; if, as at Rome, any one could practise at the Bar who liked, that education would be just as efficient as it is now. Students read,

as it is called, three years or more in the "chambers" of a conveyancer and a special pleader and an equity draftsman. But they are not called to the Bar by virtue of this, or because of their having profited by it. Any one who has not "read" is called just as easily as those who have. Before the Commission several witnesses (Lord Cairns was one) very sensibly insisted on the excellence of the present system. A student sees in chambers, it was said, real business; he has real transactions to study; he sees how other people cope with them; he is not trained on theory, or on the A B C notions of books; he sees actual facts as they occur in the various real world. And there is no answer to these arguments. Undoubtedly the study of real business is an indispensable part of legal education; if you had the choice whether to give up that or everything else but that, you had better keep that. Real business will train you in some degree without other help; but without seeing real business you cannot be trained at all. But then, for what purpose are the Inns of Court? They show you no real business, and do not pretend to show you any. If attendance at chambers alone qualifies for the Bar, why should not any person who has so attended at chambers be called to the Bar? Why should he have to enter at an Inn of Court at all? The defenders of the Inns say, "No doubt they do not educate, but then some one else educates." But then we should not attend to them; we should attend only to the real educator.

But though the Inns of Court are so inefficient in education, they are exceedingly efficient in finance. The following were their incomes as given by the Commission of 1855:—

Inner Temple	£21,168
Middle „	10,192
Lincoln's Inn	18,242
Gray's Inn	8,343
	<hr/>
	£57,945

No doubt some of this is raised from the rent of old buildings which require an unusual annual outlay, but still there is a vast income—over £40,000—which, except an annual trifle for the library, is all spent uselessly. About £15,000 is spent every year on the dinners for the students, and more than £6,000 on establishment charges, besides "miscellaneous" items. The Inns are, in fact, legal clubs; and bad legal clubs, for they dine at a bad hour, much earlier than any one now wishes to dine; and all the arrangements are stiff and inconvenient, since they are regulated, not by a freely-elected body, but by a self-electing committee of old gentlemen.

There is a floating idea that these Inns secure the sociability of the students and Bar. But there is little enough of that in dinners where people speak little unless they are introduced; and if socia-

bility be really what is wished, the Inns should further develop the club idea, and should establish a "smoking-room."

A considerable part of the incomes of the Inns is levied by fees from the members of the Inns and from the students. They have dues for commons—that is, dinners—which you must pay whether you dine or not, with many intricate fees beside; and in levying these taxes, the Inns used to exhibit—there has very lately been a partial modification—a tenacity and firmness which might move the admiration of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Indeed, Mr. Lowe has given us his opinion on it. "One other matter," he said in 1855, "I would take leave to mention. I am a member of Lincoln's Inn; I went to Australia without, I am afraid, thinking about my commons; and when I returned, after eight years' absence, I was welcomed back to my native land by a bill of £48 for my absence from commons. Of that, however, I do not complain; it was my own oversight. I paid the bill, not wishing my sureties to be annoyed; and then I thought I had paid enough. At last, when I ceased to be a practising barrister, I made an application to see whether I might not be allowed to cease to pay, as is the case at the University; but I was informed that there was no means of my being so, but that I must pay for the term of my natural life. Now I think that is a great hardship." The Inns of Court are, in fact, Clubs of Court, and till recently with the bad peculiarity, that if you once got into them, you could never get out. A member was obliged to continue his subscriptions for ever.

A greater abuse than the Inns of Court, or so great an abuse, probably does not now exist in England. They could only be endured in a country tenacious of ancient things, even the most lifeless. They figure in legal education, not because of their efficiency, but because of their size. Though they do nothing, they look as if they ought to do something. But for practical purposes, we must look to the reading in chambers, and see what that is, and what is likely to be the effect of it.

And the most remarkable thing about it is, that it is not "reading" at all. Many English things are called by some word which means exactly what those things are not, and so here. Reading law with a barrister ought to mean that the barrister read some law-book or statute with you, instructed you in it, pointed out things which might escape you, and gave in each case a kind of lecture. But the barrister does nothing of the sort. He is a very busy man, with as much business as he can get through; and in general it would be very much out of his way to give any sort of formal pupil lecture. What happens is this: A heap of papers is set before each pupil, and according to such light as he possesses, and with perhaps a little preliminary explanation, the pupil is set to prepare the document for

which these papers were sent—in a special pleader's chambers, a plea to be used in a court of common law; in an equity draftsman's, a plea for a court of equity; in a conveyancer's, probably some deed relating to real property. A precedent is set before each pupil, out of which he is to copy the formal part, which is always much the same in such documents, especially in the easier ones set before the younger pupils. As to all the non-formal part, the first precept given to a beginner is one not so much of deep jurisprudence as of simple practice. He is told to "write wide," which means that the lines of the pupil's writing should always be at so great a distance from each other that the preceptor should have ample room to strike them out if he pleased, and write his own words in between them. And of this room he largely avails himself. Not long ago an advocate was contending that the alterations in a draft implied a deep design, on which the presiding judge said: "When I was in chambers, the conveyancer I was with used *always* to scratch out *all* I wrote, and write something of his own instead." Of course this was a playful exaggeration; but there is no doubt that at first younger pupils blunder dreadfully, and that what they write at great pains to themselves is, except in the formal parts of the document, quite useless. Gradually, however, by many failures, able men, who work well, learn much that is very valuable, and benefit both their teacher and themselves.

Lord Cranworth, I have been told, used to say that the most instructive part of his education—I believe he spoke not only of his legal but of his general training—was that which he spent in a special pleader's office. And perhaps, as an introduction for a studious mind (such as Lord Cranworth's was, no doubt) to the actual business of life, such an office could not be made much better. The documents to be prepared were usually short, so that the pupil got a good variety. They were all based on the mistakes of life, and each showed how easily business went wrong, and how difficult it was to keep it right. You saw the law, as it were, in rapid motion; for there was a quick litigation going forward, which presented sharp issues to be decided or settled in a month or two. No doubt there was much pure nonsense taught also. Such refined follies as special demurrers and the replication *de injuria* are hardly intelligible to younger men. But, side by side with much antiquated absurdity, there was a great deal more of healthy fresh business, which to men from college is enormously instructive, and is what they most want. And the mode of tuition was not cold and formal. It consisted in discussing with your fellow-pupils and your teacher the actual points as they turn up on the actual living cases. Unless a man be destitute both of legal capacity and of business capacity, he must in such a school learn much law and much business. If you could educate

the higher classes by compulsion, I would require all young legislators and all young magistrates to go through this training. It would stop unnumbered proposals of nonsense in Parliament, and much minor folly at petty sessions.

But admirable as is this training within its limits, still it *has* limits. There is a serious objection to it, which applies also to the conveyancer's chambers and to the equity draftsman. The education they give is fresh, but it is also "patchy." Each set of papers teaches the learner one particular lesson, but there is nothing to combine the lessons together; each case has its peculiar instruction, but the instruction of each is separate; there is nothing to join the lesson of one case to that of another. The whole course of education is "discontinuous." Point No. I. is not explained in relation to point No. II., nor point No. II. in its relation to point No. III. The student—at least, in many cases—leaves chambers with a very vivid image of many particular instances, but he hardly knows how to connect those instances together. He is deficient in binding central doctrine. What has been set before him is a rich assortment of unselected transactions, and from each of these he has learnt something. But he feels—at least many have felt—that the knowledge so acquired is something like a knowledge of each separate island in the Pacific Ocean, without any knowledge of the configuration of that ocean itself. He has a mental picture of many clear images, but he does not know how they stand one against another, or what there is between them.

However good, therefore, education in chambers may be, we must carefully observe what it is: it is an education by means of unselected transactions, set before the pupil's mind without arrangement, and out of which he has to make a system for himself if he is to have arrangement at all, and which he may leave disconnected in his mind if, like many, he scarcely knows the value of digested principle and well-arranged thought. And this is the whole education that most barristers receive.

But the education of barristers is not the only legal education in this country. It is not even the education of the larger half of the legal profession. There are less than five thousand barristers in England, and more than ten thousand solicitors. And what is curious is, that the principle of the whole legal education changes when you get to the lower half, as it is called, of the profession, and changes in exactly the reverse way to what you would expect. One might imagine that, as the duties of an attorney require less actual legal learning than those of a barrister; as he is excluded from all the best places which barristers monopolise; as his voice cannot be heard in a superior court; as he is obliged to employ a barrister to speak for him—his education would be rather neglected by law,

and that of the barrister more heeded. The sort of lawyer sedulously patronised would presumably have been more carefully tested, and shown to be qualified, than the other kind of lawyer, who is sedulously set down and made inferior. But, in fact, the case is just the reverse. As we have seen, a man who knows no law, and who has never tried to know law, has no difficulty in becoming a barrister. There is no kind of fence to keep him out. But such a man could never become an attorney. The law has made rigorous requirements for the legal knowledge of the "little lawyer," though it has made no requirements at all for the legal knowledge of the "big lawyer." In inverse proportion to the magnitude of the importance conferred is the care taken by the law to know that this importance is deserved.

"A person," says Mr. Jevons, "intending to become an attorney or solicitor, before being selected, is required—unless he be a university graduate, or have passed one of certain university examinations—to pass a preliminary examination, showing that he has received a liberal education; he is thereon articulated for five years (unless a graduate of one of the universities, or a barrister, in which case the term is reduced to three; or he has passed one of certain university examinations, in which case the term is reduced to four), of which term one year may be spent in the chambers of a barrister, or special pleader. And if articulated in the country, one year of any of the said term may be passed in the office of a London attorney. He has, during the term, to pass an intermediate examination in the law; and, finally, to pass a severe examination before he is admitted in the five branches of conveyancing, common law, equity, bankruptcy, and criminal law,—of which he must pass in the first three branches."¹ Of course, having passed this stiff examination, it is expressly provided that an attorney cannot, while he is such, even begin to keep terms to be a barrister; not only he cannot act as one, but he cannot even begin to eat dinners to become one.

But it may be replied,—“Granting that what you say is true, that legal education is deficient in some cases, that the least taught are the most privileged, that the best taught are under the worst disadvantages, yet how does this hurt us? How are common people injured by it? Is it not a matter affecting lawyers only?” I answer that these faults much injure the mass of mankind—that they make the law uncertain, and that they keep it uncertain—that they make the law bad, and that they keep it bad.

In the first place—to a litigant—the division of the profession into two halves is a calamity. A considerate person naturally wishes to understand why his case is right, if it is right; and why

(1) See a very able paper by W. A. Jevons, of Liverpool, on “The Relation between the two Branches of the Legal Profession,” read before the Law Society of Liverpool.

it is wrong; if it is wrong. Most men are more interested in their lawsuits than in anything else, and would be glad, for their own guidance, to understand them if they could. But when a client, so wishing to see how and where he stands, cross-examines his attorney, he is referred to counsel at the first difficulty. The attorney says: "Sir, this is a more complex matter than I should like to advise you upon without assistance. It requires greater learning and more ability than mine; I could not pretend to give such an opinion as you ought to have on so important a transaction." And at first the client is rather pleased. He does not, perhaps, much like the cost of paying for the aid of counsel, but he is much pleased at being mixed up in matters so abstruse and important that their aid is necessary. At any rate, he now thinks that he shall fully understand his case; that he shall really know why he is fighting his suit, and be able to judge for himself whether he ought to compromise or persist in it. On this ground he readily enough consents to "take the opinion," and looks forward eagerly to receiving it. But when it comes he is almost sure to be disappointed. He finds, no doubt, a plain piece of advice that he ought to do so and so, and perhaps a categorical statement that so and so is the law; but he finds no reasons; he is obliged to believe what the oracle says; he is no nearer to a comprehension of his case than before. Nor can his solicitor help him. He says: "I am sure, sir, I cannot take it upon me to say why counsel gave that opinion; but as we have asked for it, and paid for it, I suppose I must act on it." Now, if the opinion recommends the spending of much money, the client may not quite like this. If he could, he would like to get hold of "counsel," and cross-examine him; he would like to treat him plainly and familiarly, as he does his attorney. He pays one and he pays the other, and he thinks he ought to get as much as he can out of both. But, in fact, he cannot. Counsel is secluded in a remote and inaccessible shrine, and you cannot effectually get at him. Even if the client gets a "conference," he has to pay for it; and counsel treats him as if he was a curious intellectual "specimen," perhaps from the provinces. Any question he may ask is answered with a kind of condescension, but counsel thinks plainly, "What nonsense it is this fellow trying to understand his own case! I am paid to speak to him, and I will speak to him, but I will not speak to him very much." And the client who has penetrated into the sacred "chambers," probably finds that he has been put off with some vague and cautious observations, which do not seem to him very consistent with each other, and all which he cannot but think *happen* to evade the worst difficulty, even if they were not meant to do so. As he comes away he calculates: "I paid so much a word for that interview, and what have I gained by it?" But it is only in the rarest cases that the client

is so enterprising or so intrusive as this. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand the client never sees counsel at all. He only gets a copy of the oracular opinion from the attorney, and peruses it several times, wondering at its brevity, but still a little admiring its decision. Gradually he comes to feel a confidence in it, and is content to act on it. But when he advances some way further in the business, and is beginning to reflect on the expense, it occurs to him as strange that if the matter is as plain as the counsel tells him it is, the other side should be proceeding with so much confidence, and not attempting to strike their flag. Accordingly, he goes to his attorney, and asks, "How is it that the other side are not frightened? You showed them Mr. A. B.'s opinion—his very distinct opinion. I certainly imagined they would be rather inclined to yield after that." On which, perhaps with a little smile, the attorney tells him: "Why, the fact is, that the other side have consulted counsel also. They have been to C. D., a very eminent man in Lincoln's Inn, a gentleman I have often consulted myself, and he advises them that they are quite right. They have sent me his opinion. Here it is; perhaps you would like to take it home with you." And so the client finds that there is "oracle against oracle;" that the god of "Old Square" speaks quite differently from the god of "New Square;" and goes home dissatisfied and bewildered. The courts of law are blocked with suits which counsel advised to be begun, which counsel advised to be defended, and in which neither plaintiff nor defendant likes to yield now, because both have spent so very much money.

I do not mean that all the uncertainty would be remedied by a better constitution of the legal profession. No doubt some uncertain cases there always must be; new varieties of complication arise daily, and require novel decisions. Unquestionably, too, other parts of our bad legal education make the law more uncertain than otherwise it would be. But it is plain that the artificial splitting of the law trade into two halves much aggravates the practical difficulty of getting at the law. "Opinions" are the opprobrium of the legal profession. Everybody knows that an "opinion" is to be had on almost every side of every question. "Show me your case," it is often said, "and I write you your opinion." Now, this could hardly be if the solicitor, the man whom the client pays, had the responsibility of advising him. His interest would be to come as near to the truth as he could, because he would be responsible for the advice he gave. But now he gets a shelter under the distant "barrister;" he does not feel ashamed when the case is decided against him, because Mr. X. Y., a name in the papers, and a man you cannot get hold of, said you would win. And the barrister has no responsibility to the client either. The client cannot come and

say, "You advised me to sue; you told me I was going to win; yet you see I have lost." The man you can scold did not advise you, and the man who did advise you, you cannot scold.

There are other and very delicate points in this subject. I believe most English barristers, and most English solicitors, to be very honourable men; but we all know that there are *some* black sheep in both halves of the trade. When, years since, I was reading law, I had laid for me a peculiar rule for pleasing the less honest sort of attorneys: "Always," said a very experienced man, "always recommend *proceedings*, and then you will be sure to succeed." His notion was that a barrister who promoted "costs" would thrive with attorneys who live by costs. I quite believe that it would be a libel to ascribe such motives to most solicitors or most counsel; still one cannot help seeing how well the present system helps those who act on such motives. The ultimate adviser, the barrister, has no relation to the ultimate payer, the client; he has no motive to care to please him. He wants to please the attorney, for it is by the attorney's favour that he lives. What pleases *some* attorneys is present income. The barrister, therefore, who upon fair reasons, and within decent limits, always promotes costs and contention, will always please at least *those* attorneys. In case of gross failure, the natural penalty is the client's wrath; but we protect the attorney against this by enabling him to blame "counsel," and we protect "counsel" by immuring him in distant dignity.

It may be said that it would be quite useless for clients commonly to see counsel, for the points which counsel have to decide on are so technical that the client cannot understand them. But ought they to be so technical? Ought not the main gist of all cases to be intelligible to men of business interested in them, and anxious to attend to them? In matter of fact, I believe that almost all the law of moneyed property is now intelligible to careful men of that sort; and if the law of landed property is not intelligible, it is only because that law is bad. Mysteries in practical affairs are very dangerous; the more so because, when they once exist, many quiet, unimaginative people cannot help saying and believing that they are inevitable and necessary. But any one who rouses his mind to ask in a specific case, How does this law come to be so unintelligible? will find that the reasons for it belong to some bygone time, and that now it wants to be altered and fitted to modern life. Nothing will ever simplify law so much as the making lawyers explain it to non-lawyers. It will be a great gain when all clients ask about their case anxiously, and when "counsel" have to explain it clearly.

But the bifurcation of our legal profession is not the only way in which our peculiar system of law training makes the law uncertain. The education of our barrister, such as it was before

explained, has as distinctly that effect as if it were designed on purpose. That education we saw to be an education of unselected detail. "Papers" which accidentally came into chambers were placed before the learner, and from them he educated himself. Casual instances were given him to learn from as they came, and from them he learnt what he did learn. By such a training we form excellent practitioners of detail, wonderful "case" lawyers. Years ago, an accomplished specimen of the results of such training used to answer every argument that in any sense purported to be general, or to be derived from principle, with an impatient question, But have you got a case, Mr. —? have you got a case?" To him, and to all equally characteristic specimens of our legal education, each transaction was isolated. He wanted to see in the books, not the decision of an analogous case, but the decision of an identical one. "It is of no use having an opinion," he would add, "unless you can quote an authority for it," and by an authority he meant some recorded suit in which the specific question had been submitted to a judge and decided by him. To this species of lawyer nothing is certain which is not "within the four corners," as it used to be said, "of a case," and a recent case.

Accordingly, when a new case is laid before such persons, one which in a material degree possesses new conditions, or which varies in a patent particular from the standard authorities, it is a matter of accident which way they decide. The most prosperous and most cautious say, unless they are belied, that "the matter is doubtful," and then incline, more or less confidently, towards the side for which they are asked to advise. But in all cases the point, if new, is to the mass of lawyers very doubtful. An argument of "theory," as they speak, has no weight with them.

And when we examine the matter, we find that it ought to have no weight with them. A most rigid and careful arguer from principle, a really great lawyer, afterwards on the bench, used to say, with the emphasis of a past generation, "That's the law—I know that is the law; but the d—d judges won't decide it so." And so, in fact, our system works. A great part of our law is really judge-made law. The courts always profess to be deciding on some ground of past precedent. But very often, and of necessity in novel circumstances, this is nothing but profession. The judges are really making the law when they are said to be declaring it; and if they declared it on solid grounds of principle, and for reasons which could with any sort of confidence be assigned and predicted beforehand, this judicial legislation would be tolerable. In fact, a great part of the best law in the world was so made by great judges who considered principle and followed out principle. But a mere successful practitioner, who began to learn by "papers" and "cases," who has

thriven on practice, who has for years sneered at principle, is the last man, when he becomes a judge, to make a judge of "principle." His whole life has been spent in an opposite treatment of things; his whole mind has been invested in that treatment. You do not expect a plain cook to turn philosophical chemist; and it is as little rational to expect a barrister of cases and instances to be changed on a sudden to a judge of great principles and broad doctrines. And unless he does so change, his decision is uncertain. If the case is really new, if an identical precedent is not on the file, the judge trained on mere practice, the judge with no head for principle, is confused. There is nothing to guide him in the past decisions, and he has all his life tried to be guided, and boasted that he is guided only, by past decisions. Accordingly, in so many cases it is but a "solemn toss up" how the judges decide. They are really making new law, but they are not making it on principle; they fear principle. They are guided by fancied analogies and past precedents—one judge relying on one analogy and another on another, but none having anything substantial.

The training for judicial legislation should surely be of two sorts; first, a knowledge of how, in other systems of law, the same or analogous cases have been dealt with. Yet here most of our practising lawyers are deficient. As the writer I have before quoted observes: "From the contemporaneous existence in England of two systems of law, the civil and the common law, applied to different branches, there are no doubt English lawyers, though comparatively few in number, who know something of the Roman law; but who knows anything of the laws of the modern Continental States? And when is even the Roman law systematically made a necessary part of the education of an English common lawyer? We often hear American decisions quoted; but do we, as a body, possess any thorough knowledge of American practice, or of the points on which it agrees with or differs from our own? Is not, in fact, our whole knowledge of Roman, Continental, or American laws a thing occasionally got up for a special purpose, and laid aside when that purpose has been answered?" No doubt we have some real jurists; the age which produced Mr. Maine's "Ancient Law" could not be wholly deficient in such; but the mass of the law trade look to the cases in the books, and that is why we suffer from "the grotesque decisions" of our judges, as Mr. Phillimore happily called them, "in special pleading, the construction of wills, and the law of real property." Or again, the training for judicial legislation should be one of jurisprudence in the highest sense—of the jurisprudence which Burke must have been thinking of when he called it the "pride of the human intellect." It must be a knowledge of the reasons which make laws good or bad, eligible or ineligible, in given cases. But

no one will contend that such knowledge is now taught in "chambers," nor is it possible that it should ever be taught there.

Lord Westbury has spoken of the "rubbish called reports" of judicial decisions; Mr. Galton speaks as if it were certain that our judges had degenerated. But surely our modern judges are put to "make bricks without straw." They are set to make laws of principle, and they are not taught principle. I confess I doubt if the old judges were any better. They were not "found out," as the moderns are. The old judges could take their precedents from "Sederfin and Keble;" could decide a present case by a fancied likeness to an irrelevant old case. But no one watched them; only forgotten term reports contain the annals of them. But the strained analogies and the antagonistic judgments of modern judges fall upon an educated world. They do not harmonise with the floating rationality which is in the air of the age. The litigant even is ashamed of them. He thinks, even if he does not say—"What is this jargon? what are these metaphysics? Why are four judges for me, and five against me? Why should *my money* be voted away like this? Surely I ought to be able to understand why it goes from me, if it is to go."

The state of the English law at present aggravates the bad consequences to us of these defects in our lawyers. If ever there was a country in which good legal mechanics were wanted, England just now is that country. Our law is unquestionably better in substance than it was fifty years ago, but it is also worse in form. In the time of Lord Eldon it had some kind of unity and consistency about it; it was, in a certain sense, all of a piece. But now, the reforms which have swept away most of the worst abuses have made it of a piece no longer. Side by side with the dull colouring of the old law there are bright patches of new statutes. An Act of Parliament has destroyed this and that singular growth of history, and has erected instead this and that useful contrivance. But exactly how much was destroyed and how much was left depended on the caprice of Parliament. Very likely the reforming Act was changed in "Committee" in the Commons; some important clause was maimed, or some dubious words inserted; or perhaps some old but still vigorous law Lord fell upon the measure, and twisted it to suit ancient opinion. The tide of law reform has been like the tide of the sea; it has advanced most powerfully, but it has also stopped most curiously. The line between the old English law and the new is as accidental a line as any sea-beach; it was caused by the momentary magnitude of shifting forces, and bears hardly a trace of settled design.

But as an involved country taxes the map-maker, so an involved law taxes the jurist; the more complex the law the more difficult to see it or to mend it. But we in England want both things of our lawyers.

We want to have a difficult law made as certain as it can be made; we want to know, as well as we can, which of our lawsuits are good and which bad before we spend money on them. We want also to have the ancient complex and patched aggregate of law shortened and simplified into a consistent and compact code. For this purpose we want a school of lawyers trained with singular care, and in the most fit way; whereas our barristers are trained with no care from the legislature, and in a most unfit way.

But, it will be said, how are these evils to be remedied? I do not think I am exactly bound to suggest cures—I only undertook to show the existence of an evil; and only persons infinitely more learned than myself can frame a scheme in detail. I can only sketch briefly a coarse outline.

The first and most plain thing to do is to establish an examination for the Bar. On the surface of the matter our policy is now ridiculous. We give barristers, as such, a monopoly of many important offices on the ground that they are supposed to know law, but we take no care that they do know law. In fact, many barristers have never learnt law; and many could not learn. Many have not the industry, and many have not the mind. And some of these unlearned persons are certainly appointed to posts requiring learning. Mr. Lowe tells us that he has seen a judge in the colonies appear ignorant of the common "forms of action," and of the shape of the "declaration"—things which a man who had studied common law could not help knowing if he knew anything. The absurdity of confining offices to a class because it is supposed to be competent, and yet taking no care that this class is in truth competent, an examination would remove immediately.

But a good examination would do far more also. A real examination would compel men to study law as a whole, and to study it in its connections. There is no other way of preparing for an examination; a person in that sort of reading has carefully to consider not only what he knows, but what he does *not* know. He must make some sort of classification of the subject—some rough kind of map of it in his head. He cannot otherwise tell at all whether he is fit to stand the test or unfit. A successful student is for ever improving this mental map; day after day, and month after month, he comes to see new spaces to be known, and he fills the old spaces with new knowledge. A mere student in chambers may work hard at the "papers," but he may, after all, know and feel that he only knows a series of isolated points. He scarcely knows how much there is between the points, or what else there is in the subject round about them.

A high-class examination, too, necessarily deals with matters of principle. Indeed, an examiner can hardly avoid them if he would.

In chambers a student learns to consider, as the active practitioner—his master—considers, what is the minimum of law necessary to determine in a particular state of facts—the minimum then and there necessary to give sound advice. And this is a very good kind of knowledge. A safe practitioner is made by it, and cannot be made without it. But it will not of itself train a great lawyer; and reading for an examination exactly supplies its defects. An examiner, wanting to test pupils, gets hold of the “problems” of his subject—those points which are not yet worked out in any book, but which, by fair application of admitted principle, can be worked out. The abler students, in consequence, are constantly thinking of such “problems.” They search the examination papers for years past; they search every likely book for hints of what they may be. And, when found, they prepare in their minds an apparatus for solving them. So, in law, a good examiner would ask many questions on the margin of his subject. He would state points analogous to those in the books, but not identical with those in the books. And to prepare for such an examination a student must consider legal doctrines, not in their narrowest aspect, but in their most general aspect. He must get rid of the notion that “principle does not pay.” It is exactly principle and *only* principle that will pay in such an examination. And exactly on that account you cannot cram for it. The “book-work”—the instances already decided—you might perhaps get up by sheer industry; but the application of admitted doctrine to out-of-the-way facts, or undecided things, you cannot cram, since by its nature you cannot anywhere find it on paper.

If the examination were like the Oxford class list, it would be easy to arrange that for the higher classes Roman law and foreign law might be made to tell. For the pass examination, of course, a sound knowledge of only the elements of English law would be enough. You do not want all sessions barristers to be accomplished jurists; all you can do is to give a premium to the more valuable kinds of knowledge; and if you put men in the first class who know certain things, you give them a very valuable premium. *Cæteris paribus*, the man in the first class will be employed before the man in the second class. The mark, even in the beginning, will tell for something; and in the end will tell for much, since the examination will itself improve; and the average of class No. 1 will, in fact, be very much better—be both more able and more industrious than the average of class No. 2.

Lectures are the second obvious mode of improving our legal training: some reformers prize them very highly, and would even make them compulsory; and only experience can settle points like these. But I own I do not like absolutely prescribing to any man *how* he is to learn this subject. The only ground for State intervention is that it is necessary for certain purposes that a man should

know certain things. But if he *does* know them, why should the State care how he learnt them? What is the State the better for that knowledge? Some persons are, indeed, dubious of examination; they fear that the examiner may be deceived, that false or imperfect knowledge may be palmed upon him; and they fancy that by requiring an attendance at lectures they gain an additional security. But I think our experience, which in Civil Service and other examinations now goes over many years, ought to give us great confidence in examiners. They are certainly very skilled "intellectual detectives," much better than we should have thought possible years ago; undoubtedly the men they pass are, as a rule, altogether better than the men they reject, and really know with decent fairness all which the examiner certifies they know; and even if it were not so, I do not see that lectures would improve the matter or keep out cram students. The "cram" student is a sedulous man, and would attend lectures very carefully.

But though I would not enjoin lectures, though I would only require the possession of knowledge, and let each man get it where he can, no one values lectures for certain purposes more than I do; no one can believe that anything will be more useful. I have had occasion to say in this Review before: "There is no falser notion than Carlyle's, that the true University of the present day is a 'great collection of books.' No University can be perfect which does not set a young man face to face with great teachers. Mathematics in part may teach themselves, may be learned at least by a person of great aptitude and at great cost of toil from written treatises; but true literature is still largely a tradition; it does not go straight on like mathematics, and if a learner is to find it for himself in a big library, he will be grey-headed before his work is nearly over. And besides, 'character forms itself in the stream of the world'—by the impact of mind on mind. There are few impacts so effectual as that of ardent student upon ardent student, or as that of mature teacher upon immature student." I suppose this is as applicable to law as it is to anything. And for the special evil of the English Bar lectures would perhaps be peculiarly useful. More or less, a lecturer must deal with connected principle, for a mere disquisition on law without principles would be so dull that no one would listen to it.

But the greatest reform of all, I think, would be the abolition of the present arbitrary division between the two halves of the legal profession. This would bring the distributor of law more under the control of the consumer, and so make him better. At present "counsel" is at so remote a distance, and on so sequestered an eminence, that the client cannot get at him. He is subject to no cross-questions, and is not obliged to explain law plainly to a plain man. A mystic charm is spread about him, as if his words were

somehow higher than other words, and as if he were not paid like other people.

A great many persons I know will say this is impossible. We are so accustomed to the strict link between solicitor and barrister, that we forget how arbitrary it is. We forget that it is insular, and that on the Continent and in America it does not exist. Indeed, why should it exist? On what ground can we be justified? The State can require of certain persons, who want to live by certain skilled trades, that they shall show that they are fit for those trades. But if a man can show that he is fit for any trade, on what principle can you forbid him, only because he is fit for another trade? Why should you split a trade into compulsory bits? Why should there not be a "general practitioner" in law as there is in physic? Why should not the same lawyer practise all law if he is fit for it, and can get clients in it?

The abolition of the compulsory demarcation would probably benefit the client, just as all approaches to free trade benefit the consumer. It would give him the choice of more mixed and various ability. The division of labour would be allowed more liberty to adapt itself to special wants and individual characters. This is the way it works in America:—

1059. That is after the materials of the case, the facts, have been previously investigated and laid before him in the Brief, is it not?—No; it is in the outset. That is a privilege which the Client claims, of seeing the Counsel, and conferring with him, whether he is to go to Law, or not.

1060. How is the evidence hunted up?—That is done by the Attorney and Client, but Counsel sees personally the leading witnesses.

1061. Who is the Attorney, as distinct from the Counsel?—The offices are divided according to the nature of the business. A man begins to practise Law in New York, for instance, and he has one or two cases. He then does all the business himself; but his business increases, and he has more than he can do himself, and he then employs a clerk, who takes a part of it off his hands; then he employs an Attorney, and the cases that require no investigation, such as bringing a Common Action, would be commenced by the Attorney, without seeing the Counsellor, unless there was a special request made in the matter.

1062. So that the Attorney is nominated and employed by the Counsel?—Yes; he generally belongs to his office.

1063. And generally speaking, there is a partnership, is there not?—Yes. The moment the business becomes sufficiently important to justify the taking in a partner, the Counsel takes in this man whom he has employed as Attorney, or some one else, as his partner, and he does the ordinary business of the office, while the other goes into Court.

1064. Are there men of considerable eminence, such as the late Mr. Webster, who never act in any other way than as Counsel?—Yes.

1065. Practically, in all important cases, there is the same division of labour between the Counsel and the Attorney in the United States as exists in this country?—Exactly so; but it is rendered so by circumstances. If you go into States which are new, where the population is spare, there are few Lawsuits, and the Counsel will sit in his office half the day, and talk with a Client, for he has nothing else to do; of course, in that case, he needs no Attorney.

1066. Is not the effect of this system, that in all simple Causes, only one agent is employed?—Yes.

1067. Therefore it is much cheaper in practice than the system pursued in this country, of having two agents in every case?—Yes; this is certainly true.

The gradual separation brought about by nature has none of the bad effects of our arbitrary separation enforced by law. If you employed a firm, one partner in which was a barrister and one an attorney, you could scold both partners if you lost; you could talk of it in their district, and so they would not like you to lose. But in England now you are in “counsel’s” hands, and you cannot hurt him though he ruin you.

We should have better barristers too. Now a man cannot go to the Bar except he has some peculiar “connection,” or unless he has money enough to keep him in idleness for years. But if he could practise on small attorneys’ work, he might live till he made his talents known. And we should have infinitely better attorneys, for they would have a career and a future before them which now they have not. It is very hard that the want of a few hundred pounds should *by law* degrade a man for life, and very bad for the public that the highest energies of the sort of lawyers the public see most of should be for ever depressed by a despotic and unnecessary obstacle. But I do not care much about the legal profession; at least I cannot so much care; my principal anxiety is for the clients and the public. And because these artificial hedges cramp and hurt them, I hope soon to see them swept away.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

It is a real misfortune that we have not a more exact and detailed acquaintance with the reign of the emperor Trajan. Tacitus says that he intended to include this period in his Histories, and to reserve the work for his old age. In all probability he left it unaccomplished. It is specially a time through which we should have been most thankful to have had the guidance of his great genius. He would, if we may judge from his own words, have felt a peculiar pleasure in describing it. Compared with the age of which he wrote, an age abounding in dreary horrors, Trajan's reign was one "rich in great deeds, free from terrible apprehensions, and presenting the singularly happy combination of empire and liberty." So frightfully bad were the last years of Domitian, that to her best citizens Rome's future might well have seemed hopelessly dark. The following age was one of revival and reconstruction. "Our spirits," says Tacitus, "are *now* beginning to return." Rome's destiny, he with others felt, was not yet fulfilled; she was still to rule and organise the world. He was by no means of a very sanguine disposition, but, under the altered circumstances of the time, he was moderately hopeful. It was, at any rate, a blessing to feel that now "you could think as you pleased and say what you thought." This, indeed, for Tacitus and many a high-minded Roman, must have had an infinitely greater attraction than the outward splendours of Trajan's reign. Yet about these, too, there was the encouraging fact that they served the glory and advantage of the State, and were not, like Nero's golden palace, for private gratification. Trajan's great works were distinctively public works. The skill of the artist, the architect, and engineer was so utilised that the whole Roman world could enjoy and appreciate it. This development of the empire's resources, and consequent accession of material prosperity, was combined with economy and lightened taxation. Trajan's financial arrangements must have been admirable to have secured such a result alongside of conquests abroad and improvements at home. On this subject unhappily we are without precise information. We see everywhere the marks of great governing ability, but we know little of the processes by which it worked.

Trajan was more than an able soldier and a skilful administrator. He imbibed, indeed, from his military training a certain hardness and narrow-mindedness, which tied him down to too exclusively Roman notions; but he had a considerable amount of rough common sense, which enabled him partially, at least, to discern the wants and tendencies of his age. The world was beginning to feel that it had

common interests, and wished them to be recognised. Trajan tried to satisfy this feeling. To the provinces he gave a somewhat easy and tolerant government, and a fair measure of material prosperity. His arrangements carefully promoted order and comfort, which were just then particularly acceptable to mankind. If some exceptional calamity fell on a city or district, he relieved the sufferers. Something akin to our modern sentiment of philanthropy was growing up in society. This, of course, would be connected with the idea of unity already hinted at. Trajan paid regard to it; he founded endowments for the children of the poor and for orphans. Men of rank and wealth did the same. Here we have a distinct approach to modern views and conceptions of life. Education was widely diffused; teachers and professors were to be met with in all the great cities; culture was decidedly fashionable; almost every senator and man of position aspired to be an author. Trajan's mind was no doubt prosaic and matter of fact; yet he seems to have had the sense to respect literature and men of letters, though he could hardly have sympathised with them. An age of such varied mental activity, an age which was becoming more and more conscious of its needs, and anxious to satisfy them, would be sure to be stirred by social movements. We hear of clubs, guilds, co-operative societies. Combinations for various purposes were starting into existence. Against these the emperor set his face. He thought them dangerous, and likely to disturb the order which he had taken such pains to establish. Christianity he probably had a vague notion was connected somehow or other with these and kindred movements; as such, while he naturally wished to treat it with a good-natured tolerance, he was afraid of it, and would have been heartily glad to have seen the world rid of it. To a considerable extent he skilfully adapted his rule to the necessities of the time, but he did not rise to such a degree of enlightenment as to take the measure of the new ideas which were now beginning to sway mankind. A Roman, however accomplished, highly educated, and philosophical in his views, could hardly have done this. It was a period of transition, and no contemporary writer could have done justice to it. Tacitus would have given us a vivid picture of it; Trajan's conquest of Dacia and his eastern expedition would have been described with the picturesque eloquence with which Agricola's campaigns in Britain are set before us, and a flood of light would have been poured on the various details of the emperor's entire administration. Yet even Tacitus, we may fairly conjecture, from that intensely Roman and patrician spirit which made him cling to old traditions, and only just suffered him to be reconciled to this new and happier age, would have left us in ignorance of many things which, from our present point of view, we can see were of extreme interest and importance.

A period often has its very best illustration in the correspondence of a clever, cultivated man, who has taken his share in its various activities. For the time of which I am speaking, the letters of the younger Pliny are of the utmost value. From every point of view they are exceedingly interesting. Here and there they serve as a supplement to the deficiencies of such historians as Dion Cassius and Victor. They embrace a great variety of subjects; politics, literature, art, practice at the bar, life at Rome, life in the country, anecdotes of distinguished men and women, all fall within their range. As a reflex of some of the most characteristic aspects of the time, they will always be found pleasant and instructive reading. We get from them continual glimpses into the mental and social condition of the great Roman world. In an ancient writer all this is peculiarly interesting. Pliny brings us face to face with the life and manners of his age, so that the general reader, as well as the scholar, will find him an agreeable companion. There is, too, this very noticeable feature about his letters:—they frequently exhibit an almost modern tone of thought and sentiment, which is quite wanting in earlier writers. We seem sometimes to be on the border-line between the old and the new worlds. The phrases and terms of expression, as well as the sentiments, are often indicative of a transition period. I believe it is the presence of what may be properly called a modern element in him which makes Pliny a comparatively easy author. It is certain that many readers of the present day who feel themselves to be not quite *en rapport* with classical literature generally, will find in his letters much which is thoroughly congenial to their tastes.

Pliny had every conceivable advantage for taking a wide survey of the society around him. He belonged to a good old Roman family, and he was in easy circumstances. He was not an idle man. He practised with success at the bar; and, as he was engaged in several great cases, we may suppose he considerably increased his inherited wealth. Although he was not nearly so rich as some of his contemporaries, he was able to have a house at Rome, several country seats, and to be liberal on suitable occasions. He held in succession the chief offices of the State. He numbered among his friends the most famous men of his time. With Tacitus he was on terms of intimate friendship. Tacitus was, indeed, the centre of a literary circle which looked up to him as a man of commanding genius. Pliny recognised him as intellectually the foremost man of the age, and confidently predicts his immortality as a historian. He says in one of his letters¹ to him, and this is very characteristic of Pliny, "I candidly confess that I hope that my name will appear in your work." The poet Martial was one of his acquaintances, and an occasional guest at his house. His sympathies with their pursuits

(1) Epp., vii. 33.

led him to cultivate the friendship of several of the Greek professors of rhetoric, a class of men whom he says he heartily liked and admired. Altogether he must have been acquainted with many various phases of society, and this gives a special charm to his letters. The amiability and kindness of heart with which we may fairly credit him, seem to have often encouraged his friends to consult him on a variety of matters. One of his letters is in reply to a lady who wished him to recommend a tutor for her son. Another is to a friend who thought of leaving some money for the annual entertainment of the burgesses of his native town. Pliny explains what he himself did in a somewhat similar case, and how he contrived to secure the proper application of the money. It is pleasant to know that to his slaves he was a kind and considerate master. I do not imagine that these humane sentiments were, in Pliny's age, by any means exceptional; I think it probable that they were shared by many of his friends. Still, one cannot read without interest a letter¹ in which he dwells on the idea implied in the term "*pater familiæ*," and goes on to say that he thinks of sending one of his freedmen, a clever and accomplished servant, who is suffering from a bad cough, to the soft air of Forum Julii (Fréjus, near Nice), where the friend to whom he is writing has an estate. Pliny seems to take for granted that his friend will do everything to make the invalid comfortable.

Like Cicero, whom he greatly admired, and proposed to himself as his literary model, Pliny had unquestionably a genuine love of culture. He was never so happy as when he was surrounded with his books and papers in his Laurentine or Tuscan villa. He was not, indeed, such an indefatigable student as his uncle; he had probably neither the mental energy nor the physical strength to concentrate himself on any one great work, but he seems to have been always a busy man. When at Rome he had plenty of business as an advocate; when in the country his occupations were reading, writing, revising his speeches for publication, and intellectual conversation. It is true that the word dilettantism suggests itself to us in connection with him. One of his letters, in answer to a friend who urged him to write history implies that he felt himself unequal to the continuous labour involved in so difficult a task. Though, like Cicero, he had a decided touch of vanity and conceit, he does not seem to have formed an extravagant estimate of his own abilities. I see no reason for regarding him as a man of genius; he stood on a distinctly lower intellectual level than his friend Tacitus, and of this he was clearly conscious. But as a really clever man, with cultivated tastes and wide sympathies, he deserves to command our interest.

In some of his letters he tells us what he did for his native town Comum. To this place he was a liberal benefactor. It is interesting

(1) Epp. v. 19.
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to find that he had the idea which we usually associate with modern times that culture and education ought to be diffused. He presents¹ his fellow townspeople with a library, and makes a speech on the occasion to the town council, the gist of which seems to have been that he had rendered them a much more useful service than he would have done by spending his money in the institution of games or gladiatorial shows. This speech he thought of rewriting and publishing, and he asks the advice of one of his literary friends on the subject. On another occasion² he offers to assist in the establishment of a school at Comum, and consults Tacitus about the matter. During one of his visits to the place he asks one of the town lads who called, as we should say, to pay his respects to him, where he went to school, and finding that the boy had to go to Mediolanum (Milan), a distance of some miles, because there was no school at Comum, he suggests to the fathers of families the advisability of hiring teachers on the spot. This, as he points out to them, would be a convenient and even economical arrangement. It appears that he not only endeavoured to enlighten the local mind, but that he backed up his views with a singularly liberal offer. "I am prepared," he says, "to add to your contributions a third part of their total amount. I would offer you the whole sum required were I not afraid that the good effects of my liberality would be destroyed by jobbery, as I see happens in many places where teachers are hired at the public expense. To avoid this, let the parents alone have the right of selecting teachers, and let the duty of a proper selection be enforced on them by their being obliged to contribute." He then asks Tacitus, whom he knew to be a centre of attraction to students and learned men, to look out for masters. In reading such a letter we feel that we are brought very close to our own age.

Among Pliny's historical letters some of the most interesting are those which describe State trials conducted by the Senate, and of a similar character to that of Warren Hastings. One of these was in all its circumstances a conspicuous event in his life. It was the impeachment of a governor by one of the most important provinces of the empire. Marius Priscus, the proconsul of Africa, was charged with crimes as atrocious as those of the notorious Verres. Pliny and Tacitus were counsel for the provincials. Trajan himself presided at the trial. It must have been an imposing scene. There was a great concourse of senators, and the general excitement at Rome appears to have been intense. "Imagine,"³ says Pliny, "how anxious and full of apprehensions I may well have been at having to address such an assembly in the emperor's presence. Though I had often spoken in the Senate, and had always been listened to with

(1) Epp., i. 8.

(2) Epp., iv. 13.

(3) Epp., ii. 11.

favour, yet I was then agitated by a feeling of alarm altogether new to me. The extreme difficulty of the case was continually present to my mind; I saw before me one who had held the highest offices, but who held them no longer. As soon as I had collected myself I rose to speak, and the encouragement I received from the audience was as great as was my own anxiety. I spoke for nearly five hours; so favourable to me while I was speaking were the very circumstances which at the outset seemed discouraging. So kind and considerate was the emperor, that when he thought I was exerting myself beyond my strength he more than once reminded my freedman who was behind me that I ought to spare myself further effort." This freedman, no doubt, answered to our private secretary, and had in his charge papers to which Pliny would have to refer in the course of his speech. In the letter describing this trial all its particulars are dwelt on with evident satisfaction, and indeed it was an occasion to which Pliny might well look back with pride. The joint advocacy of himself and Tacitus was as successful as it deserved to be.

Not only did Pliny plead the cause of oppressed provincials, he also endeavoured to bring to justice some of those odious and powerful men who under Domitian had plied the trade of the informer to the ruin of many a good citizen. In this attempt, while he must have encountered some danger and opposition, he would have been sure also to carry with him a large section of public opinion. In one of his letters¹ he tells us how he avenged the death of his friend, the younger Helindeus, by the impeachment of the man who had destroyed him. It required, by Pliny's account, no little moral courage to attempt such a proceeding, and his friends warned him against it. Publicius Certus, the defendant, held a high office, and had a host of influential friends among the senators. Pliny says that he was repeatedly interrupted when he rose in the Senate to introduce the case. It appears that the matter stopped short of an actual trial; Certus, however, was so far injured by the proceedings that he was passed over for the consulship which had been promised him, and to which he would otherwise have succeeded. Pliny considered that he had gained his point, and he subsequently published his speech on the occasion. Certus died a few days afterwards. "I have heard people say," adds Pliny, "that during his illness he saw me in imagination standing over him sword in hand." With this characteristic touch, betraying no slight self-complacency, the letter concludes.

Pliny has an interesting letter² on the policy to be pursued by provincial governors. It reminds us of Cicero's famous letter to his brother Quintus on the same subject. We may assume that it fairly reflects the views of the best Roman society of the age, and that the

(1) Epp., ix. 13.

(2) Epp., viii. 24.

general principles of government laid down in it were carried out to a greater extent than they had been in preceding times. As we might expect from a cultivated man who aspired to the character of a philosopher, Pliny's conceptions of the duty of a governor are decidedly liberal and enlightened. The modern notions of toleration and sympathy with a subject people come out very clearly in the letter in question. It is written to one of his friends who is to have the charge of the Greek province of Achaia. "Bear in mind," he says to him, "the character of the country to which you are going; remember that it is believed to be the cradle of civilisation and literature; that its inhabitants are a pre-eminently free people; show reverence for their gods and for their ancient renown, and as you would respect old age in a man, respect in like manner antiquity in a state. Show that you esteem their old traditions, and even their legends. Do not be afraid that your tender treatment of them will make them despise you; such a people are not to be ruled by fear. Call to mind the meaning of the title of your office, and consider what it is to have to regulate the affairs of free states. How disgraceful it would be if the effect of your government were to be the substitution of slavery for freedom!" Pliny, when pro-consul of Bithynia, as may be inferred from his correspondence with Trajan, sought to reduce these ideas to practice.

Some of his letters illustrate very strikingly a moral aspect of the time which was evidently the result of a deeply felt sense of decay and feebleness. Outwardly prosperous as the age undoubtedly was, full of promise as it in some respects seemed, there was an unrest and weariness which can be interpreted only as the symptoms of a period of decline. Hence the frequency of suicide to which Pliny's letters testify. It is a mistake to trace this directly to the teaching of the Stoic philosophy; it was rather, I believe, the composite result of the satiety engendered by luxury and wealth, and of a distinctly conscious need of some new and powerful renovating influence. Two memorable instances of thoroughly deliberate suicide are recorded by Pliny. One of his dearest friends, Corellius Rufus, to whom he looked up as his guide and master, voluntarily ended a life which incurable disease had rendered intolerably wearisome.¹ "I called on him one day," says Pliny, "during the reign of Domitian, and found him in agonies of pain. Why, said he, do you think I continue to bear this anguish? Simply that I may by a single day survive that robber." He meant the emperor. His wish was granted; he then starved himself to death. The poet Silius Italicus² ended his life at his Neapolitan villa under precisely similar circumstances. Pliny's judgment wholly approved the conduct of these men. Rash and reckless suicide he despises as something vulgar;³ "to deliberate, to weigh the argu-

(1) Epp., i. 12.

(2) Epp., iii. 7.

(3) Epp., i. 22.

ments for and against death, and to choose accordingly, is," he thinks, "the mark of a great mind."

One of the most pleasing and beautiful of his letters is on the death of a charming and accomplished girl, the daughter of an intimate friend. It impresses us with a sense of his tender and delicate sympathy. "I write this," he says to his correspondent,¹ "in the deepest sorrow. The daughter of our friend Fundanus is no more; I never saw a more sprightly and amiable girl; she was worthy, not only of a longer life, but almost of immortality itself. She had not yet completed her fourteenth year, and she had all the prudence and forethought of an elderly woman; with maidenly modesty she still had all the sweet playfulness of a girl. How she would cling to her father's neck; how lovingly and modestly would she embrace her father's friends; how affectionate she was to her nurses and teachers; how fond she was of her books, and how intelligently she read them; with what self-restraint and delicacy would she amuse herself. How patient and resigned was she during her last illness. She carefully attended to the physician's orders; she encouraged and consoled her sister and father, and the vigour of her spirit supported her when the strength of her body had utterly failed her."

We are naturally curious to know what an educated Roman of this age was inclined to think about the wide and difficult subject of the supernatural. The Roman intellect was not specially speculative, and rarely assumed a definite attitude towards matters lying beyond the sphere of ordinary experience. Tacitus never commits himself to a distinct expression of opinion about them. Still, I believe, they were not unfrequently earnestly discussed in the intellectual society to which Tacitus and Pliny belonged. Stories turning on them were certainly rife at the time. This is not to be wondered at; it was just the age in which, in the circles of the wealthy and refined, with abundant leisure on their hands, scepticism and credulity would be strangely blended. It appears that Pliny was much interested in these stories. In one of his letters he asks his friend,² a learned man, as he says, from whom he hopes to get an exhaustive discussion of the subject, the question which has been continually asked since, whether he believes that phantoms and apparitions have any real and substantive existence, or whether he rather traces them to the workings of the imagination. Then follows a story of a haunted house, in all respects precisely like a modern ghost story. The house was at Athens; having once got a bad name, it remained unlet till a philosopher, who was acquainted with all the particulars, took it with the purpose of investigating the matter. In the evening, while he is busy with his studies, he hears the clanking of chains, and in due time the ghost, which is one of quite the conventional type, makes

(1) Epp., v. 16.

(2) Epp., vii. 27.

his appearance, and stands over him as he is seated at his desk. After a while the apparition retires, and the philosopher takes up his lamp and follows him into the courtyard, where he disappears. Having marked the spot with some leaves, he goes the next day to the magistrates, and obtains an order from them for the place to be dug up. Some human bones with chains round them were discovered; these were collected, and publicly interred with due rites. From that time the house ceased to be haunted. Pliny ends his letter with an account of an incident which he says had come within the range of his own personal experience. One of his own servants, a kind of page, was visited in the night by an apparition, the reality of which seemed to be attested by the circumstance that some locks of the boy's hair were cut off, and were found scattered on his couch. Pliny regarded this as a good omen, which had its fulfilment in his never having been impeached under Domitian. He would, he says, have been impeached had the tyrant lived longer; for after his death papers were found in his desk which contained articles of accusation drawn up by Carus Metius, one of the notorious informers of that bad time. The mysterious cutting off of the lad's hair he interpreted as a sign that the danger had passed away, because, as he says, persons under impeachment usually let their hair grow without restraint. Pliny's mind, it would seem from this singular story, was very accessible to superstition.

His enjoyment and appreciation of natural scenery has a thoroughly modern touch about it. In this he shows the refinement of his tastes. He, in common with many of the rich men of the time, had his sea-side house at Laurentum, about sixteen miles from Rome, and also a country mansion on a great scale amid the hills of Tuscany. Both of these he has described with such minute particularity that we fortunately possess the means of forming a tolerably definite notion of a wealthy Roman noble's country seat. He had, too, it appears, several villas on the lake of Como, some being on the margin of its waters, others on the high ground so as to command a more extensive prospect. It was a real pleasure to him to dwell on the beauty of a shady grove, or of the soft and flowery bank of a stream, or on the picturesque adjuncts of a little river like the Clitumnus,¹ in Umbria, famous for its clearness and purity, and for the noble breed of white cattle, which fed in the rich pastures through which it flowed. Touches like these are all the more pleasing because they are somewhat rarely met with in the writers of antiquity.

Pliny, as may be supposed, had a fitting sense of the duties of a host, and appears to have made a point of discharging them with delicacy and gentlemanly feeling. The rich Roman was apt to

(1) Epp., viii. 8.

make invidious distinctions between his guests. Such vulgarity and coarseness, as we gather from one of Juvenal's satires,¹ seem to have been in fashion at Rome. Pliny was above it. He gives us an amusing sketch of a dinner party at which he had been present, where there was a great display, and at the same time, the plain evidence of a stingy parsimony. "The host," says Pliny, "imagined himself to be combining splendour and economy; I thought him shabby and at the same extravagant." There were, it appears, three kinds of wine on the table, one for the host's principal friends, another for his lesser friends (he had, Pliny says, different grades of friends), a third for the freedmen present. "What is your practice on these occasions?" asked Pliny's neighbour. "To treat all alike, for I ask my friends to dinner on equal terms, not with a view to make distinctions," was Pliny's answer. It seems, however, that when he entertained a party of his freedmen he did not think it necessary to give them his best wine, nor indeed did he drink it himself; he and they shared the same. This letter is one of advice to a young friend whom he warns against what he calls a new-fangled combination of extravagance and meanness. It is, he says, a union of two qualities each of which by itself is intensely offensive. Altogether, perhaps, Pliny is the most finished specimen we have of a cultivated Roman of high position and wealth. He answers very exactly to our modern conception of a gentleman. As the representative of an age in which old and new ideas were meeting together, he well deserves to be studied. His letters continually illustrate a period in which history of the best kind fails us.

In one of his letters² we have a short sketch of a dinner party given by himself. It is written to a friend who had promised to dine with him and had disappointed him. Pliny playfully tells him that he shall bring an action for damages against him, that the amount will be heavy, and he shall make him pay to the last farthing. Then we have an outline of the *menu*, which may be described as light and elegant. A variety of fruits and vegetables are enumerated, and it appears that there was iced wine on the table. The accompaniments of the dinner, as we should expect from a man of Pliny's refined tastes, were graceful and intellectual. There was music, and a company of actors was in attendance, and we hear of "a reader," so that we presume that pieces of poetry were recited to the guests. Pliny hints by way of a joke that his friend was not exactly the man to appreciate such an entertainment, and that he would have preferred one of a widely different character, one in which, as he suggests, oysters and pork and a troop of ballet girls would have been the most conspicuous features. "Well," says Pliny, "you have treated me very badly; you have certainly deprived me of a pleasure, and

(1) Juvenal, Sat. v.

(2) Epp., i. 16.

yourself too. We should have had plenty of fun and laughter, plenty also to exercise our minds. There are many houses where you may get a more costly and elaborate dinner; there is none where you can have more real enjoyment and be more perfectly at your ease. Only make the trial, and for the future always decline my invitations unless you find that you decline those of others by preference."

Pliny's life, it may be supposed, was pretty evenly divided between Rome and the country. When he was not professionally engaged, he liked nothing better during his stay in the capital than to hear the reading of some new poem or historical work. On such occasions a large party was invited by the author, and this in fact was practically the way in which a new book was advertised. These readings had become very fashionable in the best Roman society, in which no one, whatever his personal tastes and inclinations, could afford to dispense with the show at least of some refinement and appreciation of letters. Without them life at Rome would have been to Pliny dull and tiresome. Neither he nor the circles in which he chiefly moved cared much for the gladiatorial shows or the famous chariot races. Like Cicero, he must in his heart have thought the first coarse and brutalising, though in his panegyric of Trajan he finds something to say in favour of it, as an amusement calculated to inspire men with a contempt of death. Of the races he says in one of his letters¹ that they have not the least attraction for him, that it is quite enough to have seen them once, as they have no novelty or variety. He wonders that so many thousands of respectable men take the trouble to witness such a puerile spectacle. "If," he says, "they went to see the marvellous speed of the horses or the skill of the drivers, there would be some sense in the proceeding; as it is, they go only to back their favourite colour, and to see which of the charioteering factions or companies wins. When I reflect how many sensible men waste their time over this stupid and meaningless sport, it is some satisfaction to me to feel that it has no charms for me." Such is Pliny's estimate of one of the most popular and exciting amusements of the capital.

For life in the country he professes a hearty liking. "It has," he says, in one of his letters,¹ "a genuineness and sincerity about it which town life has not." "If you ask a man at Rome," he says in this letter, "What have you done to day? he will reply, I have paid one or two complimentary visits; I have been to a wedding-breakfast; I have witnessed the signature of a will; I have given a friend advice on a matter of business. All these things seem very necessary on the particular day on which you do them; but when you quietly reflect on them, you feel that there is something un-

(1) Epp., ix. 6.

(2) Epp., i. 9.

satisfactory and unreal in them. This is just my own feeling when I retire to my country house at Laurentum and give myself up to reading and writing, or to healthy recreation. I hear nothing and I say nothing at which I am afterwards vexed; no one talks to me ill-naturedly about people; I find fault with nobody except with myself, when I do not compose to my satisfaction. I have neither hopes nor fears to worry me; there are no rumours to make me anxious; I pass the time in converse with myself and my books. It is indeed a true and genuine life, and its very leisure is better and nobler than almost any occupation." Pliny's experience of country life, one would suppose, must have been exceptionally fortunate. Of some of its to us most familiar drawbacks he seems to have known next to nothing. Perhaps he enjoyed its tranquillity all the more as his constitution was weak. For country sports in themselves he had not a keen relish; he valued them chiefly for their indirect influence on the vigour of the mental faculties. He did indeed hunt, but in a fashion which would make our sportsmen smile. "You will laugh," he says in a letter to Tacitus,¹ "to hear I have caught three wonderfully fine boars." It appears from his explanation that the exertion which he underwent on the occasion was no more than is required for our ignoble battue shooting. At any rate, while he watched the nets, he had his pen and his writing tablets by his side, and he had made up his mind that, should he have no sport and return empty-handed, he would be able to show that he had used them to good purpose. "If you will take my advice," he says to Tacitus at the close of the letter, "when you hunt, you will take your writing materials with you as well as your lunch-basket and bottle of wine." Tacitus, I should imagine, when he hunted, made a more earnest and business-like pursuit of it than Pliny.

In reply to a friend who asked him how he spent his day in his villa in Tuscany,² he says,—“I rise when I feel inclined, generally about six, often earlier. My windows remain shut, and in the silence and darkness I think over any literary work that I may have in hand, and decide on any alterations or corrections which seem suitable. After a while I open the windows, and call my secretary, to whom I dictate what I have mentally prepared. About ten or eleven, according to the weather, I take a stroll on the terrace, and think over and dictate what I have left unfinished. Then I have a ride in my carriage, during which my thoughts are engaged in the same manner. After my ride I have a nap; then I take a walk, after which I read aloud a Greek or Latin speech, not so much to improve my voice as to strengthen my digestion. Then I take a second walk and have my bath. At dinner-time, if only my wife and a few select friends are with me, I have a book read to us;

(1) Epp., i. 6.

(2) Epp., ix. 36.

dinner over, we have some acting or some music, and then I stroll out with my friends, among whom are some men of learning. Thus we get through the evening with conversation on various topics, and the day, however long, seems to be ended too soon." Pliny drops a hint in the last sentence of this letter that during his residence on his Tuscan property he had duties to perform as a landlord which were not quite to his taste. The tenants had their rustic grievances, to which he was obliged to attend, though, as he says, and as indeed we might have ourselves conjectured, he did not, in their opinion, give enough time to them. But even this trifling worry had its advantage, as he found that it made him enjoy all the more his return to his books and his professional work.

Pliny was an occasional purchaser of works of art. He was not, it would appear, rich enough to adorn his houses with them on the profuse scale of such a man as the poet Silius Italicus, whose passion for acquiring them, as Pliny himself hints, passed all reasonable bounds. Sometimes, however, he would lay out an unexpected legacy on a statue which attracted his fancy. He once bought in this manner a Corinthian bronze which struck him as singularly lifelike. In all such matters, he says, he felt himself to be very ignorant; but the merits of this particular statue he thought he could appreciate. It is described¹ at some length. It was the figure of an old man in a standing posture, and the muscles, sinews, veins, the very wrinkles, the thin and scattered locks, and all the various signs of old age and feebleness seem to have been strikingly represented. It was the marvellous skill displayed in the execution of these details which impressed Pliny. To judge by the colour of the bronze, the statue was one of great antiquity. Pliny, however, did not purchase it with the view of placing it in one of his own houses; he chose rather to present it to his native Comum, where he wished it to be set up in a Temple of Jupiter, of which he considered it to be worthy.

Occasionally in these letters we meet with a good anecdote, illustrative of some well-known contemporary of Pliny, or of the habits of the age. His friend Junius Mauricus, who, like many other good men, had been banished by Domitian, and recalled by his successor Nerva, was remarkable for the blunt and outspoken manner in which he would tell people disagreeable truths. "I never knew," says Pliny, "a man of greater courage and candour." One day he was sitting as a guest at the table of the emperor Nerva, with a small and select party. Nerva's good nature was such that he could not frown even on the worst and basest of men. One such sat next him on this occasion, Veiento, a flatterer and a tool of the late emperor. "I have told you everything," says Pliny, "when I have mentioned the man's name." The conversation turned on one whose portentous

(1) Epp., iii. 6.

cruelty and wickedness marked him out as perhaps the most conspicuous object among the infamous creatures of Domitian, and for a while all Nerva's guests were talking of the atrocities of the blind Catullus Messalinus, to whose infirmity Juvenal¹ alludes in a line of terrible power. "What may we suppose," asked the emperor, "he would suffer were he now living?" "He would be dining with us," was the reply of Mauricus.

Two or three amusing stories are told us of a man who belonged to the same odious class as Veiento and Messalinus. The name of Regulus often occurs in the epigrams of Martial, who was base enough to pay compliments to any of Domitian's favourites. Among these Regulus stood high. He had emerged from the lowest poverty into almost fabulous wealth, which Nerva's weak good nature permitted him to display with coarse vulgarity, and even to increase by the tricks of the legacy-hunter. His wings were, indeed, clipped after Domitian's death, and his air, Pliny tells us, was that of a timid and dejected man. He could, however, by a species of malign influence get rich people to make wills in his favour, or at least to leave him handsome bequests. Once he had to go to a lady's house to witness her signature to her will. She had put on for the occasion a dress of singular splendour; this attracted the cupidity of Regulus, and he coolly asked her to bequeath it to him. The lady at first thought he was joking; he continued, however, to urge his request, and actually prevailed on her to take the will, which was already signed, out of her desk, and add to it a codicil by which she left him the dress which she was wearing. While she was writing it he kept his eye on her. It is satisfactory to learn that the lady, whom Regulus supposed to be at the point of death, was still alive at the time that Pliny tells the story. Regulus, it seems, was notorious for his ridiculous vanity and affectation. On the death of his son, a somewhat clever and promising lad, he showed his grief in a ludicrously pedantic fashion. The child had a multitude of pet animals—dogs, ponies, parrots, nightingales—all of which the father collected, and had burnt on the funeral pile. He also gave an order for an immense number of statues of every variety of material to be made in his son's honour. He even wrote his life, and read it in the presence of a numerous audience, whom he had specially invited for the purpose. This did not satisfy him; he had a thousand copies of the book published for distribution throughout Italy and the provinces, and he went so far as to provide that it should be publicly recited in the principal towns by a man singled out for his powerful voice by the local senate. Yet Regulus was by no means merely a rich simpleton. He had by Pliny's admission real ability. He was

(1) "Qui nunquam visse flagrabat amore puellæ."

Juv., iv. 113.

not, indeed, if judged by a high standard, a good speaker ; but from his perfect self-possession and energetic manner he was popularly regarded as a great orator. As an advocate he was singularly painstaking and industrious, and even Pliny gives him credit for a genuine love of forensic eloquence and great respect for all who excelled in it. His death, it is intimated, was a blow to the legal profession. It appears that he carried his absurdities into the courts while he was pleading. He had a strange and ridiculous practice of wearing a white patch over his right or left eye, according as he was counsel for the plaintiff or defendant. It seems hard to conceive anything more utterly unmeaning. Pliny, however, vouches for its truth. He was, too, as might be expected in a man of low origin, whose rise in the world was both sudden and prodigious, exceedingly prone to superstition, and would consult astrologers and soothsayers about the issue of a trial.

Next to the famous epistle to Trajan about the Christians, I suppose the best known of Pliny's letters, is that in which he describes the memorable eruption of Vesuvius, which was fatal to his uncle and to the two towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is a letter to Tacitus, and the description of the entire scene is given with minute particularity. It was specially written for the historian's use. At the time of the event (it occurred A.D. 79) Pliny was but seventeen years of age. Up to that time he had been educated under his uncle's care. An interesting and well-known letter tells us all we know of the elder Pliny. His various works and his almost superhuman industry are dwelt on with evident admiration. "I smile," says the nephew, "when people call me a student, for compared with him I am an utter idler."

It was an intense delight to Pliny to be coupled in popular talk with his gifted friend Tacitus. He continually harps on this subject, and though he betrays his vanity in doing so, we may well forgive him, and even think his pride in such a connection praiseworthy. Tacitus¹ once told him that he had lately been conversing at the Circensian games with a well-educated provincial on various matters of literary interest. After a while he was asked by his neighbour whether he came from Italy or from the provinces. "You know me," replied Tacitus, "from my works." "Is it Tacitus or Pliny to whom I am speaking?" exclaimed the provincial. Pliny confesses that nothing ever gave him greater pleasure than this little incident. In another letter² he tells us how pleased he was to find that his books were in great request at Lugdunum, in Gaul (Lyons), where he did not so much as know that there were booksellers. He begins, he says, to feel sure from the wide-spread popularity of his writings that his literary position is now thoroughly established.

W. J. BRODRIBB.

(1) Epp., ix. 23.

(2) Epp., ix. 11.

CONDORCET'S PLEA FOR THE CITIZENSHIP OF WOMEN. A TRANSLATION.¹

It is in the power of habit to familiarise men with the violation of their natural rights to such a degree that, among those who have lost them, nobody ever thinks of reclaiming them or supposes himself to have suffered any wrong. There are even some of these cases of violation which have escaped philosophers and legislators, when they were devoting themselves with most zeal to the establishment of the common rights of the members of the human race, and to the foundation in these rights, and in them only, of political institutions.

For instance, have they not every one violated the principle of the equality of rights, in tranquilly depriving the half of the human race of that of assisting in the making of law; in excluding women from the right of citizenship? Is there a stronger proof of the power of habit, even over enlightened men, than the spectacle of equality of rights being invoked in favour of three or four hundred men that an absurd prejudice had deprived of them, and being forgotten in respect of twelve millions of women? For this exclusion not to be an act of tyranny, it would be necessary either to prove that the natural rights of women are not absolutely identical with those of men, or else to show that women are incapable of exercising them.

Now the rights of men result only from this, that men are beings with sensibility, capable of acquiring moral ideas, and of reasoning on these ideas. So women, having these same qualities, have necessarily equal rights. Either no individual of the human race has genuine rights, or else all have the same; and he who votes

(1) The piece which I have here reproduced, with the omission of one or two sentences of no significance, was published by Condorcet on the 3rd of July, 1790, in the *Journal de la Société de 1789*, and was no doubt intended to influence the deliberations of the Constituent Assembly, of which he was not a member. It is to be found in Vol. X. of Condorcet's Works, p. 121—*Sur l'Admission des Femmes au Droit de Cité*.

It is natural that the question of the equal place of women with men in the rights of citizenship should come into prominence in times of revolution like '89. The more profound and moral the revolutionary feeling is, the more certain is the subjection of women to arrest attention. There are at least two good reasons why this should be so. In such times men are deeply stirred by a sense of justice; and in such times they feel to an unusual degree the need of the intelligent co-operation of women. Both conditions are to be met with in those men of our own day who are most penetrated by social sentiment, though there is marked difference among them as to the ideal of the female character, and also as to the precise way in which their action in public affairs may best make itself felt. The simplest and truest view surely is that we have no right to deprive women of the opportunity of deciding both of these questions for themselves.—
EDITOR.

against the right of another, whatever the religion, colour, or sex of that other, has henceforth abjured his own.

With reference to the other horn of the dilemma, it would be hard to prove that women are incapable of exercising the rights of citizenship. Why should beings to whom pregnancy and passing indispositions are incident, not be able to exercise rights of which nobody ever dreamt of depriving people who have the gout every winter or who easily catch cold? Again, even if we admit in men a superiority of intelligence not the necessary result of difference of education—which is as far as possible from being proved, and which ought to be proved, to enable us to deprive women of a natural right without injustice—this superiority can only consist in two points. It is said that no woman has made an important discovery in science, nor given proofs of genius in art, literature, &c. But, we may presume, the franchise is not to be accorded only to men of genius. It is said, further, that no woman has the same range of knowledge, the same force of understanding, as certain men. But what follows from this, that, except a not very large class of highly enlightened men, there is entire equality between women and all the rest of men; that, this small class apart, inferiority and superiority are equally divided between the two sexes? Now, since it would be utterly absurd to confine to this superior class the rights of citizenship and the liability to public functions, why should we exclude women from them, any more than those among men who are inferior to a great number of women? ¹

(1) It would be astonishing, if we did not remember the omnipotence of prejudice, how many clever men suppose that they are discussing the justice of giving the franchise to women, by asserting in a variety of forms that past history and present experience prove that men are superior to women. The meaninglessness of their proposition is evident the moment they come to quantify it. Surely not *all* men are superior to *all* women; the stupidest man to the ablest woman; one of the good Lord Shaftesbury's male serfs to Georges Sand or George Eliot? If not, then what men are superior to what women? It may be well, as we are at translation, to reproduce the passage in which Plato has dealt with this.

Many women are superior to many women in many things. So there is no function, my friend, says Socrates, proper to those who administer the city, which belongs especially to a woman, because she is a woman, nor to a man because he is a man, but their natures are distributed alike among both creatures, and a woman shares in all functions, as a man shares in all; but in all woman is weaker than man. Shall we then assign all functions to men, and to women none?

I do not follow.

Well, you will agree in this, that one woman has a turn for doctoring, and another has not; that one is musical by constitution, and another unmusical?

Certainly.

And one fond of athletic games and fighting, and another peaceful and not fond of athletics?

True.

[Well,

In short, will anybody contend that women have in intelligence or in heart any qualities that ought to exclude them from the enjoyment of their natural rights? Let us interrogate facts. Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa, the two Catherine of Russia, proved that it was neither strength of character nor courage of mind that women failed in. Would not the rights of citizens have found a better champion at the States of 1614 in the adopted daughter of Montaigne, than in Councillor Courtin, who believed in sortilege and occult virtues? Was not the Princess des Ursins worth more than Chamillard? Would not the Marquise du Châtelet have composed a dispatch as well as M. Rouillé? Would Madame de Lambert have made laws as absurd and as barbarous as those of D'Armenonville, against Protestants, thievish servants, smugglers, and negroes? As they cast an eye over the list of those who have been their rulers and law-makers, men have no right to be so proud.

✓ Women are superior to men in the milder and domestic virtues; they know, as well as men, how to love liberty, though they do not share all its advantages; and in republics they have many a time sacrificed themselves for it. They have shown the virtues of citizens as often as accident or civil troubles have brought them on a stage from which among all nations the pride of men had repulsed them.

It has been said that women, notwithstanding much wit, judgment, and a faculty of reasoning carried as far as it has been by subtle dialecticians, have never been guided by what is called reason. This remark is untrue. They are not guided, it is true, by the reason of men, but they are guided by their own. Their interests not being the same by the defect of the laws, and the same things not having for them the same importance as for us, they may without failing in reason, make up their minds on other principles, and aim at a different end. It is not more unreasonable for a woman to take pains about her personal appearance than it was for Demosthenes to take pains with his voice and his gesticulation.

Well, and you find women who love knowledge and women who hate it; and women with spirit and women without spirit?

Yes, that is so.

Then there are women with the qualities required for a guardian, and others without them. And this is just the conclusion we came to about men. So the constitution and character of men and women are the same, as far as the guardianship of the city goes; . . . only lighter offices will be imposed on women than on men, on account of the inferior physical strength of the former. Our projects, therefore, were far from being impracticable and visionary, for the law we proposed was conformable to nature, and it is the existing system which is against nature.—(*Republ.*, Bk. v. 455. D. . . . 457.)

In short, Plato's view was that the best men excel the best women, but that the best women excel all men below the second-best; and that women have as many individual differences of taste and capacity as men have. Mr. Bouverie, however, one should add, does not agree with Socrates and Plato.

It has been said that women, though better than men, more gentle, more sensitive, less subject to the harsher and more egoistic sort of vices, have not the sentiment of justice; that they obey feeling rather than conscience. This remark is more near being true, but it proves nothing. It is not nature, it is education, it is the manner of social life, which is the cause of this difference. Neither one nor the other has accustomed women to the idea of what is just, but only to the idea of what is amiable. Banished from affairs, from everything that is settled according to rigorous justice and positive laws, the matters with which they occupy themselves are precisely those which are ruled by natural amiability and by feeling. It is hardly fair, therefore, to allege as a reason for continuing to deny women the enjoyment of their natural rights, reasons which only possess a certain amount of substance because women do not enjoy these rights.

If we admitted such arguments against women, we must also deprive of the franchise the part of the people which, devoted to incessant labour, can neither acquire light nor exercise its reason, and soon we should come, step by step, to such a pass as only to permit citizenship in men who had gone through a course of public law. If we admit such principles, we must as a necessary consequence renounce the whole idea of a free constitution. The various aristocracies have only had similar pretexts for foundation or for excuse; the etymology of the word proves it.

✓ You cannot bring forward the subjection of wives to their husbands, because, in the first place, it would be possible at the same time to destroy this tyranny of the civil law; and, in the second, one injustice can never be a reason for perpetrating another.

✓ There only remain two objections to discuss. In truth, they only oppose to the admission of women to the right of citizenship motives of utility, which cannot outweigh a genuine right. The contrary maxim has too often been the excuse and pretext of tyrants; it is in the name of utility that commerce and industry groan in fetters, and that the African remains devoted to slavery; it was in the name of public utility that the Bastille was crowded with prisoners, that censors were appointed over books, that legal procedure was kept secret, that the torture was applied. Still, we will discuss these objections, so as to leave nothing unanswered.

We should have to dread, it is said, the influence of women over men.

We reply, to begin with, that this influence, like every other, is much more to be feared when used in private than in a public discussion; that the influence which may be peculiar to women would lose all the more by this; as, if it extends over more than one individual, it cannot be durable after it is known. Again, as hitherto

women have never been admitted in any country to an absolute equality, as their empire has none the less for this existed everywhere, and the lower women have been placed by the laws, the more dangerous it has been, it does not seem as if we ought to have much confidence in this remedy. Is it not probable, on the contrary, that this empire would diminish if women had less interest in maintaining it, if it ceased to be for them the only means of defending themselves and of escaping from oppression? If politeness prevents most men from upholding their opinion against a woman in society, it is a politeness that has a good deal to do with pride; they yield a victory which has no consequences; defeat does not humiliate, because it is regarded as voluntary. Does anybody seriously suppose that it would be the same in a public discussion on an important subject? Does politeness prevent people from pleading a cause in the courts against a woman?

But, we shall be told, this change would be contrary to general utility, because it would draw women away from the tasks that nature seems to have reserved for them.

✓ [This[^] objection does not seem very well grounded. Whatever constitution is set up, it is certain that in the existing state of the civilisation of European nations, there will never be more than a very small number of citizens able to occupy themselves with public business. You would not be tearing women away from their house-keeping any more than you tear the labourer from his plough or the artisan from his workshop. In the richer classes, we never see the women surrendering themselves to domestic cares in so continuous a manner that we need be afraid of distracting their attention from them; and a serious occupation would certainly distract women from them much less than the futile tastes to which idleness and bad education condemn them.

✓ The principle cause of this apprehension is the idea that every man admitted to enjoy the franchise thinks henceforth of nothing but governing; which may be true, to a certain extent, at the moment when a constitution is being established. But this stir and agitation could not be permanent. In the same way we must not suppose that, because women might possibly be members of national assemblies, they would on the spot abandon their children, their households, their needle. They would be all the more fit to bring up their children and to form men. It is natural that the woman should suckle her children, and should attend to their first years. Kept to the house by these tasks, and being physically weaker than man, it is natural further that she should lead a more retired and domestic life. So women would be in the same class as the men who are obliged by their position to attend to a business for a certain number of hours. This may be a good reason for not preferring them in the elections,

but it cannot be the foundation of a legal exclusion. Gallantry would lose by this change, but domestic manners would gain by that as by every other equality.

Hitherto all known nations have had barbarous or corrupt manners and customs. The only exception that I know of must be made in favour of the Americans of the United States, who are spread in a small number over a large territory. Hitherto, among all nations, legal inequality has existed between men and women; and it would not be hard to prove that in these two phenomena, equally general, the second is one of the principal causes of the first. For inequality necessarily introduces corruption, and is the most common, where it is not the only, cause of it.

It is singular enough that in many countries women should have been counted incapable of every public function, yet worthy of royalty; that in France a woman could have been regent, and that up to 1776 she could not be a *marchande de modes* at Paris; that, in fine, in the elective assemblies of our bailliages, that should have been accorded to a right of the fief which was denied to the right of nature. Several of our noble deputies owe to ladies the honour of sitting among the representatives of the nation. Why, instead of taking away this right from the owners of fiefs, not extend it to all those who have property, who are householders?¹

(1) It is an interesting fact in the history of French opinion upon the position of women, that so far back as 1673 there was published in Paris by a Sieur de P., a little volume—for knowledge and perusal of which I am indebted to Mr. Colvin—entitled “De l’Egalité des Deux Sexes, Discours Physique et Moral, où l’on voit l’importance de se Défaire de Préjugés.” The reasons for accepting this equality have never been stated with calmer or more rational force, and the writer, whoever he was, had the courage to maintain the equal fitness of women with men for all offices, including those of Prince, Preacher, and General. “Pour moy,” he says (p. 168), “je ne serois pas plus surpris de voir une femme le casque en teste, que de luy voir une Couronne : présider dans un Conseil de Guerre, comme dans celui d’un Etat; exercer elle-même ses soldats, ranger une armée en bataille, la partager en plusieurs corps, comme elle se divertirait à le voir faire. L’Art Militaire n’a rien pardessus les autres, dont les femmes sont capables. . . . Une femme peut inventer des stratagèmes pour surprendre l’ennemy, luy mettre le vent, la poussière, le soleil, en face,” &c. Joan of Arc, the Countess of Derby, and other women, are cases in point. If it be said that physical strength is inadequate, the doubt may be referred to the well-known passage where Macaulay describes the physical weakness of William III. and his enemy, Luxembourg.

The writer gives a singularly good account of the way in which in primitive times the idea of male supremacy would be likely to arise. It was, in fact, owing to the operation of Natural Selection. Women, in seasons of pregnancy and lactation, would be less capable than men of carrying on the struggle for subsistence, and would therefore have died out, if they had not been essential to the appetites of their male companions. That the idea of superiority should arise from this was natural enough among barbarians. Its continuance in communities that, like some of those of our own time, have really made partial advances towards high civilisation, is more wonderful.

—EDITOR.

A LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.

From the Council to God.

ONE thousand five hundred and forty-four years ago, the first Œcumenical Council of believers in the religion of Jesus met together at Nice. You are now met together in a new Council—your last—in Rome. The first Council was the solemn and venerable consecration of the triumph and organized unity of the religion needed by the age. The present Council—whatever you intend by it—will proclaim the great fact of the death of a religion, and, therefore, of the inevitable and not distant advent of another.

Thirty-seven years ago I wrote certain pages, entitled, “From the Pope to the Council.” In those pages—misunderstood, as usual, by superficial readers—I declared the Papacy to be morally extinct, and invoked the meeting of a Religious Council to declare that fact to the peoples. But the Council I desired was not yours. It was a Council convoked by a free people, united in worship of duty and of the ideal; to be composed of the worthiest in intellect and virtue among the believers in things eternal, in the mission of God’s creature upon this earth, and in the worship of progressive truth; who should meet together for the purpose of religiously interrogating the pulsations of the heart of Collective Humanity, and to demand of that prophetic but uncertain instinct of the future which exists in the peoples: *What portions of the old faith are dead within you? What portions of the new faith are wakening into life within you?*

At a later period (in 1847), when the same Pope who now bids you declare him Infallible was hesitating between the suggestions of vanity flattered by popular applause and the inherent tendencies of despotic power; when all the Italians, both learned and unlearned, frantically endeavoured to make of him their leader in their struggle for nationality and liberty; I alone—in a letter also misunderstood—frankly declared to him the truth: *that a new faith was destined to take the place of the old: that the new faith would not accept any privileged Interpreter between the people and God:* and that, if he desired to avail himself of the enthusiasm by which he was surrounded, and become himself the initiator of the new epoch and the new faith, he must descend from the Papal throne, and go forth among the people an apostle of truth, like Peter the Hermit preaching the Crusades. I quote myself, reluctantly, that you may know that in thus addressing you, I am neither moved by the hasty impulse of a rebellious soul, nor by foolish anger at the Pope’s withholding Rome

from my country. We shall have Rome—even before your fate is sealed—so soon as the republican banner is again raised in Italy. It is from a profound conviction, matured by long and earnest meditation, and confirmed by the study and experience of more than the third of a century, that, in the face of a Pope who, by his syllabus, has thrown his gauntlet of defiance to the idea of the progressive mission of humanity, in the face of a Council composed of the members of one Church only, without the intervention of any possible representatives of the dawning Church of the future, I declare to you :

That your faith is irrevocably doomed to perish : that, whether as promoters of a new schism, if you separate on the question of the Pope's pretensions, or as suicidal destroyers of the primitive conception of your Church, if you submerge it in the arbitrary will of an individual, you are and will be inevitably cut off from and excommunicated by humanity ; and that we, who are believers more than you, and more than you solicitous of the religious future of the world, reject beforehand your decrees, and appeal from your Council to God : to God the Father and Educator of man : to the God you comprehend not ; you who seek to enclose his eternal, progressive, continuous revelation within the limits of a single book, a single epoch, or the inspiration of a privileged Intermediate : to the God of life, not of things dead ; to the God of all men, not of a caste.

II.

The 320 Bishops who met together at Nice did lawfully represent the multitude of believers : they were the issue of a democratic inspiration, which is the soul of every rising faith : they were the elect of the clergy and the people.

You are but a pitiful aristocracy, created and consecrated by power ; and, like the elements of all falling institutions, without root in the heart of the Church, the people of believers. You represent nothing but a hierarchy, the reflex of the thought of others, in which every spontaneous thought is regarded as rebellion.

The majority of the first Council bore upon their brows the signs of sacred sorrow felt for the numberless races of slaves disinherited of every human right, and the traces of persecutions undergone for the sake of the faith that promised them emancipation ; the greater number of them were poor.

You make display of luxury and wealth—there is no sign upon your brows of the sorrows that purify and refine ; nor pallor, save that of the constant *inertia* and idle ease of indifference to the miseries of millions of brothers given to you by God, and to the vital questions by which our hearts are tormented.

In the face of the brute force of the corrupt and tottering empire,

whose frontiers echoed to the threatening footsteps of the barbarians, those bishops raised the banner of a moral idea, of a spiritual power, destined to save civilisation, and win over the barbarians to its rule.

You worship Force ; force which, from Prometheus to Galileo, has ever sought to enchain the revealers and precursors of the future to the motionless rock of present fact. Before this force do you bow down and preach to the peoples blind submission, even when it violates the moral law ; as you invoke its aid, whether proffered by infidels to your faith or not, whensoever you are threatened in your usurped temporal power.

The believers of Nice initiated an era, and blessed the peoples congregated at its threshold. You are struggling to recommence a worn-out and exhausted past, and you curse the generation which will not, cannot, follow you in your labour of Sisyphus.

I am no materialist. Young men of narrow intellect and superficial education, but warm-hearted and irritated to excess against a dead past which still would dominate the present ; whose vanity is flattered by an idea of intellectual daring ; who lack capacity to discover in that which has been, the law of that which shall be, are led to confound the negation of a worn-out form of religion, with denial of that eternal religion which is innate in the human soul ; and in them materialism assumes the aspect of a generous rebellion, and is often accompanied by power of sacrifice and sincere reverence for liberty. But when diffused among the peoples, materialism slowly but infallibly extinguishes the fire of high and noble thought, as well as every spark of free life, through the exclusive worship of material well-being, and finally prostrates them before successful violence, before the despotism of the *fait accompli*. Materialism extinguished every spark of Italian life amongst us three centuries ago ; as, eighteen centuries earlier, it had extinguished all republican virtue in Rome ; as it would—should it again be infused among our multitudes—extinguish every germ of future greatness in our new-born Italy.

Morally, materialism is disinherited of all criterion of right, or principle of *collective* education. Between the idea of an intelligent, preordained law, which assigns to human life an *aim*, and the idea of a blind, unreasoning, fatal force of *facts*, or transitory phenomena, there is no middle path ; and materialists, by ignoring the first, are necessarily driven to the worship of the second, and prostrate themselves, sooner or later, before the despotism (whether its *method* be Bonapartist bayonets or republican guillotines is of little matter) of force. Admitting neither a providential conception regulating the existence of collective humanity, nor the immortality of the individual *Ego*, they may, illogically, utter the holy words *progress* and *duty* ; but they have deprived the first of its basis, and the second of its

source. The senseless, brutal doctrine cancels from men's minds the only real virtue, sacrifice; for, although individual followers of that doctrine may be urged by a religious instinct within them to *fulfil* it, they cannot teach it. What avails martyrdom for a holy idea, when all pledge of future benefit to the race, or even to the individual himself, is destroyed? Amid the darkness of a world deprived of all ideal; in a brief, tormented existence, ungoverned by any law save sensation and the appetites to which it gives rise, the answer of mankind to every moral lesson will be, *Egotism*. Such has, in fact, been their answer in all those periods when a common faith has passed away, and given place to the anarchy of cold and sterile negations: *panem et circenses: each for himself; Interest, lord of all*.

Scientifically, materialism is based upon a periodical confusion in men's minds of the instruments of life with life itself; of the manifestations of the *Ego*, with the *Ego* itself; of the consequences and applications of thought, with the thinking being itself; of the secondary forces revealed in the operation of the organism, with the initial force which excites, moderates, examines, and compares those operations; of the limited, transitory, relative, and contingent phenomena which alone are accessible to the organism, with the life which links them all to that absolute and eternal truth which alone gives value and significance to those phenomena; of the application of the human faculties to the external world, with the faculties themselves; of effects, with causes; of the real with the ideal; of facts, with the law by which they are governed.

That *Ego* which reflects upon the phenomena of the organism, is not that organism; that life which forms the harmony and unity of the whole, which, consciously and mindfully directs the special functions towards a given aim, is not those functions themselves; the being which ponders of the future, of providence, of God, of immortality, of the infinite, of choice between good and evil; which resists the impulse of the senses and denies their sway—now in Athens and now on Golgotha; now in the prison of Petroni¹ and now on the national battle-field, in sacrifice of self—is not those senses themselves.

The *experimentalism* of those children lisping science who call themselves materialists, is but one fragment of science; it simply verifies through as many facts as it can muster, the discoveries of intuition; those sudden, spontaneous discoveries made by the rapid, intense concentration of all the faculties upon a given point. And the facts themselves which, being embraced and explained by hypothesis and discovery, demonstrate truth, require, in order to be usefully observed, interpreted and classified, the guidance of a *principle*, a pre-accepted conception of law. Synthesis, the innate supreme

(1) Petroni, a distinguished lawyer of Bologna, has languished in the Papal dungeons since 1853. He was offered a means of escape, but as his fellow prisoners were not included, he decided to remain with them.

faculty of the human soul, illumines the path of analysis from on high; without its aid analysis could but stumble uncertainly and impotently along a labyrinth of facts, of aspect and bearing constantly differing according to their relation to other facts.

There is a harmony between the order of things and the human mind, pre-existent to all experiment; which does but ascertain and define that harmony. Equally inaccessible to experiment are, man's consciousness of himself, the mode of transmission between the inert, inorganic matter and the living and thinking matter; the universal, perennial, and dominating intuition which exists in a limited and imperfect world, ruled (according to the materialist theory) by chance, or the blind unconscious sequence of facts, of an ideal, a conception of indefinite perfectibility; the power of free activity which exists in man; the undeniable existence within us of a something which is not enchained in any special organ, but passes from one to another, examining, deciding upon, and connecting their operations; and the hourly visible influence of moral force, of *will* upon the material world.

Experiment may give us the accidents, not the essence of things; to reach that essence, science must maintain its connecting link with religion. Without a theory or *method*, all real, true, and fruitful science is impossible. The *method* is furnished by our conception of the *aim* of life; the aim, once ascertained, affirms the relation between man and humanity, between humanity and the universe, the universe and God—law and life. Now the *aim*, which is the discovery and progressive realisation of the design according to which the universe is evidently organised, and of which material laws are the means, can only be found through a philosophico religious conception.

Science reveals and masters the material and intellectual forces given to man wherewith to realise the aim; but the aim itself is determined by the religious synthesis of the period; and the religious synthesis is the sanction of the duty of each man to avail himself of those forces in furtherance of the aim, according to his faculties. To break this union is to render science sterile. Humanity pursues a different course, and when the history of science shall be rightly written, it will demonstrate that to every great religion is attached a corresponding epoch of fruitful scientific progress; and that although during the periods of transition between the fall of one religion and the rise of another, science may discover phenomena and collect facts which offer materials for the new synthesis, she will misconceive alike their value and their law, as is the case at the present day.

Historically, materialism is inexorably, invariably representative and characteristic of a period of transition between one religious faith and another, when all unity of conception and of aim being lost, and

lost every sense of a common doctrine and true philosophic method, human intellect invariably falls back upon the mere anatomy of facts, refuses the guidance of synthesis, and is left with one criterion of truth only—the *Ego* disjoined from Collective Humanity and God,—negation and anarchy. It is but a funeral lamp that dimly illumines a bier, and is only extinguished when, inspired by the breath of the future, the bier is transformed into the cradle of the new faith, not ascertained, but invoked by the majority, and forefelt to be inevitable and near. This moment is approaching more rapidly than is generally believed, in spite of all that you men of the past, and true prolongers of the disastrous period of transition, can do to prevent it.

Meanwhile materialism denies humanity, in which the religious sense, like the artistic and philosophical, is an inalienable element of life: it denies tradition—the harmony of which with the voice of individual inspiration and conscience is the sole criterion of truth we possess on earth: it denies history, which teaches us that religions are transitory, but Religion is eternal: it denies the solemn witness borne in adoration of God and the Ideal, by the long series of our greatest minds, from Socrates to Humboldt, from Phidias to Michel-Angiolo, from Æschylus to Byron: it denies the power of revelation innate in man, in order to date the discovery of truth from the meagre labours upon a fragment of creation studied by one single faculty of the mind of a Moleshott, Buchner, or other.

Not for you do I write this—you are nearly all of you practical materialists—but for my young fellow-countrymen, good, but misled; and because I hold that no man who assumes to speak of the future of our rising Italy, has henceforth a right to keep silence as to his own religious belief, or to abstain from uttering his protest against the irruption of the Barbarians of thought who rave amid the ruins of an epoch.

I am not ungrateful to that epoch, nor irreverent to those grand ruins. I am not forgetful of the gigantic step taken by humanity towards its destined aim, through the religious faith in the name of which you are met together. Neither have I forgotten that we owe to it, not only the idea of the unity of the human family, and of the equality and emancipation of souls, but also the salvation of the relics of our anterior Latin civilisation, and the recall of my fast-expiring country to the life half extinguished by her barbarian invaders, by awakening her to the consciousness of her second mission in the world.

The salvation of Christianity, and through it of European civilisation, through the unity of your hierarchy, during a period of darkness and anarchy—the spirit of love towards the poor and afflicted outcasts of society, which inspired your early bishops and popes—the severe struggle sustained by them in the name of the Moral law

against the arbitrary power and ferocity of feudal lords and conquering kings—the great mission (misunderstood in our day by those who know nothing or comprehend nothing of history) fulfilled by that giant of intellect and will, Gregory VII., and the fruitful victory won by him in aid of the rule of mind over royal arms, of the Italian over the German element—the mission of civilising conquest you fulfilled among semi-barbarous peoples, the impulse given to agriculture by your monks during the first three centuries, the preservation of the language of our fathers, the splendid epoch of art inspired by faith in your dogma, the learned works of your Benedictines, the commencement of gratuitous education, the foundation of institutions of benevolence, your sisters of mercy,—I remember all these things, and bow down in reverence before the image of your past.

But wherefore do you, in a world wherein all things, by God's decree, die and are transformed, seek to live for ever? Why pretend that a past, which has been extinguished for ever beneath five hundred years of inertia and impotence, should live again in the future? How is it that, in the face of three centuries of dismemberment into an infinitude of Protestant sects, and of a century of philosophical incredulity; amid the reappearance of all those signs and warnings which characterised the intermediate period between the fall of Paganism and the rise of the Christian era, you see not that your mission is concluded; that the world is urged onward in search of a new heaven and a new earth? Wherefore, in the face of the grand tradition of humanity, throughout the course of which God reveals to us the Law of life he gave to all; which teaches you through its succession of religions the gradual continuous revelation of a Truth of which each historic epoch acquires a fragment, and none the whole, do you persist in believing, or asserting—you, whose own religion had its beginning, and who represent but one epoch among many—that you hold that entire truth within your grasp? How dare you strive to violate alike the Providential design and the free conscience of mankind, by restricting within a given narrow circle, the limitless ascending spiral traced by the finger of God between the universe and the Ideal it is destined slowly to attain?

III.

I do not accuse you, as do our copyists of other (French or German) copyists of the eighteenth century, of having—impostors from the earliest times—built up a religion in order to attain to power. Humanity does not tolerate a lying Fable for eighteen hundred years. If the majority amongst ourselves were believers as fervent and sincere as were the men of your faith during the first thirteen hundred years, God's new truth—of which at present we have but

faintest glimpses—would already unite the multitudes in harmony of belief.

I do not accuse you of having disseminated errors, which for long years past have impeded or misled mankind upon questions which have become of vital moment at the present day. Every religion is the issue of the times, and the expression of an essentially imperfect stage in the education of the human race; but each contains a truth destined to live for ever, although overshadowed by passing error; and that amount of truth which it was possible for the age to accept and to incarnate in action, was widely and beneficially diffused by you.

I do not accuse you—though I might with better foundation—of having been the inexorable persecutors of all who differed from you. I remember how terror was erected into a system, only sixty years back, by the advocates of liberty; and I know, moreover, that every religion founded upon the belief in an immediate, direct, and super-human revelation, cannot fail to be intolerant.

I do not accuse you of persisting in the attempt to nail us down to a conception of God and of the relation between God and man belied by science, and against which every faculty of heart and mind granted to man for the discovery of truth, and matured by eighteen hundred years of aspiration, study, suffering, and victory, protest at the present day.

I do accuse you of maintaining a divorce between faith and science—the two wings given to the creature wherewith to elevate himself towards the divine Ideal—which must inevitably result in mental slavery or materialism.

I do accuse you of insanely pretending that a beacon kindled eighteen hundred years ago to illumine our journey across a single epoch, is destined to be our sole luminary along the path of the infinite.

I do accuse you of destroying the unity of Collective Humanity, by dividing mankind into two arbitrary sections; one devoted to error, and the other sacred to truth; and of blaspheming against the eternally creative and revealing power of God, by imprisoning the Word within an insignificant fraction of time and space.

I accuse you of having utterly misunderstood the holy soul of Jesus—superior to every other in aspiration and fraternal love—by transforming him, in despite of his sublimest presentiments, into an eternal and vulgar tyrant of souls.

I accuse you of having closed your eyes in vanity and lust of power, and refused to perceive that, even as one existence succeeds another, so does one mission succeed another, and each and all are governed and sanctified by a religious synthesis.

And, above and before all, I accuse you of living no real life; of having no other existence than that of the phantoms seen wandering

among tombs to delude mortals into superstition, or degrade them by terror; but doomed to vanish at the first blush of dawn.

Life is love. You know no longer how to love. The voice of your chief is only heard in groans of discouragement; the formula of your declarations is an anathema.

Life is movement, aspiration, progress. You deny progress; shrink in terror from all aspiration; crucify humanity upon Calvary; reject every attempt to detach the idea from the symbol, and strive to petrify the living Word of God. You reduce all history (which is the successive manifestation of that Word) to a single moment; you extinguish free will (without which no consciousness of progress can exist) beneath the fatalism of hereditary responsibility, and cancel all merit in works or sacrifice by the omnipotence of grace.

Life is communion: communion with nature and with man, wheresoever he loves, struggles, or hopes, and with God. You have attempted, by denying the continuity of creation, and the universal diffusion of the creative spirit, to imprison the Deity in one sole corner of the universe, and one brief period of the immensity of time. You seek even now, by the immoral antagonistic dualism you establish between earth and heaven, to banish from men's minds all reverence for nature (which is a form of the divine thought); and you refuse, in the name of an individual salvation to be achieved through faith and prayer, all communion with the great *collective* sorrows, the holy battles, and the emancipatory hopes of mankind. Kepler, when he taught mankind how the universe opened upon the field of the infinite on every side, felt God more than you; and Byron—whom you condemn as a sceptic—worshipped him more truly than you, when he sacrificed wealth, genius, and life for the cause of liberty in Greece.

Life is production: increase of that already gained; and you have for upwards of five centuries been struggling, with ever lessening power, merely to conserve.

When a religion no longer either creates, determines, or directs action; when it rouses no power of sacrifice; when it no longer harmonizes and unites the different branches of human activity; when its vital conception ceases to inform new symbols, or new manifestations in art, science, or civil life,—that religion is expiring. You may still, by help of the deceptions of your ministers and the pomp of your rites, gather a numerous concourse of apparently devoted followers around you, and you will continue to do so, so long as their sole choice lies between the records of a faith once grand and fruitful of good, and the arid negations of a brutalizing materialism; but demand of these followers that they should die for you and for the faith you represent, and you will not find a martyr among them. You did not find one when we confronted your

banner with our own in Rome, upon which was inscribed the Word of the future, *God and the People*, and proclaimed—through the unanimous vote of the very men who, the day before, declared themselves believers in you—the abolition of your temporal power and the Republic.

Your Pope fled in disguise; and all of you vanished utterly: the constant intrigues with which you endeavoured when at Gaeta to raise up internal enemies amongst us, were fruitless. You were reduced to beg the aid of bayonets, the instruments of the tortuous policy and ambition of a vulgar pretender, whom you well knew to be as infamous as he was unbelieving in your doctrines. Our men died—they still die for the sake of the glimpse vouchsafed them of that new faith which, ere it has enlightened their intellect, has fired and warmed their hearts—in dungeons, or upon the scaffold or the battle-field, with a smile of defiance upon their lips; but around you I see none but mercenaries greedy of rank or gold.

Be not deceived: faith is perishing around you. Even as lingering sparks still issue from a dying fire, the expiring faith of the day finds its expression in the prayers muttered before your altars through the force of habit at stated brief moments: it evaporates at the church door, and no longer rules or guides men's daily life: they give one hour to heaven and the day to earth—to its material interests and calculations, or to studies and ideas foreign to every religious conception.

Science proceeds onward; regardless of your doctrine, heedless of your anathema and of your councils, destroying at every step another line of the Book you declare infallible. Art wanders in the void: now retracing its steps towards the pagan ideal, now doubtfully pursuing religious aspirations other than yours; and now, as if in despair of finding any other God, reduced to worshipping itself; but always apart from the Christian synthesis, always irresponsive to the conception which inspired your architects and painters in ages past.

The iniquitous Governments of the day, to whom it is a necessity to maintain your authority in order to prop the tottering foundations of their own, deny it, none the less, in the practical exercise of their power: "*the law*" for them "*is atheist*,"—the separation of the temporal from the spiritual power is their supreme rule of guidance; and the very king who implores your benediction in secret, affects before his subjects to despise it the day after.

The men of highest power, whether of intellect or eloquence, belonging to your creed, from Lamennais down to Père Hyacinthe, detach themselves from you one by one. Not a single one of the vast strides made upon the path of progress in our age was either suggested or consecrated by your faith.

Two nations, once sisters—the Greek and Italian—have burst asunder the walls of the tomb wherein they had laid buried for ages, and they have neither asked nor could obtain one holy word of baptism from you.

Four millions of black slaves have been emancipated—in pledge of other emancipations—across the Atlantic, in the name of the immortal human soul within them, and they owe it to no crusade of yours, but to a war of an exclusively political character, fought by men whose sole idea was one of national unity.

Like the great German family at the downfall of paganism, and as if as a warning of the approach of a similar epoch, the Slavonian family is in movement upon a zone extending from the North Sea to the Adriatic, and eager to proffer its word at the fraternal European banquet; while you—the sometime distributors of distant lands among the monarchs—appear scarcely conscious of the fact. They ask for aid in their work, not from you, but from us.

Mute, and disinherited alike of inspiration and affection, having abdicated all power of intervention in the events that transform and improve God's earth, you, who were once the world's centre, are gradually being driven back to its extremest orbit, and are destined to find yourselves at last alone in the void beyond. Motionless sphinxes in the vast desert, you inertly contemplate the shadow of the centuries as they pass. Humanity, whom you should have guided, has gone elsewhere. Faith is perishing among the peoples, because the dogma that inspired it no longer corresponds to the stage of education which they, in fulfilment of the providential plan, have reached.

IV.

The Christian dogma is perishing. The arch of the Christian heaven is too narrow to embrace the earth. Beyond that heaven, across the fields of the infinite, we discern a vaster sky, illumined by the dawn of a new dogma;¹ and on the rising of its sun your own heaven will disappear. We are but the precursors of that dogma: few as yet, but earnestly believing; fortified by the collective instincts of the peoples, and sufficiently numerous to convince you—had you sense to comprehend it—that when the tide of materialism shall recede, you will find yourselves confronted by a far other foe.

(1) By this word dogma—now generally misunderstood, because usurped and accepted exclusively in the Christian sense—I mean a truth of the moral order, which, usually perceived in the first instance by philosophy, or prepared by the progress of science, and still more by the civil condition of one or more peoples, becomes incarnate in the life of one or more individuals privileged in love and virtue, and wins over the mind of the multitude and gradually transforms itself into a religious axiom.

We worship not anarchy: we worship Authority; but not the dead corpse of an authority the mission of which was concluded in a now distant past, and which can therefore only perpetuate its power through tyranny and falsehood.

The authority we revere is founded upon the free and deliberate acceptance and popular worship of the truth conquered by our epoch; upon that conception of life which God reveals to mankind in time and measure through souls devoted to Him and to his Law.

Your dogma may be summed up in the two terms, FALL and REDEMPTION: our own in the terms, GOD and PROGRESS. The intermediate term between the Fall and Redemption is, for you, the Incarnation, at a given moment, of the Son of God.

The intermediate term for us, between God and his Law is, the continuous and progressive incarnation of that law in Humanity, destined slowly and gradually to discover and to fulfil it throughout the immeasurable, indefinite future.

The word PROGRESS, therefore, represents to us, not a mere scientific or historic fact, limited, it may be, to one epoch, one fraction, or one series of the acts of humanity, having neither root in the past, nor pledge of duration in the future. It represents a religious conception of life radically different from yours; a divine Law, a supreme formula of the eternal, omnipotent creative force, universal as itself.

The root of every religion is a definition of life and its mission. For you that definition of life is the doctrine of Original Sin, and of resurrection to God through *faith* in a Divine Being who descended upon earth to sacrifice Himself in expiation of that sin.

Our definition of life asserts the *imperfection* of the finite creature, and its gradual self-correction by virtue of a capacity of progression, given to all men, through *works*; through the sacrifice of the egotistic instincts for the sake of the common improvement, and through faith in a divine Ideal, which each is bound to incarnate in himself.

God, the Father and Educator,—the law prefixed by Him to life—the capacity, inborn in all men, to fulfil it,—free will, the condition of merit,—Progress upon the ascent leading to God, the result of right choice,—these are the cardinal points of our faith.

In the dogma of Original Sin, which is the keystone of your edifice (except the *presentiment* it contains of that human solidarity which you do not comprehend), we see nought but Evil profanely made the baptism of life: the absolute impossibility of accounting for the inequality of evil tendency manifested among men, and an hereditary *doom* which denies alike human free will and responsibility.

In the Redemption through the incarnation of the Son of God

(except the symbol it contains, by you neglected, of that aspiration which impels the finite towards union with the infinite) we only see subtraction made of the divinely educating force; the substitution of an arbitrary fact for the majesty of a divine law; a solution of the continuity of the collective life of humanity, and the sanction of an unjust dualism between the generations anterior and posterior to the Cross.

From this diversity in the foundations of faith, follows a series of consequences which affect both heaven and earth—the Dogma and the Moral Code.

You believe in the *divinity* of Jesus. I can well understand the origin of this belief in times when it alone was able to secure the doubtful victory of Christianity; when the idea of Progress was unknown, and consequently unknown the conception of the gradual manifestation of God through his Law. You could not avoid attributing to the Announcer of truth a character which would compel mankind to obey his precepts.

We, who at the present day believe in the continuous revelation of God throughout the collective life of humanity, have no need of a sole immediate *Revealer* to teach us either to adore his power, or to feel his love.

The divine incarnation of both these attributes is perennial in the great facts which bear witness to the collectivity of life; in the great intellects, sanctified by virtue, who prophecy or interpret that universal life; and in the grand aspirations of individual conscience, which foretell or accept truth.

We venerate in Jesus the Founder of the epoch that emancipated individual man; the Apostle of the unity of the divine law, more largely understood than in times anterior to his own; the Prophet of the equality of souls: we reverence in him the Man who loved more than any other; whose life—an unexampled instance of harmony between thought and action—promulgated as the eternal basis of every future religion, the sacred dogma of Sacrifice; but we do not cancel the Woman-born in the God; we do not elevate him to a height whereunto we may not hope to follow him: we love him as the best of our human brothers; we do not worship and fear him as the inexorable Judge, or intolerant Ruler of the future.

You believe—thus depriving yourselves of every basis of intellectual certainty and criterion of truth—in *miracles*; in the supernatural; in the possible violation of the laws regulating the universe.

We believe in the Unknown; in the Mysterious—to be one day solved—which now encompasses us on every side; in the secrets of an *intuition* inaccessible to analysis; in the truth of our strange presentiment of an Ideal, which is the primitive father-land of

the soul; in an unforeseen power of action granted to man in certain rare moments of faith, love, and supreme concentration of all the faculties towards a determinate and virtuous aim,—deserved therefore,—and analogous to the power of revelation which the increased concentration of rays in the telescope communicates to the human eye: but we believe all these things, the pre-ordained consequence of laws hitherto withheld from our knowledge. We do not believe in the miraculous, as you understand it; in the infringement of laws already known and accepted by arbitrary will; in facts in contradiction to the general design of the creation, which would, we consider, simply testify to a want of wisdom or of justice in God.

You appeal in support of your theory to an idea of divine Free Will. We deny it. We are free, because imperfect: called to ascend, to *deserve*, and, therefore, to choose between good and evil; between sacrifice and egotism. Such free will as ours is unknown to God, the perfect Being whose every act is necessarily identical with the True and Just; who cannot, without violation of our every conception of his nature, be supposed to break his own law.

You believe in a God who has created and reposes. We believe in continuity of creation; in a God the inexhaustible source of the Life diffused perennially throughout the infinite; of thought, which in Him is inevitably identical with action; of conceptions, realised in worlds.

You believe in a heaven extrinsic to the universe; in a determinate portion of creation, on ascending to which we shall forget the past, forget the ideas and affections which caused our hearts to beat on earth. We believe in *One Heaven*, in which we live, and move, and love; which embraces—as an ocean embraces the islands that stud its surface—the whole indefinite series of existences through which we pass. We believe in the *continuity* of life; in a connecting link uniting all the various periods through which it is transformed and developed; in the eternity of all noble affections, maintained in constancy until the last day of our existence; in the influence of each of these life-periods upon the others; in the progressive sanctification of every germ of good gathered by the pilgrim soul in its journey upon earth and elsewhere.

You believe in a divine hierarchy of natures essentially distinct from our own and immutable. From the solemn presentiment enfolded in the symbol of the angel you have deduced no better conception than that of a celestial aristocracy—the basis of the conception of aristocracy on earth—and inaccessible to man. We recognise in the *angel* the soul of the just man who has lived in faith and died in hope; and in the inspiring, or guardian angel, the soul of the creature most sacredly and constantly loving and beloved by us on earth, having earned the recompense of watching over and

aiding us on earth. The ladder 'twixt earth and heaven of Jacob's dream symbolises, for us, the ascending and descending series of *man's* transformations on the path of initiation in the divine Ideal, and the beneficent influence exercised over us by the beloved beings who have preceded us upon that path.

You believe in an Eden surrounding the cradle of mankind, and lost through the fault of our first parents; we believe in an Eden towards which God wills that humanity—traversing the path of error and sacrifice—shall constantly advance.

You believe that the soul can pass at one bound from its human existence to the highest beatitude, or to absolute, irrevocable perdition. We believe the human period of our existence too distant from the highest ideal; too full of imperfections to allow that the virtue of which we are capable here below can suddenly deserve to reach the summit of the ascent leading to God. We believe in an indefinite series of re-incarnations of the soul, from life to life, from world to world; each of which represents an advance from the anterior; and we reject the possibility of irrevocable perdition as a blasphemy against God, who cannot commit self-destruction in the person of the creature issued from himself; as a negation of the law prefixed to life, and as a violation of the idea of love which is identical with God. It may be that we shall retrace the stage over which we have already passed, if we have not deserved to ascend beyond it, but we cannot, spiritually, either retrogress or perish.

You believe in the resurrection of the body, such as it was at the termination of our earthly existence; we believe in the *transformation* of the body (which is naught other than an instrument adapted to the work to be achieved) in conformity with the progress of the *Ego*, and with the mission destined to succeed the present.

All things are, in your creed, definite, limited, immediate; bearing the stamp of a certain immobility, which recalls the characteristics of the materialist conception of life. In our creed all is life, movement, succession, and continuity.

Our world opens upon the infinite on every side. Your dogma *humanises* God: our dogma teaches the slow, progressive *divinisation* of man.

You believe in grace: we believe in justice. You, by believing in grace, believe—more or less explicitly, but inevitably—in predestination; which is but a transformation of the pagan and aristocratic dogma of the two natures of man. Grace, according to you, is neither granted to all, nor to be achieved through works; it is arbitrarily bestowed by the Divine Will, and the *elect* are few. We believe that God called us, by creating us; and the call of God can neither be impotent nor false. *Grace*, as we understand it, is the tendency and faculty given to us all gradually to incarnate the

Ideal; it is the law of progress which is his ineffaceable baptism upon our souls.

That law must be fulfilled. Time and space are granted to us wherein to exercise our free will. We can—through our action and endeavour—hasten or delay the fulfilment of the law in time and space; multiply or diminish the trials, struggles, and sufferings of the individual; but not, as the dualism taught by your dogma would do, *eternise* evil, and render it victorious. Good only is eternal: God only is victorious.

Meanwhile, that dualism which dominates your doctrine of *grace*, of *predestination*, of *hell*, of *redemption* half-way upon the historic development of humanity, and every portion of your Dogma inspires and limits your Moral Code, and renders it irremediably imperfect and inefficacious to guide and direct human life at the present day.

V.

Your dogma is expiring. Your moral code is therefore rendered sterile and expires with it. It is deprived of its origin and its sanction; of that faith in the duty and necessity of regulating human life by its precepts, whence it derived its power to govern men's individual instincts, passions, and free will. You have but to look around you in order to perceive this.

The moral code is eternal you say, and you point to the precepts of love towards God and man, of sacrifice, of duty, of preference given to the salvation of the soul over the desires and interests of a day.

Yes; those precepts spoken by the lips of Jesus do live, and will live; they are as undying as our gratitude towards Him. His cross, as symbol of the sole enduring virtue,—sacrifice of self for others,—may still be planted, without any contradiction, upon the tomb of the believer in the new religion; but a moral code which is to have a fruitful, active influence upon mankind, requires far more than this.

The precept of love, which is inborn within the human soul, is the basis, more or less apparent, of all religions; but each religion gives a different value and larger interpretation to that general formula of Duty. The moral problem, the solution of which progresses with the epoch, is the problem how we are to worship God, how we are to love man, how we are to work out the soul's salvation, and it is the mission of the religion of each epoch to give the force of a law, supreme over all and equally binding upon all, to the definition of the *How*, and to compel the fulfilment of the duty thus defined by linking it with heaven, tracing it back to the Divine conception of the creation. Even if your moral code were sufficient for the intelligence and the

aspiration of the epoch, it would still remain sterile; a mere inert, inefficacious dead letter, because this link is lost. Your heaven exists no longer, your conception of creation is proved false. The telescope has destroyed it for ever in the fields of the infinite; geology has destroyed it on earth; the recently-recovered tradition of the past of humanity has destroyed it in the kingdom of intelligence, and the presentiment within us of a new law of life has destroyed it in our hearts. But your moral code, holy as it was before it had become adulterated by your corruption, intolerance, and cowardly compromise with the atheistic powers of the world, is unequal to the obligations imposed upon us by God.

The dualism of your dogma, transferred into your moral code, generated that antagonism between earth and heaven, matter and spirit, body and soul, which, no matter to what grade of the doctrine you belong, essentially narrowed your conception of the unity of life, and of its mission here and elsewhere, rendering it impossible that the great social questions of the day should be solved through help of your religion.

In the face of an empire believed to be omnipotent, and founded upon the prestige of material force placed between a religion which sanctioned the dogma of the two human natures (freeman and slave) and a philosophy which consigned mankind to the dominion of fatality, in a world in which there existed no conception of the collective life of humanity, or of an innate faculty of progress in individual man—having to address himself to men either intoxicated with tyranny and lust, or crushed by poverty and the abject servility induced by despair of a better future—it was impossible for Jesus to conceive any other mission for the benefit of the brother men he loved so well, than that of effecting their moral regeneration, or any other consolation for their wretchedness on earth than that of creating for them a country of freemen and equals in heaven. It was his purpose to teach men how to save, to redeem themselves, in spite of, and against, the earth.

From the legend of the temptation, in which the earth is evidently the heritage of the evil spirit, down to the "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" of the three first Gospels; from the opposition between the law of God and the flesh, of Paul (Rom. vii.), down to the "love not the world," of John (2 Ep. ii. 15), the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles constantly insist upon our divorce from all terrestrial things, as a condition of moral improvement, of salvation. In their eyes our earthly abode is overshadowed by the curse of sin and temptation; and our sole hope of salvation from this curse lies in our suicide of the man within us. As Tell even in the midst of the tempest spurned from him the bark that bore the oppressor, each of us is held bound to spurn from him the earth, to cast loose every tie

that binds him to it, in order to raise himself on the wings of faith to heaven.

The result of these teachings is a moral code which may be thus summed up:—Adoration of God, and faith in Christ, as the necessary intermediate to our salvation; renunciation of every natural desire; abdication of every aim of social transformation; indifference to every earthly good; resigned acceptance of every existing evil, either as a means of expiation, or of imitation of the sufferings of Jesus; war to the body and to the senses; submission to the powers that be; exclusive importance given to the work of internal purification, especially to the realisation within ourselves of faith in heavenly grace.

The holy nature of Jesus's own mind diffused a breath of love over the whole of his teachings, and generated a spirit of charity and disposition to good works in his hearers; but it was the love of men who, despairing of vanquishing the evil existing in the world, sought only to alleviate the more immediate sufferings of individuals. Christian charity was rather a means of purifying one's own soul, than the sense of a common aim, which it was God's will that man should realise here below. It did not overpass the limits of benevolence, and led the believers in the new religion to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and heal the sick with whom they came in contact; but to no attempt to destroy the causes of human hunger and misery. Even as the earth itself was despised, so were all the good things of the earth to be despised as a perennial source of temptation, and the gifts to the poor and to the Church testified to this belief. Poverty itself was preached by the majority of Jesus's followers as a blessed mortification of the flesh, and regarded by all as an incontestable necessity. Love of country, and that love which embraces the generations of the future, and is devoted even unto sacrifice for their sake; that love which will not tolerate the brand of inequality or slavery on the brow of a brother man, was unknown to Christian morality. The true country, the real home of Christian freemen and equals, was heaven; every man was bound to direct his course thither; and the greater his sufferings on earth, the stronger the hope he might entertain of his soul's future, and of celestial joy. The world was abandoned to Satan. Religion taught man to renounce it; religion, which was alike his isolation and his refuge; it imposed no mission of earnest and resolute struggle, and of slowly progressive, but certain victory.

Such was, such is, your Moral Code. Solitary contemplation and monastic life were its first logical consequences. At a later period, when you were triumphant, when the necessity, which all religions undergo, of transforming society in their own image, compelled you to mingle in social and political life, you frequently (with immense advantage to civilisation) obeyed that uncertain and instinctive sense

of right and equality which lies at the root of your religion ; but it was simply as a fact, not as a doctrine, and did not in any way alter the educational principle of your Moral Code ; which was incarnated historically, in the dualism of the temporal and the spiritual powers—the Papacy and the empire. The greatest of your Popes, Gregory VII., attempted to crush this dualism beneath the omnipotence of moral force ; but he failed, and died in exile. The greatest of your philosophers, Thomas Aquinas, attempted to destroy the antagonism between the soul and the body, through a definition of man borrowed from Aristotle ; but it was too late : not even the decrees of your Council of Vienna, in support of his attempt, could transform a moral code which had been identified with the Christian Conception of Life for thirteen centuries.

Your religion was the religion of individual man. It did not—it could not, at its origin, contemplate collective humanity. It aspired towards the ideal, the divine, and would, had it been possible, have sought to realise its ideal on earth. But the instrument failed it. The short, imperfect life of the individual (beyond which this conception did not extend) is incapable of its realisation. Your religion, as if to avenge its own impotence, cried anathema upon the terrestrial world, and referred the solution of the problem to the world of grace—to heaven.

Herein lies the secret of all you have achieved, and of all you have failed to achieve.

Christianity is the religion of individual man. The vast religious synthesis through which we are gradually advancing towards the realisation of the ideal, is resolved like an equation containing an indefinite number of unknown quantities. Every religious epoch disengages one such unknown quantity, and classes one more term of the problem among the known quantities, never more to be disputed. Two grand primary epochs—the gigantic Aryan religions of the East—concentrated their intelligence, inspiration, and labour, upon the two terms—God and Nature. But in both these epochs, the ideal man (crushed by spiritualist or materialist pantheism) was absent. While Mosaism elaborated the idea of the divine unity, and preserved the sacred deposit for futurity by incarnating it in a people, a third great epoch assumed (in Europe) the office of disengaging the human unknown—beginning with the individual—and adding it to the number of known quantities. As the human individual manifests life under two aspects, personal and relative—represented by the two terms liberty and equality—so that epoch was divided into two long periods.

In the first period, polytheism affirmed the individual, and elaborated his emancipation within certain narrow limits, evolving—in the Greco-Roman world—the idea liberty. During the first labour of elaboration, however, and in the intoxication of rebellion against

Oriental pantheism, the conception of the Divine unity was broken up into fragments, and all basis of durability was thus destroyed.

In the second period, your religion, having inherited from Moses its belief in the Divine unity, replaced the Deity at the apex of the pyramid, and fulfilled its mission with regard to the problem of the individual, by defining his relative life, proclaiming the equality of souls, and declaring all men the children of one Father.

Such was the historic mission of Christianity; nor was it possible that the epoch, when—as it invariably happens—it deduced its political and economic constitution from its religion, should advance beyond the limits of the doctrine of the individual, and the two terms (liberty and equality) by which that doctrine is represented. When the Protestant sects—moved by the corruption of Catholicism—sought to recall the multitudes to initial Christianity, they were unable to discover any other criterion of truth than individual conscience. The great political and social revolutions which, towards the close of the last century, attempted (knowingly or unknowingly) to realise the Christian principles in practical life, summed up their whole labour and endeavour in a declaration of the rights common to every individual, and prefixed as sole governing law of the development of the double life—moral and material—of mankind, the insufficient rule of liberty.

God—God and Nature—God, Nature, and Man:—three cantos of the gigantic religious Epopea which has the ideal for its subject, and the generations for its poet. Wherefore do you pretend that God and the generations shall now be dumb? Wherefore should we bury in your sepulchre an inspiration inseparable from life itself, and silence the new canto rising to the lips of creation, which has for its theme—God, Nature, Man, and Humanity? Wherefore should not the new heaven, of which we already have dim prevision, be represented by a new earth? the new dogma, by a new Moral Code?

VI.

The earth is of God; it cannot be accursed. Life, like the God from whom it springs, is One and everlasting; it cannot be broken up into fragments, or divided into periods of a character radically opposed. There is no antagonism between matter and spirit. Matter gives forms to thought; symbols to the idea; means of communication between being and being. The body, given by God as the earthly tenement of the individual, and the means of communication between his life and that of the external world, is not the seat of evil or temptation. Evil and temptation, wherever they do exist, exist in the Ego: the body is the instrument which translates either good or evil into action, according to our free choice. The dualism between the temporal and spiritual power is an immoral conception,

without any basis in the nature of things. The moral law—once recognised and accepted—ought to be supreme; and the mission of the temporal power is its application to the civil and economic realities of life. Wherever such is not the case, either the moral law is—as yours is at the present day—the corpse or lying phantom of law, or he whose duty it is to translate it in action, is false to it, and is immoral.

The earth is of God. It is a step upon the infinite ascent that leads us to heaven: our sojourn during one of our existences, wherein we are bound to prepare ourselves for the next. It is neither a dwelling of expiation nor an arena of temptation. The necessity of purification from sins committed, and the temptations to evil which are conditions of our free will, exist in ourselves; and will accompany us in every ulterior evolution of the life of the Ego. The earth is the sphere wherein we have an appointed mission to perform, with instruments of labour furnished by it; and we are bound to regard it with love and reverence, as the seat of our possible sanctification. In the ascending series of worlds, separate stages of the long pilgrimage of the Ego, the earth also has its appointed place; it also is—within prescribed limits—the cradle of the ideal; an incarnation—in time and space—of the eternal world; a note in the immense concord which harmonises and embraces creation; an essential link of the chain which unites the universe with the throne of God.

Life is a mission: human existence that portion of it which we have to accomplish here on earth. To discover, comprehend, and intellectually to master that fragment of the divine law which is accessible to human faculties, to translate it in action (as far as human powers allow), here, where God has placed us, is our aim, our duty. We are each and all of us bound to strive to incarnate in humanity that portion of eternal truth which it is granted to us to perceive; to convert into an earthly reality so much of “the kingdom of heaven”—the divine conception permeating life—as it is given to us to comprehend. Thus doing, we are slowly elaborating in man the angel; failing to do this, we shall have to retrace our path.

The moral code deduced from our dogma preaches therefore to man:

“Seek not to isolate yourselves: imprison not your soul in sterile contemplation, in solitary prayer, in pride of individual purification, in pretending to a grace which no faith not realised in works can enable you to deserve. Be not deceived by the doctrine that salvation may be achieved in spite of and in opposition to the earth. You can only achieve it through the earth. You can only save yourselves by saving others. God asks not, what have you done for your soul? but, what have you done for the brother souls I gave you? Think of these: leave your own to God and to His law. Labour unweariedly for others' good: such action is the holiest prayer. In

God, thought and action are one. Seek to imitate Him from afar. Aim not at contemplating God in himself: you cannot do it. Contemplate Him in his works. Say not in dismay, the works of God are great, and I am nothing. God, by breathing into you a breath of his life, has decreed that you also are of worth. His works are your teachers; were it not so, would He have spread them around you? Seek in them his design, a syllable of the conception which is the soul of creation. Study that conception without foolish pride or hypocritical modesty, in the history of collective humanity, throughout which He gradually reveals to us the law of progress prefixed by Him to life. Study Him—purifying your heart as a sanctuary from every base passion, guilty desire, or idolatrous superstition—in the secret aspirations of your own soul; in those instincts of truth which spring up within you in supreme moments of devotion or affection; then when you have mastered that syllable of the law, caught that ray of the divine conception, rise, calm in conviction, and strong in will, priests and apostles of that which you know to be the aim of life. Let every word speak faith in it, every act represent it. All that is in harmony with it is good; all that tends to divert from it, evil. Help the first earnestly, combat the last openly. Avoid alike the vanity that makes display of duty, and the resignation that shrinks from its fulfilment and submits to evil. Evil is here to be fought against; that we, who have free choice, may deserve. When victory is impossible, count martyrdom a benediction of God. The angels of martyrdom and of victory are brothers; both extend their protecting wings over the cradle of your future life.

“Hold in honour your body, your faculties, and the material forces that surround you in nature. Instruments given to you by God for the discovery and fulfilment of your appointed aim, they are good or evil according as they are used for others’ benefit, or for your own; for egotism is the root of all evil, as sacrifice is the root of all virtue, and he who cries anathema on them, cries anathema on God.

“Say not that wealth and material power are of Satan. Wealth is blessed when employed to relieve sorrow and suffering; accursed, when employed to minister to selfish passion, pleasure, or pride; blessed, when it emancipates a people; accursed, when it builds up the dominion of a single man, and denies God’s law of progress. All that exists is given for use and aid, and you sin equally by neglect or misuse.

“You are bound to endeavour to transform the earthly dwelling assigned to you for a time into a visible temple of the law: a gem of the crown the worlds are fashioning for the Eternal; and each of you may do this according to his sphere, if he look beyond the limited horizon of self. Look from the family to the commune; from the commune to the nation; from the nation to humanity; from

humanity to the universe; from the universe to God. Let every act be such as if accepted as the rule by the whole generation would increase the actual sum of good, or decrease the actual sum of evil; and be you an unlettered peasant or a ruler of men, your merit will be equal, and your tomb the cradle of a new life higher upon the scale of progress than your own.

“Love God in your fellow-men: men in the progress to be achieved for them and with them. Hold as offensive to God all that offends the dignity of the human being bound to worship Him; all that hinders the intellectual development of the being bound to comprehend Him gradually through his design; all that violates the liberty of the being bound to attune his life to that design; all that contaminates by corruption, materialism, superstition or falsehood, the being destined progressively to incarnate the ideal in itself. Combat such evils by example, word, and deed, and call upon your brother men to combat with you. Evil is not eternal; but the battle against it must be a crusade, for the conquest of the ideal demands the effort of entire humanity, the sum of all the faculties vouchsafed to it by God. Develop these faculties by association as intimately and widely as possible. Association, the sole method of progress, is—substituted for charity—the religious word of the epoch. Let help, given to individual suffering and consolation to him that weeps, constitute for you the joys of life. Let the sorrows of those who suffer afar off be equally sacred; be your life's duty a watch in the night. Your battle is not with the effects, but with the causes of evil: wheresoever those causes are sustained by law or opinion, wheresoever you behold upon God's creature the stamp of inequality or slavery, there is the sign of Satan; and be that sign on the brow of the negro, the working man, or the woman, you are bound to raise, with deeper meaning than of yore, the old Hussite cry, ‘The Cup for all!’ and either conquer or die, that others may.

“The earth's hymn to God can only be worthily sounded by the lips of freemen united in a common aim. Wrest from Satan the kingdoms of the earth with which he tempted Jesus; then may you stand erect in conscious duty done and raise that hymn. Let the banner of the new faith, God, Progress, Humanity, head the crusade. God, the origin and end of all; progress, the law He gave to life; humanity, the interpreter, in God's own time and throughout all time, of that law. Deduce your rule of action from that faith, combat for the earth on the earth, but with eyes raised to heaven. Be your love the love that gives and receives support upon the ascending path of life. Hate the sin, but never the sinner: he bears within him (though stifled now by egotism) germs of the same virtues that are in yourselves, and destined yet to be developed. Love in him your brother in the future. Punish not: protect the society in which you live, and educate the erring members of it.

Preach not, labour not in the name of rights which do but represent the individual; but in the name of duty, which represents the aim of all. You have no rights save as the consequence of duties fulfilled; they may all be summed up in the one right, that others should fulfil towards you the duty you fulfil towards them. Say not the sovereignty is in us. The sovereignty is in God. The will of the people is sacred only when it interprets and applies the moral law. It is impotent or null when it departs from it, and represents naught other than tyranny.

“Transform not yourselves from believers into idolaters, by accepting any privileged interpreters between yourselves and God. The sun of God shines on all, the Word of God must illumine all. Earth’s mists arise between you and the sun, and clouds of error, superstition, and egotism intervene between the human soul and God; but you can chase those clouds from the soul by educating it to religion, sacrifice, and love, and between you and God extend the links of the long and sacred chain of martyrs of thought and love, who still remember and love the earth whereon they accomplished a mission.

“Be your priests and counsellors in all the doubts and agitations of conscience those whom long years of tried virtue, and study of things eternal, have proved worthy to be such. Prophets and guides upon the weary pilgrimage of humanity are the men upon whose brow God has set the seal of genius sanctified by virtue; but forget not that the Divine element exists also in yourselves, never yield up the liberty of your immortal souls into the hands of your brother man. Love, honour, and follow, but serve not. Respect in yourselves that human unity which is a reflex of the unity Divine. The false philosophy of the day has, in the absence of a religious faith, broken up that unity by parcelling it out into faculties of reason, sentiment, and sensation, and some have worshipped one and some another of these faculties; but remember that neither thought, aspiration, nor economic fact constitutes life: they are but the instruments of life, equally necessary and equally sacred when united in action towards the realisation of its aim, the progressive incarnation of the ideal; and respect alike the inviolability of thought, the sanctity of aspiration, and the organised development of the material faculties, without which the development of the rest is impossible.

“Let labour be the basis of civil society, and let the distribution of its fruits be according to works. Let him who will not labour possess naught.

“Hold sacred the religious faith which unites the millions in a common part of love and action, but hold sacred also the heresy wherein, it may be, lies the germ of the faith of the future. Represent the first in your rites and fraternal associations, but fail not to protect the second from all intolerance.

"You owe to all men education founded upon your religious synthesis, but forget not that the supreme conception of that religion is progress, and let the last words of that education be these: we have made known to you the moral law, in the name of which the brothers amongst whom you are called to live and labour, are associated; but remember that life is given to you in order that you may endeavour to improve the society in which you live, to purify and enlarge its faith, and to urge forward on the path of eternal truth the men who surround you and who will bless your work."

You may cast your dying anathema on this moral code, but, humble individual as I am, I declare to you that the time is not far off when it will take the place of that which you, while daily violating it in your actions, proclaim eternal.

VII.

No; the Book of God is not closed. And you who blaspheme against the Omnipotent by declaring yourselves the depositaries of its last page, give the lie to the sublimest previsions of Jesus, to the prophetic words recorded in the divinest of your four Gospels, words which alone would suffice to constitute the superiority of Christianity over all anterior religions.

"God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."—JOHN iv. 24.

"And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—*Ibid.* xiv. 16.

"Even the Spirit of truth; . . . for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—*Ibid.* 17.

"I am the true vine and my father is the husbandman."—*Ibid.* xv. 1.

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."—*Ibid.* 2.

"It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you."—*Ibid.* xvi. 7.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but you cannot hear them now.

"Howbeit when he the spirit of truth is come, he will guide you unto all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will show you the things to come."—*Ibid.* 12, 13.

All the greatest thinkers, from Prometheus to Socrates and Plato, and from them down to our own time, have prophesied the fall of one belief and the rising of another. None had prevision, like Jesus, of the characteristics of the future faith. One of those rare intuitions, which make of Him a type hitherto unique amongst men, inspired the words above quoted, linking his own faith to the faith to come. It seems as if the symbolic forms of religion, the transformatory work of time upon them, the sanctity of universal tradition, and the continuous revelation of the Spirit of God through humanity, were all foreseen by Him, on the eve of the sacrifice He had accepted; when the darkness of the future was illumined by the immense love He bore to his fellow-men. You are no longer capable of love or sacrifice,

and, therefore, those words have no meaning for you; unintelligible as the warning at the banquet of Belshazzar.

You will die, then—fate so wills it—but instead of dying in love, like Jesus, and invoking the coming of the Comforter to mankind, you are doomed—as I formerly declared to you—to die the saddest of all deaths, with curses on your lips.

The Book of God is not closed. The coming generations are not disinherited; they who preceded Jesus were not accursed. Children of God all of them, identical in faculties and tendencies, they transmit from each to each, in brightness growing with the growth of time and their own endeavour—the lamp of life kindled by Him, and fed and nourished by his Spirit. Revelation, which is, as Lessing says, the education of the human race, descends continuously from God to man; prophesied by genius, evoked by virtue and sacrifice, and accepted and proclaimed from epoch to epoch, by the great religious evolutions of collective humanity.

From epoch to epoch the pages of that eternal gospel (which Italians, neglected by us and persecuted by you, were the first to foretell) are turned; each fresh page, disclosed by the ever-renovating Spirit of God, indicates a period of the progress marked out for us by the providential plan, and corresponds, historically, to a religion. Each religion sets before mankind a new educational idea as its aim; each is a fragment, enveloped in symbols, of eternal truth. So soon as that idea, comprehended by the intelligence, and incarnated in the hearts of mankind, has become an inalienable part of universal tradition, even as the mountain traveller on reaching one summit beholds another rising above him, so is a new idea or aim presented to the human mind, and a new conception of life, a faith, arise to consecrate that idea, and unite the powers and activity of mankind in the fulfilment of that aim. Having accomplished its mission, that religion disappears; leaving behind the portion of truth it contained, the unknown quantity disengaged by it from its symbol, a new immortal star in humanity's heaven. As the discoveries of science have revealed, and will reveal, star upon star, until our knowledge of the celestial system, of which the milky way is zone, and the earth a part, be complete, so the religious faculties of humanity have added, and will add, faith to faith, until the entire truth we are capable of comprehending be complete. Columns of the temple which the generations are building to God, our religions succeed and are linked with one another, sacred and necessary each and all, but having each and all their determinate place and value, according to the portion of the temple they sustain. You who seek to support God's temple on a single column seek the impossible. Could mankind follow you in the insane attempt, column and temple would fall together.

The world is athirst of God, of progress, and of unity. You sub-

stitute for God an idol, an infallible Pope. You oppose to progress the impotent, barren negations of your canons. You impede unity by accepting—on condition that a fraction of the State be preserved to you by force—the dualism between the temporal and spiritual power, represented by the Papacy and monarchy. The hideous idolatry will be answered by God, the destroyer of all idols, past, present, and to come. Your wretched negations will be answered by humanity, which will look upon you, smile, and pass on. The dualism you perpetuate will be answered by the people—the sole power destined to increase—who are hourly acquiring that consciousness of their own strength, which alone is needful for their victory.

The epoch of individuality is exhausted. The epoch of association has begun, and is destined—perhaps through the very Rome you desecrate and profane—to sweep away monarchy and the Papacy together.

I remember vaguely, while I write, a short poem of Byron's called "Darkness." Amid the ruins of a world expiring in icy cold, two beings alone are left. They also are doomed to perish, but they persist in struggling against the approaching dissolution. Groping amid the darkness, they reach the ashes of an expiring fire, and strive, with all the anguish of one who seeks to prolong existence, if only for a day, to revive it with their breath. When at last they succeed in raising a feeble flame they turn to gaze upon each other, to discover, with rage and terror, that they are enemies!

I know not what idea inspired those lines to Byron; but my thoughts, as I recall them, turn involuntarily to you. The last, doomed representatives of a world, from which all life is withdrawn, you, Papacy and monarchy, have sought to dominate humanity more surely by dividing it in twain. Conscious of your incapacity of re-uniting it; and yet jealous in your impotent ambition of each other, you have striven to found an impossible alliance between the powers you have disjoined, and from time to time have embraced each other upon the tomb of some once free and dreaded nation; but hating and despising each other in your hearts, and seeking to injure each other so soon as freed from any imminent danger. Now groping onwards, solitary and suspicious, amid the darkness, and vainly seeking to rekindle the fire irrevocably consumed, you bend your dying gaze upon each other in rage and fear.

Descend into the tomb you have dug for yourselves. Had you loved, forefelt the future, and adored in time the Spirit of truth announced by Jesus in dying, you might have made of that tomb an altar. It is now too late. The Angel of Death will inscribe upon that tomb the condemnation you have forgotten:

"And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him: but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come."—**MATT. xii. 32.**

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

St. Paul and Protestantism. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. Smith, Elder, & Co.
4s. 6d.

A VALUABLE contribution to the formation of a Rosa-Matilda school of theology, prefaced by an exhortation to the Dissenters to submit with a sweet reasonableness to the pretensions of the Anglican sect. Theological rose-pink would have a better chance if there were less science in the air, for one thing, and if Mr. Arnold could, for another, blot out from men's minds all that half of New Testament teaching which is dead against rose-pink. And the Dissenters would be more likely to be impressed by the exhortation, if it had shown any faintest appreciation of the ignoble attitude, morally, intellectually, socially, of the other side. If truth were a thing of minor consequence, and justice an open question, Mr. Arnold's essay and its preface would be extremely important.

The Characters of Theophrastus. By R. C. JEBB, M.A., Public Orator of the University of Cambridge. Macmillan.

A VERY complete edition of one of the liveliest of the Greek books. It comprises an introduction, a revised text on one side of the page and a spirited translation on the other, explanatory and illustrative notes—perhaps a shade too copious—and a critical appendix for the text.

The Stoics, Epicureans, and Sceptics. Translated from the German of Dr. E. ZELLER. By OSWALD J. REICHEL. Longmans. 14s.

MR. REICHEL is already known as the translator of that part of Dr. Zeller's history of Greek philosophy which covered Socrates and the Socratic schools. That volume was in a manner introductory. The present volume comprises the Post-Aristotelian thinkers, the Stoics, the Epicureans, and the Sceptics. The importance of these later developments in the history of thought can hardly be overstated. The translator appears to have done his work satisfactorily.

England to Delhi. By JOHN MATHESON. Longmans. 31s. 6d.

A NARRATIVE of Indian travel, told with spirit and intelligence. The illustrations are numerous and good, and the book is exceedingly handsome. Though full of information, its value is impaired by the fact that the memoranda from which the book has been composed, and the journey to which they refer, were made seven years ago.

Ecclesia: Church Problems Considered. Edited by HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton. 14s.

A VOLUME of essays by eminent Nonconformists upon some of the theological, ecclesiastical, and political principles which the Free Churches of England and Scotland are believed to represent. One writer discusses the relations of the Church to the State, another the doctrine of the Forgiveness of Sins, a third the doctrine of the Real Presence, a fourth Missions and their results, a fifth the Congregationalism of the future.



